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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 4, 1871.

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AGENTS.—T Burling Hall, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

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DELEGATION TO HARRISBURG.

As a matter of interest to the readers of *Friends' Intelligencer*, we subjoin copies of two Memorials addressed to the Legislature of this State, issued by the Representative Committee or Meeting for Sufferings of our Yearly Meeting, one on the subject of Intemperance, and the other on Military Requisitions, which were presented at Harrisburg on the 15th inst by a Committee appointed to that service.

The one on Intemperance was read in the House the same afternoon, and referred to the Committee having charge of the subject. By appointment, the Friends afterwards met with this Committee, with whom they had a very satisfactory conference, and they were informed the visit was very opportune, as the subject was claiming the attention of the Legislature at this time, and the efforts of Friends would do much towards strengthening those interested in the cause. The following morning, a copy of the Memorial was printed in a Harrisburg daily paper, with an editorial, which we also subjoin.

They left the one on Military Requisitions in the care of the Committee having charge

of the subject, to be presented to the House at some future time. They also had an interesting and impressive interview with the members in relation thereto.

Friends were received and treated with marked respect and attention.

To the Governor, Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania:

This memorial of the Representative Committee, or Meeting for Sufferings, of the Religious Society of Friends of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and adjacent parts of Maryland, respectfully sheweth: That there are now in operation in the State of Pennsylvania laws imposing a penalty commonly known as a "militia fine," upon all men, citizens of the State, between certain ages considered capable of bearing arms, who do not comply with the military requisitions of the State; and as such laws are in disregard of the conscientious scruples upon the subject of war of a large class of the professors of Christianity in this Commonwealth, we deem it our duty earnestly and solemnly to remonstrate against them as a violation of our religious rights guaranteed by William Penn, the founder of this Commonwealth, in his great Charter, in the following remarkable language:

"Almighty God being the only Lord of conscience, Father of Lights and Spirits, and

the Author, as well as Object, of all Divine knowledge, faith, and worship, who only doth enlighten the mind and persuade and convince the understanding of people, I do hereby grant and declare, that no person or persons, inhabiting this province or territories, who shall confess and acknowledge Almighty God, the Creator and Upholder and Ruler of the world, and profess Him, or themselves obliged to live quietly under the civil government, shall be, in any case, molested or prejudiced, in his or their person, or estate, *because of his or their conscientious persuasion or practice, or to do or suffer any other act, or thing, contrary to their religious persuasion.*

"And, because the happiness of mankind depends so much upon the enjoying of liberty of their consciences as aforesaid, I do hereby solemnly declare, promise, and grant, for me, my heirs, and assigns, that the first article of this Charter, relating to liberty of conscience, and every part and clause therein according to the true intent and meaning thereof, *shall be kept, and remain, without any alteration, inviolably forever.*"

The Convention of 1790, which formed the first Constitution of this State, re-affirmed, in the Declaration of Rights, the great truths and rights granted by William Penn, and they were retained at the revision in 1837. Thus in the existing Constitution of this State, it is declared, "All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences;" also, "No human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience." It is likewise declared that everything in this article—that is, the Declaration of Rights—is excepted out of the general powers of government, and shall *forever remain inviolate.*

We represent a people who cannot comply with any law requiring military service without disobeying the command of God to them. Neither can they pay a fine imposed for exemption therefrom, because in so doing they feel that they would implicate themselves in a violation of their conscientious scruples in this respect.

For more than two hundred years our Society has held the doctrine that all wars and fightings were forbidden to them as followers of Christ—differing in this respect from nearly all other associations of men claiming the Christian name.

For asserting and maintaining this and other testimonies of the "Truth as it is in Jesus," they were brought under cruel persecution, enduring the despoiling of their estates, incarceration in prisons and loathsome dungeons, and death. Through this long season of darkness, their dependence was

upon the Divine Power, under which their patient suffering and earnest remonstrance obtained in some degree the favor of those in authority.

For the free enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, they came to this land, to seek amongst the so-called savages of the wilderness, immunities and privileges denied them at the hands of a professed Christian nation. Here William Penn and his friends planted their infant colony, and proved the efficacy of the principle of Peace. The conflict of arms was unknown, and history bears no record of strife between the Indian and the Friend.

We, their descendants, now approach you, not alone with a view to shield ourselves from suffering, but under a sense of duty to God, to assert the *stated rights of conscience*, to raise the standard of the Prince of Peace before the people, and in His name to ask you so to frame and modify the laws, that they shall not require those who administer them to *bring under persecution innocent men for obeying His commands*—"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

In thus defining our position, we enter not into judgment or condemnation of those who differ from us.

Trusting in the mercy of our Heavenly Father, we desire that He may so touch your hearts and understandings with His wisdom, that you may grant our petition.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Representative Committee or Meeting for Sufferings. CALEB CLOTHIER, *Clerk.*

Philadelphia, 1st month 27th, 1871.

To the Governor, Senate, &c.

This memorial of the Representative Committee of the Yearly Meeting of the religious Society of Friends, held in Philadelphia, for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and part of Maryland, respectfully represents—

That the evils arising from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, as a drink, having claimed our serious consideration, we have felt it to be our duty to endeavor briefly to call your attention to the subject in all its bearings. The practice is utterly void of advantage to the individual or the State. We believe it to be the most fruitful known source of crime, entailing misery and wretchedness, both physical and mental, upon its immediate victims and their posterity; that it supplies more inmates to insane asylums, prisons, and alms-houses than any other cause; that the cost to the community in money, in addition to the moral depravity it engenders, in the occupancy of courts of justice in prosecutions for crimes committed under its influence, and the increase of taxes for the support of

alms houses, necessitated by the poverty it produces, far exceeds the income derived to the State from the sale of licenses. Were it otherwise, has the State a moral right to license this fruitful source of crime for the purpose of revenue? The places where liquor is sold are legion. The foul taint thereof is upon the breath of youth and age, in most places of public resort. We believe the increasing magnitude of this evil to be so great that it is second to none that can claim your attention. We respectfully but most earnestly, appeal to you, as the Representatives of a professed Christian community, whose duty it is to enact wholesome laws for the promotion and protection of virtue, as the surest guarantee for the public good, that you may solemnly consider the subject, and, by the exercise of the power delegated to you, do what you can to arrest and diminish this flood of iniquity.

We have laws for the protection of property and life, whilst we sanction by license means that may prove destructive to body and soul.

We therefore request you to abolish all laws granting licenses in this State for the sale of intoxicating liquors as a drink, and substitute laws entirely prohibiting such sale. Whilst we thus desire that the poisonous streams now surrounding the paths of the youth, luring them to destruction, shall forever cease, we shall hail with joy any modification of our laws approximating to so desirable an end.

Signed by direction and on behalf of said Committee. CALEB CLOTHIER, *Clerk.*

Philadelphia, 12th mo. 16th, 1870.

From a Harrisburg paper.

THE QUAKERS AND TEMPERANCE.—A Committee appointed at the last general Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Philadelphia, appeared in the House last night and presented a long and earnest memorial from the Yearly Meeting on the subject of intoxicating liquors, asking the passage of a perfectly prohibitory liquor law in this Commonwealth. It is seldom that the Friends interfere in Government policy or State and national legislation, save to protect and perpetuate their own peculiar tenets, and when they do appear in our Legislative halls or Executive chambers, their action is invariably the result of deep thought, and is deemed of absolute necessity to the cause of religion or humanity. They are the pioneers in the cause of abolition and emancipation, being the first to call the attention of Congress and the various State Legislatures to the evils of slavery, and to solemnly protest against its perpetuation, when to be an Abolitionist was a crime in the minds and prejudices of an

overwhelming majority of our fellow-citizens. They have now deemed it their duty to aid in the good fight for temperance, and some mighty strokes may be expected against the giant evil of intemperance from these plain, outspoken, fearless advocates of the rights of humanity. Their appearance in Harrisburg on this momentous errand, is as significant as it is unusual.

LET none prevail with us to think that there is any period of life, or any sphere of our activity, or any hour of our rest, which can escape the range of right and wrong, and be secluded from the eye of God. Nothing can be more offensive to a good mind than the eagerness to claim, for some portions of our time, a kind of holiday escape from the presence of duty, and the consecration of pure affections; to thrust off all noble thoughts and sacred influences into the most neglected corner of existence; and drive away religion, as if it were a haggard necromancer, that must some time come, instead of a guardian angel that must never go. It were shameful to sanction the low-minded sentiment, which so often says of *early life* that it is the time for enjoyment, and makes this an excuse for dispensing with everything else. Under such guidance, life would have no secret unity; it would be no sacred epic sung throughout by any constant inspiration, but a monster of incongruity; its first volume a jest book; its second a table of interest; and its last a mixture of the satire and the liturgy. I can form no more odious image of human life than a youth of levity and pleasure, followed by a maturity and age of severity and pietism. Both sights in this succession are alike deplorable; a young soul, without wonder, without tenderness, without inspiration; with superficial mirth, and deep indifference; standing on the threshold of life's awful temple, with easy smile, without uncovered head, or bended knee, or breathless listening! Is that the time do you say for enjoyment? Yes; and for enthusiasm, for conviction, for depth of affection and devotedness of will; and if there be no tints of heaven in that morning haze of life, it will be in vain to seek them in the staring light of the later noon.—*Martineau, as quoted in "Seed Grain."*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ADDRESS

To the members of the Society of Friends, wherever scattered.

In accordance with the impression upon my mind, I am prepared to ask, Has not the time come in which "those who are converted should strengthen the brethren" our fellow-beings, and encourage them to come up more

fully to the standard set by our great pattern, Jesus Christ? And would it not be right at this time to make a united appeal by way of memorial to the Congress of the United States, to offer the olive branch to sister Christian nations, by asking them to league with us to settle by arbitration or refer to a High Court of Nations all differences, difficulties or misunderstandings that may occur between the so-leagued nations. Said Court to be composed of persons chosen by each government, and its decision in all cases to be final. And although we offer first to our sister Christian nations, let none be excluded, but receive every nation that is willing to come, until all are joined in one band, and "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Although some honest minds look upon this course as a deflection from Friends' principles, and think that we cannot consistently memorialize the Government on this subject, do we not know from history how our predecessors pleaded with the existing authorities for changes in the oppressive laws of their time, and especially that they should be allowed to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences? How much of William Penn's time was spent to accomplish the changes made in the laws in his day, which changes have been a blessing to all who have lived under them since. And do we not believe that there is the Witness for God operating in the hearts of our brethren and sisters of the different religious denominations in our favored land, that will respond to Truth's testimony and join with us in the extension thereof? and in this union of effort the walls of sectarian prejudice will be weakened.

The Representative Committees of the different Yearly Meetings could join in memorializing the Congress that is expected to meet on the 4th of this (Third) month; or, if it should be thought best to defer it until the meeting of Congress in the Twelfth month next, the Yearly Meetings will all have been held, and could give expression from the body at large.

Friends will consider whether the whole subject, when examined by the light of Truth, is not worthy our careful and early attention.

DARLINGTON HOOPES.

COUNT OVER THE MERCIES.—Count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your history. Down they come, every morning and evening, as angel messengers from the Father of Heaven. Have you lived these years wasting mercies, renewing them every day, and never yet realized whence they came? If you have, heaven pity you.

You have murmured under afflictions, but who heard you rejoice over blessings? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star, or the queen of the night. What is life but mercy? What is health, strength, friendship, social life? Had each the power of speech, each would say, "I am a mercy." Perhaps you have never regarded them as such. If not you have been a poor student of nature and revelation. What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits?

From "THE GLEANER," a paper issued by Friends' Social Lyceum, Philadelphia.

The establishment of Friends' Social Lyceum was designed not only to afford an opportunity for social gathering and intellectual improvement, but also for the encouragement of each other in all that is good.

Having frequently met with those who are in the habit of convening here, and enjoyed the pleasant intermingling of older and younger, I have felt a freedom to call our attention to a subject which, though often discussed, will bear being again brought before us for serious consideration.

It is in reference to intemperance, which it is feared is on the increase in the community, and the practice gaining ground of having that which intoxicates at social entertainments, which, if not placed upon the table with the other refreshments, is put in an adjoining room where easy access can be had thereto.

On such occasions, there is an abundance of the good things of life which can be partaken of without hurt, and it is not kindness, nor true hospitality, to place the temptation of even a glass of wine in the way of invited guests. Some, under other circumstances, might be able to resist this; but in the social circle, proffered by those regarded as friends, the gentle whisperings of the "inward guide" are unheeded, and they yield thereto, when peradventure for the first time a taste is created, which if indulged in will increase, until eventually the intellect will become clouded and the soul wrecked.

I wish to impress upon those who are "heads of families," that in preparing for entertainments they be careful to discard everything that intoxicates; and I would encourage our young women on all occasions to influence their companions and youthful associates against this evil.

It is needless to recapitulate the sad effects produced by an indulgence in the inebriating cup, for instances can be daily seen of its votaries being led down into the chambers of darkness and death,—none of whom perhaps, on first tasting thereof, thought they would

ever be brought to that condition. By heeding "that Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," the Society of Friends has been led out of many customs and indulgences that are allowed by other religious denominations, amongst which is that of abstaining from the use of spirituous liquors as a drink, and in this particular have advanced further as a body than any other religious organization. Having *tried* and *proved* that it can be done, it is now prepared to hold up the fact as an ensign before the world, and as a beacon light for others to follow. Believing the time had come for this, the Representative Committee, on behalf of our Yearly Meeting, recently prepared a memorial to present before the Legislature of our State, asking it to enact laws by which a reform may be made in regard to intemperance.

I would encourage us, as members and professors of the same Society, to be so watchful over *our own* households as to be preserved from this ourselves, and then we can consistently strengthen and uphold the hands of those who through faithfulness in this age, are commanded, as were some formerly, "to speak unto the people, that they move forward."

H. M. L.

SUNLIGHT.—It is curious how patent facts and sound principles become overlaid and forgotten through the influence of tyrant custom. Sunlight is an essential to growth and health in vegetation, and the human being requires it as much as the vegetable. Yet this fact—clear as the sun itself—appears as a new discovery in a recent medical work, and is there treated with all the elaboration of argument and wealth of illustration. And the readers of the book receive as a new revelation the announcement that men, no more than vegetables, can grow in the shade. Dyspeptics are especially enjoined, if they would recover the tone and health of their stomachs, to live and work less in the shade. Sunshine is as essential as exercise, and in physical culture, no less than moral and religious, we should "walk in the light."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A POINT OF ORDER AND DISCIPLINE.

The "Suggestions" of J. M. T. in the *Intelligencer* of last week, were read with interest. I should have been glad if he had noticed another subject which is certainly worthy of consideration. That is, the present method of appointing overseers to attend marriages accomplished under the care of Monthly Meetings.

The discipline requires that "two Friends of each sex" should be appointed "to attend and see that good order is observed."

Of the propriety of such care, there can be no question. But would it not be well to amend this rule, so that the parties concerned might, if they preferred it, make their own selection among their friends suitable for the appointment, and name those whom they desire to be present without a violation of the *letter* of the discipline?

The change need involve but few words. For instance, *instead* of "The Meeting is to leave them at liberty to accomplish their marriage according to our rules, and appoint two Friends of each sex, to attend and see that good order is observed," let it read: "The Meeting is to leave them at liberty to accomplish their marriage according to our rules;" two Friends of each sex, of whom the Meeting shall approve, "to attend, and see that good order is observed."

Friends interested in this subject may offer a better substitute. It is my purpose only to suggest something which will relieve the burdened among us, and still meet a very reasonable desire upon the part of persons who have an objection to unnecessarily enlarging a company upon marriage occasions. Argument appears unnecessary, as the present practice proves the general sentiment in regard to the privilege which individuals should have in the selection of overseers at weddings, and I am not apprehensive that the liberty would be abused so as to make the change objectionable.

2d mo. 21st, 1871.

Selected.

CONTEMPT.

Contempt of man is a great sin. It is at variance with the highest principles, and with the highest being; it is at variance with faith, for it sees not the invisible; it is blind to the invisible glory which in every man is enshrined, and it is blind to the solemn destiny for which every man is born. It is at variance with hope; it is founded on denial, a denial of capacity in the worst for improvement; a denial of life in the lowest, which may be awakened in a new resurrection; a denial of the worth which lies treasured in every soul, and which, though it may be long tarnished and defaced, may yet have its season of renovation, when it will shine as the stars in glory. It is at variance with charity, which includes both faith and hope, and is their end and their perfection; for charity believeth all things and hopeth all things; and charity is not only pitiful, but reverential, not only most loving, but most humble. It is at variance with God, who despiseth nothing that He has made, and in whose fatherly light all men stand equally as children. It is at variance with humanity, which the Cre-

ator made sacred with His likeness, and made immortal with His spirit. It is at variance with Christ, the mediator between God and man, through whom humanity on earth was perfect.

In Christ's humanity every man has brotherhood; and in Christ's brotherhood every man has honor. If there be one in our universal race whom the good spirit of Jesus would have scorned or despised, then with impunity that wretch you may scorn and despise; but if you can find no such wretch, at your own peril you must venture, and upon your own soul be the consequences.—*H. Giles.*

I THINK the resentment of injustice is one of the first-born and strongest passions in an ingenuous heart. And to this, I believe, is often due the falling off of children from the party of their parents. They hear hard things said of their opponents; on closer acquaintance they find these to be exaggerations, or, at least, suppressions; the general gloom of a picture being produced even more by effacing lights than by deepening shadows. The discovery throws a doubt over the whole range of inherited beliefs, and it is well if in the heart of youth the revulsion is not far greater than the wrong; if in their indignation at discovering that the heretic is not an embodied heresy, but merely a human creature believing something wrong, they do not glorify him into a martyr and a model.

EXTRACT FROM "RELIGION AND THEOLOGY."

There are hours in which I catch in nature the sense of a universal presence; above nature, yet in it. In the infinite beauty of a summer day; in the solemn majesty of a winter night; in the sublimity of ocean lashed by the tempest into black, roaring waves, over whose slippery sides the vessel staggers and reels through the pitiless storm; in the deep stillness of the autumn woods, where no sound comes but the dropping of nuts or the faint whistle of the lonely bird—amid all these scenes there comes up in the soul the sense of a great unity, a substance below all, a power above all, a life within all; and we come face to face with God. This is religion. Analyzing this sentiment, and stating it in metaphysical formulas, is theology.

When I open the Gospels, and read the words of Jesus, I find myself in sunshine. Light and warmth are united in his teachings, inseparably. The light warms, the warmth illuminates. He makes goodness lovely, natural, simple, easy. He is no austere moralist, no cold law-giver, but a man among men; not bound by the etiquette of

religious ceremonies, but just as willing to take a walk with his disciples on the Sabbath as on any other day. He does not use the stereotyped language of piety; but he teaches by the bread in the bread-trough, by the door through which he passes, by the net which his disciples are pulling out of the water, with good and bad fishes sticking in its meshes. He makes God seem near and heaven close by, and life full of good opportunity, and every soul capable of goodness. He is my friend, my teacher, my brother, and his thought seems to become a part of mine. That is religion. Then some learned man comes and defines Jesus; saying how much of him is human, and how much divine; and shows me how it is proper to talk of him according to the metaphysics of Aristotle. That is theology.

Perhaps I have never prayed; or I have *said* my prayers, repeating by rote some formula. God has seemed a great way off, and very high up, and I do not know whether He hears me or not. If I speak to Him, I think it proper to praise and adore Him very much, using the grandest words I can find. But some day in my hour of need—in my great sorrow, when the darling of my heart lies cold by my side; when my love is deceived; when all my hopes are shattered—I suddenly find myself talking with my God, as though He, indeed, were close by, and could help me into His peace. In a moment everything in my heart is changed. "He has rebuked the winds and waves, and there is a calm." After that I know what prayer means. After that I go to God just as I am—poor, weak, sinful—and talk with Him as a friend. After that, whenever I feel too weak for my work, I just look up inwardly; and I find myself fed with the daily bread I need. This is religion. But when I take these experiences, classify them, philosophize about them, and state them as an article of faith, that is theology.—*J. F. Clarke's "Steps of Belief."*

THE BRUISED REED.

"The road to the Pyramids," says C. S. Robinson, writing from Egypt to the Christian Union, "after an abrupt but not an unwelcome departure from the precincts of Old Cairo, dusty and odorous, lies for the most part through a pleasant series of cultivated gardens and luxuriant fields, until we reach the confines of the desert itself. But the verdure gradually degenerates into mere stubble when the sand begins to grow dominant. The path is elevated slightly, beaten down into a compact mass like matted gravel—the ditches on either side of it filled with slender reeds—bulrushes like those which Jochabed plaited the ark from when she decided to cast

the unprotected Moses out upon the charities of the world. So thin and slight are those long withes of water vegetation, growing tall and rank from the pools, that even a child could easily scratch the outer stem off any one of them with his nail. Yet they looked so strong that my old instinct returned, and I imagined that they would make capital riding-whips with which to encourage my donkey. So I plucked one or two of them, but, instead of getting a whip, I got one of the finest illustrations of Scripture I met in the East; for, on handling these long, lithe stalks, that seemed tough as willows, I found that they had no strength or substance within. They were hollow; and the moment the outer coating of silvery fibre was abraded in the least, instantly it appeared that the entire reed was demoralized, all its stability and power of self-support being singularly gone. I could scarcely keep it upright, for it could not bear its own weight. The slightest wind playing over it bent its frail head and sent it drooping into the swamp.

"Accurate and beautiful beyond expression seemed to me the inspired figure of divine gentleness and forbearance employed by the prophet: 'The bruised reed he will not break.'"—*The British Friend*.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I do not feel as if I had much more to communicate to thee on paper at this time, than to acknowledge the receipt of thine dated the 17th, and to assure thee I account it a privilege to be the recipient of my children's sorrows when their full bosoms overflow, and they find some relief in pouring forth their troubles. Ah, it is the Christian's duty and gain "to feel another's woe," to "weep with them who weep," as well as to "rejoice with them who rejoice." But all these dispensations are to be regulated and improved, both as to their degree and continuance, by a close attention to the Divine gift. For we may give way to mourning to excess as well as to intoxication of joy. I wrote to our dear S. soon after thy information of the death of her brother in a distant land. I feel for her affliction. Such a case involves reflections very different from the circumstance which released E. W. in so short a time from all the trials and probations of this life. I had heard of the event previous to thy letter, but if "not a sparrow falls to the ground" without our heavenly Father's care, no more did this solemn event

occur without His special care and providence. "For human weal, Heaven husbands all events." Oh! that we were deep and humble enough to read His language in such dispensations—yea, "in all the varied dispensations of His providence. For they are doubtless all intended for our good and our furtherance in the way of holiness. My daughter, thou asks where I am. May I answer in the language of Peter Yarnall, "In the Lord's keeping; I have that evidence"—at least at some times. But I am still clothed in sackcloth and suffering with the seed, on account of the carrying away into captivity of the daughter of my people and the scattering of the flock. Farewell.

Thy consolatory letter was cordially received. It has been read and re-read with lively emotions of gratitude for the evidences furnished of Divine support under thy recent and very close trial in the removal of a beloved brother. Surely the experience of heavenly condescension and the sustaining arm in the midst of affliction, must have prepared thee largely to share in deep fellow feeling with our dear Sarah in her present proving season. I feel much for you both, and it seemed right to say so on paper, as a testimony of that affection and interest which I continue to feel toward you. Oh, how precious the unity of the spirit, in which we are permitted to pray for one another. Dwell deep; be watchful; abide with the suffering seed, and when Truth calls for dedication to labor, be firm in its cause. My dear love to all my children in the Truth.

I duly received thine, my dear friend, and acknowledge thy kindness not only in *thinking* of me, but endeavoring to bring before me some "good news," which I think Solomon said was like cold water to a thirsty soul. I am willing to gain all the refreshment I can from "a fresh visitation of heavenly good" evinced by such circumstances as thou brought into view, and I think I feel a little capacity "to rejoice with them that rejoice." But the sackcloth still remains. The general gloom over Society admits only of *rejoicing* with *trembling*. Yes, my dear friend, I think I "understand" thee. Go on to number thy blessings and improve them. Keep to the gift that is conferred upon thee; occupy it faithfully, firmly, obediently. But do not expect to get along without deep baptisms and provings. The seed is under suffering, and it seems my allotment to suffer with it, even as if arraigned before Pontius Pilate, in silence too, while the spirit of the chief priests, the accuser of the brethren, is permitted to vaunt over the suffering seed of life.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 4, 1871.

OUR PAPER.—The 28th volume begins with the present number. The commencement of *Friends' Intelligencer* was prompted by the desire to supply a want then felt in our society of a journal devoted to its interests. For many of its early years it languished for want of a sufficient number of subscribers for its support; and there were times in its history when but for the liberal contributions of public spirited Friends, the enterprise must have been given up. But the persevering zeal of those who from time to time conducted it, and of those who supplied what was lacking pecuniarily has been rewarded, by seeing it established on a self-supporting basis. Yet a considerable increase in the number of subscribers would enable the editors still further to reduce the price, and extend its usefulness.

In looking over some of the earlier volumes we have been struck with the fact that while partly dependent on charity for its pecuniary support, its pages were then enriched by contributions from mature and gifted minds, some of whom have since been gathered to the higher life, some are occupied in other fields of labor, and others have ceased to contribute to it of their stores of thought.

Without intending to draw a discouraging contrast, we would ask whether the places of these are fully filled at the present time? Those among our younger and middle-aged members who have profited by the more enlarged views of education now prevalent in our Society, whose reading has been extensive, and whose opportunities for knowing what is passing in the world around them are far greater than were those who lived only thirty years ago, are they sufficiently aware that they owe a debt to the Society to which they belong? That their talents, their culture and their opportunities are not their own, but belong to the common stock to be used for the benefit of all? There are events transpiring around us, and great questions agitating the public mind, which should be viewed and discussed from the stand-point of the principles of

Friends, and in this regard we need the aid of thoughtful, concerned and cultivated minds.

OUR FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE.—What is it?—on what basis does it rest?—and what are its fruits? We often hear it spoken of, and we are cited to it as to a “foundation sure and steadfast,” and yet the child or honest enquirer asks “what it is?” Can we meet this inquiry? Can we reply to it so plainly as almost to give it a tangible form? We are told, we should be ready to give to him who asketh, a reason for the hope that is in us. What, then, is this “Fundamental Principle” upon which we rest our hope? We answer, The life of God manifested in the soul. That Light which maketh all things manifest. The grace of God which bringeth salvation. The word nigh in the heart. Christ within, the hope of glory; and our faith is, that if this Omnipresent, indwelling power, is exalted into full dominion, all pertaining to the creature will be drawn into unison with it, and it will be, to the mind thus influenced, “wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption.”

This operative principle is its own basis. It is itself *Immutable Power*. It is “the Foundation sure and steadfast.” If we turn to Scripture for corroborative evidence that this is no ignis-fatuus, no idle chimera, we find abundant testimony to sustain our trust, and if we turn within and read carefully the pages of our own experience, we shall see even greater evidences that this indwelling, operative Power, is a blessed reality, and the language of the heart can be, We thank Thee, Oh Father, Lord of heaven and of earth, that the wisdom of this world is not needed for the discovery of this rich treasure, for it is revealed even unto babes.

A little child is sensible of an impression of duty made upon his mind, and if, in answer to his inquiry, “What is it?” he is told, it is his Heavenly Father's Love, which, if heeded, will guard him from all evil, and enable him to do all that is right, here is our “Fundamental Principle” held up to view in its native simplicity and power; and if this child, as he grows in stature, grows also in a more intimate knowledge of this indwelling, omnipresent Power, and listens to the voice

of this one true Teacher, he will discover for himself that the fruits thereof will be, even as Scripture tells us, "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against which there is no law."

The records left by many of our ancient worthies, plainly show that the rich treasure of God's "unspeakable gift" (our "Fundamental Principle,") is revealed unto babes. In S. M. Janney's "History of Friends," mention is made of John Griffith and John Churchman, who, at the early age of seven and eight years, practically acknowledged the immediate teachings of the divine Spirit, and surrendered to convictions of duty in opposition to surrounding influences. John Churchman says, "About the age of eight years, as I sat in a small meeting, the Lord by the reaches of His love overcame and tendered my heart, and by His glorious Light discovered to me the knowledge of Himself, so that I saw myself and what I had been doing, and what it was that had reproved me for evil."

James Banks and James Parnell, at the age of fifteen, also yielded to these secret impressions of duty. John Banks, at that early age, bore a practical testimony against formal prayer, by refusing to read prayers in the congregation. He also refused to receive compensation for services he had been rendering in that department. James Parnell, at the same age, made a stand against the vain customs and formal worship prevailing around him, and was strengthened to bear the cross and despise the shame. George Whitehead, in obedience to convictions of duty, went forth on a gospel mission before he was eighteen.

We will give yet another instance of an early acknowledgment of our "Fundamental Principle." Patience Scott, when but eleven years old, was brought before a public tribunal to answer the charge of heresy, on which occasion the wisdom of her speech confounded her accusers. Thus we see that one almost a babe in years, realized the fulfilment of the promise, "I will give you mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance." And the testimony of one of the apostles also was ful-

filled when he said, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Under a renewed conviction that our Fundamental Principle is a "Foundation sure and steadfast," and that its blessings are freely open unto all, we close with the word of Gospel invitation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat: yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price."

THE PEACEABLE SETTLEMENT OF NATIONAL QUESTIONS.—On behalf of the English Government, the British Minister at Washington recently proposed to the United States the appointment of a joint commission for the settlement of certain difficult questions, "That a friendly and complete understanding should be come to between the two governments as to the extent of the rights which belong to the citizens of the United States and her Majesty's subjects, respectively, with reference to the fisheries on the coast of her Majesty's possessions in North America, and as to any other questions between them which affect the relations of the United States towards these possessions."

Our government received the proposition favorably, and acknowledged the friendly feeling that dictated it; but it was considered that to secure more permanent amicable relations, other questions of vital interest to mutual harmony should also be adjusted, and to this end the President suggested that the claims commonly known as the Alabama claims be submitted to the consideration of the same high commission. The British government assented to this, provided that "all other claims, both of British subjects and citizens of the United States, arising out of acts committed during the recent civil war in this country, are similarly referred to the same commission."

This proposition was accepted, with the suggestion that only such claims be considered as may be presented by the respective governments. Five members have been appointed by each nation to constitute this Joint High Commission. They meet in Washington this present week, and it is fer-

vently hoped that their discussions and deliberations may result in the establishment of a permanent basis for the settlement of all future differences. Every Christian mind must earnestly desire that questions involving great issues between different governments should be submitted to legal decisions, and not be settled by military skill and strength, and the present movement is a cheering evidence that statesmen are beginning to take more enlightened views of the proper mode of adjusting international disputes.

This question has long claimed the serious thought of some of the concerned minds among us, and we would that all of us may examine it for ourselves, and be prepared to do what we can for the advancement of peace on earth. A communication on this subject will be found in our present number.

NOTE.—A correspondent calls attention to an article in the 38th number of the *Intelligencer* of 1870, headed "A Few Words on First-day Schools," and suggests that the Conferences should be held just before or just after our Quarterly and Yearly Meetings; and he requests Friends to consider the subject between now and the next Annual Conference.

MARRIED.

KNOX—GARRETSON.—At Clear Creek Meeting-house, with the approbation of the Monthly Meeting, on the 13th of Tenth month, 1870, William Knox to Ann Garretson, both of Putnam Co., Ill.

PRICE—FLOWERS.—At the house of Thomas Flowers, Clear Creek, Illinois, on the 11th of First month, 1871, with the approbation of the Monthly Meeting, John B. Price to Martha Emma Flowers, both of Putnam Co., Ill.

DIED.

GILLINGHAM.—Suddenly, on the 16th of Second month, 1871, John W. Gillingham, a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting, in the 51st year of his age.

RODGERS.—On the 29th of Twelfth month, 1870, Catharine Rodgers, in the 64th year of her age; a member of Chester Monthly Meeting, N. J. In manner she was quiet and unobtrusive, in disposition gentle and kind, and she was careful to fulfil the duties of life. At a sudden summons, she peacefully passed away to a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

SPENCER.—On the 13th of Second month, 1871, at Dixon, Lee county, Ill., David Spencer, formerly of Half-moon Valley, Centre county, Pa., aged 68 years. This dear Friend requested that his remains should be interred in a private burying-ground belonging to a friend some miles from his residence, where there were no monuments or tombstones. He passed off as a shock of corn fully ripe.

WALKER.—On the 11th of Twelfth month, 1870, at his residence in Woodville, Chester county, Pa., Asahel Walker, in the 62d year of his age; a member of London Grove Monthly Meeting. He was of a quiet and retiring disposition, honest and upright in the daily walks of life; rendering to no man evil for evil, but as far as was in his power holding forth an open hand, with a heart full of charity and sympathy for his fellow men. From his heart went up prayers and thanksgivings daily, with implicit confidence in the love and power of his Heavenly Father. On the verge of eternity, his spiritual eye beheld the glory beyond earth's cares and trials.

JONES.—In Norristown, suddenly, on the 18th of First month, 1871, Loyd Jones, in the 57th year of his age. The interment took place at Friends' burial ground, Plymouth.

NOTICE.

Persons having books placed with me "on sale" will please call, or send and inform what disposition is to be made of them. Being about to withdraw from my connection with this office, I wish to close up these accounts at or before the 15th inst. Those having books left here for *binding* will please call or send for the same.

My nephew, John Comly, will succeed me as agent for *Friends' Intelligencer* (at this office), and I am authorized by him to state that he expects to continue the sale of books, and attend to orders for binding.

EMMOR COMLY,

2d mo. 24, 1871.

144 N. 7th St.

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held on Seventh-day evening, 3d mo. 4th, in the Monthly Meeting room of Friends' Meeting-house, at 15th and Race Sts., at 7½ o'clock.

WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

INDIAN COMMITTEE.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Third month 17th, at 3 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St. The general attendance of the Committee is desirable. JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening next, 3d mo. 8th, at 8 o'clock.

J. M. ELLIS, Clerk.

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

The Thirtieth Annual Report of this Institution from its Superintendent and physician, Thomas S. Kirkbride, M. D., is before us. The extract given below is on a subject of general interest, to which we would call the attention of our readers.

In my report of last year, I gave a brief history of the mode of receiving patients into hospitals for the insane, which has been in use in Pennsylvania for one hundred and seventeen years, and of the movement which led, in 1869, to the enactment of a law, which for the first time, in this commonwealth, defined with precision the mode of proceeding for the admission and detention of the insane, in hospitals founded for their

custody and treatment; and under the provisions of which law, all such cases are now received into the various institutions. An analysis of this law was also made, and its various provisions now seem to be pretty generally understood; and although some complaints of the trouble and expense to which they are subjected, continue to be made by persons in humble circumstances, and in cases where there can be no manner of doubt, the general feeling is, that advantages more than sufficient to counterbalance these objections are probably attained. To the officers of institutions for the insane, it is certainly, if nothing more, a great convenience to be able to refer the friends of patients to specific legal forms that are to be complied with, before any one can be restrained of his liberty, no matter how seriously or how slightly his mind is disordered.

During the year just ended, three cases have been before the courts for adjudication under the new law. Although it did not seem that there could be the slightest question in regard to the insanity of any one of them, collateral circumstances led to rather protracted proceedings in two, but the result was the same in all; the patients were unhesitatingly remanded to the care of the hospital by the learned Judges, before whom the cases were tried. One of them served to illustrate some of the abuses liable to be perpetrated under this law, and which were emphatically alluded to by Judge Paxson in the decision of the question brought before him. The practical point of most importance was, that while a Judge had no choice but to issue a writ of habeas corpus, under the circumstances sworn to, no member of the bar was compelled to prosecute a case, unless previous investigation had satisfied him of the truthfulness of the allegations, and the propriety of the proceedings; and without which, great injustice might be done to individuals and families, and feelings, that ought always to be held sacred, needlessly wounded. In this connection I deem it proper to bear testimony to the courtesy extended to the officers of this hospital, by the members of the legal profession, in a very large majority of all the cases that have come before the courts in the last thirty years.

There is one class of cases about which, if carried to court, there is always a liability to an honest difference of opinion. These are patients whose convalescence has clearly begun, and who are just at that stage of it, where they have unbounded confidence that they are out of all danger,—where, indeed, they do not realize the serious character of the malady with which they have been suffering, and feel that there can be no possible

risk in their return to their families and their ordinary pursuits. A few weeks later, in a large majority of these cases, they would have lost this extreme confidence, and in its place would have come a shade of depression, and a kind of distrust of the future, that would have effectually prevented all risk of their being anxious to leave prematurely. But if just at the time first noted, as not unfrequently happens, such a case goes before a Judge, or more particularly, before any ordinary jury, something like this is likely to occur. Finding an individual apparently sane, and no obvious evidence of latent danger, it becomes difficult,—for any but those who have studied the case from its inception, or who have been taught, by sad experience, the danger there is in exposing any one just recovering from what is really a serious disease of the brain, to all the risks necessarily incident to such a change of circumstances,—to regard it as necessary to insist upon a further involuntary detention of one who seems so well, and the patient is discharged. It is, however, from this class,—those who leave a few weeks too soon,—that come not a few of the cases of relapse, and of the second admission to institutions; and too frequently, also, the chronic cases, or at least, those that subsequently require a very long-continued course of treatment, before they again reach the same favorable condition. It is because the officers of institutions for the insane are unwilling to assume the responsibility of such a course, that they often prefer that this question should be settled by the legal authorities, who, by a little wise delay, have often done incalculable service to patients.

Persons with entirely honest intentions are often found asking whether sane people are not frequently, either by mistake or from improper motives, placed in hospitals for the insane, and then restrained of their liberty, by those who have some selfish end to attain by such proceedings. Such a question as this, coming from an honest inquirer after truth, deserves to be answered, and, so far as Pennsylvania is concerned, unquestionably can be, and in a mode that must remove all rational grounds for uneasiness from those who may have entertained doubts on the subject. I believe I am able to speak positively of what has occurred in this institution during the thirty years it has been in operation, and in which period no less than 5,796 patients have been under its care; and I desire to place on record my testimony in regard to this inquiry. In all this long period, and in all this large number of patients, I have neither known any one whose mind was not diseased, or who was not recovering from an attack of insanity, and in a condition requir-

ing this kind of care, to be restrained of his or her liberty, nor have I detected an inclination on the part of the friends of a patient to make such a use of the institution; which, it may be added, if attempted, could not have proved successful, and nowhere else would have been as soon detected and exposed. In regard to the State institutions at Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and the asylum at Frankford, I have the most undoubted authority for testifying to the same effect. I am well aware that many cases, regarded by some as doubtful, have been before the courts for adjudication, in regard to a further detention in an institution, but there has been no one of these, with which I am acquainted, in which experts could have had the slightest hesitation in regard to the original insanity of the patient; not one in which the subsequent results of the case did not justify their opinions; nor one, in which any Judge, even when deciding the question of a further residence in the hospital, against the opinion of its officers, ever intimated a doubt as to the insanity of the patient when admitted into the institution. In a single case only, was the question of insanity left unsettled, owing to the death of the individual before the conclusion of the investigation.

There are certain cases of intemperance often sent to hospitals by direct order of the courts, or by authority derived from the courts by their legal guardians, or in the usual mode, for their temporary protection, when unable to take care of themselves. Many of these after a short stay, seem to have recovered their natural state of mind, and are retained only as required in the original order of court, "until discharged by due process of law." A difference of opinion may exist in regard to how much of this kind of mental trouble is real insanity, or whether it is merely a temporary effect from the habit alluded to. Intemperance is sometimes a disease, and sometimes it is only an effect of insanity,—a symptom of a disease. While many physicians have no hesitation in regarding all these cases as genuine insanity, there are some in which the officers of this hospital might entertain a different opinion, and on this account all such, although coming here under legal process, are excluded from the statement on a preceding page. Many persons, too,—dreading an attack of insanity, or suffering from the incipient stage of it, or from a general disordered condition of the nervous system,—ask to have the benefits of the hospital, but they come to it as they would go elsewhere for medical advice and as they would enter an ordinary boarding-house; and they leave it whenever it is their pleasure to do so; so that they can hardly be regarded as

the ordinary insane, nor can they in any sense be said to be restrained of their liberty. With these explanations, there are no qualifications to be made to the statement that, after the most careful inquiry, I believe there is no ground for the belief that any sane person has ever been admitted into, and restrained of his liberty in any Pennsylvania institution intended for the care and treatment of the insane.

There may be exceptions, but I believe it to be safe to say, that in nearly all the cases considered doubtful or reported as not insane, that have been before the courts in this country,—where they have been carefully followed up for any long period,—the opinions of experts have been fully justified by subsequent events. In some of the most conspicuous of these, there have been found a continued development of organic disease, as verified by examinations after death; attacks of paralysis, proving the tendency to brain disorder; the commission of acts of violence, requiring the interference of the civil authorities; the verdicts of new commissions of lunacy; the loss of life by suicide; or such a course of living as formed a continual source of fear to their families, or required the protection of legal guardians for the preservation of both the persons and property of the patients.

Having thus very briefly discussed the question, whether any but the insane are likely to be received into institutions provided for the treatment of this class of the afflicted, the transition is natural to the question, whether there is no loss in neglecting the care of those who have mental diseases, and whether there is no danger incurred from those thus affected not being sent to hospitals, or being left without proper attention and unrestrained in their movements. The first of these questions is readily answered, as all experience goes to show, that properly treated, insanity is, in its early stages, in a large proportion of all the cases, a curable disease, and that, allowed to become chronic, it is exactly the reverse. The second question may be answered by the simple statement of the fact,—which can hardly have escaped the notice of any one who carefully observes passing events, and which can be readily verified,—that during a little more than one year, in a single newspaper coming under my own observation, there have been recorded very nearly one hundred cases in which lives have been lost, or placed in the greatest jeopardy, owing to persons laboring under insanity, being left unrestrained and unguarded in their movements. A large proportion of all these,—I believe far more than a majority,—might have been saved had the warnings

which, to those familiar with such cases, were clear and unmistakable, been heeded; while the consequences of neglect are irreparable and often destructive to the happiness of whole families. This simple statement of facts, without any allusion to the unfortunate effects upon entire households, from the continued presence of these cases, and the loss of property incident to incapacity for business management, is enough to show that this is no trifling question, and that a fearful responsibility is incurred by those who in any way contribute to this state of things. This subject certainly deserves much more attention than it receives, for while every supposed case of unnecessary restraint is abundantly commented on, these terrible catastrophes,—without furnishing one or more of which scarcely a week passes,—rarely receive more than a passing notice; few journalists apparently deeming it important to show their readers the inferences naturally deducible from them, and which must possess a deep interest to the whole community.

Selected.

HYMN ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

Thou Grace Divine encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O! Love of God most free!

When over dizzy steepes we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O, Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O, Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O, Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim
Our wayward steps to win:
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within!

And filled and quickened by thy breath
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O, Love of God to thee!

Extracts from the Third Annual Report of the Natural History Club of Philadelphia. 12th mo. 22, 1870.

This day the members of the Natural History Club of Philadelphia meet to celebrate its third birthday—meet with happy memories of the past, as they recall the experiences of 1870. Claiming no height of scientific attainment, no depth of philosophic research, they have made no brilliant discoveries; they should blush at the mere suspicion of having raised such an expectation.

With a single purpose and a simple creed, this little band of friends is held together by common tastes and common sympathies. Recognizing the Father in Heaven as the Creator of this round world and all the inhabitants thereof; and impressed with the sublime words of the Mosaic narration: "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good"—they believe it to be a privilege to sit together and talk over His wondrous works. The Father has presented to them, as to His other children, His Book of Nature, all rich with original designs, and full of illustrations; with a child-like spirit they accept the gift, and are trying to spell out the golden text which describes the fascinating objects pictured on the glowing pages, whilst the gracious loving Father smiles on every reverent effort to understand the glories of His handiwork. If they have not made much progress in spelling out the text, they have found in each other's conversation and companionship a joy which no solitary studies can furnish. But, alas! the magic charm of conversation is soon dispelled. To preserve in a less perishable form whatever the special tastes or the individual observations of the members might supply for the common good, it was agreed that each in turn should prepare a written essay on some theme connected with the study of Nature, that should serve as the principal subject of conversation at each reunion. These, as well as the Reports made by absent members, were accompanied with illustrative specimens of plants, flowers, fruits, insects, birds and minerals referred to in the text. These, with other objects of interest, were spread upon the ample board round which the Club gathered from week to week, and were passed from hand to hand for close individual inspection. Texas sent its huge spider, the brown and hairy Tarantula; Alaska, the curious nest of the Crab or Trap-door spider (*Mygale cœmentaria*). The outside surface of the door to the underground mansion of the burrowing spider is covered with earth, and shuts so closely down upon its door-frame, the orifice of the nest, as easily to escape observation. Swinging on a perfect hinge, it is opened or held down firmly at the spider's option. The door is circular, with a convex inner surface, neatly lined with a gray silken covering, and its edge, reaching from hinge to hinge, bevelled with exquisite skill. This first Alaskan door opened to the Club awakened the desire to make "one little excursion" to the northwestern borders, and find our Alaska fellow-citizen at home. The Woodpecker (*Picus pileatus* L.) allowed us to examine his tongue; the swift Lizard (*Agama undulata*)

his tiny slender fingers; and the Devil's Coach-horse (*Reduvius novenarius*), one of the most useful residents of Washington City, was duly honored as the destroyer of many insects injurious to shade trees. California showed her gigantic pine cone measuring eighteen inches (*Pinus Lambertiana*), dwarfing by contrast the large cone, that stood by its side, of the *Pinus pinea*, from Southern Italy. The rough-cased Geode was broken open to disclose its sparkling quartz-crystals within; and the cases of the Caddis-worm of the brook displayed the architectural skill of the work-worm. From the length and breadth of the United States, and from the trans-Atlantic Alps, came specimens too numerous to mention.

Owing to the unwonted mildness of last winter, the hardier flowers of Philadelphia bloomed probably through every month. Golden dandelions gladdened the green fields, and so early as the 6th of January the *Symplocarpus foetidus*, with its inclosed flowers shedding the pollen upon the glossy, striped purple "shell," appeared as "the harbinger of spring" when mid-winter should have reigned; the next month brought the blossoms of silver maple to adorn the table where usually stood only ferns, mosses and lichens. The chief enjoyment, however, during the winter, consisted in making border raids upon the vast and still unexplored territory of microscopic life. Many organisms, animal and vegetable, the living and the dead, were questioned in the cause of truth, and one of the Club was almost frightened when the bee's dissected tongue testified, under cross-examination, that its possessor did not lap his nectar with a licking tongue, as the books had misrepresented; that his tongue is not a solid cylinder, but a delicate tube inclosing a filamentous organ whereby he gathers up his honeyed sweets. Subsequent to this observation, mention was found, in a book published by Samuelson, that the lingula is not solid, but a tube with enclosed organ. It was gratifying to find this corroborative testimony of a foreign microscopist: but as these observations, American and English, were quite independent, the palm of discovery must be awarded to both observers. Not only the tongue, but the plates between which the wax is secreted—the poison-bag, and its connection with the convoluted poison-gland—as well as the hooklets on the edges of the transparent wings, whereby they may be temporarily united, were studied. The Gammarus, a little crustacean, found in hydrant-water, showed how his blood circulated, the movement of the globules in the *large* dorsal vessel being particularly distinct. Another tiny

inhabitant of the water (name unknown) had his head, jaws, and portion of the body covered with clinging groups of parasites. Did he not feel himself a "big-bug" in comparison with these insignificant creatures that clustered around him, and lived upon his greatness? Man and his parasites have their analogues in these humbler types, and the votaries of natural science find not only material facts, but also quaint illustrations of manners, and quiet lessons of practical wisdom for guidance in the conduct of everyday life. An unknown but delicate Fungus grew upon the fern shade of one of the Club; the mycelium was examined, and later the spores were observable. These being caused to germinate, produced a septate mycelium, resembling the Bread Mould (*Mucor mucedo*). Some months previous a piece of bread had been placed in the fern case in order to obtain mould for examination. May not this throw light on the origin of the fungus? The fungus found upon the leaves of the oak, poetically called "The Tear of the Oak," when magnified, reveals a curious structure. From a common centre radiate minute black and glossy spines simulating little stars. There is no time to dwell upon the repeated examination of the tiny organs of the mosses, the cellular tissues, the germinating spores of ferns, the moulds or the arrangement of leaf-stomata; only space for a short notice of a dust shower that fell in Vermont, February 12, 1870, extending over a district of fifteen or twenty miles. A small quantity of this dust was examined by one of the Club, who detected, among much granular amorphous matter, and fragments of vegetable cells too imperfect for identification:—

1. Many round or oval granules quite transparent, disappearing when treated with nitric acid.
2. Spores of fungi or Gonidia of some lichen.
3. Diatoms.
4. Cells from coniferous wood, genus *Pinus*, having their peculiar deposits absent in spots; cells terminating *obliquely*.
5. Other cells of coniferous wood with smaller markings, five in a row and two parallel rows in each cell; the cells terminating *transversely*.
6. Many cells of Algæ resembling Red Snow; these red cells were in the stage of binary division peculiar to that Alga.

The dust is probably the ashes of some burnt forest, sifting the higher regions of the atmosphere, and gathering in transit some recognized organisms and others that could not be identified. There are well-authenticated accounts of dust showers which have

deposited matter that must have been borne through the air hundreds of miles. * *

Some minds abnormally constituted can find nothing good in worms. The essayist, who presents a monograph of the Caddis worm, writes: "We remember those holy golden days of childhood, when in our own larval condition, we hunted the crawling caddis in the brook that went singing through the meadow. We will go to the book for all the learned sawdust; and to become a book-worm, and *only that*, on all these fresh and inspiring things in the natural world, gives us, of course, a claim to natural relationship, and to call the worm brother. The books say the metamorphosis of this order is either incomplete or complete; we suppose they run no risk in the assertion. The caddis worms have respectable old relations, for the most perfect fossil insect, Eugereon Böckingii, as described by Dohm, was found in the Permian formation in Germany." While in the larval condition the caddis is peculiarly defenceless, and, to protect himself from his enemies, builds a case of sticks, leaves, small pebbles or shells, as he finds material at hand. These are glued together by an insoluble cement, excreted from glands just posterior to the under jaw, until the cylindrical case is long enough to contain and conceal his body. A pebble closes the bottom of the case, so fixed as to keep out any attacking foe, and at the same time to allow the current of water necessary to his breathing to pass through and come in contact with the tracheal tubes of extreme minuteness that float fringe-like on either side of his body. Thus the caddis passes the summer days of larval life till there comes a time of change. He eats no more; contracts his horny legs to be thrust from his stony mansion no more; excretes a little more silken cement; makes a strong lattice grating over the open end, and behind this latticed window sleeps in his pupal shroud. Another change and the image bursts forth, tears away with its jaws the silken grating, and, conscious of its rapidly expanding wings, bids farewell to aquatic perils, and basks in the sunny air.

(To be concluded.)

For the Children.
SUNBEAMS.

Heavily fell the rain, and wildly swept the wind through a narrow street in the "business part of the town," as a merchant, closing the door of his counting-room, prepared for his homeward walk.

It was not alone his usual daily toil which now had the effect of depressing his spirits, and saddening his views of life; he had met

that day with deep disappointment, and base ingratitude, involving heavy pecuniary loss. His plans, his prospects, his future career, which but the day before seemed all glowing with sunshine, now looked dark and dreary; "the trail of the serpent was over them all." And as in his homeward path he drew near the church surrounded by its green burial place, he felt that weariness of spirit and distaste of life with which most persons who have passed the spring-time of existence are familiar; and, leaning on the low wall, as the head-stones gleamed through the darkness of the night, he murmured—

"There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Heavy was his footstep as he left the spot and proceeded to his own dwelling; there, too, all looked dark and cheerless—the windows were closed, and no warm ray of light found its way through them to welcome his approach.

"Like the rest of the world!" he exclaimed, "like the rest of the world! Nothing to brighten or gladden me."

Drawing the pass-key from his pocket, he turned the lock and entered. As the sound of his footstep was heard within, a bright girl opened the parlor door, and came forward to greet him.

"Father, dear father!" she exclaimed, "how wet you are! I have been so troubled about you!" and pressing her warm cheek to his, she drew him into the apartment.

Everything there told of thoughtful affection. An arm-chair was placed ready for him by the side of the blazing hearth; the hissing urn stood in its place upon the table, where a nicely prepared meal awaited him, and the tender tones of a daughter's voice sank to the depths of his heavy heart.

"Mary, darling," he said, as a tear dimmed his eye, and he leaned his aching head upon her shoulder, "I have had a sad and a weary day of it; but there's something to live for yet, while I have such a daughter's love to gladden me!"

"Dear Father!" she replied; heed not the storm and tempest without; our own fireside is bright and warm; our own hearts honest and true."

And sunbeams—bright sunbeams poured from Mary's eyes, causing sweet flowers of cheerful hope and trust to spring up in her father's bosom—a soil which, but a few hours before, he had thought would never again produce such blooming treasures.

EVEN the savage sees some beauty in nature. How much more, therefore, should we, to whom education and civilization have

given intelligence and higher aspirations, seek to beautify and adorn the heritage that God has given us. It is the surroundings that mark the man or woman of education and refinement. Trees, vines, a garden and flowers are the symbols. Wealth does not always carry with it a love of the beautiful. It is heaven-born, and is as often found in the home of the cottager as in the mansions of the rich.

ONE of the greatest blessings you can enjoy is a tender, honest, enlightened conscience.

ITEMS.

The preliminaries of peace were signed at Metz on the 26th ult. between France and Prussia.

Favre cedes Alsace and Metz. Belfort is retained. The war indemnity is fixed at five milliards of francs, for the payment of which three years' time is granted. The Germans are to hold the fortresses until paid.

The armistice has been prolonged for a week.

RUSSIA has six hundred and sixty-seven cotton factories, employing one hundred and eighty thousand operatives. Before the war in this country cotton manufacture had scarcely commenced in Russia. During that period, however, the Russians began to manufacture Bokhara, Persian, Indian, and other cotton, and it is said that their factories are now the most magnificent in the world, exceeding in style and completeness even the English establishments. The products amount to fifty million dollars annually.

The five members of the British Government appointed to meet officially with those of the United States for the settlement of international differences, are Earl de Grey and Ripen, a member of the Cabinet, Montague Bernard, Prof. of international law at Oxford, Sir Edward Thornton, (Minister at Washington,) Sir John MacDonal and Sir John Rose; the last two, Canadian officials. The American commissioners, appointed by the President with the confirmation of the Senate, are Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State; Robert C. Schenck, the newly appointed Minister to England; Judge Nelson, of the Supreme Court; Senator Williams and E. R. Hoar, late Attorney General.

It is a curious fact that there are no known descendants of Christopher Columbus. He had two sons, one of whom, Don Diego, rose to the distinction of an Admiral, and the other, Fernando, as a scholar. Fernando was a great traveler. He not only thrice visited America, but subsequently traversed the whole of Europe, and every accessible portion of Asia and Africa. He appeared to have been a profound scholar and a thoroughly good man. In his will he stipulated that his library, containing twenty thousand volumes, which he gave to the Cathedral of Seville, should be free to the people, and it is to this day. From books in this collection, the late Washington Irving obtained a considerable portion of the information on which his "Life of Columbus" was founded. The following quaint epitaph, almost obliterated by time, appears on the tablet which marks the site of his tomb: "What doth it profit to have sprinkled the whole earth with my sweat; to have three times crossed the New World discovered by my father;

to have embellished the shores of tranquil Guadalupe, and preferred by simple tastes rather than riches, or that I have assembled around the divinities from the source of Castalia, and offered to thee the riches gathered by Ptolomy, if passing in silence over this stone, thou shouldst fail to address a single salutation to my father's memory." —*Evening Bulletin.*

A cave has been discovered at Port Kennedy, Chester County, Pa., which is filled with the remains of animals of the "post-pliocene" era of the geologist. The remains of more vertebrate species have been discovered than the total of the fossils known before. The only modern species is a rabbit. Among the remains are bones of the megalonyx (a huge sloth,) vertebrae of serpents, turtles, rodent animals, portions of beetles, bones of the cave bear, tapir, and some ruminants as large as our cows, and a mastodon. There are also remains of bugs, and of hickory, walnut, and other forest-trees. Prof. Cope thinks that the species here discovered are of south-western origin, differing in this respect from the post pliocene remains heretofore found, which appear allied to Asiatic species.

PRESIDENT ABBOTT, of the Michigan Agricultural College of Lansing, in his annual report to the Legislature, refers to the women in that institution as follows:

Applications for admission of ladies have been and still are frequent and urgent. The Faculty admitted a few who occupy rooms on the floor of the steward's family, or in private houses. They study chemistry, botany, horticulture, floriculture, trigonometry, surveying, entomology, book-keeping, and other branches. Their progress in study was rapid, and their improvement marked.

Work was furnished them when it could be. They prepared seed for the ground, cut potatoes, transplanted tomatoes and flowering plants, pruned shrubbery, gathered small fruit, did some work in the green-house, and many other kinds of work.

The experiment of having women as students has worked so successfully that there would be no hesitation in admitting them if there were a hall for them.

Many ladies would find our course of study agreeable and useful. They would find a knowledge of scientific principles comprising as much additional interest and delight to them in the practice of floriculture, the care of gardens, ornamental shrubs, and orchards, in the operations of the kitchen, and in their general reading, as it does to men. Women are frequently left in circumstances where they would highly prize some knowledge of agriculture.

The applications of chemistry to woman's work are so many that a half year's course of daily lectures would not be too long a one. Among these applications are cooking, preserving of fruits, utilization of materials usually wasted, cleansing by acids and soaps, bleaching, manufacture of soaps of different kinds, disinfection, prevention and neutralization of poisons. A course of lectures on dairying is now given every year.

Women are turning their attention more and more to studies such as are taught here. Some would like the out-of-door labor, some the aid which the compensation for their labor would afford them in acquiring an education, and it is to be regretted that they cannot avail themselves of the same privileges here that are offered the young men.—*The Press.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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LOVE THE PRESERVING PRINCIPLE.

BY JESSE KERSEY.

In the organization of religious society it is necessary that the members should unite in the principle by which they are to be governed. If they believe in the fundamental obligations of Christianity, they will of course conclude that they are to be under and subject to that measure of the Spirit which the apostle Paul has said is given to every man to profit withal. By those who believe in this doctrine, it has been understood to be a Spirit that takes its kingdom by entreaty, and keeps it by humility, and a lowly or passive state of mind. Such a society must therefore be brought to place their whole confidence in the power and wisdom of this heavenly guide. They will under all circumstances confide in it, let their trials as individuals or as a society be what they may. They will never have recourse to any mode of relief but what they are convinced is dictated by this eternal Spirit. Now as the Society of Friends profess to have full faith in this Divine gift, they are necessarily to submit themselves to it in all that they have to meet with in the world. It would be turning away from the principle of their profession if they should have recourse to any system of human policy in order to gain any point. The fact is, to a society that professes as Friends do, there is no door which can be opened to any other wisdom and power for

the preservation of themselves or that of the order of the Society, but the wisdom and power of Truth. Now as it is understood that the Spirit they profess to embrace, acts not compulsively but by persuasion and a conviction of the judgment, so it is clear that its purposes are never to be gained by the arm of flesh. Hence we may infer that if the Society should from any cause be led away from a state of entire dependence upon this gift, it must be on the downward course, and consequently fail to maintain a true testimony to the excellency of its religious profession. In taking a view of the present circumstances of the professors of Christianity, there has appeared much reason to believe that many amongst them have been ready to conclude, since the Society of Friends have become a divided people, they have proved to the rest of mankind that it is not in the nature of their profession to keep them in connection or united together; and that from necessity they will have to abandon their confidence in the doctrine which they have professed, and come under the regulating power of fixed laws and rules of government. That the spiritual profession which they have held is incompatible with the nature of man, and that the party which they will prefer will be those who are called the "Orthodox" party, because, say they, we can see in them something like an adoption of the doctrines and opinions of other religious professors. We

are therefore placed under very serious circumstances, and it is highly necessary for Friends to endeavor clearly to understand the great responsibility that rests upon us; that so we may be found consistent with the fundamental principle of our profession. If we mean to take upon ourselves the same testimonies that were embraced and maintained by our worthy predecessors, it follows conclusively, that we must shut our eyes to the policy of the world, and turn away from any dependence upon the arm of flesh. We know that as to the past circumstances which we have witnessed, so far as they were distressing to many of us, they were the fruit of a departure from the true light that enlightens every man that comes into the world. Our early Friends having been convinced both of the power and wisdom of their heavenly Guide, relied upon it in every trial; and being faithful to its manifestations, they became a body of people in perfect submission to the one eternal Spirit. In this happy state love reigned predominant among them, and hence they knew practically that as many as walked in this Light, as He the great Author of it is Light, had fellowship one with another. Now while Friends continued in this blessed state it was impossible for rents and divisions to take place. Hence they were an unconquerable body. But as they succeeded in convincing the world of their innocent lives and conduct, they were relieved from persecution, and soon became prosperous in the world. With the rise of character, and the increase of wealth, there was a gradual falling off from that state of watchfulness and devotion which had been maintained in the beginning; and from this cause men came to have an influence in the Society, who had little more to recommend them than their wealth. Thus by a total change in the character and disposition of many of the leaders of Society, it followed that when difference of opinion arose on any subject, those high-minded individuals would not condescend to the views of their brethren. When therefore condescension was abandoned, strife succeeded; and a division was the consequence. But had the same spirit of brotherly regard been cherished which so eminently appeared among the founders of the Society, it would have been impossible for it to become divided. Our unhappy conflict and consequent separation must therefore not be charged to the profession, but to a want of individual faithfulness to the divine Spirit.

The same causes we must believe will produce the same effects; and therefore it is necessary for Friends to be on their guard, or otherwise strife and division may again

take place. But in order to preserve the body from falling into this unhappy state, it is of vast importance that it should be grounded and settled in correct principles. On this subject the author has felt a deep concern. He is fully aware that at present we stand in a very critical situation, and he feels his fears lest there should be a want of just conceptions of the consequences which threaten to overtake us. He will therefore leave with his friends a testimony of his concern, and he believes it a duty to endeavor to call the attention of Friends to the alone ground of safety, and of prosperity to the great cause of universal peace and righteousness. It should never be forgotten by us that it is one thing to profess a belief in the Divine manifestation to man, and it is another thing to have a settled faith at all times and under all circumstances in the sufficiency of the wisdom and power of this gift. For want of this faith and patient awaiting the Lord's time, when trials and difficulties arise we may go to work in our own wisdom and strength in order to remove unpleasant cases when they occur. Thus by putting forth the hand unbidden to steady the ark we may bring death instead of life, and really retard the advancement of the good cause. It has been occasion of mourning to find that we are not so fully settled in the belief of the all sufficiency of the precious gift as should be the case; if Friends are not deeply attentive to the light and Spirit of the great Head of the Church, they may introduce measures of human policy and be governed by them—the consequence of which must be that the Society may again be landed much in the wilderness state. There was perhaps never a time when it was more important to the great cause of Christianity than the present time that all who profess with us should keep close to their proper places and duties, studying to show ourselves approved unto God. And as we believe that we live in an age when there is much enquiry in the minds of the people and when all the movements of those under our name are closely watched, much depends upon what we say and do in accordance with the witness for truth in the minds of enquirers. Our meetings for divine worship being held as they are with a profession of waiting in spirit upon the great Head of the Church to be instructed by Him, it has appeared clear to me that if Friends were deep and weighty in their spirits they would be more often favored with the overshadowings of Divine love and thereby be refreshed together, as well as witness the power of truth to be raised into dominion; and thus, forward spirits that come among us, and often wound the spiritual life by running into words

without life and power would be kept down. There is perhaps no circumstance which has a greater tendency to mar the work of righteousness in the earth than a lifeless ministry. Some there are who with a small gift would be favored to know the burden of the word given to them, and would be clear in what they had to deliver, but for want of keeping in the littleness, and by giving way to the desire to enlarge, are clouded in their testimony and judgment, and do not furnish anything like a certain sound, or learn to know their proper stopping places. Hence they remain in the mixture, and Friends are often at a loss to know whether there is a gift or not; and when some of these are at last from their weak appearances advised to desist and try to keep silent, they become troublesome to Friends.

Leaving the subject of the Ministry, it remains with me to remark, that in order to maintain the testimonies of truth on the true ground, there is no point more important than that of a strict regard to the peaceable nature of the gospel spirit. So long as we trust to any other means than that of the Divine Gift for the safety and well-being of the Society, we shall be liable to weakness and error; but if we place our confidence exclusively in the Divine Gift and follow it, there will be nothing to fear. But it is to be feared that many among us are not in possession of the true and living faith,—a faith that overcometh the world. The Society of Friends from their rise have been firmly of the judgment that the light of Christ inwardly manifested is the alone sure guide, and by it every individual may be instructed in all the subjects that pertain to the Kingdom of Heaven. They have therefore maintained this testimony, that with them it is the first and primary rule of faith and practice. We make the same profession, and therefore have no new doctrine to preach; but the same that has been from the beginning, and which is preached in every creature. In this we are different from other professors of Christianity, who consider that revelation has ceased, because (say they) God has committed His will to writing. If this doctrine was true, it would follow as a consequence that none could be saved but those who could read, and who had the book. We do not advert to this doctrine with any view to controversy, but simply to present a correct view of the profession of Friends from the beginning. Now as we have embraced the doctrine of a Divine manifestation to man, and do not believe that in this blessed gift there is any tendency to strife or contention, or that it is incompetent to the preservation of those individuals, or that society which live in sub-

jection to its teachings—it is of great importance to us and to the cause of Truth, that we should in our practice conform to it. It never can be right for a people making this high profession, to have recourse to compulsory measures in defence of themselves or of the order of the Society. On the contrary, when they are brought under trials and difficulties, they should manifest their full faith in the gift. Thus they would be qualified to stop the mouths of gainsayers and all that should rise up against them. When a body of men are united in any one profession it is the duty of the individual members of that body to adopt the doctrine they have embraced. Hence it follows that as the Society of Friends wholly abandon all that kind of management which belongs to the children of this world, and to its policy,—they have only to trust to the pure and heavenly gift; and surely they have every reason to do so. When we look back into the trials and sufferings which our dear Friends had to encounter, and observe with what meekness, patience, and fortitude, they endured those impositions,—looking to the Lord alone for deliverance—surely we might be both encouraged and instructed to trust to the same blessed Power for deliverance from the comparatively insignificant difficulties of our time. It is of great importance to the Society of Friends that they should not only understand the fundamental principle of their profession, but that they should have full faith in the power and virtue of it; and having the example of our early Friends before us and finding from their case that they were happily sustained under all trials in consequence of their obedience to the principle of their profession, we are left without excuse should we attempt to take any other ground or seek a deliverance from trials by the aid of the arm of flesh or the policy of the world. The whole power of the Church of Christ is centred in love. Therefore in all cases where there is opposition, it is the business of the true believer to try to overcome by maintaining a meek and gentle spirit. But should any attempt to subdue and regulate disorderly spirits by the exercise of compulsory measures, they would only mar the work and wound themselves. From the commencement of the Society, we may see that all the extreme cases, such as have ended with rendings and division, have been produced by a departure from the spirit of meekness, forbearance, and brotherly kindness. And we may always depend upon it, that if we cannot gain the desired point by the exercise of those Christian principles, that we should not resort to any other. The fact is if we do in any degree depart from the true ground, we may be sure of losing by it.

RESPECT AND VENERATION DUE FROM YOUTH
TO AGE.

A Friend has sent the following essay with the above title, with the view to bring the subject before our readers. It is a theme which should claim consideration, as a want of proper respect for age is believed to be one of the evils of the present day.

Whatever name we may give to that in describable charm which results from the manifestation of due respect and veneration toward both equals and superiors, we know it always wins the love and admiration of all to whom it is shown. We may call it "*good manners*," "*politeness*," or "*veneration*," it matters not what, but we know that whoever would establish the habit of practising it uniformly and impartially to all, must first gain simple goodness of heart,—true Christian *love*. When this divine principle once gets possession of the heart, how all-pervading is its influence! The words, the voice, the actions, the gestures, and the very countenance, are all brought under its refining power, and show forth the genuine source from whence they spring. If any soul is so desolate and unfortunate as to have no one to love,—if the pure principle of disinterested benevolence has never moved the heart nor shed its vitalizing influence on the spirit—to such a one I should be at a loss what to say or how to advise. Such a condition is out of the range of my experience, and it seems to me that one so unfortunate is incapable of understanding phrases descriptive of the emotions of *divine love*. But to those who have truly experienced pure, disinterested love, if for only one single individual, I can speak understandingly. If they have so loved any one as to take real pleasure and satisfaction in doing such a one a kindness, then they can understand my meaning perfectly. That same principle of love, extended to any other human being, would give them the same pleasure, with a corresponding increase, till it widens the circle of their love and kindness and happiness indiscriminately to all within their reach.

But as we were talking of *good manners*, or *politeness*, we must make this application of *love* to that subject in particular. If we really possess this pure Christian benevolence of heart,—a sincere wish to please, make happy and bless,—we shall need no dancing-master to show us how to make pleasing motions or gestures—no Chesterfieldian monitor to teach us to bow and scrape and smile and put on pleasing airs. This kind, humane feeling within us, is far better than a dozen outside teachers. The art of pleasing is taught

by the desire to please, and that desire springs from love. Let us examine, and we shall find it impossible to behave rudely to those we love and desire to treat respectfully and kindly. To illustrate this, and make it a little more practical, I will relate a circumstance that occurred not long since.

The writer having recently moved into a new home, went out to a pump that stood in the yard to get a pitcher of water, the weather being very warm. I saw coming from an opposite direction a youth, who reached the pump in good time to take a drink before I got there. As I came up he looked at me with a most benevolent smile, and in a kind and polite manner and tone said, "You ought to have some ice in your pitcher." I answered, "Yea, but I have not yet learned how to get at the ice." "Oh," said he, "let me have the pitcher, and I'll get you some." And taking the pitcher, off he ran, got the ice, and quickly returned, handing it over with a bright countenance and polite manner.

Now I observed that every motion, tone and gesture in this little transaction, accorded with the best rules of politeness. They were neither learned, studied or thought of by the youth, but flowed spontaneously from the inward feeling of kindness. This may be considered a small affair, but in my esteem it was great, because it flowed from a great principle. It was an act of disinterested benevolence, in which the enactor never thought of any reward beyond the pleasure he felt in performing it. In proof of this, it may not be amiss to state that I had not purchased his kindness by any act of mine toward him: I was a stranger to him, and did not know his name. I must add here that our lives are, for the most part, made up of a succession of little transactions, and it is the true work of a benevolent heart to minister gladly to the little wants and accommodations of every day. It is the habitual performance of these little attentions that stamps the character of a more refined benevolence of mind, than that which only occasionally performs some great deed of charity. The latter may flow from pride; the former must flow from goodness of heart, especially when impartially bestowed on *all*, as occasions offer.

But I want to say, in regard to the above transaction, that my heart dilated with love for that dear youth while he was performing that act with so much cheerfulness; and oh! how earnestly did I invoke the influence of the Holy Spirit of Love to teach him to cultivate that kind spirit and manner by extending it to all impartially, and at all times, and on all occasions that should come within his reach!

All habits, whether good or bad, have strong charms and great power over us; and although we are strongly inclined by nature to contract selfish, low, mean habits, yet I have discovered by a thorough experience that good habits, when once established, have quite as powerful charms as bad ones. Besides this, they have the infinite advantage of stamping our actions with the consciousness of moral rectitude, and the sweet approval of our own conscience.

I gratefully remember the training of my childhood and youth, in respect to my behaviour toward grown people. My uncle who reared me constantly kept several men hired by the year, and he never allowed me to contradict them, nor to treat them in any manner disrespectfully, and I was required always to do any little kindness which they requested. By this, I grew up to *feel* the respect for grown people which my manners toward them indicated; and this treatment toward them excited their love and kind feeling toward me in turn. I do not remember ever suffering the least harshness or unkind treatment from one of these men, nor ever giving one of them an impertinent word, though I lived with divers of them for several years. This habitual feeling of respect has continued with me thus far through life, and although I am now over seventy years of age, I retain quite a portion of my *young* feeling of giving precedence to persons much younger than myself. This habit of feeling and acting has been of great advantage through life; it has made the path of obedience and compliance to the feelings of superiors easy, and I may say *natural*, though to some it seems *hard* and *unnatural*. It has enabled me to live in peace, and gain the good will of all the variety of persons and characters with whom it has been my lot to associate, so that I do not remember an instance for over fifty years in which there have been difficulties and hard feelings existing between myself and others. I am aware that youth sometimes labors under peculiar disadvantages. They live and work with all gradations of age, and it is difficult to define the starting point where this feeling of respect should begin. Add to this that there are always some of adult age, and even some that are aged, who expose their weakness to such a degree as almost to cancel their claim to respect. Although these are serious disadvantages, they are not without remedy. Generous minded youth, as a first step and incentive to action, will urge themselves deeply to consider and appreciate the great moral worth of character, which the genuine principle of Christian love, and consequent politeness and true benevolence, gives to all who possess them. This pure princi-

ple is the only sure fountain from which this *respectful feeling* of which we are speaking can uniformly flow. In order, then, to acquire this heavenly principle, we must *exercise it, practise it*,—must give it scope in action—must cultivate it whenever an opportunity offers. Rather than fail of attaining it, we had better bestow our kind and loving feelings on our *younger* companions, and train ourselves to treat every one, young and old, with due refinement, respect and kindness, let their treatment to us be what it may. If this is practised toward the young, it will be surely easy to bestow it on those more advanced in years. We have thus found a remedy for the first-named disadvantage. The same principle would, I think, be also found a sufficient remedy for the second; but we will add an additional consideration, which will help us wholly out of the difficulty. All the weakness, unworthiness and coarseness of manners which we are displeased with in older persons, are the result of their not having acquired the true principle and practice of politeness in their youth, and we shall be just like them unless we succeed in gaining that principle. This we cannot do if we imitate their manners, and treat them as they treat us and others. The only use we can make of their imperfections is to let them stand as a beacon to warn us of our danger, and induce us to ply every means to escape their sad condition. We must not adopt the practice of being polite to those who are polite to us, and rude to those who are rude. This would show decidedly that we have no principle of goodness or politeness of our own, or in ourselves, but that our actions depend wholly on those of other people. As we cannot admit a man to be just because he deals fairly with some people while he cheats others, so neither can a man be polite who treats some respectfully and others rudely. If youth have to associate with older persons who through their weakness and disagreeable qualities forfeit respect, still will it not be best to *treat them with respect for the sake of the principle?* Will not this be quite as effectual in disciplining and refining the manners and spirits of young people, as if the object were more worthy? Undoubtedly it will, and much more so, as it will be a victory and triumph over greater obstacles.

Respectful manners, or politeness, comes under the same law as that of *love*, of which our Saviour says, "If ye love them only which love you, what thank have you? Do not even the publicans so?" And we may as justly say, "If you are polite to those who are polite to you, what thank have you?" This but places you on the very level of uncultivated nature, without the least refine-

ment of manners, since the very savages will do the same! But by the practice and attainment of showing kindness and respect to all, regardless of their conduct to us, we are brought up to the threshold of a still higher and more God-like principle, namely, to "love and do good to our enemies!" This our holy religion requires; but if we cannot love and be kind to our aged friends because they have some faults, how can we love, pray for, and be kind to our enemies, who are seeking to do us injury? But if we gain and practise the former, we shall have made a near approach to the latter. As we cannot love and do good to our enemies merely because they have evil dispositions and are injurious to us, we place our actions on a higher principle,—we will love and bless them because Christ requires it, and for the sake of imitating the Divine Benevolence, who sends the bounties of His rain and sunshine on the *bad* and *unthankful*; we can love them with a love of pity and compassion, knowing how unhappy they are, and must continue to be, while under the influence of hatred. On more rational grounds we can descend so low as to love them for our own sakes, in order to put ourselves as far as possible from their deplorable condition. We will call nothing love that does not manifest itself in *deeds of kindness*. To reflect on two human beings, one of whom is constantly using every opportunity of abusing and ill-treating the other, while this other is as constantly improving every chance to show kindness in return, is making a contrast of character which it is hard to find language to express. Every rational being, however, will at once decide which is infinitely the more excellent of the two, and would of course prefer the possession of the good and God-like character and disposition, rather than of the bad one. There are, however, few, if any human beings, so debased that they cannot be overcome with kindness; and how noble and God-like is such a deed! I remember to have read an account of a very depraved convict which will illustrate this. The said convict had been several times confined in the penitentiary, and had several times broken out, and was considered very dangerous and unmanageable. At length he was put in the Massachusetts penitentiary, whose keeper was noted for his ability to manage depraved cases. The convict had not been long confined before he attempted to break out, and being discovered, got badly wounded by the guard in preventing his escape. The keeper called the physician, and took great pains to have the wounds well dressed, and with great kindness had the convict conveyed to his cell, and everything done necessary to make him com-

fortable. This was in the evening. Near midnight the keeper arose and went to the convict's cell and examined his wounds, and kindly inquired how he felt; told him that he had felt so uneasy about his sufferings that he could not sleep, and thought perhaps he could do something to alleviate his pain. He gave him good cool water to drink, and redressed his wounds. This was too much even for this hardened convict. He burst into tears and wept, saying, "Sir, everybody has for years treated me as a beast, but you treat me as a man. I regret trying to break out and giving you so much trouble, and I now promise to make no more such attempts." He was as good as his word, and under the influence of that kind keeper he left the penitentiary a reformed man. I would rather be the author of such a deed than possess all earthly wealth.

To attain to such sublime heights of excellence, we must begin early in youth to train ourselves to kind actions; and the very lowest beginning point in this work is to treat our equals with fairness and justice, and our superiors in age with good manners and due respect. We must, if we expect to succeed, set out in earnest in this matter. We must have no conditions, but resolve, let others do as they will to us, we will treat them, 1st, Politely; 2d, Kindly; 3d, Lovingly; and so persevere till we arrive at the sublime height of pure Christian love!

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF EDITORIAL

As the editorial in the *Intelligencer* of 2d mo. 18th may, from its tenor, be supposed to have been prompted by members of the committee of arrangements at the recent First-day School Meeting in this city, I would say that having heard an expression on the subject from quite a number, the feeling among them seems general of dissent from the said article. It is thought the arrangements were very much in moderation, and the plan of having the lunch convenient to the meeting-house decidedly preferable to dining at private residences. The experience of some of the earlier meetings was, that preparations were made by Friends, and in some cases no one, and in others very few favored them with their company, which, to say the least, must be very annoying, not to say anything of the useless expense and trouble incurred. In this light the more recent method will be seen to be less trouble (on which particular stress is placed in the article) and expense to families than by the former practice. Much time is also saved by not going back and forth, and we are enabled to proceed with the business with but an hour or so recess. Thi

plan is also much more promotive of sociability, and by a better acquaintance, love and unity will be advanced.

In reference to moderation in the number of meetings, is not this moderation an evidence of degeneracy amongst us as a Society? Among early Friends (if we may judge from their history and writings) their meetings were frequent and the attendance of them regular, and the interest in the Society and its principles very much kept alive in this way. Gradually one meeting after another has been dropped to accommodate our ease and our desires after pecuniary gain, until (I speak as regards our own meeting) the attendance of our adult members on a mid-week day is, say about one-tenth of our men and perhaps one-fifth of the women, and often not so large a proportion.

Then, again, this moderation in my opinion has retarded the faithful maintenance of our testimonies,—that against slavery, for instance. When we had prohibited our members from holding slaves, it seemed to be felt as though all that we were to do was accomplished, and therefore a do nothing policy seemed to prevail; and as a consequence many of our members became lukewarm, and even, in some cases, prominent Friends were apologists for the infamous system.

I am one who believes that had there been entire faithfulness on the part of our Society not only in reference to slavery, but to that other barbarous relic, war, the public mind would have been so far influenced and convinced that the late sanguinary conflict in our land would hardly have occurred. Therefore I place the late war as very probably a result of this too great moderation on the part of our Society. The same may be said in reference to temperance, in which Friends are regarded as pioneers; but the world has progressed far ahead of them, and I fear too many of our members are still in the habit of using strong drinks.

Let us beware lest the language may be to us as to the Church at Laodicea: "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

I believe the time has come when, instead of counselling moderation in reference to First-day Schools or anything else which may be deemed advisable for the advancement of Truth and promotive of the principles which as a Society we feel called to bear to the world, we should rather say with the preacher: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with *thy might*, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest;" and with the Apostle: "It is good to be *zealously affected* always in a good thing."

J. M. T.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

* * * * * May you, who are young and who oft feel as children, diligently attend to your callings in every good word and work. Be not discouraged, though some of us who may have borne the burden and heat of the day of trial, may now be permitted to retire a little, and leave room for you to feel your own standing, and take a portion of the burden off our shoulders. "Follow thou me," was a good lesson to one formerly who asked, "What shall this man do?" So, my dear children, while your sympathy and your prayers are for the preservation and encouragement of us who are aged and almost worn out in the service, ours may be offered up for you that ye be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, that ye go on fulfilling the work of your day in the day time, and especially in the morning—the best season for labor—for ye know that your reward is sure with Him who calls for the dedication of your all.

* * * * * I believe I can say as is often attributed to the apostle John, "I have no greater joy than to hear (see and know) that my children are walking in the Truth;" and as *walking* implies progression, not sitting still, joy and satisfaction arises from such evidences as I have, that those whom I may class with my children continue progressing, step by step in the way and work of Truth. Go on, dear child, with thy companions. Do what your hands find to do in the pure openings of Truth. Guard against the snares and devices which may sometimes be presented, and apply your hearts unto wisdom, in order to discriminate rightly between outside appearances and realities. Oh! that Friends, professing an inward safe Guide, the Light, may be deep in attention thereto, and when it says, "Go not after" this, that, or the other plausible device or amusement, that they may know a patient abiding in their tents, retired in spirit, and waiting in holy travailing patience. May you, who may be called by comparison young ministers, in the city of Philadelphia be preserved—deeply retired in mind, waiting for the Master's call, and when He puts any of you forth, in any testimony, to bear witness to the Truth, may you be faithful and leave all events and effects to His disposal. But "go not forth," let no other voice be listened to, however nearly it may counterfeit the voice of the true Shepherd, for it remains to be an important truth,

that "Satan" (opposing spirits, though speciously disguised) "are transformed" (by the unwary and too superficial mind) "into an angel of light." It is therefore important to us, to guard against these subtle transformations of our serpentine reasoning, under the plausible pretexts of imagination and curiosity, the principles of deception, even in the garden of Eden. Farewell, and may the holy pavilion of Divine preservation inclose thee on every side.

When Job's friends heard of his trials and afflictions, they went to see him, and held a silent meeting during seven days, for they saw that his grief was very great. The sympathy silently felt must have been much more acceptable and consoling to his deeply-trying mind, than the after scene of vocal communication. It is now several days since I heard of the affliction of my dear friend S. occasioned by the loss of a brother far from home, and the declining state of an affectionate parent. My silent sympathetic feelings and thoughts have often flowed towards her, and with emotions far different from the language used by Job's friends toward him, I would fain pour in "the oil and the wine" of consolation. I would encourage the endeavor to keep the mind steadily stayed on Him who "careth for the sparrows," and who in His perfect wisdom, mercy and goodness, doeth all things right. Inscrutable as many of His dispensations and His providences are to our finite and limited comprehensions now, the period may arrive when all will be made clear and plain to our view. Thus Jesus said to one of His disciples, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Repose thy mind then, my dear friend, as "the disciple whom Jesus loved" did, when leaning on the bosom of his Master, and may a holy calmness and quietude cover thy spirit, in which the abiding language of thy inmost feeling may be, Thy will be done, O Father; Thou hast given, or lent a little while, and it is Thy right to take away Thy gifts when Thou seest meet. I resign them all to Thee.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 11, 1871.

MISUNDERSTANDING.—One of our subscribers writes to us, requesting the withdrawal of his name from our subscription list, because he considers "the tendency of our paper is to encourage a superficial view of Quakerism."

We acknowledge our surprise at this

charge, and unhesitatingly repudiate it as unjust and without foundation, our efforts having always pointed in the opposite direction.

Our friend did not mention the offensive articles—all is left open to conjecture, and we are in a dilemma, not being aware that any sentiment has at any time been admitted that would lay waste what is to us so dear. We therefore conclude a misunderstanding of language is at the bottom of the difficulty, and we regret that any concerned Friend allows himself hastily to attach to an article a meaning the reverse of that intended to be conveyed.

It is well to cultivate that charity which thinketh no evil. We would then judge kindly when a writer fails to make his meaning clear, and if the general tenor of an article would bear such a construction, we would place upon it one that would accord with our idea of Truth, instead of making a brother an offender for a word.

"WOMAN'S WORK—WHAT IT IS—WHAT IT WILL BE."—This title attracted our attention, and we read with unusual interest the remarks of R. Collyer upon the subject. The extracts which we have selected from it will be found in the present number.

The true position of woman has occasioned, for years, much controversy, and when we reflect how nearly the best interests of society are interwoven with hers, we cannot but regard it even as a momentous question.

We have not deemed the lengthy discussions which have been widely circulated through the press, appropriate to our paper, but have watched the growth and expansion of liberal views which have taken hold of individual minds amid the conflict of opposing sentiments, that have sometimes been urged with a fervor which we could but regard as zeal untempered with Christian charity.

Our education as members of the Society of Friends has, no doubt, had its influence, and has inclined us to look upon woman as man's equal, and to regard the two as entitled to the same rights and privileges. Observation has confirmed the belief that the pathway of life is always less rugged where the footprints of both are found, and that

perfect harmony cannot exist with divided interests.

It is a notable fact that the women of our Society have privileges unknown in other religious bodies, but we feel they have not been fully appreciated.

Of latter times, however, we think there has been an awakening to favors inherited by birthright.

The more the subject of woman's equality with man is reflected upon with the desire to place her where she truly belongs, the more clearly will it be perceived, we think, that no advantages for moral or mental culture can in justice be withheld from her.

If in the cultivation of the talents with which she has been gifted, she discovers a special fitness for any particular sphere of usefulness and engages therein, and the result proves her efficiency, her reward should certainly be equal to that of a man performing similar services. To this point we would direct especial attention, as we feel that in this regard there is room for greater generosity among Friends as well as others.

The above thoughts were suggested by reading the article by R. C. already referred to, and while we are not yet prepared to follow him into the arena of politics, we have given place to his views as a foreshadowing of what may be—"what it will be." The advance of the cause of woman in England, will have the effect to forward the work on this side of the Atlantic, and the time may not be far distant when woman shall have a voice in making and administering the laws by which she is governed. If so, how important it is that she qualify herself for the responsibility! Where our influence can be felt, let no opportunity pass unimproved, of pressing upon the rising generation the acceptance of the guidance of the divine Spirit, which will regulate and bring into harmony the moral and intellectual faculties, so that in our two-fold nature, God the great Creator may be glorified.

NOTE.—Our Agent has received a letter containing money dated "Kingston," no State given, and as there are twenty-one post-offices of that name in the United States, he solicits further information in order to send

the paper and receipt. It is important in all cases that the post-office, the State, and the full name of each subscriber should be given. Plain penmanship greatly aids the duties of the Agent.

MARRIED.

EWING—DARE.—On the 9th of Second month, 1871, by Friends' ceremony, at "Cottage Home," the residence of the bride's parents, Robert P. Ewing, M.D., to Isabel M., daughter of Mark R. and Mary B. Dare, all of Greenwich.

DIED.

ADAMS.—On the 1st of Third month, 1871, at the residence of his mother, Catharine Adams, Louis P. Adams, in his 29th year; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. This dear young man was diffident and retiring in his manner, and there was an innocency that gave evidence of a desire to do his Heavenly Father's will, and that enabled him to feel when at the close of life, that he was prepared for the change.

FOLWELL.—On the morning of the 17th of Second month, 1871, at his residence in Camden, N. J., after an illness of about ten days, William Folwell, in the 81st year of his age. In his removal, the Meeting to which he belonged, as well as his family and friends, have sustained the loss of an exemplary and useful member, and one who was sincerely beloved by an extensive circle of friends and acquaintances. During his indisposition he remarked to a beloved friend: "I have attained to a great age, and it is not to be expected that I can continue much longer in mutability. I know that my Redeemer liveth; through mercy I see nothing in my way, and am willing to go when consistent with the Divine will. A bright eternity is before me, and oh, how glorious!" He quietly departed, leaving to surrounding friends the consoling assurance that through redeeming love and mercy, the language spoken to the apostle John at Patmos was applicable to him: "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

HOPKINS.—On the 19th of First month, 1871, Martha M., widow of the late Thomas Hopkins, in the 71st year of her age; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. Although her bodily sufferings were very great, she bore them with Christian fortitude and resignation. Naturally of a retiring disposition, she shone the brightest in the home circle, beautifully displaying those lovely traits of character that so adorn the wife, mother and friend. Her remains were interred at "Fair Hill."

NEWPORT.—On the 18th of First month, 1871, of diphtheria, Walter Janney, son of John E. and Julia Newport, aged 2 years and 10 months.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 22d of Second month, 1871, Basil Hopkins Newport, the only remaining child, aged 19 months.

THOMPSON.—At Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st inst, of a severe but short illness, Lucy Thompson, widow of the late Samuel Thompson, in the 76th year of her age.

ROBINS.—At her residence in Woodstown, Salem county, N. J., on the 6th of First month, 1871, Ann F. Robins, in the 59th year of her age; a member of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting.

NORRIS.—In Baltimore, on the 26th of Second

month, 1871, Henrietta T., wife of J. Saurin Norris, and daughter of the late Isaac Tyson, in the 62d year of her age.

EXERCISES OF FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Third-day evening, 3d mo. 14, 1871, Lecture by WILLIAM G. FOULKE. Subject: "Inconsistency."

On the succeeding week, *Select Readings*, by Professor J. W. SHOEMAKER.

INDIAN COMMITTEE.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Third month 17th, at 3 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St. The general attendance of the Committee is desirable. JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk*.

FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Will meet at 1518 Vine St., on Fourth day evening, 3d mo. 15th, at 7½ o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet at Race St. Monthly Meeting School-room, 3d story, on Sixth-day next, at 4 o'clock. Full attendance of the Committee particularly desired.

WM. EYRE, *Clerk*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 25.

The appeal made a few weeks since through the columns of the *Intelligencer*, for aid in sustaining our schools for freedmen, was well timed, and to the point; and although some cheerful responses have been made, pecuniary need still stares in the face the few on whom now rests the responsibility of keeping those schools in active operation. The existence of fifteen or sixteen depends on the remittances made by "*The Association of Friends of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen*," which this additional appeal is intended to represent.

To show that a lively interest in these schools is still felt by the freedmen themselves, the writer quotes from the reports of some of the teachers recently received.

That at Falls Church, taught by Harriett Jenkins (colored), enrolls 67 pupils, of which number 44 are between 6 and 16 years of age. Of the whole number, 65 read, a large proportion write, 64 are in arithmetic, 24 in geography, while 18 are studying grammar.

The teacher queries thus:—

"I would like to know if there is any hope of getting any more books from your Society—if so, will you please let me know? The children have gathered together more old books of different kinds than I had any idea could be found in the neighborhood, each claiming a right to be taught out of all such books as he or she chooses to bring to school!"

The report of our schools at Charleston, S. C., under the care of Cornelia Hancock

and others, shows 91 pupils, of whom 87 are between 6 and 16 years of age. Of the entire number, 80 read, 55 write, 53 are in arithmetic, 28 in geography, &c.

Frances E. Gauge reports in reference to the school under her care recently established at Gordon, Alancha Co., Florida, 77 pupils on the roll, with the excellent average attendance of 62. Although this school has existed so short a time, the whole of the scholars can now spell, while 55 read, and 39 are in arithmetic, &c.

But this must suffice for the statistical condition of the schools. It may be well to add, that "progress and conduct" (embodied in the blanks the teachers are required to fill) are universally designated as "good" or "very good."

Cornelia Hancock, in referring to their industrial department, remarks:—

"We are getting along right well in our sewing-school now, and I hope it may prove the foundation of a store on a larger scale. The goods sent have been very acceptable, and have sold well. We do not want anything of a poor quality—don't mind a little damage—but desire *strength*."

She also acknowledges the reception of three barrels forwarded, adding:—

"The sewing-school materials were splendid. All interested in this enterprise were overjoyed at so many goods. The little children sew carpet rags, and I buy them from them. The boys think it very hard they cannot have a chance in something like the girls' sewing-school. Late the other evening we were called up by a little boy, with four carpet rag balls, all sewed in order, and we took them of him.

"If there was only a factory where they could earn something, I would ensure their giving cheerful labor. There is very little money here, and what there is, they manage to keep from the colored people. Energy and capital *must* come here, or stultification will be our condition. The First-day School was excellent to-day—we had the company of two teachers from Charleston, and the children seemed deeply interested."

In alluding to the financial condition of affairs, she adds—

"There has been great destitution amongst the teachers here employed by the State—they have had to wait so long for their pay—but I believe a 'Deficiency Bill' has at length been passed to pay all up to the first of the year."

She concludes with the following gratifying information: "My health is very good now, for which I am very thankful. The weather is mild and beautiful—no fires needed." (This on Second month 2d.)

Frances E. Gauge (in addition to the condition of her school as herein above reported) writes: "I am afraid I will not be able to raise more than ten dollars per month among the colored people. I am taxing them twenty cents apiece, and they all seem willing to give that.

"Yesterday I visited eight families. They are all settled on land, but have not paid for it yet, although they are in a fair way of doing well when they once get a fair start. I called on one old couple aged 92 and 80, respectively. They are very smart, and appear to have everything around them to make them comfortable. 'Uncle Cesar' (aged 92) makes shoes, tubs, buckets, &c., and comes to First-day School, seldom missing a day!

"It is very pleasant to go round amongst these people, and receive their small tokens of friendship. One place I visited, they were weaving their cloth or homespun. They say it takes a month to weave one piece. How much patience and labor it requires merely to get a little clothing to wear! They all aim to raise cotton enough to clothe themselves. Farther than that they seem to think it does not pay."

She also forwards a list of sundry articles she needs for her school. It may be well to call attention to the important significance contained in the foregoing extracts. How the spirit of self-dependence permeates them—and how the industrial education that has been bestowed upon them is beginning to bring forth good fruit.

Our faithful co-worker, George C. Round, of Manassas, gives the following list of schools opened with the assistance of our Association, and gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a box of books for their use, viz.:

		When open-ed.	No. of pupils	Salary.
Manassas	School	Jan. 23	59	\$25
Pittsylvania	"	"	30	20
Olive Branch	"	"	25	20
Chappel Springs	"	Jan. 30	25	15 on acct.
Macedonia	"	"	22	15 on acct.

Caroline Thomas, formerly in our employ, after delineating the position she occupies with her school, being, to some extent, independent of the government officials, remarks:

"I sometimes fear the free schools, in many cases, will not result in much good to the colored people. For instance, in the Leesburg district there are five schools for the whites, and only one for the colored population, although the trustees of this district seem inclined to do the fair thing as regards an equal distribution for the two races. Some days I think my school is very interesting, and that I would like some of my friends at the North to step in; at other times, I feel disheartened for a season, especially when a

large, full-grown man cannot spell "b-o-o-k," or when so many of them make so many errors in their arithmetic."

She closes with a feeling allusion to the death of the late Thomas Garrett, having the assurance that "the messenger found him ready for the summons." We are always pleased to hear from this faithful laborer, and hope the mutual interest now felt may ever continue.

Our energetic friend Chalkley Gillingham writes from Woodlawn, and thus acknowledges an appropriation made by our Association:

"Please accept my hearty thanks to all the Friends concerned. This enables us to keep a free school until the 1st of Seventh month next, and without it we could not have inaugurated it. We have now about 64 pupils on the list at each school (Gum Springs and Woodlawn), both in fine condition, and the scholars making progress in their studies."

Our friend appears to be very faithful and efficient in looking after the wants and well-being of these schools.

Amidst all our doubts and fears as to the continuance of our labors, words of cheer oft-times greet us. One friend accompanies a donation with—"I wish it was in my power at present to furnish more means for the support of the schools under the care of Friends. I also send to day, per Adams Express, a box containing some clothing for the freedmen," &c.

Another writes: "I enclose a check, which please appropriate for the benefit of freedman schools. If the school at —— should need help, I would like this donation given to them. I visited that school, and feel that it should be sustained."

A few words more, and we close. "I visited that school, and feel that it should be sustained!" Could it only be either the privilege or pleasure of Friends generally to visit the schools for freedmen, as a few of us have done, the writer is well satisfied that the universal verdict would be, not only that they *should be*, but that they *must be* sustained. And that "Appeals" would no longer be requisite, but that the much needed funds would flow freely in. "So mote it be." J. M. ELLIS.

Philada., Third month, 1871.

A VERY old man once came to King Agis of Sparta, to lament over the degeneracy of the times. The king replied, "What you say must be true, for I remember that, when I was a boy, I heard my father say that when he was a boy he heard my grandfather say the same thing."

RECONCILED.

BY PHEBE CARY.

O years gone down into the past ;
 What pleasant memories come to me,
 Of your untroubled days of peace,
 And hours of almost ecstasy !

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
 Where life's most pleasant valleys lie ;
 Nor wheel the planet of the day
 Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
 My youth itself went with them, too ;
 To-day, aye, even this very hour,
 Is the best hour I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me
 More blessings than in days gone by,
 Dropping in my uplifted hands
 All things for which I blindly cry ;

But that his plans and purposes
 Have grown to me less strange and dim ;
 And where I cannot understand,
 I trust the issue unto Him.

And spite of many broken dreams,
 This have I truly learned to say—
 Prayers which I thought unanswered once
 Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some hopes I cherished once,
 Perished untimely in their birth,
 Yet have I been beloved and blest
 Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief,
 For moments I have come to stand
 Where, in the sorrows on me laid,
 I felt the chastening of God's hand.

Then learned I that the weakest ones
 Are kept securest from life's harms ;
 And that the tender lambs alone
 Are carried in the shepherd's arms.

And, sitting by the wayside blind,
 He is the nearest to the light,
 Who crieth out most earnestly,
 "Lord, that I might receive my sight."

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,
 When down life's hill my pathway lies,
 What care I, while my soul can mount
 As the young eagle mounts the skies.

O eyes, with weeping faded out,
 What matters it how dim ye be ?
 My inner vision sweeps untired
 The reaches of eternity !

O death, most dreaded power of all,
 When the last moment comes, and thou
 Darkenest the windows of my soul,
 Through which I look on Nature now—

Yea, when mortality dissolves,
 Shall I not meet thine hour unawed ?
 My house eternal in the heavens,
 Is lighted by the smile of God !

NO TRAIT of character is more valuable than the possession of good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstration ; patience and forbearance are the sentinels within.

EXTRACTS FROM "WOMAN'S WORK.—WHAT IT IS.—WHAT IT WILL BE."

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

Proverbs xxxi. 31.—Give the woman of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.

I wish to speak to you about woman's work, what it is, and what it will be so far as we can guess from the signs of the times.

It is a subject of very great interest for these reasons: Work of some sort is everybody's business who is able to work,—man and woman alike. There is enough for everybody to do, when we once find out *what* to do, and are ready to do that which falls to our lot. One-half of this work and a little over falls to the lot of the woman. I say a little over, because there are about one hundred and six women, in the whole civilized world, to one hundred men, and I include what the true wife and mother does as a part of the great sum of the world's work ; the most intimate and essential and precious part, as I believe, of all the work that is done. A great deal more of what must be done outside the home has been done by the man that falls fairly to *his* lot, or that he is most naturally fitted for. While the woman has stood watching him, and longing to take hold and help, but for many reasons, some noble and some base, she has been made to stand back, and the result of that has been not only the loss of so much valuable work as she would have done, but misery to the woman more than can be told. Some of these women are, or have been, our own flesh and blood. They are all bound to us, who are not akin to us, through that common tie that makes a man instantly take a woman's part, and defend her and help her at all hazards when she appeals to him, as she helps him when he appeals to her ; so that Mungo Park said, in all his wanderings over Africa, no matter what enmity he met with from men, he never appealed to a woman in vain: she was sure to help him to her utmost ability. We are in the midst of a great, hopeful revolution, as inevitable as this of the planet we live on, in which the woman is taking her true place in the vineyard and entering on her true work, and will never rest, I think, any more until she has found out these three secrets, namely: how many things can a woman do better than a man ; how many can she do as well ; and how many can the man do better than the woman ; and says to us as the result of it all, Now attend to your part, and I will attend to mine. Because this is what we must come to when all is done that can be done by both sexes: we must come to the truth that when God made the woman, as Dr. Bartol says, he did not mean to merely

make another man. And so that is a true and good instinct which has always made men and women agree, that there are some things the woman ought *never* to do, except under the direst need, and then only as an exception to the rule of her life. This was the feeling among our ancestors in England more than a thousand years ago. Thomas Hughes says, in his life of Alfred the Great, the Anglo Saxons provided that women should be protected by special laws in all matters where their weakness of body would otherwise place them at a disadvantage; and they divided the sexes in their rude way into the spindle side and the spear side. Evidently recognizing thereby the divine division that God made, when he created man, male and female, and the truth one of our poets tells, when he says that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse; and their dearest bond is this: Not like in like, but like in difference." We see this at once whenever the woman is forced into doing what is coarse and hard and unfit for her finer frame. We are never reconciled, for instance, to the sight of those poor German women on our streets, with great loads of old clapboards on their backs stumbling along through the snow. Every man of us feels a little mean at that sight, and would like to take the thing off and send it home for them, if it was any use.

I remember, perhaps twenty-five years ago, when there had been a good deal said without any clear result about the hideous habit of the coal-mines in England, where women had to drag the loaded trucks from the coal-bed to the mouth of the pit, harnessed like dumb beasts, that one week all the papers published three or four pictures of the thing just as it was; and then there was a great outcry all over the land that this thing should be stopped. We could bear the report, but not the sight. It is a sign of barbarism everywhere, and it *is* barbarism, to let a woman do a great many things a man can do without the least harm. When the man compels the woman to take the coarse and heavy end, while he takes the light and pleasant, he is all one with the native Australian, or the Indian on our own Western lands. When the condition of a country compels the woman to do a great deal that is coarse and hard, that country is in a bad condition, especially if there are multitudes of men at work in places where lighter and finer work is to be done that she can do just as well as he can, if he did not crowd her out. But in that land where the man is ready to practice as fine a chivalry toward the whole work men and women have to do between them that he observes in a crowded car, and in a

hundred ways beside, then that land, whenever you find it, bears the finest fruit on the tree of life. * * * * *

Only the bravest and brightest girls break through the net and fit themselves for an independent career, just as a man does. They are nearly all pioneers, and pioneer-life is always hard. They seldom get the same price as a man gets for doing the same work, and that hurts them by its injustice. Then there is an ingrained delicacy, partly the result of their nature, and partly of long training, that makes it hard for a finely-educated American girl, especially, to encounter things, in almost every calling, the man has got hardened and used to through centuries of striving. I know of nothing in the whole history of the human family that shines to me with a finer radiance of heroism than the story of the way Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell fought for her education as a physician and surgeon, not through the bristling lines of prejudice and proscription merely, but through the unspeakable oppositions of the delicate, shrinking woman's nerve and nature.

But when she has fought that good fight, this is the result of it: that while we would all have held her back at the start, and said to her, "You ought not to do it; you will unsex yourself; it is a man's work to study anatomy;"—when we see with what a pure and perfect modesty she walks on the perilous way, and shows us in every moment and motion of her nature that this study of the architecture of the living God is a science into which the question of sex never comes; then when she enters on her career, and we see how much better she is fitted for a great deal that must be done in this noble science of healing, because she is a woman, then our opposition changes to the heartiest approval,—we welcome the new and beautiful fitness, and the way is made easier for the great host that follow her in the sacred calling. But it was hard for her, it is hard still for all her sisterhood. They bring the same delicate, shrinking organism to the task, and are only aided better in the way they learn it. But what comes out of it to all of us is this truth, to be made good, not of medicine alone, but of everything the woman undertakes and succeeds in, still remaining a woman in the purest sense: that the true woman's work is whatever a true woman feels impelled to do, that in the doing adds something to the commonwealth of humanity.

And here a little history comes in of what a woman has done in quite a different direction, and opens to us another chapter of the true woman's work. It is the true story of a kinswoman of an intimate friend of mine. Nine years ago there was an old man living

in Duchess County, N. Y., who owned a farm of about 300 acres, and had three children, a son and two daughters. He was an old man then, and past work, and his son managed the farm. He made a proposition, He could not live long, and wanted to divide the property in this manner; he would divide it into two halves; give the son one-half, and the other half to the two daughters. Then the son made a proposition. The property was worth from eleven to twelve thousand dollars, and he said he would sell his share to his sisters for five thousand, on condition that they would take care of the old man as long as he lived. One of these sisters, a small, delicate person, acts for the other, who is something of an invalid. They agreed to the proposition, and then the first thing this small person did, when she got hold of the land and found herself in debt five thousand dollars, was to run in debt four thousand more, with which she bought new stock and implements, put her buildings and fences into good repair, and got everything as a woman likes to see it. That is nine years ago. Her father lived five years, and came to be so helpless that she had to wash his face, shave him, and wait on him hand and foot. She fell sick herself of the strain, and could attend to nothing for some months. But now that whole nine thousand dollars' debt is paid. The farm is in better condition than it was when she took it. She has had the whole oversight of the place, sometimes hiring a foreman to work with the men when she needed one, but never giving up her own plan of ruling and guiding the land. One day, when she was not far on with her work, her brother came to see how things were going,—not indifferent, I suppose, to his share of the property still invested. He saw some stone wall that was just done, and said, "You must not build a wall like that; the land will not afford it." "What do you think that wall cost?" she said. The brother named the price it would have cost him. The sister brought out her book, showed him every item, and it was not quite half as much as he had said it cost. Then he found that while the woman did not touch the wall with the tip of her finger, she inspired and directed the men, so that they built as they built at the walls of Jerusalem in the days of Ezra the Scribe; and so the wall was finished. All this she has done, and has raised a poor lad beside, taught him farming; started him on a farm of his own in Missouri, and is now looking out for another.

There you see again a true woman's work where we should not have considered it possible, in the abstract, as the thing for a woman to do. It was one of those points in

her history where hundreds of her sisters would have taken the six thousand dollars and tried to live a lady-like life on the interest at 7 per cent.

Forty years ago there came a crisis in our nation, in which right and might armed for the battle on different sides. The host of the right was a small handful; that of might as the stars for multitude. It was presently found that the woman's soul was stirred here and there to take the outcast, unpopular side, as it always was and always will be. It was a war of the truth with falsehood; the weapon was the living word on the side of right, on the side of wrong anything that could be made to sound like it as nearly as possible. Well, women fought with the living word, it was found, as well as men; and so they were enrolled; and then there was a division in which those that sided with Paul bid her hold her tongue, and those that sided with Philemon made her welcome. The result was that she established her right to be heard, in the worth of what she said, on the platform; from that it seemed good to her to even enter the pulpit; and there are women now, both East and West, who are preachers in good standing, and have charge of churches. * * * *

After the great war was over, the Secretary of the Sanitary Commission said in a letter to Senator Sumner, which was printed, that "nearly the whole bulk of supplies collected in the East, amounting in value to fifteen million dollars, were collected, assorted, dispatched, re-collected, re-assorted and re-dispatched by women." In the first year of the war this business was in a measure done by men, but they began to do their work in such a clumsy and inefficient way that it became my duty, he says, to report the facts to the Sanitary Commission, and ask a remedy. The remedy they found was in the appointment of women, because "they were found to be superior to the men in work requiring extra patience, endurance, a sense of the relative fitness of details, and a conscientious methodizing of them." Now the woman had no faculty in war she does not retain in peace, and the time must come when she will be found to do *all* work requiring extra patience, endurance, and a sense of the relative fitness of detail in these grand, new mercantile establishments that are superseding all others in our great cities; and there she will still be a true woman at her true work.

And so, if time would allow me, I should go on and mention a great number of things the woman is constantly and quietly doing, and as she does them one by one we have to notice that she is still the same person, with

the same bearing and conduct. Her work does not interfere with her womanhood. * *

Last of all, let us all be sure that when the bell strikes the hour for the woman to take her place beside the man at the ballot-box, in the Senate, and wherever beside she is so sadly needed in the political life of the nation, it will be exactly as it has been in these other things. There will be no shock except among those that always predicted ruin from a change from worse to better, who have seen the country ruined at least twenty times already. Let us welcome the woman into politics, and believe as we live that what we see now in political life where the woman has no part, is exactly like the social life out there among the mines, when a great horde of men herded together with no woman within a hundred miles or a thousand. We fear she may be coarsened and degraded by the contact with the life that waits for her in politics; so might those miners fear, and so some, no doubt, did fear, for the advent of their wives to Red Dog and Sandy Bar; but the wives came, and then it was found that gradually they lifted up and refined the man more than they were dragged down and coarsened by the new, strange life; and so far as they might be harder and coarser, that was because they had to first go down to where the man *was* before they could raise him up to where he ought to be; and that was also to their praise.

It will be so in this new life. The woman, when she comes into it, will refine and ennoble it, and make it ever more good and true. It is as bad for the politicians to be by themselves, as it was for the miners.—*Christian Register*.

Extracts from the *Third Annual Report of the Natural History Club of Philadelphia*.
12th mo. 22, 1870.

(Concluded from page 15.)

On this anniversary day, too, the Club recalls how the kindly influences of its reunions enhance the attractions of the recreative trips of the summer holidays, and the gleaners scattered abroad come back with joy to celebrate their harvest-home. Gladly, did time and space permit, would we report the gleanings from Southern Louisiana to Canada North; from the two world-rivers—the burdened Mississippi and the lake-fed St. Lawrence; from the little ponds of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania to the briny waves of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico; from sun-clad, barren peaks of the White Mountains and damp, dark ravines of Watkin's Glen; from Niagara's roar and the deep river-bed waters of Trenton Falls; from desert, sandy islands of New England

and from rank, rich swamps of Carolina and Louisiana; from tangled wilderness of the Blue Mountains and the cultivated meadows of Lancaster. Gladly would we ascend with the happy four to the Sappers and Miners' view and gaze upon a panorama embracing four thousand square miles, where the laughing Delaware can be traced for twelve miles as he hurries away to kiss the warm tide near Trenton; gladly stop to rest at Hunter's spring, and, whilst we rest, admire the deep green mosses, the red elder in fruit, contrasting with the almost white flowers of the laurel, and, above all, the glorious rhododendron of the mountain. From the little row boat, with sixty feet of blue waters beneath, and the cool air rushing through the Gap between the wild wooded mountain peaks, they watch how the declining sun throws golden light on dark hemlocks and glistening oaks; they visit at eventide Eureka falls and Moss grotto, and find *Mnium punctatum* growing in the cool drip, bearing on each large leaf a drop of crystal water, just as the departing sunlight was refracted through and the dripping grotto sparkled with a thousand tiny lights. From the Gap to Bushkill, a distance of fifteen miles, the road is lined with a succession of landscape pictures, shaded by grand old chestnuts that have stood sentinel for scores of years, till it reaches Shawnee, older than the rival village of Philadelphia. At length Bushkill is reached; Bushkill, with clear golden-brown waters melting into delicate amber, into rich cream color, into foamy white, as it leaps one hundred feet down into its circular basin, shaded by overhanging pines and hemlocks, and lined with mosses and ferns, gladdening to the eyes of the botanist; for here was "a little patch of *Circaea alpina*, the only spot in which we have seen it in all our rambles." Leaving Big Bushkill Falls, the party made their way over a steep path of loose shale through dense thicket of scrub pine and laurel to "Pond Run." "Unbroken wilderness" gives but faint idea of the wild confusion of mingled rocks and fallen trees, mossy and treacherous, or smooth and slippery, that must be gone over or under, or of tall ferns that hid the ground completely from view. At length the dash of falling waters is heard. It was still high noon, as we stood in twilight shadow directly in front of the cascades, whose waters find short rest in the dark pool below us, after their two leaps of a hundred and thirty feet. During our laborious descent, we learned how sturdily the laurel planted itself on the mountain side, and safely trusted to its friendly aid in our returning path.

* * * *

One whom circumstances detained in a quiet country home sends a study of a small but mischievous creature, one of the last summer's pests. On going to the garden to search for ripe tomatoes, I was surprised to find the vines lately so thrifty, drooping and stripped of much of their foliage. A large green worm with its devouring jaws was feasting on leaves and fruit. Its scientific name is a long one, but not too long, if measured by the loss and trouble which this insect caused to the farmer. The Sphinx *quinquemaculatus* is of a gray color; the four wings immaculated at the base, and the hind wings marked with two angulated bands; its body, stout and spindle-shaped, is ornamented with five orange colored spots on each side. This large Hawk-moth flies about in the evenings, and occasionally in the mornings of June. Its dark-green larva has a series of oblique greenish-yellow bands on the side; the head rather flattened; the back smooth, with a caudal horn often becoming quite red as the larva reaches its full size, more than three inches long. The caterpillar has sixteen legs, and clings firmly to vine or bush. When very young it is an object of interest, as the circulation and movements of its organs can be quite clearly traced. It consumes a leaf with astonishing rapidity, cutting it as smoothly as if by a pair of sharp scissors. During the last summer these larvæ passed from farm to farm like a devastating army over the potato fields of New Jersey. Some fields were partially destroyed; some had a few dead stems left standing, looking as though a fire had swept over them; some had nothing left to indicate that potatoes had been there. On marched the great army, regardless of intervening bushes, fences, and roads—scarce missing the hundreds now and then crushed under the horses' hoofs and the broad wagon wheels. On marched the great army, covering garden, yard, and piazza of the unfortunate homestead that lay in their path, for no home was secure from this Egypt-like plague. The people were dismayed, and rumor spread that even the potatoes whose vines had been devoured by these worms were charged with poison. "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; they shall walk every one in his path; they shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks; they shall run upon the wall; they shall climb upon the houses; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief." So wrote the prophet Joel, twenty-six hundred years ago—then directed the people to that mighty Power, who limits all evils and guards all peoples of the earth.

One interested in geological research reports a visit to Rocky Garden on the side of Haycock mountain, ten miles east from Quakertown. Rocky Garden consists of an aggregation of trap rocks ranging from a hundred pounds to masses of tons in weight, apparently lodged in what was once a depression in the surface, for the edges of the tract correspond with the general slope of the surrounding land. These rocks are evidently of igneous origin; some are nicely balanced, and give forth a metallic ring on being rocked or struck. Many and warm have been the discussions among the advocates of different theories in regard to this deposit of rocks. One party contends that they are relics of the Glacial period, when the alleged ice-field with its great moraines swept over this part of the world. Seamed, notched, and water-worn, they bear the traces of hard travel in their early days. Another party argues that they have been injected through the earth's surface near which they lie. Prof. H. D. Rogers says: Across the northwestern portion of Bucks County, towards the northwestern side of the Mesozoic red shale, there is a tract of country where the formation is much altered in texture and color by the presence of a great body of trappean injections. While the metamorphic aspect of the strata is a sufficient demonstration of the near proximity of much igneous rock, only a comparatively small portion consists of actual trap-work, being often in insulated outbursts. One of these latter effusions of the trap is to be seen in the bold elliptical ridge called Haycock Hill, the crest of which is transverse to the more common direction of the dykes.

With this geological notice ends the brief summary of the interesting observations made during the holidays, notwithstanding the extreme heat of 1870. As the shortening days suggested more moderate weather and also the resumption of home duties and professional cares, the summer tourists returned to the city with unabated interest in their social studies and recreations. Thus, with Microscope, and Essay, and Report, and varied conversation, the year has passed away. Not so the lasting memory of communings with nature, and the happy companionship of the members of the Club. Entering upon the third year of its existence, the Club, like any two-year-old child, pleased with the present good, simply asks for "More!"—more of the picture-book, more spelling out of the golden text, more feasting at the well-spread board.

CAROLINE A. BURGIN, *Cor. Sec.*

SPARE moments are the gold-dust of time.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.
Benj. Strattan, Richmond, Ind.

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AN EPISTLE TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, BY
GEORGE FOX.

1669.

Friends,—Dwell in the *living Spirit*, and quench not the motions of it in yourselves, nor the movings of it in others; though many have run out, and gone beyond their measures, yet many more have quenched the measure of the Spirit of God, and have become dead and dull, and have questioned through a false fear: so there hath been hurt both ways. Therefore be obedient to the power of the Lord, and His Spirit; war with that Philistine that would stop up your wells and springs. And the belief in the power keeps the spring open, and none to despise prophesy, neither to quench the Spirit; so that all may be kept open to the spring, that every one's cup may run over. For you may all prophesy one by one, and the spirit of the prophet is subject to the prophets. Would all the Lord's people were prophets, said Moses in his time, when some found fault; but the last time is the Christian's time, who enjoys the substance, Christ Jesus; and His church is called a priesthood, offering up spiritual sacrifices; and His church are His believers in the light. And so in the light every one should have something to offer; and to offer an offering in righteousness to the living God, else they are no priests: and such as quench the Spirit cannot offer, but become dull. I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, in the

last time, saith the Lord, which is the true Christian's time; God's sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants and handmaids I will pour out of my Spirit in those days, and they shall prophesy. Now, Friends, if this be fulfilled, servants, handmaids, sons, daughters, old men, young men, every one is to feel the Spirit of God, by which you may see the things of God, and declare them to His praise; for with the heart man doth believe, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation: first, he has it in his heart, before it comes out of his mouth; and this is beyond that brain-beaten heady stuff which man has long studied about the saint's words which the holy men of God spake forth as they were moved of the Holy Ghost.

So with the Holy Ghost, and with the light and power of God, do you build upon Christ, the foundation and life; and by the same heavenly light, and power, and Spirit do you labor in the vineyard, and do you minister and speak forth the things of God, and do you dig for your pearls: therefore bring them forth, and let them be seen how they glisten. Friends, you see how men and women can speak enough for the world, for merchandize, for husbandry, the ploughman for his plough; but when they should come to speak for God, they quench the Spirit, and do not obey God's will.

But come, let us see what the wise merchants can say; have they found the pearl and field, and purchased the field which yields those glorious glistening pearls? Let us see, what can you say for God and that heavenly merchandise? What can the ploughman say for God with his spiritual plough? Is the fallow-ground ploughed up? has he abundance of the heavenly seed of life? So, what can the heavenly husbandman say?—has he abundance of spiritual fruit in store? What can the thresher say—has he gotten the wheat out of the sheaf, the heavenly wheat, with his heavenly flail? And let us see, what can the spiritual ploughman, husbandman, and thresher, say for God; and how have they labored in the vineyard, that they may have their penny? Some are breakers of clods in the vineyard, some are weeders, some are cutting off the brambles and bushes, and fitting the ground, and cutting up the roots with the heavenly axe for the seed, some are harrowing in, some are gathering and laying up the riches. So you may see, here are merchants, ploughmen, harrowers, weeders, reapers, threshers, in God's vineyard, yet no one is to find fault with another, but all laboring in their places, praising the Lord, looking to Him for their wages, their heavenly penny of life from the Lord of life.

So none are to quench the Spirit, nor to despise prophecy, lest ye limit the Holy One; and every one is to minister as he hath received the grace, which hath appeared to all men, which brings salvation; so that the Lord's grace, His light, His truth, and Spirit, and power, may have the passage and the rule in all men and women; that by it and from it in all He may have the glory, who is blessed forever and ever. The Lord hath said: "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles." Now mark, Friends, this is a large space wherein God's name shall be great. And the Lord further saith: "In every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering; for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts." Now mark, Friends, this heavenly incense, and pure offering, is a spiritual offering, which is to be offered by the spirit to God, who is a Spirit; then here none quenches the Spirit of God in his own heart; and all such come under the title of the royal priesthood, offering up spiritual sacrifices; which royal priesthood has a priest that lives forever, Christ Jesus.

And, Friends, do not quench the Spirit, nor abuse the power: when it moves and stirs in you, be obedient; but do not go beyond, nor add to it, nor take from it; for if you do,

you are reprov'd, either for going beyond or taking from it. And when any have spoken forth the things of the Lord, by His power and Spirit, let them keep in the power and Spirit that keeps them in the humility, that when they have spoken forth the things of God, they are neither higher nor lower, but still keep in the power, before and after; and being obedient to the Spirit and power of God, it keeps them from deadness, and alive to God, and keeps them in a sense that they do not go beyond and run out, as some you know have done: and all that hath come for want of living in the power of God, and in His Spirit, which keeps all things in subjection and in order, and in the true fear of the Lord, always to feel the presence of the Lord with you.

Come, fishermen, what have you caught with your nets? What can you say for God? Your brethren Peter and John, fishermen, could say much for God. Read in the Acts and you may see; I would not have you degenerate from their spirit.

Sheperds and herdsmen, where are you? What can you say now for God, whose abiding is much in the fields? David, Jacob, and Amos, your fellow-shepherds and herdsmen, (do not you see?) they could say much for God. I would have you to be like them, and not to degenerate from their spirit.

Come trademen, tent-makers, physicians, and custom-men, what can you say for God? Do not you read that your fellow-trademen in ages past could say much for God? Do not degenerate from their spirit. Do not you remember the accusations of the wise and learned Grecians, when the apostles preached Christ among them, that they were called poor trademen and fishermen! Therefore be faithful. The preachers of Jesus Christ now are the same to the wise of the world as then. G. F.

THINGS WORTH FORGETTING.

How much wiser we would be, if we could remember all the things worth remembering that occur day by day all around us! And how much better we would be, if we could forget all that is worth forgetting! It is almost frightful and altogether humiliating, to think how much there is in the common on-going of domestic and social life, which deserves nothing but to be instantly forgotten. Yet it is equally amazing how large a class seem to have no other business but to repeat and perpetuate these very things. That is the vocation of gossips—an order of society that perpetrates more mischief than all the combined plagues of Egypt put together. Blessed is that man or woman who can let drop all the burs and thistles, instead of pick-

ing them up and fastening them on the passenger! Would we only let the vexing and malicious sayings die, how fast the lacerated and scandal-ridden world would get healed and tranquilized! Forget the gossipings and bickerings, the backbitings and sneaking inuendoes; and remember only the little gleams of sunshine and poetry that can illuminate the humblest life if we will only drive away and forget the clouds engendered by things that should never be remembered.

From Hedge's *Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition*.

THE BRUTE CREATION.

"And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them. And whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof."—GEN. ii. 19.

To name is to class, to subordinate, to subject. Man asserts his superiority over the brute creation in this that he can name and classify them, not they him. He subjects them in his thought, and so demonstrates the ascendancy of thought and the thinking mind over dumb, irrational life. No doubt aboriginal man was dimly conscious of this ascendancy. No doubt he discerned or suspected in himself a higher type and a nobler calling as he gazed on those animated but unconscious natures, as he looked into those eyes through which no rational soul looked back into his own. He found there no response to his thought and no "helpmeet" for his affections; he felt that these creatures belonged to another sphere, that between his nature and theirs an impassable gulf was set. * * *

The brute world still confronts the human as in the beginning. The "Lord God" who "brought" the tribes of earth and air to the first man still brings them as objects for man to consider and to name. A rich and manifold world it is, this brute creation! Its place and function in the universal economy is a topic of more than speculative interest. This, too, is a part of the great Revelation, a chapter in the God-given Bible of nature. To what purpose this multitudinous array and endless variety of animal life? The human mind constitutionally inclines to teleological judgments. The idea of use, the idea answering to the question, wherefore? to what end? intrudes itself in all our inquiries. We are not content with the simple existence of any finite nature; we seek in every object some ulterior end, a use in relation to something else, a purpose beyond itself. This want of the mind is not always satisfied by what the senses report or science reveals. This ulterior end is not always discoverable. We can generally detect the use of parts in relation to a given whole. We

determine a purpose for which an object exists in relation to its own sphere; the difficulty lies in determining the ulterior end of that sphere,—the use of the whole. An animal being given, we can trace the relation of part to part and find a use for every organ and an adaptation of every member to the comfort and well-being of the creature so organized. But when we seek further and inquire the purpose for which that animal exists, its use in relation to a higher end, that question is not so easily solved,—is insoluble on merely teleological grounds. Man as the head of earthly creations is apt to refer all things to himself, and to fancy that other animals exist for his use alone, as ministers to his need and pleasure. The horse exists for the sake of the saddle, the cattle for their draught and their flesh, the elephant for its ivory, the whale for its oil. And as for those animals whose service he has not learned to command, from whose existence he has yet derived no apparent advantage, he is fain to suppose that in some mysterious way they also assist in this ministry and are made conducive to his well-being.

Spiritually considered, the brute creation may be said to exist for man, as the visible embodiment of spiritual truths. As such, it derives from him its true and best import. Inferior animals are prophetic of man, they are graduated approaches to his perfect organism, the articulations of a series which finds its consummation in "the human form divine." Lavater found but twenty-four removes in the scale of beauty between the features of the frog and the face of the Apollo Belvidere,—each successive delineation resembling its predecessor so nearly as to be distinguishable only on minute examination. Spiritually speaking, man is the end and aim of the animal world. But we are not, therefore, to assume that animals exist for the sake of man in the base utilitarian sense, as if their highest use were to minister to his personal necessities. To prove the insufficiency of this view we have only to go a step further and inquire the use of man himself. Do you say that man exists for the service of his Master? The same may be said, for aught we know, of all animals. Do you say that man exists for his own satisfaction and joy in being? The same is true of other tribes. The happiness of all His creatures we must believe to be equally dear to the Maker of all, and the well-being of each as much the end for which that creature exists as human well-being is the end of man. The joy of an insect sporting in the sun is as much an end of God's creation as the supreme ecstasy of an immortal soul. The lower orders exist not for the sake of man alone any more than

man exists for theirs. If viewed collectively, he is their head and they his members; viewed individually, they have an independent existence of their own, and the same right that he has to their place in nature and their share in its joys. The brute creation, it is likely, existed for ages before man arrived on the earth; it might continue to exist though man were destroyed. It exists for its own sake as well as man's, and because the infinite Father, though sufficient to himself and infinitely blest in his own perfection, has not chosen to abide in self-contemplation, but has poured himself forth in creative action, producing a universe of sentient beings out of the fulness of His thought and love. The greatest possible amount of sentient existence compatible with the greatest amount of individual well-being, and, conversely, the greatest amount of individual well-being compatible with the largest number of individuals;—this I suppose to be the aim, plan, and final cause of creation. This end is attained, not by making a few individuals supremely happy, but by making an infinity of beings partially happy,—each as perfect in its way and sphere as the welfare of the whole will allow.

Hence the unmeasured, immeasurable extent and variety of animated nature, peopling all worlds and filling every particle of matter with life and joy. But a small portion of this immensity is known to us. The task of naming the creatures of earth which the "Lord God" assigned to the first man will hardly be completed by the last. We know not how many millenniums man has had his being on this planet, but we know that all these millenniums have not sufficed to finish the lesson of zoölogy assigned to Adam in Eden. Many thousands of animals man has noted and set down in his text books, but every year adds new discoveries, and who can say what numbers may still have eluded his search, since every drop of water is peopled with forms of animal life whose existence is appreciable only by magnifying instruments which increase a thousand-fold the visual power of the eye? No marvel of creation is more astounding than the sumless profusion, the prodigality of animal life which we encounter in those microscopic recesses where science shows us

"All matter quick, and bursting into birth,"

especially if we include the fossil world, together with existing life, in our view. Dr. Lardner asserts that among the Pyrenees whole mountains consist of little else than the fossilized remains of minute shell-fish, which it must have taken innumerable centuries to accumulate. Mr. Ellis in his "Chem-

istry of Creation"* tell us that most of the limestone of the world is made up of the relics of insects possessing the faculty of separating the salts of lime from the waters of the ocean. Another class of insects is found in a certain species of stone in such numbers that two thousand millions have been computed to the cubic inch. Of other terrestrial kinds who can say what unknown tribes may yet lurk in the bosom of the earth and the depths of the sea? And then, if we carry our thought beyond this earth, who can guess what wealth of animated nature may people the orbs which accompany ours in its solar round, what countless myriads of living forms the sovereign sun, a million times larger than our earth, may hide beneath its veil of light; or what new and unimaginable aspects the brute creation may assume in the star-groups which island the upper deep! Doubtless, these worlds are also the abodes of living, sentient beings, children of one Parent, clients of one Bounty, inspired by one Soul.

The Hebrew idea of the brute creation is that of a world of which man is the absolute and rightful sovereign as well as the animal head. The Old Testament, it is true, exhibits marks of occasional sympathy with the lower orders, as in that beautiful one hundred and fourth Psalm, and in the sublime strains of the Book of Job. But, on the whole, the Hebrew feeling in relation to brutes is best represented in those portions of their Scriptures which figure the inferior animals as given over to man unconditionally, for his good pleasure. "The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth and upon every fowl of the air and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand they are delivered. Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things." This old tradition dating from the time of the patriarchs the Psalmist exultingly accepts: "Thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea."

The Hebrew looked upon the animal world as existing only for the sake of man; and though, as I said, occasional traces of sympathy appear, the prevailing sentiment seems to have been indifference or contempt. A remarkable illustration of this is the way in which the Scriptures speak of dogs, the most moral of brutes. It is a curious fact that there is not a single instance in the Old and New Testaments—I mean in the canonical books—in which dogs are spoken of otherwise than in terms of abhorrence and contempt. In the apocryphal Book of Tobit

* Quoted in "Preadamite Man."

mention is made of a dog without the accompanying note of scorn. And this in the ancient literature of the Hebrews, so far as I know, is the only exception. It is not a pleasing feature of the Hebrew character. In this respect the Hebrew religion contrasts unfavorably with that of the Hindus, although vastly superior to it in things more essential. The Hindu mind regards the brute creation as having equal rights with the human, as having an equal right to be, existing equally for its own sake, or as manifestation, equally sacred, of the one eternal indivisible Being, present alike in all the kingdoms of nature, and equally at home in all; delighting in all and justified in all. The brute no more exists for man than man exists for the brute; both are children of one Father, both bear His signature in the miracle of life. As animals He cares equally for both,—as much for the animal as He does for the animal man. Apart from the spiritual life, which is quite distinct from animal, and is not to be considered in this connection, man and brute have essentially one nature. It is the merit of the Hindu view of creation that it recognizes this fact. It acknowledges and adores the one Being in all creatures. "Such art thou," it bids men remember in the contemplation of every animal. Man represents all animals in his composition, and every animal has something of man in its make. This is the Hindu view of creation as opposed to the Hebrew, and this, I think, is the Christian view sufficiently indicated by that saying of Jesus, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father." The animal kingdom is not separated from us by a gulf which places them beyond our sympathy and fellow-feeling. So far as we are animals they are fellows with us, children of one Father, partakers of one life.

It follows from this view that brutes have claims on human sympathy and good-will. We are not at liberty to deal with them as mere chattels and commodities without sensibilities or rights. They have rights which no statute can define and no legislation enforce, but which educated feeling prescribes and enlightened conscience will exact. That well-known precept which expresses a refined sense of right exceeding all civil legislation, but so comprehensive, so universally applicable, and so evidently just that it bears the name of the Golden Rule,—to deal with others as we in like conditions would be dealt with,—embraces the animal world as well as the human in its large provision. The applications of that rule to animals must be left to the conscience of every right-minded person. Yet the civil law in enlightened communities so far interferes in this province

as to shield as well as it can the beast of burden from merciless blows. It is often asked if society improves. One proof of the progress of refinement, of the growth of Christian sentiment and its application to real life, is the now so frequent occurrence in Christian lands of societies for prevention of cruelty to animals. Such societies are needless where the Hindu feeling toward animals prevails. There Christian missionaries in their efforts to convert the natives find, it is said, a serious obstacle in the knowledge which the people have of the manner in which brutes are treated by Christians. In those lands there are hospitals for the cure of sick animals instituted, not, as is sometimes the case with us, in the interest of property, but in the interest of mercy, not for the sake of the owners, but of the animals. And travellers report, as a common occurrence, that when an individual has experienced unexpected good fortune he manifests his gratitude by purchasing caged birds in the market and letting them fly outside of the walls of the city. Christendom has yet much to learn from the heathen nations whom it seeks with a laudable and Christian zeal to convert. But the beauty and glory of Christianity is that Christendom can learn and will learn; that it does not shut itself out from the light, but receives it, desires it. Its faith is progressive, its moral is progressive, it knows that whatever is fair and kind and gentle and humane is according to Christ,—is required by His law. That law contains by implication, though it does not specify, all the humanities and all the virtues. And tenderness to animals is one of the humanities and one of the virtues. Christianity does not explicitly enjoin it, neither does it explicitly enjoin abolition of slavery; and slavery has been practised through all these centuries by Christian nations. But Christian sentiment has come to perceive that slavery is cruel and wrong, and, therefore, unchristian. And Christian sentiment will come in due time to perceive that all abuse of animals, all injustice to animals, is unchristian; that not the Hebrew theory of the brute creation which Christendom inherited from Judaism, and which finds expression in those questionable words of Paul,—“Doth God care for oxen?”—but the Hindu theory which teaches sympathy with animals on the ground of fellowship with the brute creation, is most in accordance with the spirit of Christ.

(To be continued.)

“THE GROWTH OF SIN.—A single snowflake is but a very small thing, so one sin indulged may appear of but little consequence. But a number of snow-flakes falling all day long, hiding the landmarks, drifting over the

doors, gathering upon mountains to come down in avalanches, and to cover trees, houses, and even whole villages! each one alone may be small, but altogether they are all but irresistible. So sin indulged grows and increases, until it becomes a mighty power, which, but for God's help, will wreck our immortal souls. We must strive by God's grace to put away *all* evil from us."

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY C. CORNEAU,

Who died First mo. 18th, in his 11th year.

Read at a meeting of the Teachers of Friends' First-day School, Race Street, held 2d mo. 5th, 1871.

Since the last meeting of teachers we have been called to note with sadness the vacant place of one of our loving band; one whose name, though no longer recorded here, has doubtless been written in the Lamb's Book of Life; and he whom we so fondly loved as a member of our First-day Class, has been gathered by the Great Teacher into His heavenly fold. The memory of our cherished pupil, Henry C. Corneau, brings with it a fragrance of purity and goodness which will always shed an influence over all who knew him, and to us as well as the pupils with whom he associated, his life has proved an example. Though his connection with the school has been of comparatively short duration, his deportment was so characterized by those beautiful qualities of truth and integrity of purpose, made doubly attractive by his loving manner, that we realize as we look back over the period of our mingling, that each hour gave us instruction.

His mind gave evidence of a maturity that is seldom seen in one so young, and his clear perceptions of right and wrong and his constant desire to do that which he knew to be right, left much to hope for in his manhood's years.

Though his duties in the First-day School were always marked by a thorough performance of them, perhaps there was one more than all others in our recollection of him, that especially claimed our admiration, and seemed to endear him more closely to us; and we almost think we hear his clear, impressive voice and see his dignified, though child-like form as he stood so often before us; and as the well selected text was given bearing the evidence of his appreciation of that which he offered to others, we have all known its power over our minds. His heart had received the Father's love, and from earliest childhood it had been his constant desire to prove by his example that which is right in the Heavenly sight.

It was his practice kindly to reprove any

little playmate, or even a stranger, who might be giving vent to passion or wrong language, and he would always say "how sorry he was to hear it," and frequently remarked, "he hoped what he had said would have some influence." He has been called in the brightness and purity of his life, and though the messenger gave but an untimely warning, he was ready for the summons, and as a beautiful bud scarcely opened by the morning light, he has been transplanted from our shadowy earth to bloom in the eternal sunshine of the Father's love. May we who are left to treasure his memory; labor more faithfully with thankful hearts that he was with us, if but for a little while, and be able to say,

"There are loves and duties around us still,
Blessings unnumbered here,
And the love we bear for the dear one gone,
Draws towards the brighter sphere."

Philadelphia, 2d mo. 17, 1871.

"WHEN we live in close sympathy with another, we receive and impart every moment. Take a day passed with a friend, unrecorded by any remarkable event; such a day as an uninterested observer might pronounce a very common-place one. It has not been common-place to *you*. The glance comprehended without a word spoken; the smile that has recognized your thought; the trifling need that has made a way for a gift valueless to any one but you, and precious to you as a memento of the hand that gave, and the circumstance that drew it forth;—all these foot-prints of time leave the day, so uneventful to others, full of sweet memories to loving hearts."

BLOODY RELIGION.

Is the religion of Jesus Christ a bloody religion? This may seem at first an idle question, but it is the natural exclamation arising from the circumstances and lessons around me. For instance, even while I write and you read, men called Christians are by hundreds of thousands engaging in mutual destruction. They literally cut each other to pieces by machinery, and, doubtless, the majority know not for what; only they have studied the "bloody science," and now the command is given for action. And when a large slaughter is made it is deemed a fit occasion for bonfires and rejoicing! Should a stranger from another planet descend and take a bird's-eye-view of the battles on the Rhine, and then behold the victors running to Berlin to sing *Te Deum* and light their fires, would he not think he had reached the infernal regions, or some heathen land whose god delighted in blood? But Christians are engaged on both sides, and if not attended by the ministers of their religion, they at least re-

ceive their sanction and prayers from the pulpits at home. And more than 200,000,000 people, who have received more or less instructions from the teachings of Jesus Christ, are consenting to this thing. Hence the question, "Is the religion of Jesus Christ a bloody religion?"

Again the question arises with double force, when we remember that for the past ten centuries the most terrible wars of the world have been waged by Christian nations. The first missionary India sends to Christendom (Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen) teaches us a lesson of peace. He says, "I belong to a mild, peaceful race, and by nature, by religion, and by education, am opposed to all war. As a Hindoo, I really cannot see how followers of the Prince of peace can fight—war is a disgrace to Christendom." One of our foreign missionaries writes, "The heathen say that wherever Christians go they whiten the earth with human bones. We do not want your bloody religion." Soldiers from Christendom have butchered heathens in the "Opium War," and other similar cases, until in all parts of the East a hatred of Christian soldiers, as they call them, is proverbial. Our own quiet and largely Christian land sends abroad one of her sons to witness the work of war, that he may become more perfect in the art of killing men. Is this science one of the legitimate fruits of Christian thought? Is "Prince of Peace" a delusive title applied to one who delights in war? Is the religion of Jesus a bloody religion?

A correspondent from Boston sends the above to the New York *Tribune*. The questions asked are pertinent. Why all this expenditure of blood and treasure? Why are towns battered and burned, fields laid waste, men mowed down like grass, and two nations turned into a camp? Why? Because men and nations do not practice the religion of Jesus Christ.



FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I have wanted to write to thee since thy acceptable little visit here, but a desire to write and a qualification to impart something that may be satisfactory or useful are not always the same. I heard a person speak in a public meeting lately, who appeared to have nothing opened to his mind but the desire to speak, and I thought it dry work—often there seemed a stop; and then some different subject was introduced. So it may be with my letter, but there may be this

difference, that I shall burden only one mind,—even her's whom I love, and who has already a full portion of exercise for her sensitive mind and delicate frame, while a public communication that lacks the life and savor of the Divine anointing may burden many. Oh! for preservation from a formal, lifeless ministry in the church; and oh! for preservation from dry and formal converse, either vocally or with the pen. But, my dear child, my daughter in the Truth, where art thou sitting? This is the language of inquiry that arises in my mind towards thee. Is it under the vine and fig tree, where nothing can make afraid? My wish is to see thee and to feel thee there. Hope would fain find thee where Mary sat, in stillness in the house of thy own heart—not anxious, nor careful and troubled about many things. But how can a mind exercised on behalf of the welfare of others, remain without anxiety or concern? The children want *bread*, they want *milk*, they need food. Go, my daughter, feed them, nurse them, in simplicity. Be a child with little children, sit where they sit, feel what they feel, "feed my lambs," "feed my sheep," nourish the innocent life, in thyself, in others. Rachel "kept her father's sheep," in ancient days. She brought them to the watering place. Do thou likewise, and the Divine blessing attend thy care and labor.

I hear you have evening meetings again this winter, but I have not heard how they are held—that is, whether to profit and edification or otherwise. But I hear also of another class of meetings in your city, sometimes called *parties*, even among *Friends* or their children. With these I have no unity, if I understand their nature and object. I am a friend to social intercourse, and the privileges and advantages of good society, but I believe the superficiality and excess of *parties* produce a very weakening and dissipating effect on the mind. Surely *Friends* ought to bear a faithful testimony against these, protracted as they often are to very unseasonable hours, and also extended to large circles. You know how these things operate, and I mourn with the mourners over the "slain of the daughters of my people." But I apprehend your Women's Monthly and Quarterly Meetings are the proper places to mingle your concerns, and encourage one another to hold up the testimonies of Truth, and the dignity and authority of Christian parents and heads of families. Of Abraham it was said: "I know him that he will command his children and his household." But of Leah it was said, she "was tender-eyed." Some fears attend me that

too many Friends in your city and elsewhere may be classed with Leah. Discipline, right discipline of faithful parents, is a great blessing to children." * * * *

My dear friend in her last acceptable epistolary communication gave a reason that operates upon me with advancing age in relation to letter-writing, that is, "I find in myself less inclination than formerly to transmit my thoughts to paper." But while I think it is too early in life for *thee* to avail thyself of this excuse, I hope it will be some palliation for *my* tardiness. I have an old letter written by Esther Tuke of York, England, which amply illustrates the same kind of old age disposition. I, however, am yet favored with my powers of thought and memory, and these often revert to thee and the sick chamber, and to thy many cares, anxieties and exercises. 'Tis thus we can mentally visit and sympathize with, and sometimes pray for one another. As age advances, I must expect to lose one thing after another that has been amongst the comforts of this life, and I would like to meet and sustain these privations and the increasing infirmities of this tabernacle like a philosopher and a Christian. But in this as in all other things, Divine support and heavenly wisdom are to be sought and waited for and depended on. * * * *

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 18, 1871.

INDIVIDUAL LABOR.—In view of occupying the column usually reserved for editorial matter, we sometimes feel as if we, ourselves, have need of the word of encouragement which quickens and renews energy—and that anything which can proceed from our pen must fall short in conveying in its fullness, the desire that exists, that the blessed cause of Truth may not only prosper, but that *we* may do what our "hands find to do," with an earnestness, inspired by the love of the Father. It is evident that many minds are dissatisfied with shadows, and that there is a growing thirst for realities.

Several communications in sympathy with this idea, lie before us. They have had a careful re-perusal with reference to their publication, but we are obliged to decline them.

There is a suitableness which cannot be disregarded, and in such cases personal considerations must not have the priority. Arti-

cles which have cost the authors time, and perhaps trouble, are not consigned to the "waste-basket" without regret.

We believe there are those who will understand our meaning, and we hope the remarks will be accepted in the same kindly spirit in which they are made. If we have understood the contributions alluded to, the concern of each Friend may be comprised under the head of individual faithfulness, so that the members of our Society may not hold a *nominal* faith in the glorious Principle of which we make a profession; but that our fruits may prove there is an abiding in the Vine. Much is expected from those who claim to stand in the liberty which Truth gives. It is toward such we look for an exemplification of the "Golden rule." Sympathy with humanity in its varied conditions, is the channel through which our love of goodness and truth are manifested.

It places man in a position in which he may be truly helpful to those who need help. The ministration of one under the influence of this Christian spirit, has a two fold advantage, in that it not only affords physical comfort, but also imparts a sense of the origin of good.

In this way man becomes God's interpreter, and executes the mission of "doing good to both the souls and bodies of men." It has been said that "no man liveth to himself." This law is fully recognized by the disciple of Christ, and it is one that will ever be maintained. Whether we are sensible of it or not, we are more or less interested and affected by the uprightness of one another. Individual progress assists all. Much as we may shrink from the responsibility, and be disposed to persuade ourselves that we are "not our brother's keeper," the inward Teacher will remonstrate, and if we listen to its gentle pleadings, we shall be brought out of our narrow hold, and made to feel that we cannot cast our burden upon another. We are to aid in a work, the completeness of which depends upon a willingness on the part of each one to put the shoulder to the wheel, and do his part toward elevating the moral standard, so that evil may be regarded in its true light. It may be that the more

extensive the knowledge of the magnitude of evils which abound, the more herculean the task may appear to remove them; but strength will be furnished in proportion to the labor required: and if Infinite Wisdom direct our efforts, we will doubtless be made eye-witnesses of the Omnipotence of that Arm which is extended for the ingathering of the children of men—not only from one fold or one family, but from the east and the west, from the north and the south—for verily, all who *will* come may come, and be saved “with an everlasting salvation.”

MARRIED.

SANBORN—COOK.—On the 14th of Sixth month, 1870, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Friends' ceremony, Nestor Sanborn, of Brooklyn, L. I., to Caroline V., youngest daughter of Thomas and Ann Cook, of Point Pleasant, Ocean Co., N. J.

HOLLINGSWORTH—MOORE.—On the 21st of Twelfth month, 1870, at the house of David Foulke, with the approbation of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting, Edward P., son of Amos and Lois Hollingsworth, of Little Falls Monthly Meeting, Maryland, to Hannah F. Moore, daughter of the late Samuel and Ann Moore, of Upper Merion.

DIED.

ARMITAGE.—At her residence, Yongestreet, on the 23d of Seventh month, 1870, Mary, wife of Amos Armitage, in the 80th year of her age. She was a member of that Monthly Meeting from its first establishment, and held the station of elder for many years.

DENNIS.—At the residence of his son-in law, in Tecumseth, on the 16th of Eighth month, 1870, Nathan Dennis, an elder of Yonge Street Monthly Meeting, aged about 80 years. His remains were interred in Friends' burying-ground at Schomburg, on the 18th of the same month, on which occasion a large number of Friends assembled.

JOHNSON.—In Wallace township, Chester Co., Pa., on the 3d of Third month, 1871, Lizzie H., infant daughter of Joseph H. and Laura A. Johnson, aged 4 months.

WILSON.—In New Brighton, Pa., on the 18th of Eighth month, 1870, Phebe H., daughter of David Wilson, deceased, of Newcastle Co., Del.

JENKINSON.—On the 1st inst., at her residence in Kennett, Chester Co., Pa., of pneumonia, Edith, wife of Thomas Jenkinson, in the 78th year of her age.

JENKINS.—On the morning of the 8th inst., at his residence in Camden, Del., Jabez Jenkins, near the close of his 77th year, being afflicted several years with paralysis; a member of Camden Monthly Meeting.

WESTBURY QUARTERLY MEETING.

The following changes have been made in the Circular Meetings:

Instead of holding a meeting at Yonkers, it will be held at Mt. Vernon, same date and hour as given in the Almanac.

The Circular Meetings at West Chester, N. Y., have been discontinued. The other meetings are to be held as stated in the Almanac issued by Friends' Publication Association.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 3d mo. 19. Haverford, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ Manhasset, N. Y., 11 A.M.
- “ Port Washington, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
- 4th mo. 2. Frankford, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ Camden, N. J., 3 P.M.
- “ Providence, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ Jericho, L. I., 11 A.M.
- “ Oyster Bay, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
- “ Penn's Manor, Pa., 10 A.M.

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held on Seventh-day evening, the 18th inst., in the Monthly Meeting room of Friends' Meeting-house, at 15th and Race Sts., at 7½ o'clock.
WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

A WINTER VISIT TO MOUNT WASHINGTON.

A letter in the Providence *Press* gives the following very interesting account of a trip up Mount Washington last week, and of a visit to the observatory upon the mountain.

We started up the mountain after a brief delay, first taking a steep lumber path a little distance through the woods, but soon striking the railroad track, along which or upon which we continued the rest of the way. We had brought in snow-shoes to use if necessary, but found they were not required, and left them at the depot below. The snow crust was in most places hard enough to bear our weight, and the snow was so deep as to cover over the low bushes, and above the stunted trees and inequalities in the rocks. One danger met with in the vicinity of “Jacob's Ladder,” and also in other places, was the slippery condition of the icy crust. At and above “Jacob's Ladder” the path is steepest and the most dangerous, for a misstep and a slip might precipitate one into the deep and rocky ravine back of Mount Clay. Then again, if the wind blows from any other quarter than northwest, it sweeps over the other mountains at this place, making the journey more hazardous still. Under favorable circumstances, which mean good weather, an absence of high winds, and a good state of the surface, the mountain may be ascended on foot easier in winter than in summer, but nevertheless, none except the most hardy ought to attempt a journey, for a change of all these conditions may occur on the way. We encountered a little snow-squall about one-third the way up, and in the neighborhood of the Gulf Tank (opposite the head of the Great Gulf) ran into a violent snow storm accompanied by a strong south, south-west wind. We took the trip easily, stopping frequently to rest, and accomplished it in four hours and a half, far less fatigued than we had expected to be. Upon arriving at the summit we found that the wind was blowing at the rate of forty-five miles an hour.

We met with a cordial reception from the remaining members of the party—Sergeant Theodore Smith, of the U. S. Storm Signal Corps, and S. A. Nelson, of Georgetown, Mass., who holds the position of Assistant Observer, and were soon comfortably encooned in the snuggerly Prof. Huntington and his companions have made their winter home.

The party did not inhabit either the Tip-Top or Summit Houses, but a portion of the new railway depot. Those who visited Mount Washington last summer will remember that this building was erected last season. It occupies an exposed site upon the very summit, and its roof is higher than that of either the Tip-Top or Summit Houses. A room has been fitted up in one corner of this building, lined and otherwise made comfortable, and here the scientific explorers after knowledge make their abiding place. The room is a sleeping-room, sitting room, parlor, kitchen, dining-room, library, observatory and telegraph office. Outside the little room, in the more open part of the depot, are stored the coals and most of the provisions. Inside every inch of space is utilized in some way, and there is a grand conglomeration of scientific instruments, books, cooking utensils, mechanical implements of various kinds, etc. Two stoves occupy the centre of the room, one a cook stove and the other of the parlor pattern, being used solely for heating purposes. Two double windows, barred without by strips of board, admit light. The "bunks" and also the telegraph instrument and battery occupy one end of the room. The door opening directly from this room is an ordinary affair, but the outside door is nothing but an aperture about two feet square, elevated about two feet from the floor. The thermometers hang in a protected place just outside the "front door."

There is probably more curiosity in regard to the manner in which the velocity of the wind is ascertained, than about anything else connected with the mountain expedition. In measuring the velocity of the wind, one of Robinson's anemometers is used. It is a simple piece of mechanism, which is said to serve its purpose better than anything else ever invented. A description of it may interest those who have not seen it. Four hemispherical cups are attached to the ends of four little bars, which cross each other at right angles. These bars are attached in the centre to a vertical shaft, which is connected with an endless screw at the bottom. A system of wheels carried by this screw, communicates motion to a dial plate, upon which two pointers or indexes mark the progress made in degrees, each degree representing a

certain number of revolutions, and consequently a given rate of velocity of the moving power. Generally in observatories the instrument is fixed in position, but on Mount Washington this is impracticable, and besides, it would become encrusted with frost and ice in a short time. The mode of "taking an observation" is to expose the instrument, by holding it in the hands when the winds blows freely, for a certain number of minutes, which is taken as the basis of calculation for the full hour. If the wind comes in sudden gusts, three or five minutes' time will give the average velocity. With a very high wind "taking an observation" in this manner is no boy's play. What we call a very high wind—a gale in fact—below, is no more than forty miles or so an hour. On Mount Washington the average velocity in winter is estimated at 45 miles, while it has several times blown at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. The velocity has once been measured this winter while it was blowing at ninety-two miles an hour, and Mr. Clough succeeded in measuring it on Moosilauke, once last year, when the terrible rate of ninety-seven and one-half miles an hour was indicated. When the wind approaches ninety or one hundred miles an hour, or even eighty miles an hour, it is unsafe to venture out of doors, for the force might be blown away bodily. If the buildings at the summit were not constructed in the strongest possible manner, they would long ago have been destroyed, for no ordinary structure would stand a moment against such blasts. The depot, like the other buildings, is chained securely to the rocks.

Our stay on the mountain was extended to four days. For three whole days the summit was enwrapped in clouds which would not permit us to see off. Some of the time we were enabled to ramble about the summit and to clamber upon the roof of the Tip-Top House, but for the greater part of two days the wind was too severe to admit of much outdoor exercise. We had left our homes on the very day the despatch was received detailing the terrible experiences of the morning of February 5th, when the thermometer descended to 59 degrees below zero, and the wind reached a velocity of one hundred miles an hour, and some of our friends had endeavored to dissuade us from our purpose in view of such a state of things, but to no purpose. We went upon the principle that what man had done, man could do—and we accordingly did it.

Our visit was well-timed, for we chanced to experience all kinds of weather, all kinds of temperature, and all states of commotion in the atmosphere. The changes at the summit are sometimes very sudden. The ther-

mometer on one day was up to 32 deg., and the second morning was down to minus 21 deg.—a difference of 53 deg. A still greater change than this occurred a few days previous. On the third night of our stay we had a genuine gale, such as man probably never experienced, except on Mount Washington. The wind, which was blowing at the rate of eighty eight miles an hour, at seven o'clock P. M., increased in fury soon after that time. The building creaked, groaned and trembled in the fierce blasts like a reed in the wind. The walls could be seen to move before the rude assaults, and everything movable was set in motion. Without, the tempest roared and thundered like the ocean upon a rocky coast, and an incessant clatter was kept up by the continuous pelting of the side of the building with fragments of ice and dislodged frost-work. At times it seemed as if the sides of the building would be crushed in. It was a fearful sight, but far less so than some others the party have experienced. A little before midnight the gale abated somewhat, but it still continued to blow with great force, and at seven o'clock the next morning sixty-six miles an hour was marked, while the thermometer was down to twenty-one degrees below zero.

After three continuous days of cloudy weather the misty curtain was lifted, and we could gaze upon the wondrous scene which had been so long withheld from us. The pure winter atmosphere imparts great distinctness to every object. The greater part of New Hampshire and Maine seemed at our feet. Our range of vision encompassed a vast expanse, and included all the mountain peaks from Wachusett in Massachusetts to the summits along the St. Lawrence. In a morning view a long stretch of the ocean near Portland was plainly visible. The adjacent mountains appeared nearer than ever, and every gorge and ravine were plainly shown by the accumulated snows bordered by their rocky sides. Mount Katahdin afar off in Maine, was almost as plainly visible as Lafayette and Moosilauke are in summer. It was a glorious view, worth all the toil, trouble and danger which might be undergone to obtain it.—*Evening Bulletin.*

"OF all the blessings that gladden our earthly pilgrimage, sympathy is the sweetest; of all the gifts of God, a friend is the chief. The man of science has his associate; the man of crime his accomplice; the man of pleasure his companion; and in all these there is sympathy, but not friendship: that comprehends an enduring affection resting on sympathy; it cannot endure if built on the things that are passing away, or that shall be burned up."

WEARINESS

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears;
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white,
As crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mists of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!
—*Longfellow.*

GIVE.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

See the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free—
Yet to help the r giving
Bidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed—
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures;
From fair nature learn;
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

O wise little birds! how do you know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?
Far up in the ether piped they:
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away.
"He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever He maketh the way appear."
Dear little birds! He calleth me
Who calleth ye;—
Would that I might as trusting be.

HOME LETTERS.

Alas, it is only too easy a dozen times a week, and in every variety of circumstance, to be selfish, unsociable, or indolent. It is selfish not to be willing to put ourselves out of the way to help and gratify those who are willing enough to help and gratify us, and who, when they write to us, of course expect us to answer them. It is unsocial never to dare to interchange a single idea with relatives, or neighbors, or friends. It is indolence that refuses the expenditure of a little time and trouble to remind distant kinsfolk that we still feel we belong to each other, and that we think it worth while to be at the pains of a letter, though we may have nothing very special to say. The secret of it all is to have a kind heart, and to be willing to please. Often the busiest men are those who contrive most opportunities for friendly letter-writing. Their paper may be small, their hand-writing large, their words few, and under some circumstances these are legitimate devices, without which they could not continue to write at all; but some men's short letters are worth more than other men's long ones; and those who remember Bishop Villier's short notes will have often felt as if his own magical smile shone out through them, as with the warmth and brightness of summer. Have you a sick sister, whose lonely life has but few bright clouds in it? Now and then make her feel that she is not utterly forgotten by the friend and companion of her happy childhood. Is there an old acquaintance whom you seldom see, but whom you ought not to forget; who knew and loved you when you were both children together, and who still prizes your friendship, though it is of little use to him? Now and then write to him. "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend forsake not." Is there a servant, retired from your service, who has nursed your children, been a kind and true friend to you in sad and dark hours, who is growing old, as you yourself some day will grow old, with few changes in a dull life, and few pleasures in a poor one? Occasionally send a message to that dear though humble friend, if not always in your own hand, at any rate, by your wife or child. It will stir thoughts of slumbering happiness in a kind heart that has loved you with a love as good as a rich man's love, and served you with a service that no mere wages could repay. Or have you aged parents, living far away, it may be, in some remote home, whose monotonous and ever-shortening life is never so pleasantly broken as by news of you; whose midnight thoughts and noonday musings are ever full of you; who grow young and brave in the thought of your success, and whose constant prayers

have much more to do with it than you know of? Never let them feel that you are too busy to think of them, or too important to care for them. Visit them when you can; you will not have them much longer; but regularly *make time* to write.—*Sunday Magazine*.

TWO THINGS TO REMEMBER.

We earnestly call the attention of our readers to two things of the utmost importance. Recent examinations of prison reports show that of seventeen thousand criminals in the penitentiaries of the different States, in 1868, 97 per cent. had never learned a trade; 28 per cent. could not read; 28 per cent. were foreigners, and 22 per cent. were under age.

Of those confined in the common jails of the State of New York, in 1864, 72 per cent. had not learned a trade; 49 per cent. were left orphans before they were fifteen years of age; 50 per cent. were foreigners; 32 per cent. could not read; and 50 per cent. admitted that they had frequented grogshops and worse places, and used liquor and tobacco. Of 2,120 criminals who have been under the care of Mr. Byers, chaplain in the Ohio penitentiaries, 74 per cent. had never learned a trade; 64 per cent. could barely read, and 14 per cent. did not know their letters. In Upper Canada, the report of the Provincial Penitentiary mentions drunkenness as one of the two chief causes of crime. Of 47,313 persons confined in the New York city prisons, in 1867, 31,298 confessed that they were intemperate.

These figures show that the two chief causes of crime are the lack of steady occupation and dram-drinking. Here, then, we have facts for the basis of our action. If we would diminish crime, we must train the young to some definite occupation, and teach them to shun the intoxicating glass. In relation to the first, there is an increasing disinclination on the part of American lads to become farmers and mechanics. They seek a more "gentlemanly" employment, and rush to the cities with the purpose of getting their living by their wits. Hence our towns and cities are crowded with a shiftless class who live from hand to mouth, and as they are often in severe straits, they begin to gamble, cheat, forge or steal. From these, as we see above, come the prison recruits.

Now, in the question of a choice of profession or calling for the young, reference, of course, must be had to fitness. All are not fitted for professions, or mercantile life. There is a large number of lads who have no decided bent. These now rush into stores. The consequence is that these places are overcrowded.

Now it would be a blessing to these and a benefit to society, if a large proportion of them would become farmers and mechanics. A steady employment of itself is a good discipline. Then when a trade is learned the young man has the means of independent living. By working steadily at one thing he acquires habits of industry and patient labor. Continued occupation keeps him from many of those temptations which beset those who seek a more precarious means of earning their bread. The farmer and mechanic are not found in so large numbers as these in our jails and prisons. Parents, heed these facts. Do you care for the future of your children? Encourage them, if they have not a decided fitness for a special calling, to become farmers and mechanics.

Now for the second fact. Side by side with idleness sits rum. This lures to crime, and fills our prisons. And yet how few parents make it a point to impress their children with this fact and train them in temperate habits. Many a father—and mother, too—have made their sons drunkards by neglect of duty. True, this has been through thoughtlessness rather than by design. Still it has been done. It may be you are now doing this very thing. If you fail to impress your son by your example as well as by positive precept with the consequences of intemperance, and encourage him to drink by the use of intoxicating liquors, you are training him to be a drunkard. After he has formed the habit it will be hard to break off. A comparatively small number do this. Hence the importance of planting ourselves early on the principle of total abstinence. Train your children to touch not, taste not.

Here, then, are two things which every parent should remember. Let your son have a trade, or some permanent occupation in which he is educated. Train him in total abstinence. Then the chances will be that he will become a good citizen, to say nothing of higher moral considerations. Neglect to do this, let him go forth without any definite calling and with the habits of frequent drinking, and the chances are increased that he will be a drunkard and a felon.—*Christian Register*.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.—If you ever watched an icicle as it formed, you would have noticed how it froze one single drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its rare beauty was spoiled.

Just so our characters are formed. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its in-

fluence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be bright and lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if there be many thoughts or feelings impure and wrong, the mind will be soiled, the character depraved and darkened, and there will be final deformity and wretchedness. How important, then, that we should be on our guard against every evil impulse and desire, and “hearken not to the voice of the wicked.”

WILL HE SUCCEED?

In nine cases out of ten, no man's life will be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother have kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he mowed away all the time—in short, if what was light always fell to him, and what was heavy about the same work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk until shirking has become a habit—unless a miracle is wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of weak, foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk any legitimate responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his heart ache, or soiled his hands—until bearing heavy burdens becomes a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice—parents, as they bid him good-bye, may dismiss their fears. His life will not be a business failure. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.

Take another point. Money is the object of the world's pursuit. It is a legitimate object. It gives bread and clothing, and homes and comfort. The world has not judged wholly unwisely when it has made the position a man occupies to hinge comparatively more or less on his ability to earn money, and somewhat upon the amount of his possessions. If he is miserably poor it argues either some defect in his expenditures, or a lack of fitness to cope with men in the great battle for gold.

When a country-bred boy leaves home it is generally to enter upon some business, the end of which is to acquire property, and he will succeed just in proportion as he has been made to earn and save in his childhood.

If all the money he has had has come of planting a little patch in the spring, and selling its products after weary months of watching and toil in the fall, or from killing woodchucks at six cents a head, or from trapping muskrats and selling their skins for a shilling; setting snares in the fall for game,

and walking miles to see them in the morning, before the old folks were up; husking corn for a neighbor moonlight evenings, at two cents a bushel; working out an occasional day that hard work at home has made possible—he is good to make his pile in the world.

On the contrary, if the boy never earned a dollar; if parents and friends always kept him in spending money—pennies to buy candies and fishhooks, and satisfy his imagined wants—and he has grown to manhood in the expectancy that the world will generally treat him with similar consideration, he will always be a make shift; and the fault is not so much his as that of those about him, who never made the boy depend upon himself—did not make him wait six months to get money to replace a lost jackknife.

Every one has to rough it at one time or another. If the roughing comes in boyhood, it does good; if later, when habits are formed, it is equally tough, but not being educational, is generally useless. And the question whether a young man will succeed in making money or not depends not upon where he goes or what he does, but upon his willingness to do "his part," and upon his having earned money, and so gained a knowledge of its worth. Not a little of this valuable experience and knowledge the country boy gets on the old farm, under the tutelage of old parents shrewd enough to see the end from the beginning, and to make the labor and grief of children contribute to the success of subsequent life.—*Hearth and Home.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TO MAKE A PRETTY DRAB PAINT.

There is sometimes a necessity to do our own work, and it is often a great pleasure to be able to do it. Householders frequently wish to paint their buildings, and have the time to spare, but employ some painter and have to wait his convenience. We are farmers, but have for many years done all our painting. The color of our house being admired, we thought it might be useful to some others to give the ingredients used.

To every 100 lbs. of pure white lead add 2 lbs. of yellow ochre, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Vandyke brown, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of Indian red, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of chrome yellow. After being thoroughly incorporated with oil, try the color on a board to see if it suits, as the strength of these materials may not always be the same. Burnt umber may be substituted for Vandyke brown. By varying the quantities of these we can easily make any shade of drab we wish. If it is desirable to shade the doors and windows, we have found Blake's brown a durable paint, and when used as a base instead of white lead, or zinc, we

think it lasts as long and costs much less than the latter. By mixing yellow ochre we can have a chestnut-brown shade; with lamp-black or Venetian red the color, either light or dark, may be varied to suit the taste. White lead shaded with burnt umber or some other brown will cost much more, if there is much required, and will not last any longer. It is essential to success that we procure pure articles, from reliable manufacturers, as it will cost as much time and labor to put on adulterated paint as the best. Each color, if not ground in oil, should be mixed separately before being incorporated with the lead.

J. H.

AND perfect the day shall be, when it is of all men understood that the beauty of holiness must be in labor as well as in rest. Nay! *more*, if it may be, in labor; in our strength, rather than in our weakness; and in the choice of what we shall work for through the six days, and may know to be good at their evening time, than in the choice of what we pray for on the seventh, of reward or repose. With the multitude that keep holy day, we may, perhaps, sometimes vainly have gone up to the house of the Lord, and vainly there asked for what we fancied would be mercy; but for the few who labor as their Lord would have them, the mercy needs no seeking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely goodness and mercy shall *follow* them, *all* the days of their life; and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord,—FOR EVER.—*Ruskin.*

Selected.

CHILDREN.

We are all well aware of the influence of the world; we know how strongly it engages our thoughts, and debases the springs of our actions; we all know how important it is to have the spirits of our mind renewed, and the rust that gathers over them cleared away. One of the principal advantages, perhaps, which arises from the possession of children is, that in their society the simplicity of our nature is constantly recalled to our view; and that, when we return from the cares and thoughts of the world into our domestic circle, we behold beings whose happiness springs from no false estimates of worldly good, but from the benevolent instincts of nature. The same moral advantage is often derived, in a greater degree, from the memory of those children who have left us. Their simple characters dwell upon our minds with a deeper impression; their least actions return to our thoughts with more force than if we had it still in our power to witness them; and they return to us clothed in that saintly garb which belongs to the possessors of a higher

existence. We feel that there is now a link connecting us with a purer and better scene of being; that a part of ourselves has gone before us into the bosom of God; and that the same happy creatures which here on earth showed us the simple sources from which happiness springs, now draw us by their influence to the graces and beatitudes of eternity.

TRIFLES.

The griefs that fall to every share,
The heavier sorrows that life brings,
The heart can nerve itself to bear;
Great sorrows are half-holy things.
But for the ills each hour must make,
The cares with every day renewed,
It seems scarce worth the while to take
Such little things with fortitude.
And he before whose wakened might
The strongest enemy must fall,
Is overcome by foes so slight,
He scorns to hold them foes at all.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.,

SECOND MONTH.

	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	4 days.	8 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	1 "	3 "
Snow, including very slight falls,.....	8 "	5 "
Cloudy, without storms	6 "	5 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	9 "	7 "
	28 "	28 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.

	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 2d mo., per Penna. Hospital,	34.93 deg.	33.93 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	60.00 "	60.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	12.00 "	7.50 "
RAIN during the month, do.	2.53 in.	3.08 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year	1348	1167
Average of the mean temperature of 2d month for the past eighty-two years....		30.79 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1857).....		41.03 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1815, 1836, 1838),.....		24.00 "

WINTER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three winter months of 1869 and 1870.....	37.75 "
Mean do do do 1870 and 1871	33.58 "
Average of the winter temperatures for the past eighty-one years.....	31.50 "
Highest winter mean occurring during that entire period, 1827-28 and 1850-51,	38.33 "
Lowest do do 1814-15 and 1835-36	26.66 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1870.	1871.
First month,	4.07 inch.	3.46 inch
Second month,	2.53 "	3.08 "

Totals, 6.60 " 6.54 "

The above exhibit shows, for the month, a variation of only one degree from the temperature of last year—the maximum point being exactly the same, while the minimum was four and one half degrees lower. As compared, however, with the average of the means for eighty three years, it was more than three degrees higher. The winter temperature the present season exceeded the last by over four degrees, and the eighty-two years average about two degrees. The rain fall this year, as compared with last, is nearly equal, while there has been a gratifying decrease in the deaths of 1181.

In reference to snows we add the following memoranda:

1st mo. 8th—Commenced snowing about 11 A. M., continuing all the remainder of the day and evening, making excellent sleighing.

1st mo. 23d—More snow, making good sleighing, lasting about two days. Renewed again by the storm of the 26th, which is said to have been the heaviest fall of snow in Philadelphia for fourteen years past. The sleighing lasted in the city until the 31st, when a heavy rain storm set in.

The record at the Pennsylvania Hospital gives the level of this snow at six inches. Had it not been for the warm rain the sleighing would probably have lasted several days. Even at the present moment of writing large heaps of snow are to be seen in our streets all over the city.

Our esteemed friend George S. Truman, of the Santee Indian Agency, Nebraska, has furnished the writer with a full and comprehensive account of the state of the thermometer, direction of the wind, &c., from observations taken three times a day during the first two winter months, from which the following quotations are made, for the purpose of showing that they, like ourselves, are subjected to sudden and severe changes of weather as well as the intense cold sometimes experienced—the word zero to be supplied as an ellipsis to the words "above" and "below":

TWELFTH MONTH.

	6 A. M.	12 M.	6 P. M.
19,	16 above.	15 above.	9 above.
20,	1 "	5 "	zero.
21,	8 below.	3 "	8 below.
22,	13 "	8 "	6 "
23,	22 "	7 below.	13 "
24,	12 "	23 above.	21 above.
25,	5 above.	5 "	2 "

FIRST MONTH.

	6 A. M.	12 M.	6 P. M.
9,	32 above.	53 above.	47 above.
10,	33 "	63 "	27 "
11,	7 "	9 "	1 "
12,	3 below.	zero.	4 below.
13,	10 "	1 above.	4 "
25,	17 above.	31 "	29 above.
26,	1 "	17 "	31 "
31,	7 "	40 "	35 "

From our clippings we select the following as possessing some interest:

STORM OF JANUARY 17.—“Our dispatches give information of a terrible storm in the southwest. In Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi it raged with great fury, and from New Orleans we have a telegraph stating that a heavy rain and wind storm passed over that city on Friday night, unroofing houses, uprooting trees and doing considerable damage otherwise. The loss at Helena is estimated at \$75,000 to \$100,000.”

Another item states:

' In 1816 the forest tracks of Pennsylvania bordered close upon the city of Philadelphia. At that time, says the Builder, the Delaware river, a mile wide, was often frozen in a single night. The forests having now receded to a distance of thirty miles, the thermometer at Philadelphia is rarely down to zero, the river is hardly ever frozen, and the snow lies on the ground but a short time. There is no doubt that the destruction of the forests of a country usually results in an increase of the average temperature, and when excessive, in general aridity.

DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ISLAND.—A large island is missing. Captain Plock, of the bark *Adolphe*, bound from Iquique to London, states that while passing the New Hebrides Islands, he discovered that *Aurora* Island had entirely disappeared, and no trace of it was to be seen on the face of the ocean where it was before situated. What makes this occurrence more deplorable, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is that *Aurora* was one of the most fertile of the group of islands of which it formed a member. It was last seen in latitude 15.2 S., longitude 168.25 E.; it is described as having been about thirty-six miles in length and upwards of five miles in breadth. Any information respecting it will be thankfully received, and it becomes a question whether a reward should not be offered for its recovery. If large islands take to disappearing in this fashion we shall soon cease to congratulate ourselves on our "insular position." There is, however, this consolation—that if England were to disappear, like *Aurora* Island, there would, no doubt, be a rigid investigation made into the circumstances by the rest of the world. France would miss a useful depot for her refugees; Ireland would suffer from ennui with no one to abuse, and we may be sure that, unless we had previously settled the Alabama claims, America would never rest until she had fished us up again. J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Second month 2, 1871.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

ITEMS.

THE term basalt is applied to certain rocks which have evidently been thrown to the surface of the earth in a molten condition; and, where the molten material has come in contact with other rocks, the latter often show signs of change owing to the heat. Dr. Von Labaulx, of Germany, in studying the relations of basalt to coalseams, has shown that next to the basalt the seams are decidedly anthracitic, while as the distance of the seams from the basalt increases the coal is less and less of the hard kind. To make a practical experiment in the direction thus indicated, he subjected some lignite to the action of molten slag from a furnace. The result was to produce a coal similar to that in contact with basalt; showing how the change from soft to hard coal is produced. Hard coal is only found in the region of eruptive rocks, while as we go west from the Alleghanies into the level limestone of Indiana and Illinois, we have only soft coal.

THE *Journal of Applied Science* remarks that it is found that crystals of artificial ice are essentially different from those of natural ice, the former being much more solid, while the latter, from its ten-

dency to split into flakes, and thus expose a larger surface to the atmosphere, is far less durable. Fish-buyers, therefore, estimate that thirty per cent. less of artificial than of natural ice suffices to preserve an equal quantity of fish in an equally good condition.

OPEN an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and, if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells, and swimming nimbly about—one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalcules, and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light represents a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room.—*Journal of Microscopy.*

EARTHQUAKES.—An interesting communication has recently appeared in the *Boston Journal*, giving the dates of the earthquakes that have occurred within the last two years. The writer says, that of great and terribly destructive earthquakes only one each year have been registered as happening from 1800 to 1865. In 1867 and 1868, no less than eleven disastrous earthquakes, involving the loss of one hundred thousand human beings, are reported. In 1869 and 1870 twenty five serious earth quakes occurred, but were not attended with as destructive effects as those of the previous two years. These facts, it is argued, show that the earth has been passing through a period of terrestrial phenomena more remarkable than any which has been witnessed by the present generation, and that it is by no means certain that the end of the earthquake term has been reached. The writer states that in the absence of any well established theory of the internal structure of the earth, there is increasing evidence for regarding favorably the generally accepted belief that the earth's interior is a fiery molten mass. This latter theory it is argued, is the only one that fairly accounts for all the varied phenomena of earthquakes as felt on the earth's surface. The opinion is also advocated that the great shocks of 1867 and 1868 were caused by the breaking off of immense masses of solid earth from the inner crust, which falling into the boiling lava below, agitated it into gigantic throbbing and rolling waves that heaved the outer crust with great throbs and throes.

A FLORIDA SPRING.—The *Pilatka Herald* thus describes one of the natural attractions of Florida:

Silver Spring is one of the greatest curiosities in the South. It bursts forth in the midst of the most fertile country in the State. It bubbles up in a basin near one hundred feet deep and about an acre in extent, and sending from it a deep stream sixty to one hundred feet wide, and extending six or eight miles to the Ocklawaha river. In the spring itself fifty boats may lie at anchor—quite a fleet. The spring thus forms a natural inland port, to which three steamers now run regular from the *St John's*, making close connections with the ocean steamers at *Pilatki*. The clearness of water is truly wonderful. It seems even more transparent than air; you see the bottom, eighty feet below the bottom of your boat, the exact form of the smallest pebble, the outline and color of the leaf that has sunk, and all the prismatic colors of the rainbow are reflected. Large fish swim in it, every scale visible and every movement distinctly seen. If you go over the spring in a boat you will see the fissures in the rocks, from which the river pours upward like an inverted cataract.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

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From "The Still Hour."

DRAW NIGH TO GOD, AND HE WILL DRAW NIGH TO YOU.—James 4 : 8.

God only knows what are the prevailing habits of Christians of our own day, respecting the duties of the closet. On no subject is it more necessary to speak with reserve, if we would speak justly, of the experience of others. Each man knows his own, and for the most part, only his own. That is not likely to be a truthful or a candid severity, which would bring sweeping accusations against the fidelity of God's people in their intercourse with Him. We should believe no such charges. They are sometimes made in a spirit which invites one to say to the censorious brother: "Take heed to thyself; Satan hath desired to have thee."

It cannot reasonably be doubted, that multitudes of Christ's followers are struggling daily to get nearer to God. Perhaps, of all the recent treasures of hymnology, no other lines have thrilled so many Christian hearts, or called forth so deep a throb of sympathy as the following, from one of our living poets, viz:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee;
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

None are more sensible of their failures in

prayer, than those Christians to whom these words have become a song of the heart, more precious than rubies. Yet such Christians are more successful than they seem to themselves.

It cannot be proved that the Modern Church—taking into account its numbers, the variety of rank, of nation, of temperament, and of opinion which it embraces, the breadth of its Christian character, and the energy of its benevolent activities—is inferior, in respect of the *spirit* of prayer, in its most scriptural and healthy forms, to the Church of any other, even of apostolic times. It is often affirmed, to the discredit of the modern developments of piety; but, I repeat, it cannot be proved, nor, in view of the *aggressive* revival of religion which seems to be sweeping over Protestant Christendom, is it probably true. It is not the law of Divine Influence, to bestow *such* measure of power, when and where the spirit of prayer is dying out. The law of procedure in reference to such grand strides of progress, is rather: "For all this, will I be inquired of by the house of Israel." The language of fidelity, then, should not be mistaken for the language of suspicion and of croaking.

Yet, this doubtless is true, of the tendencies of our modern Christian life—that they embody certain *centrifugal* forces, as related to a life of solitude and stillness. Modern

piety goes outward, in duties and activities, extrinsic to a secret life with God. It does this by an inborn instinct, which perhaps was never more vigorous in its operation than now. This is no evil. It is a growth, rather, upon the usage of other ages. It is an advance, certainly, upon the piety of the cloister and the cowl. It is a progress of religious life, too, beyond that of the early denominational contentions of Protestantism. Those contentions may have been a necessary preliminary to it, but it is an advance upon the spirit and the aims of them. It is a salutary growth.

But, like every large, rapid growth, it involves a peril peculiar to itself—a peril which we cannot avoid, but which, by wise forethought, we may encounter with safe courage. That very obvious peril is, that the vitality of holiness may be exhausted by inward decay, through the want of an *increase* of its devotional spirit, proportioned to the expansion of its active forces. Individual experience may become shallow, for the want of meditative habits, and much communion with God.

Should this be the catastrophe of the tendencies working in modern Christian life, centuries of conflict and corruption must follow, by a law fixed like gravitation. Our religious organizations must begin, soon to *settle*, like a building whose frame is eaten through and through with the "dry-rot." Activity can never sustain *itself*. Withdraw the vital force which animates and propels it, and it falls like a dead arm. We cannot, then, too keenly feel, each one for himself, that a still and secret life with God must energize all holy duty, as vigor in every fibre of the body must come from the strong, calm, faithful beat of the heart.

To one who is conscious of defect in his own piety, respecting the friendship of the soul with God, there will be great aptness and beauty in the appeal of a foreign preacher: "Why fleest thou from solitude? Why dost thou shun the lonely hour? Why passeth thy life away, like the feast of the drunkard? Why is it, that to many of you there cometh not, through the whole course of the week, a single hour for self-meditation? You go through life like dreaming men. Ever among mankind, and never with yourselves. * * * You have torn down the cloister, but why have you not erected it within your own hearts? Lo, my brother, if thou wouldst seek out the *still hour*, only a single one every day, and if thou wouldst meditate on the love which called thee into being, which hath overshadowed thee all the days of thy life with blessing, or else by mournful experiences hath admonished and corrected

thee; this would be to draw near to thy God. Thus wouldst thou take Him by the hand. But whenever, in ceaseless dissipation of heart, thou goest astray, the sea of the Divine blessing shall surround thee on all sides, and yet thy soul shall be athirst. Wilt thou draw near to God? * * * Then seek the *STILL HOUR*."

(Published by request.)

From Friends' Review.

MINISTRY.

RICHMOND, IND., 2d mo. 10th, 1871.

Dear friend William J. Allinson:—The remarks of Prof. Thomas Chase, on "*Tone in Preaching*," are in my view timely and appropriate. I heartily endorse them. This defect in delivery has become so very offensive to ears polite, that I fear it is sometimes spoken of in a way calculated to wound the feelings of some of Christ's little ones. We should carefully guard against giving utterance to expressions which may tend to cast ridicule upon those whose opportunities have been limited, but whom nevertheless the Head of the Church has honored by bestowing upon them a precious gift, and whose offerings, we cannot doubt, He will accept, "according to that they have, and not according to that they have not."

The following sentence in Prof. Chase's article was particularly grateful to my feelings, viz.: "Let us not deny, too, that it is possible, in strains of rapt emotion, or in the recitation of lyric bursts of Holy Writ, for the speaker to be carried up to the chant or spiritual song which was sometimes heard, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, in the assemblies of the apostolic churches."

In confirmation of this, I turn to Thomas Thompson's testimony concerning William Ellis, dated 31st of Fifth month, 1710, and read as follows, viz.:

"It was not wisdom of words that he minded, nor how to please itching ears; but to please God was his care, and to preach the Gospel so to men, as that what he spake might answer God's witness in all; and therefore he preached the Truth in the power, plainness, and simplicity of it; and yet at times there did a sort of heavenly eloquence, *as well as an heavenly melody*, attend him, because his heart was filled with the Spirit of life, and he spoke in the power and demonstration thereof."

On the whole, I know of no better way than for ministers to try to preach the Gospel as William Ellis did, "in the power, plainness and simplicity of it;" and for hearers to avoid falling into the belief, that either the presence or the absence of the "tone" is necessary to constitute true preaching.

Let it not be understood that I consider it a matter of indifference whether this and other defects of delivery be corrected or not; on the contrary, I quite agree with Samuel Bownas, that "*superfluous tones and gestures, ahs, and groans,*" are much better avoided than practised; but I would not have any man or woman, young or old, when the feeling arises in the heart that "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," to withhold the message because of a painful consciousness that the "tone" not yet gotten rid of, will be the object of unfavorable criticism from cultivated auditors. And if we may compare extremes, neither of which is desirable, I think that the sing-song tone of our most uncouth ministers, provided it be accompanied by the "odor of the ointment," would be preferable to a Quaker ministry which we may imagine, though I hope we shall never realize it—a ministry which should resemble a lecture, with its smooth and polished diction,—its firstly, secondly and thirdly,—its minute subdivisions,—its hairsplitting distinctions,—and its rigid conformity to the artificial rules of rhetoric and logic.

One more point I do not feel satisfied to leave unmentioned. I fear there is a growing tendency which is not, as it seems to me, without its dangers, and that is the tendency to look upon a so-called "educated ministry" as a necessity of our Society. I was glad to see in an editorial of thine, several weeks ago, a sentence to the effect that there is no very obvious reason why a minister's intellectual culture should be much in advance of that of his hearers. But may we not go further than this? Are not those of inferior attainments sometimes made the vehicle of valuable instruction to those who are intellectually altogether above them? Did not Jesus rejoice in spirit because the "Lord of heaven and earth had hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes?" Not that a learned man may not also be a "babe," and sit in profound humility under the Master's teachings. But in point of fact the Apostle tells us that "not many wise men, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God *hath chosen* the foolish things of the world to confound the things that are wise, and weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty," &c. And why? "That no flesh may glory in His presence." What was revealed to George Fox in the visions of light, viz.: "That being bred at Oxford or Cambridge is not enough to qualify a man for the ministry of the Gospel," became the foundation of one of our most precious testimonies,—that the gift of the Gospel ministry is directly from God, and conferred without regard to

external circumstances, according to His most holy will, upon the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant. Now, a cultivated intellect, and a cultivated taste, are certainly very desirable in ministers as well as others, but by no means indispensable. Thou or I could name more than one or two ministers of our Society, who have serious defects connected with their vocal organs; and yet they are "workmen that need not to be ashamed," who have travelled extensively in our country and others, "bearing precious seed;" thou or I also could mention several ministers of very limited education, who yet have made "full proof of their ministry," and have obtained leave even from the most cultivated, in the words of an Elder in England to Richard Jordan, "to *preach away, grammar or no grammar.*" Christian scholarship has its appropriate place and its indispensable work in the interest of the Church. I rejoice when our young people, whether called to the ministry or not, can receive the invaluable boon of a sound and thorough education. But Christian scholarship is one thing—the call to the Gospel ministry is another. Let us never confound them, nor suppose that either is indispensable to the other. "Men-made ministers," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "have almost ruined the heritage of God." The Lord will send by whom He will send. It may be the learned Pharisee—it may be the Galilean fisherman—it may be the doctor of divinity—it may be the mechanic or the ploughman—it may be the lady of culture and affluence, like Elizabeth Fry—it may be the timid and untaught servant girl, like Sarah Lynes Grubb. "The wind bloweth where it listeth,"

DOUGAN CLARK, M. D.

FROM the experience of the past I have a right to the conviction that He that never forsook me, that never broke a promise, that has always done exceeding abundantly more than I asked or thought, will not in my old age forsake me in fresh troubles. I do not believe that He is now going to turn His hand and administer in a different way from that in which He has administered heretofore.

And so I got comfort, and I said to myself: "What is the use of shivering and saying that I cannot bear this trouble? The time has not come for me to bear it; but when it does come the strength will be given me by which to bear it."—*Beecher.*

THE warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.

The following essay, written by a young woman and read at the First-day School Meeting at West Chester, Tenth month 15th, 1870, is deemed worthy of a place in the *Intelligencer*.
J. M. T.

HOW SHALL WE SAVE THE CHILDREN?

Some one has wisely remarked: "Take care of the children, and you will have little trouble with the old folks." Now this is precisely what is wanted,—to take care of the children; in other words, *save them*. We cannot, indeed, give them grace; that must lie between them individually and the Father.

But how can we save them from the over-indulgent tendencies of the age, that they may grow up men and women of principle, strong to lead a life of self-denial, and to follow the example of Him whose name we unhesitatingly claim?

As First-day School teachers and as parents, we would put the query, how *shall* we teach these little ones so that they may be led to follow the Master, who said, "Let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me"?

As members of the Society of Friends, and holding it as a prized privilege, we are naturally jealous that *all* claiming such membership shall be consistent in maintaining our excellent testimonies. We have been taught to believe that our forefathers were men and women of sterling integrity, whose word was as good as their bond in business transactions, that they did not strive for an unnecessary amount of this world's goods, but used their means in circulating their views, aiding one another, and in the promotion of good works.

When quite young, I was much impressed with the reply of a venerable Friend upon my exclaiming that the great Chester Valley through which we were passing was a rich and beautiful country. "Yes," he replied; "a rich country, but it makes poor Quakers." I did not understand it then, but have since realized that where wealth steps in, true Quakerism frequently steps out.

Now comes again the query, How can we save the children? As means increase, we are too apt to indulge them in almost every way, thus leaving little room for the practice of *self-denial*. And if the child is not taught to deny self, will not the man take it for granted that self must come first? We would have children so taught that when the struggle of life comes, every selfish consideration will be put aside for the sake of the truth. Will this be done if in early years the child is allowed every gratification of its selfish wants?

We would have children *well educated*; for, to use the words of a recent writer, "Christianity encourages invention, promotes refinement, suggests method, insists upon or-

der, promptness, regularity, good humor, good manners, and good living; but let the lower passions be kept in subjection. God does not impose any cross upon us that is not for our good; if we take up the cross to undue sensual indulgence, our higher natures will be developed and we will enjoy greater happiness. In many ways the watchful parent and teacher can find opportunities for teaching this denial of self, as the one great step in the preparation of a life to be spent in doing good.

Parents and teachers, shall this self denial be taught? The reputation of our Society shall not then rest upon the good works of our forefathers, but we shall be still a living Church, richly deserving the name of Friends.

A PARENT.

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE.

O, brave Apostle! truly hast thou said,

It is indeed a trifling thing to be [free,
Judged of man's judgment. Conscience must be
Nor blindly nor dogmatically led,
Whether by living oracles or dead;

For truth admits of no monopoly,

And where it points each for himself must see,

Nor fear an independent path to tread.

No infidel is he, howe'er astray

His judgment as to wherein duty lies,

Who speaks his honest thought, and nobly tries

To follow in the straight and narrow way;

No truer man exists beneath the skies,
And only Pharisees shall him gainsay.

From Hedge's Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition.

THE BRUTE CREATION.

(Concluded from page 37.)

The law of the land endeavors to protect the horse from the cruel treatment of unfeeling and unprincipled masters, who vent their rage on the helpless beast that serves them. And who that has witnessed the too common spectacle of a savage and infuriated driver belaboring with blows and kicks the noble and overburdened animal whose muscles are unequal to the task assigned him has not felt that the master was the greater brute of the two, and has not been tempted to wish that with such measure as he metes to his beast it might be measured to him again? But the law is a very imperfect protector of animals, and beatings of horses is a very small part of the cruelty practised upon them. Some of these cruelties are perpetrated in the name of science. One can pardon much to that most worthy cause, but painful experiments on the animal organism are justifiable only where the point to be determined by such experiments is one of obvious and vital importance in medical and chirurgical art, and where it can be reached in no other way. The practice of vivisection,—dissection of live animals,—sometimes resorted to by naturalists from mere curiosity

has no such apology, and is wanton trifling with the sacredness of life. The illustrious Blumenbach, one of the greatest of modern naturalists, strongly reprobated the practice. If ever it is resorted to, he said, let it be by special permission in a public council of competent scientific witnesses, as it were a solemn sacrifice to science. As a general rule, the knowledge which can be obtained only with torture had better be dispensed with.

More reprehensible still are those spectacles in which brutes are worried and killed for the entertainment of a rude and merciless public, such as the cock-pit in England, and the bull-fight which forms the Sunday entertainment of the most orthodox of Catholic Christian lands. One can hardly imagine a stronger contrast in its kind, or one more discreditable to Christian civilization, than that between the bull-fights of Christian Spain and the Banyan hospital for maimed animals at Surat in heathen Hindostan.

Demoralizing in the highest degree are all public spectacles whose interest is pain. All public executions tend more to corrupt and subvert the vulgar mind than even the unpunished crime. If there must be capital punishment, let it be administered in the presence only of the necessary officers appointed for that end, and without superfluous suffering; for self-defence alone can justify the supreme penalty.

There is no fault in children which should give the parents greater concern than a disposition to torture animals. Let parents who observe this vice in a child hasten to correct it with all diligence, not by inflicting bodily pain in return, but by bringing all the weight of their influence to bear in the way of appeal to reason and feeling. Let the child be taught that the brute has rights, and that power is to be used for the benefit, not for the injury, of the subject. Let him be taught to enter into the feelings of his victim by putting himself in its place. Teach him to find pleasure in ministering to the wants and promoting the comfort of domestic animals, to delight in their fellowship, to cultivate their confidence and good-will. Awaken betimes and cherish in him that compassion for all suffering, the want of which is a fatal defect, the abundance of which allies the human with superior natures, and the germ of which is in every breast.

It is one of the imperfections of our mortal state, a painful necessity, which obliges us sometimes to take the life of animals,—of those that harm us, in self-defence, for the harm they do, of others for what they yield of necessary food. This right we have as

human beings; for all flesh-eating animals prey upon each other, and man by constitution is a flesh-eating animal. We have the right; so far the Hebrew view is correct. But the ground on which the Hebrew based this right I am not prepared to admit. It belongs to us *as animals*, not as superior beings for whose sake alone the animal world was made, and to whom it is unconditionally subject. And the right has its limits, which should not be transgressed. The destruction of life must not be needlessly extended or wantonly indulged. The death which necessity obliges us to inflict should be rendered as painless to the victim as the nature of the case will admit. And may we not indulge the hope of a time, in other far distant generations, when the need of destruction for defence and bodily maintenance shall no longer exist, when the discord of predatory nature shall cease, when the new-made earth shall so adjust and reconcile and mutually limit and mutually attract her various kinds, eliminating all that is hostile and hurtful, that each in its appointed and mutually conceded place shall find a sanctuary with none to molest or make it afraid; when the purged and ethereal body shall no longer subsist by slaughter and blood, but find sufficing nutriment in the grains and pulps of earth and the balms of the air, when the hard and hateful condition of life-destroying life shall be commuted for life-preserving care of life; when not "all nature's discord," as the poet says, but all nature's concord, shall "keep all nature's peace." If the Hebrew prophet in his rapt mood could dream of a time when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard lie down with the kid and the lion eat hay like the ox, and nothing hurt or destroy in all the mountain of God, may not the higher reach of Christian hope report an amen to the blessed vision?

But what is needed for the present is due regard for the natural rights of animals, due sense of the fact that they are not created for man's pleasure and behoof alone, but have, independent of him, their own meaning and place in the universal order; that the God who gave them being, who out of the manifoldness of his creative thought let them pass into life, has not cast them off, but is with them, in them, still. A portion of his Spirit, though unconscious and unreflecting, is theirs. What else but the Spirit of God could guide the crane and the stork across pathless seas to their winter retreats, and back again to their summer haunts? What else could reveal to the petrel the coming storm? What but the Spirit of God could so geometrize the wondrous architec-

ture of the spider and the bee, or hang the hill-star's nest in air, or sling the hammock of the tiger-moth, or curve the ramparts of the beaver's fort, and build the myriad "homes without hands" in which fish, bird, and insect make their abode? The Spirit of God is with them as with us,—consciously with us, unconsciously with them. We are not divided but one in his care and love. They have their mansions in the Father's house and we have ours; but the house is one, and the Master and Keeper is one for us and them.

The rights of all creatures are to be respected, but especially of those kinds which man domesticates and subsidizes for his peculiar use. Their nearer contact with the human world creates a claim on our loving-kindness beyond what is due to more foreign and untamed tribes. Respect that claim. "The righteous man," says the proverb, "regardeth the life of his beast." Note that word "righteous." The proverb does not say the merciful man, but the righteous, the just. Not mercy only, but justice, is due to the brute. Your horse, your ox, your kine, your dog, are not mere chattels, but sentient souls. They are not your own so proper as to make your will the true and only measure of their lot. Beware of contravening their nature's law, of taxing unduly their nature's strength. Their powers and gifts are a sacred trust. The gift of the horse is his fleetness, but when that gift is strained to excess and put to wager for exorbitant tasks, murderous injustice is done to the beast. They have their rights, which every right-minded owner will respect. We owe them in return for the service they yield, all needful comfort, kind usage, rest in old age, and an easy death.

And let us take to ourselves the moral lessons which these creatures preach to all who have studied and learned to love what I venture to call the moral in brutes. Look at that faithful servant, the ox! What an emblem in all generations of patient, plodding, meek endurance and serviceable toil! Of the horse and the dog what countless anecdotes declare the generous loyalty, the tireless zeal, the inalienable love! No human devotion has ever surpassed the recorded examples of brutes in that line. The story is told of an Arab horse who, when his master was taken captive and bound hand and foot, sought him out in the dark amidst other victims, seized him by the girdle with his teeth, ran with him all night at the top of his speed, conveyed him to his home, and then, exhausted with the effort, fell down and died. Did ever man evince more devoted affection?

Surely, something of a moral nature is

present also in the brute creation. If nowhere else, we may find it in the brute mother's care for her young. Through universal nature throbs the divine pulse of the universal Love, and binds all being to the Father-heart of the author and lover of all. Therefore is sympathy with animated nature a holy affection, an extended humanity, a projection of the human heart by which we live, beyond the precincts of the human house, into all the wards of the many-created city of God, as he with his wisdom and love is copresent to all. Sympathy with nature is a part of the good man's religion. For nature is not godless as false religion has sometimes taught, nor does Christian piety recall men from nature into holy seclusion, with the feeling of that monk who shut out the view of the beautiful landscape, as God-displeasing, from his cell, but rather allies men with it in holy communion. They who have had most of the spirit of Christ have loved to converse with nature, like St. Francis of Assisi, who called the sun and moon and fire and death his brothers and sisters, and whose celebrated hymn to nature needs only a recognition of the brute creation to make it the best expression of Christian piety in communion with the visible world.

Here is the hymn, or so much of it as concerns us in this connection:—

"Praised be my Lord God with all His creatures; and especially our brother the Sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he and shining with a very great splendor. O Lord, he signifies to us thee!

"Praised be my Lord for our sister the Moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in the heavens.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother the Wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by the which thou upholdest in life all creatures.

"Praised be my Lord for our sister Water, who is very serviceable unto us and precious and clean.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother Fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness, and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.

"Praised be my Lord for our mother the Earth, the which doth sustain and keep us and bringeth forth divers fruits and flowers of many colors and grass."

Here let us add this supplemental stanza:

Praised be my Lord for our brothers and sisters the living creatures which thou hast made, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes that inhabit the sea. They, too, are thy children, they praise thy handiwork, and thou blestest them with thy love!

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—If we wish to succeed in life, we must learn to take people as they are, and not as they ought to be; making them better if we can, but at the same

time remembering their infirmities. We have to deal, not with ideal men, but with the real men of every day life, men precisely like ourselves. This fact of common aims, ambitions, and infirmities ought to create constant sympathy and forbearance. While every man has his own burden to bear, he may at the same time in some way help another to bear a peculiar burden, and be himself helped in turn. God has mysteriously linked all men together by this curious fact of mutual dependence, and this wonderful possibility of mutual help.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I begin this letter more for the sake of paying a debt to my beloved daughter, than for the value of anything that now presents for communication. Thou knows it is not in our power to command the clouds to rain upon the earth, nor to speak or write to edification and comfort when we please. Yet, as J. H. used to say, "sometimes by pouring a little water into a pump, and working the piston, a large supply succeeds the effort." So we should not neglect to occupy the little means in our power, because we think we are too poor and weak to do anything to profit. But this discouraging feeling belongs to certain temperaments of human nature. Moses felt it, even when he saw the bush burning and not being consumed; and reasoned on his own unfitness for the work before him. Gideon felt very poor, when he was called "a mighty man of valor;" and he wanted to prove the fleece wet and dry. But there was no real need of this; the requisition was sufficiently clear without it. And when we have sufficient intimation or manifestation of any right thing to be done, why look for more evidence?

When we think it is not needful to *wait to feel the mind of Truth* in our movements, or, mistake our own mind for that of Truth, it is no marvel that we get into difficulties. I confess I have too often been caught in this snare. Oh! my dear friend, how great the need of our dwelling deep, and carefully watching our own spirits, lest some degree of creaturely activity should entwine itself in our efforts to promote the cause of Truth! But this is preaching to myself; and I need often go down into what George Mason called "the grave of silence," deep, inward stillness to every motion of self, or the activity of the creature, that so the voice or gentle impres-

sion of the pure Spirit may be distinguished from the voice of every stranger. In this exercise and care, I am kept from going after many lo! heres and lo! theres, because I am admonished of these mixtures in concerns professedly good. But disappointment will attend many minds that are now carried along as with a strong current. I feel the need of those who minister at the holy altar, coming more and more to understand and know the figure of the priest's garments, formerly, to be to them a holy reality now; and especially that they be not girded with anything that causes heat or sweat.

When we feel a channel open to write, as well as to speak, are we to be our own choosers of a subject for either? If the account of *ourselves* seems to flow towards the person addressed, it may sometimes as thou says be to *our relief*—sometimes to his or her benefit. Facts and feelings do not so often deceive and mislead us, as speculative imaginations and serpentine reasonings. Ah! how much our *Eve* is exposed to the serpent! How much our curiosity prompts us to see (and hear) something that we think pleasant and that will make us wise; and therefore we think as *Eve* did, it is "to be desired." Oh! for stability in the Truth, among its professors.

1839.

* * * * Thy letter, and feeling interest in my situation, were cordially welcome to me. It was a filial feeling of tenderness that has its reward. Now, in return, I am permitted to travail for thy encouragement to hold fast thy confidence, and bear up under the trials attendant, and not only so, but give a practical evidence to others, that religion is as a fortress, impregnable to the arrows of adversity.

Stability, calmness, serenity, and even cheerfulness, under the pressure of losses, disappointments, and what to others might be vexations, are evidences that the mind has a stay in something solid,—that it rests on the sufficiency of Divine support, and that it can with pious Job say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: Blessed be His name."

* * * * What is to be the result of the present operations, activity and conflicting views in our Society, I know not. How I wish Friends could be still! That the Church would retire to the place of pure inward prayer, when there are great stirrings and commotions in the land—and her habitation is safer. But safety out of this gathered, waiting, feeling state, is not to be found in any of the devices or activity of the creature; my spirit is clothed with mourning on account of the state of things, and especially in your city; but Truth opens no way

for relief at present. I can only pray for the safety of the little ones. Be thou faithful in intercession, that the Lord's heritage may not be given to reproach. Farewell, and may Light divine shine around thy dwelling.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 25, 1871.

"A POINT OF ORDER AND DISCIPLINE."

The suggestion under this head, published in No. 1, seems to have been misunderstood by some of our readers.

It has long been the custom, (though disapproved by many) in the Monthly Meetings of this city, for the parties immediately interested in a marriage, to choose the Friends who are to attend it as overseers, and this has been brought about by requesting certain Friends to name those thus chosen. This time-sanctioned usage, we, in common with the writer of the essay in question, had supposed to be general throughout the Society. From the tenor of several communications on the subject, in which the writers regard the proposition as calculated to promote deviations from our wholesome order, we presume the practice cannot be as general as was supposed. The "point" in the essay under review, is simply this: that that which has been done secretly and *out of meeting*, should be done openly and *in meeting*, with the sanction of the discipline and not contrary to its letter. The subject is one that has claimed the attention of some of our Monthly Meetings, and we know individuals who not only do not avail themselves of this custom, but also decline to serve on this appointment when they are chosen "out of meeting." We should rejoice if our members were more fully imbued with that spirit which leads to the waiving of individual preferences, and temporary inconvenience for the good of the whole. The harmony and strength of the body would thus, we believe, be increased, and the discipline as it now stands be carried out. As it is not easy, however, to do away with a long-established custom, might not the "burdened among us" on this account be relieved without any change in the Discipline? If he or she who is requested to nominate, would present both names to the Monthly Meeting as

the choice of the parties immediately interested, they would then be considered as before the meeting for its consideration. The *spirit* of the discipline would thus be carried out, provided false delicacy did not deter any from objecting where an individual nominated was manifestly unsuitable.

The responsibility devolving on a committee appointed to oversee a marriage, has been much increased since that change of our discipline which permits it to be solemnized at a private house. The religious meeting held on these occasions, should be regarded as officially under the care of that committee; their original duty of taking care that "good order and moderation be observed," being only extended by change of circumstances. We believe this responsibility is in very good measure felt by those appointed to have the oversight of marriages; the instances being very rare where sufficient solemnity has not been observed.

It has sometimes been our lot to attend marriages where the simplicity of all the arrangements heightened the touching religious interest of the occasion, and the query has arisen, whether in proportion as the claims of foolish and expensive fashions are yielded to, that sweetly solemn feeling which should be the crown of all such occasions, is not in the same proportion lessened? Yet, though a solemn occasion, marriage is also a happy and joyous one, over which no benevolent mind would wish to throw any restraint not imposed by good sense, and the fitness of things.

Simply on the ground of true refinement, it may well be asked whether "feasting" or "dressing" are in themselves so *elevated* in the scale of enjoyments, as to entitle them to be made as prominent as they are on some of these and other social occasions. But a more serious consideration should impress those who have been entrusted with ample means;—the question of their stewardship of that which has been committed to them, over and above what they need; and the influence of their example on those to whom so much has not been entrusted.

"THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL, by G. J. Greer, D. D."—A small volume with the

above title, sent us by J. B. Lippincott & Co., has been read with interest.

We do not draw from the prominent incident in the life of this great Apostle the inference arrived at by the author of the book above mentioned, but we do not object to looking at truths which seem to us established from the standpoint of advanced minds in other sects.

The writer tells us that Paul "received the Holy Ghost through the laying on of the hands of Ananias." And in so many explicit words, "baptism" is set forth as the "instrument of remission." We are not disposed to argue the question of water baptism, believing all outward ordinances are unessential, except as a test of individual faithfulness. In the interview between Philip and the eunuch, it was the latter that suggested baptism. Philip only acceded to the request of the eunuch.

It is true that through the touch of Ananias Paul received his sight, and arose and was baptised. From the account we may infer that this was not the first time he had received the Holy Ghost, for three days before, as he journeyed from Jerusalem to Damascus, he was the subject of a direct visitation from the Most High, and so powerful were its operations upon his mind, that he conferred not with flesh and blood, but yielded immediate and implicit obedience to the Heavenly vision. In his address before King Agrippa, he dates his conversion and the commencement of his ministry from this period, and makes no allusion to his "baptism."

While this little volume is evidently written to enhance the value of certain sectarian ordinances, yet the writer acknowledges that "before us and beyond the present, God has in reserve the vastly higher blessings of immediate communion with Him, the glorious fruition of His presence. These present appointments may be the childish things to be looked back upon as such, which shall be put away from our full manhood. As after the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, an apostle, inspired to do so, could turn upon the once needful appointments of the past, and call them 'weak and beggarly elements;' so

may we, if permitted to enter the heavenly state, then look back upon the appointments of the present dispensation, and recognize their incomparable inferiority to those in the midst of which we shall be dwelling."

We believe the views contained in this quotation are those held by the Society of Friends, except that we are not looking "before us and beyond the present" for the realization of the promise, "I will put my law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts," but consider the time has already come for its fulfillment; and that no man need go to his brother, saying, "Know the Lord," for all shall know him, from the least of them to the greatest of them.

We hope the time will come when Christian sects will place less dependence upon mere ceremonials of religion, which too often serve as a veil, preventing a clear spiritual perception of the Divine nature. As we advance in our spiritual journey, we shall find that with the increase of Christ's reign in our hearts there will be a corresponding decrease in the importance we attach even to the "appointments" which once seemed necessary. Thus will be fulfilled the prophecy of John the Baptist, in allusion to the coming of Christ: "He must increase, but I must decrease."

BLUE RIVER QUARTERLY MEETING.—A correspondent informs us that Blue River Quarterly Meeting was held at Benjaminville as proposed, the latter part of last month, and was largely attended notwithstanding the weather was rather inclement. He states that it is only the second place where a Quarterly Meeting has been held in the State of Illinois. The interest manifested on the occasion was encouraging, and the hope was entertained that much good may result. Several "young in the ministry were present, from whom testimonies in the way of counsel and tender admonition flowed freely." Our friend expresses the desire, that the anointed instrument may keep the eye singly directed to Truth's teachings, and thus escape the trammels of tradition by which many are encumbered. He instanced dress as one point. Some holding

the opinion through the influence of tradition that *plainness* consists in a certain cut, losing sight of what should be the true object of clothing, viz., comfort, as well as simplicity and neatness. He thinks it as inconsistent to reject as an innovation, improvements in dress, as it would be to refuse to accept the improved agricultural implements, and other facilities for saving labor; that the effect of such an adherence to cut and color has been, to lead some others into the opposite extreme. To regard it as a matter of no importance, and that there is no religion in dress, apparently losing sight of the fact that humility will ever manifest itself in simplicity, and that its votaries could never be satisfied "to put on any thing for vain ostentation and show."

In making changes, however, he suggests that to be consistent with the profession maintained by Friends, it would be right to preserve as much uniformity as could conveniently be done. One advantage to be derived therefrom, he thinks, would be an ability to distinguish our members, so that if any needed help they might receive it, particularly if in a land of strangers.

Our correspondent also alludes to the opposition to First-day Schools as having been a loss to his neighborhood. He thus expresses his feelings on this subject:

"It certainly is surprising that any who wish Friends' principles and testimonies sustained, should object to seeing the young people collected in a school capacity on First-days, for the perusal of the Holy Scriptures and other good books, and to enter into a careful examination of how Friends' testimonies correspond therewith; for if true, how much better to receive them than to accept error, the reception of which always proves a loss. They should reflect that it is as easy to divest ourselves of a body as an opinion, and where there are so many tables kept spread, if we do not keep one for our own children they will partake at others. And those of us who have received our opinions from a full and fair investigation, and an honest conviction of their truth, should not be ashamed to impart them to others.

MARRIED.

WILSON—JOHN.—At the residence of the bride's parents, near Sterling, Ill., on the 9th of Second month, 1871, with the approbation of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting, Morris A., son of Amos and Anna Wilson, to Lydia E., daughter of Elida and Sarah John.

DIED.

BENSON.—On the 14th of Seventh month, 1870, at the residence of her son-in-law, Ross Scott, in

Harford Co., Md., Margaret Benson, senior, widow of Amos Benson, in the 86th year of her age; a member, and for many years an elder of Little Falls Monthly Meeting. She was a diligent attender of meeting, when in health, for more than fifty years. The latter part of her life she was mostly confined to the house with a lingering disease, which at times caused much suffering, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation. She was an affectionate mother and a kind neighbor.

GILLINGHAM.—On Sixth-day evening, 10th inst., Rebecca H., widow of Joseph Gillingham, in the 88th year of her age; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting (Race St.)

Friends Editors:—I have been almost a constant reader of the *Intelligencer* for over twenty years, and nearly always read with interest the editorials; and have never thought their tendency was to encourage "superficial" or personal Quakerism, but on the contrary, their spirit and tendency have been to encourage the true spirit and life of practical Quakerism; and for the last two or three years this has been particularly the case.

A READER AND SUBSCRIBER.

New York, 3d mo. 12, 1871.

NEVER TOO LATE.

How often do we see men around us who having been discouraged by financial reverses, are broken in spirit, and declare that it is no use to make any further efforts—that fortune is against them! How often do we meet people addicted to bad habits who affirm that they are too old to break them off, that after so many years of indulgence it would be impossible to give up this or that pleasure! How often do we encounter individuals who earnestly desire this or that accomplishment, but who argue that they are too far along in years to acquire it! If they were only a little younger they would lay hold and master it! And yet all history affords illustrations of the old adage that "it is never too late to mend." It is never too late to make a beginning. Smiles tells us that Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age. Franklin was fifty before he fully entered upon the study of natural philosophy. Dryden and Scott were not known as authors until each was in his fortieth year. Boccacio was thirty-five when he commenced his literary career. Alfieri was forty-six when he began the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learned German at an advanced age for the purpose of reading Niebuhr in the original, and in like manner James Watt, when about forty, while working at his trade as instrument maker in Glasgow, learned French, German and Italian, to enable him to peruse the valuable works on mechanical philosophy which existed in those languages. Thomas Scott was fifty-six before

he began to learn Hebrew. Robert Hall was once found lying upon the floor racked by pain, learning Italian in his old age to enable him to judge of the parallel drawn by Macaulay between Milton and Dante. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Indeed, hundreds of instances might be given of men who struck out in an entirely different path, and successfully entered on new studies at a comparatively advanced time of life.—*Exchange.*

“THERE is too much religious reading and speaking among some serious persons; a little precious *quiet* and *fresh* feeling, how far beyond all! Do not defend our forms; seek to have the spirit of prayer raised in the heart, and then what is offered will be in the life and meet with gracious acceptance.—*M. Dudley.*”

COMPENSATION.

BY L. B. MOORE.

As singing after silence is, or sun is after rain,
So may the lesson be that tells the blessedness of pain:

For only at the ending of the journey lies the crown;
And none see all its light but they who on its light look down.

Life's labor won is never won, until it first be lost;
As priceless things most priceless are when bought at priceless cost.

The sorrow and the sinning that are o'er shall be the way,
That leads us from a darkeuel past into a brightening day.

Though still, as in the past, the night must come before the morn;
The loftiest loves in sorrow still must deepest down be born.

Not all on page of parchment, or on monumental stone,
The records have been graven that the universe hath known:

God still is writing gospels in the lives of those that sin;
E'en while their hearts refuse to let the graver's chisel in.

Though all have sinned, and still they sin, it shall not be in vain
That any human heart has drunk the dregs of human pain;

Or not in vain the sky of life is dark with clouds of woe,
While all its misty mountain-tops are clad in trackless snow:

The light shall shine out brighter, when at last it flashes through;
And evermore the old shall be the pathway of the new.

—“OLD AND NEW.”

A TROUBLED mind is often relieved by maintaining a cheerful demeanor. The effort withdraws his attention from the cause of

pain, and the cheerfulness which it promotes in others extends by sympathy to itself.

From Whittier's Miriam.

THE BROAD CREED.

Truth is one;
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
No scroll of creed its fulness warps,
We trace it not by school-boy maps,
Free as the sun and air it is
Of latitude and boundaries.
In Vedic verse, in dull Koran,
Are messages of good to man;
The angels to our Aryan sires
Talked by the earliest household fires.

Nor doth it lessen what he taught,
Or make the gospel Jesus brought
Less precious, that His lips retold
Some portion of that truth of old;
Denying not the proven seers,
The tested wisdom of the years;
Confirming with his own impress
The common law of righteousness.
We search the world for truth; we call
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the blest,
We come back laden from the quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the book our mother read.
And all our treasure of old thought
In His harmonious fullness wrought,
Who gathers in a sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's own wheat,
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.
Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head!
I trace His presence in the blind
Pathetic groupings of my kind—
In prayers for sin and sorrow wrung,
In cradle hymns of life they sung,
Each in its measure, but a part
Of the unmeasure! Over Heart:
And with a stronger faith confess
The greater that it owns the less.

Nor fear I aught that science brings
From searching through material things;
Content to let its glasses prove,
Not by the letter's oldness move
The myriad worlds on worlds that course
The spaces of the universe;
Since everywhere the spirit walks
The garden of the heart and talks
With man, as under Eden's trees,
In all its varied languages.
Why mourn above some hopeless flaw
In the stone tables of the law,
When Scripture every day afresh
Is traced on tables of the flesh?
By inward sense, by outward signs,
God's presence still the heart divines!
Through deepest joy of Him we learn,
In sorest grief to Him we turn,
And reason stoops its pride to share
The child-like instinct of a prayer.

WHAT I THINK OF KINDERGARTENS.

BY EMMA C. WHIPPLE.

The most striking contrast between the present Primary School system and that of the Kindergarten consists in the utilization by the latter of the natural traits and activity of young children. Fröbel seems to have made a discovery of certain laws which govern the development of children, and to have, in a most wonderfully beautiful and simple method, adapted means to this end.

The "irrepressible infant," the terror and the charm of the orderly circle of proper and staid elders, under Fröbel's methods becomes harmonious and orderly, and finding food for his activity in the series of occupations devised by this benefactor, ceases from destroying every thing within his reach, and learns to create forms of symmetry, to enjoy exercise of skill of hand in many various ways, and all this without constraint having been imposed; *direction*, it is true, is given, and the true meaning of the word *kindergarten* expresses just the sort of direction, for to give each plant a culture fitted to its best growth and development, and to prune and train into orderly and beautiful growth the plants under her care, is the function of the Kindergarten.

Fröbel seems to have thoroughly believed that the all-wise and good Father *knew* what these little ones needed to enable them to attain the harmonious development which is the birthright of all who are born of woman, and so Fröbel has provided for the education of the whole being of the child from its earliest conscious existence, carefully directing that in the earliest months only "clear impressions" shall be presented of objects, in order that afterward "clear ideas" may be formed. While yet in the arms of the loving mother or faithful nurse, the study of the new world into which the child has been ushered commences, and upon the wisdom and faithfulness of those in whose love and care it rests, will depend in a very great degree the quality of mind and heart, as well as the healthful growth of the body of the child. That so large a portion of the children born die within the first few years, proves that neither parental love, nor skill of doctors, nor science of physiologists has been of avail to find out the true methods; for it seems an insult to our Father to believe that such hosts of children are born, at such a lavish expenditure of hopes and love, of pain and sorrow, only to wither and die. That so many children are imbecile, idiotic, or in any manner abnormal, is a stern fact, which proclaims that all the wisdom of the past has not sufficed to teach us how to rear sound minds in healthy bodies. Those whose eyes have been

anointed are confident that in the system and methods of Fröbel is contained a new element, a promise of "Paradise Regained."

The child is three years old, and it may now attend a Kindergarten; but we must, however, say here that the furniture and arrangements for a Kindergarten must have a special adaptation to this method of teaching.

The desks are covered with lines which make squares of an inch; this teaches the child to arrange his materials in an orderly manner; and as rules are given for each occupation, in a few days you will see the little three year old as intently counting the squares to know on which line to place his blocks or sticks, as if he had been born to do nothing else; this enables the child to comprehend direction; "up" and "down," "right" and "left," are illustrated by means of these squares.

"But do you teach such abstractions to a child of three years old?" perhaps you ask; "is it not cruel to compel such a mere baby to sit at a desk and learn things?" Were this a common primary school of the usual kind, this would be a pertinent inquiry, and it might, perhaps, come within the scope of the investigations of Mr. Bergh. But Fröbel has found that, by combining *knowing* and *doing*, a very young child is made capable of receiving *impressions*, which become, by degrees, the basis of *ideas*, and the chasm from the unknown to the known, from the concrete to the abstract, is bridged over successfully by the various occupations of the Kindergarten.

From the first happy hour that the child enters this "Paradise of Childhood," as the Kindergarten has justly been called, *hands* and *brain*, in *work* and *play*, preserve a happy equilibrium; and it becomes apparent to all who observe that many a law of high significance to the child's future development has become a part of his consciousness, and that, too, without any strain of the mind, any weariness of the body, but with only the joy which *use* gives in the exercise of all the faculties given us by the Creator.

"How is all this accomplished?" do you inquire.

Your little pet of three years old, who has never passed a morning out of the light of his mother's eyes, has been deposited in the Kindergarten; the genial Kindergarten, whose skill has been attained through the teachings of her heart, whose tenderness thrills in her voice, and whose sincere love for childhood has led her to devote herself to this work, can not fail to attract the little one; and after the gentle murmur of subdued voices repeating the prayer to the "Father

in heaven who loves little children so well," followed by a little song or story, the day's lessons begin. "Lessons!" you say; "what lessons *can* be given to such a baby as our Tommy?"

Did you ever realize how much knowledge your child has mastered in the three years in which he has lived in our world?

He has learned to walk, to run, to climb; he has learned to judge very correctly of the qualities of many things, and attaches a value to apples and oranges in direct proportion to their size. He is quite an adept in natural history, knows most of the domestic animals, has learned to speak and understand the English language! and is withal an accomplished diplomat, and will "lobby" through a doubtful bill with a skill quite amazing and amusing to an impartial observer.

A card, with holes pricked at the distance of a quarter of an inch apart, is now given to the little one, with a thread of bright-colored worsted and a needle; he is shown how to put the needle back and forth so as to form straight lines in series; he is told that this is "perpendicular," and when this lesson by frequent repetition has been taken fully in, he is shown how to form "horizontal" lines, and before you are aware that he has learned anything at the Kindergarten, he is using these terms intelligently in reference to objects around him.

At another hour a slate and pencil are given to the child, for the drawing lesson is in progress now. You will observe that the slate is ruled into squares of half an inch by lines cut in the surface of the slate, and here again perpendicular lines of one square's length are made. These lessons go on regularly, week after week, until lines of two, three, four and five squares in length are made *perfectly*. This is the foundation for a system of drawing so beautiful in its self-developing character as to seem to those who have observed it to be the only true method.

If you will look in on another day, you will find your child and his little companions happily occupied with two, three, four or five, or perhaps ten, little smooth sticks, which they arrange, according to directions given, on the lines on their tables. When as much knowledge has been given as the young things may at once receive, permission is given to "invent" forms, and then each child starts off on its own hobby; the differences in the bent of each child begin to be seen whenever free invention is the order of the hour. The vivid imagination of the child will see a likeness to many things in the simple forms it can create from these few and simple materials; and, I speak from a careful observation of children under both conditions, there

is far greater pleasure to the child in this exercise of its inventive faculties, than can ever be obtained from the most elaborate toys, which are often broken by children simply from the desire for material to work out their own inventions with. But our careful Kindergartener is ever watchful, lest even this occupation, so light, and rendered so cheerful from the orderly interchange of opinions and ideas among these inventors, should overtask the little ones; and now the luncheon, temptingly hidden in various tiny receptacles, awaits the busy little bees, and trooping they come; and, while the gentle and sympathetic care of the teacher makes an air of peace surround the little group, the luncheon is eaten, and rosy apple and golden orange, luscious grapes or juicy pear, with bread or its substitutes, forms a feast which seems a sort of angelic picnic; the happy, merry tones bear witness to the healthful effect of this social feature of the lunch together. Ah, well may it be if in the future banquets of maturer years such genial flow of soul refine the joys of the table, and make dining a feast of reason and a flow of soul! Lunch is over, the tiny baskets are emptied, the sense of satisfaction which is inspired by food eaten in due season and in social surroundings makes every one in good humor, and, the signal being given, the "ring" is formed, and *one* of the one hundred plays, while the ball, which Fröbel calls "the earliest friend of the child," is played to the rhythm of a song adapted to each play. The balls educate more than mere skill of hand. They are six in number, of the three primary and the three secondary colors. Fröbel's directions are very precise as to the sequence in which these shall be used—a primary color should be followed by a secondary color connecting it with another color—so careful has Fröbel been in all that pertains to the education of the child; nothing so minute as to be unnoticed by him. Half an hour quickly passes, while "The ball comes round to meet us," "My ball, I want to catch you," and the ever-favorite play of "Who'll buy eggs," are each played till each child has had a turn, after which more lessons follow. You would weary of reading, sooner than I of writing, if I were to describe "The Weaving," "The Building," "The Pricking," "The Pea-work," "The Clay-modeling," "The Folding" lessons which fill out the attractive round of occupations; or of the object-lessons, which are given every week; of the knowledge of seeds and plants, which is imparted by sundry walks in autumn days to gather seeds of, perhaps, maple trees, which are planted in pots, and are actually growing before their sight; of the bulbs, which were first

made the subject of an object-lesson before they were started; and of the daily mission of watering the plants, which is given to the children in turn; of the visits to the fernery, where our frogs are passing the winter in serene and safe reticacy; of the groups of embryo artists, who are engaged at some portions of the morning in "free-hand drawing" at the several blackboards. Indeed, I verily believe there is no limit to the delights of a true Kindergarten, kept according to the teaching of Frœbel, by a teacher such as I have made my model in this letter. I must not forget to say here that everything made by the children is set apart, from its first beginning, as a gift of love to "dear mamma," or "grandma," or "nurse," or some loved one; and one of the prettiest sights imaginable is to see these little midges carrying home their completed works of art—a folded leaf, a pricked card, or a weaving leaf. Frœbel insists that the true way to teach generosity is by *doing the generous deed*.

I have been for the past six months a daily attendant on the Normal Training School for Kindergarteners. What I have in this imperfect sketch attempted to describe I have daily seen and have been part of. I cannot be considered as a youthful visionary—I am the mother of bearded men, and grandmother of several grandchildren, and I have constantly felt great regret that my practical acquaintance with Frœbel's system came too late to be of avail in training my own children. My grandchildren, God willing, shall not lose some benefit from the late-acquired knowledge I have gained. If this statement of mine, which is a hasty picture of what is the daily routine of Miss Kriege's Kindergarten, shall determine one mother only to seek such a school for her children, or inspire some young woman with a love for the work of a Kindergarten which shall induce her to study the method practically, I shall console myself for my inadequate description. I must run the risk of making my letter tediously long by continuing to say, that I do not think any person ought to attempt to teach a Kindergarten without a training under a skilled teacher. The system of Frœbel is so beautifully developed, from its first principles, that a missing link would mar its harmonious completeness; and although for many years I had been interested in accounts of German Kindergartens, and had read with a strong predisposition in favor of the system all I could find in English, I did not *begin* to understand the beauty of the theory, nor the happy adaptation of the methods, until I became a pupil at the training school.

And now—with one story of a dear little girl, not quite four years old, who entered the

school last autumn, and who might have sat for the likeness of "Little Golden Hair" herself—I will close this long letter.

One day, after the "Building Lesson," the children were left to their own free inventions, and our dear little pet, Rose, built up her eight cubes into a form which, to her eyes, seemed a fitting monument, as she expressed herself, "to that good man Frœbel, who made so many beautiful things for little children to play with in the Kindergarten."

Dear little Rose! Like the woman in Scripture, whose gift of "two mites" has become, the world over, a synonym of generous devotion, so shall this lovely act of thy pure, loving heart be told wherever the name of Frœbel shall come to be held as dearest to all lovers of childhood. Perhaps, in the true Kindergarten, beside the river which flows by the city of our God, hand in hand thou art wandering with the dear spirit who loved little children so dearly, and left such a record of his love for them.—*Herald of Health*.

THERE is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith.

THE DESIRE OF LIVING.

Among the natural desires which are implanted within us, perhaps none is stronger than that which craves continued existence. The common simile, "as dear as life itself," proves how very precious is the boon, and the consciousness of each one of us bears continual witness to the same fact. It would seem as if such a sentiment, so universal and so powerful, would naturally lead every one to the most deliberate and rational care of all the means of preserving health, and guarding life against sudden emergencies. That this is not the case, however, is a fact patent to all. Many who cling to life with the utmost tenacity are yet culpably negligent about its laws, and wantonly expose it to needless dangers. Though shrinking from death as a terrible enemy, they yet make but little effort to guard against its approaches, and, by self-indulgence and other means, actually shorten the life they so much love. Others affect to regard the love of life and the fear of death equally as marks of cowardice, and with a bravado that they mistake for courage, do not hesitate to put into needless peril, or even to throw away that priceless boon of life with which they are entrusted. And there are still others who will deliberately cast away their lives, not from any fancied bravery, but from a pitiable and abject fear of its dark passages. He who

from any cause, refuses to face the trials and sorrows which have come upon him, either as the results of his own misconduct, or as his appointed and necessary lot, proves himself to be not only unfaithful to his trusts, but selfish and cowardly in the extreme.

The chief cause why so many who love life, yet waste it in these various ways, is that they are yielding to an impulse, rather than cultivating a principle. Every desire implanted within us has its special objects and limitations, and it is only as we recognize these and strive to work in unison with them, that its end can be accomplished. The desire of life, so universal in mankind, is evidently intended for its preservation. Without it, the first trouble would overwhelm us, and the race of man would soon become extinct. It therefore plainly points out to each one of us the duty of self-preservation in its broadest sense. This requires us to study carefully and obey rigidly the laws of health. It forbids all sensual indulgence, all needless exposure, all unhealthy excitement. It condemns the man, who, to increase his gains, or to enhance his knowledge, or to win fame denies himself necessary sleep or recreation, and censures him who indulges any inclination that conflicts with perfect bodily and mental vigor. It inculcates temperance, moderation, and the regulation of habits, and lays us, in fact, under a bond to follow out whatever course the best judgment approves as most conducive to our well being.

If this natural desire for life has thus its own specific mission, and conveys its own peculiar lessons, it also has its own limitation. Much of the evil in the world is caused by running a duty into the ground, or rather by failing to see its relation to other duties, and to observe the limits which they necessarily impose. Every duty holds a specific rank, and while it limits those below, it is in turn limited by those above. Thus the duty of self-preservation should limit the appetites and the inclinations. It should triumph over unmanly fears, and control all lower and counteracting impulses. But it must itself be subject to higher laws and limited by superior duties. There are cases where the desire for life must not weigh an iota against paramount claims, and where he only, who loses his earthly life, can find life in its true import. If, in order to preserve life, we must renounce our integrity, crush our affections, stifle our convictions, or disobey our consciences, then only can we prove true manhood by cheerfully giving up life, rather than accepting with it spiritual degradation.

No nobler acts has the earth ever witnessed than those of the men and women who have

laid down their lives a willing sacrifice to truth, to righteousness, to liberty or to humanity. The interests of mankind are greatly involved in such attestation of principle. Truth often lies dormant in the world until its power is asserted by such means. The martyrs of old times, in their heroic suffering for conscience sake, were accomplishing a work for future ages of which they little dreamed, and laying the foundation of the religious liberty which is now dawning all over the civilized world. * * *

Let us then honor the desire of life implanted within us, both in the duties which it involves and the limitations to which it is subject, never suffering lower desires to usurp its place, or affecting by a counterfeit courage to despise it, and never, on the other hand, allowing it to be gratified at the expense of moral excellence or by the sacrifice of truth and principle.—*Ledger*.

“FOGGY FRIDAY.”

It thickened just before dusk, on Friday evening, all of a sudden. The day had been damp and muggy, and the great banks of dirty snow in the streets had been melting and flooding the streets with the muddy solution they yielded. The sun had been shining for a while; just long enough to help on with the thaw, and to begin to draw up the moisture out of the earth, and had then hid its face in the confusion caused by the work it had done. The mist gathered gently and slowly at first, then increased in denseness.

At the locked ferry-gates stood two thousand people, who had paddled their plashy way through the miry streets, and were bent on getting home to their suppers. Some of them were clamorous; some of them railed at the ferry-boat for not being at the slip ready to start; some just quietly looked at each other, resignedly accepting the situation, while some took comfort in puffing tobacco smoke into each other's faces. For a while every thing connected with transportation at that ferry was at a stand-still. Not a ray of light could be seen from the opposite shore. The fog-bells along the wharves and docks tolled with a dismal noise, which was like the sound of forty funerals consolidated into one. The responsive toll of the few boats which were trying to pick their way through the fog made their dreary jangle even more dreary.

It seemed as if none of the throng of waiting people who besieged those ferry-gates would get home that evening; at all events, unless they took a shorter ferry, with less expanse of water to traverse. For the fog-bound ferry is one at which the voyage is considerably over a mile in length. Not

very far up-town is another ferry where the river is narrow and the lights can be dimly seen across it, even through the mist. If there is any crossing, it would seem to be there.

So the most of the people wait and wonder how and when they shall get across, and the only intelligence they have is from the cheerless tolling of those fog-bells, which seem to say, "Not yet, not yet; have patience, have patience!"

After awhile the atmosphere grew colder. The fog condensed and was no longer in the way. The full moon shone out in all its glory, and the stars seemed to sing out, as they peeped down from above, "We were here all the time, and you didn't see us; stop your fog-bells; start your boats; sail on cheerfully."

The fog has its lessons. There is many a good Christian who gets befogged on his journey, and is brought to a stand-still. He can see neither sun, moon, nor stars. He can not pick his way. He is afraid to take a step lest he should stumble or come into collision with some other equally befogged Christian. His Christian experience has stopped. The muggy atmosphere which surrounds him is unfavorable to its progress. He hardly knows where he is. He is not sure that he is anywhere. He is gloomy and despondent, and hears the fog-bells of broken resolutions and uncompleted duties tolling in his ears, as it were, the funeral knell of all his good purposes and holy aspirations.

There is much in the atmosphere. As the dampness and mugginess of a February thaw brings forth fog, so do many unfavorable conditions of mental, moral, and spiritual life surround a believer with a fog-bank, which makes him a different being from what he is when he is enjoying a high degree of religious fervor. There are crisp, sharp, bracing days when every snuff of the clear, cold air is a tonic. Then the very man who, if encompassed by fog, can make no progress at all, is invigorated and sharpened for active work and busy advance. When in the fog, he can hardly take a step. In the bright sunshine, however cold the weather, he can walk briskly for several miles without an experience of weariness.

On that foggy Friday evening, when the fog cleared away, it lightened at first from overhead. That is the way with almost every fog. Even while the sky was tolerably bright above us, we were still beclouded on the level of the earth, so that we could yet make no progress. We were "walking in darkness" while we had partial light from on high. The young man who once came to the captain of an ocean steamer thus be-

fogged, and said, "Captain, it's all clear overhead; why don't you start the vessel?" received the somewhat gruff response from the surly son of the sea, "*Because we ain't going that way.*" No; we cannot yet ascend to the perfect light. The pathway to be trod is on the earth, till the Lord calls us to come up higher. The first light we get is from on high, and it is worth more than all the lamps of this world. And when the mists and darkness and dampness and gloom are all gone, the purer and clearer light shines all around us—a very manifestation of the presence of Jesus Christ himself.—*Christian Advocate.*

ITEMS.

PREPARATION OF WOODEN LABELS FOR PLANTS.—Wooden labels for plants to be inserted in the ground may, it is said, be preserved for an indefinite time by first dipping them into a solution of one part copper vitriol and twenty-four parts water, and subsequently immersing in lime water, or a solution of gypsum.

It is a proof of the practical value of the reports of the Weather Signal Service published in the daily papers, that since its recent establishment, property of much greater value than the whole cost of the service has been saved by it. The warning given of the coming of a recent great storm on the lakes, saved property worth over a million dollars. The officers on the lakes can now confidently predict the coming and violence of a storm from twelve to twenty-fours in advance.

A singular mode of transporting letters has recently been reported in the French journals. Two hollow hemispheres of zinc were filled with eight hundred letters, and then soldered together, so as to form a ball, twenty five centimetres or nearly ten inches in diameter. This ball, on the circumference of which small paddles were attached, was thrown into the Seine some distance above Paris, and was fished up near that city at a water gate contrived for the purpose. The weight of the ball was so adjusted that it moved at a certain depth below the surface of the river, the current striking the paddles and driving it rapidly along.

INTEMPERANCE is inimical to the welfare of the people in many ways. It effects seriously Legislatures and Courts. In Iowa a valuable precedent has recently been established by the Supreme Court of that State. It has reference to sobriety on the part of jurors. The *Philadelphia Press* comments thereon very pertinently as follows:

"Trial by jury, fast falling into disrepute in this land, where it has had its own fair trial, has, in the young and prosperous State of Iowa, been arrested somewhat in its downward career. The Supreme Court of that State, it is said, recently decided that if a juror drinks intoxicating liquor during the time he is engaged on a trial, whatever the amount may be, and though no visible effect is produced, the verdict is null and void, and must be set aside. This decision is a step in the right direction, and practically prescribes certain qualifications for a juror, viz.—he must be temperate, clear sighted, and in possession of all his reasoning faculties. The next step will be to prescribe that, in addition, he must be intelligent and educated.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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TERMS:—TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE.
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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
 Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*
 Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

RACHEL MASON.

I have just read for the second time the memorial of Rachel Mason, and take pleasure in committing to writing a few interesting parts of her history, which have not been recorded in the testimony of Spruce street Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia, concerning her, which was read and approved in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1850.

Written at Old Point Comfort, 1850, by
MARTHA E. TYSON.

A Testimony of Spruce street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, concerning RACHEL MASON.

She was the daughter of George and Susanna Mason, and was born in Kennett township, Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the 16th of the Tenth month, 1783. About the twelfth year of her age, she removed with her parents to the city of Baltimore; and of her mother's judicious care and wise training she has borne a full and interesting testimony in a volume of memoirs and letters which she compiled, by which it is evident that she was much indebted to her religiously concerned mother, not only for that instruction which fitted her for usefulness in this life, but for the guarded care with which she watched over her in the season of youth, endeavoring to shield her from temptation, especially in relation to injurious reading. And above all did this affectionate parent direct her attention to the Divine monitor, the inward teach-

er, by obedience to which, this our dear Friend was preserved in innocence in early life, and fitted for the fulfilment of her duties in maturer years.

In the city of Baltimore, where she resided most of her life, she filled the important stations of elder and overseer to the comfort and satisfaction of her friends; being eminently qualified to speak a word in season to the weary. And for those who had been drawn away from the safe enclosure, she was prepared to enter into sympathy and living concern, being animated and strengthened by that love of the Father which seeks to gather and to restore.

In the year 1837 she became a member of this Monthly Meeting, by which she was appointed to the station of elder; and there are among us those who can testify that here also she gave evidence that she was qualified by the great Head of the Church for the important duties thus devolved upon her. She moved among us in much humility and meekness, and was careful not to put forth a hand unbidden; but when she was commissioned by her Heavenly Father to extend counsel or encouragement, she was faithful in performing that which she believed was required of her.

In our Meetings for Discipline she was alive to the best interests of individuals and of Society, and willingly devoted herself to services therein, as long as bodily ability was afforded.

Although she believed that the worship of the Father, which is in spirit and in truth, is not limited by time or place, but that everywhere grateful incense may be offered to the All seeing One, and that His ear is alike open "in the wide waste, and in the city full," to hear the silent aspirations of the penitent, the humble and the sincere, yet she was one who found it good for her to assemble with her friends in social religious worship, and often attended when her enfeebled bodily powers almost disqualified her for the exertion. In a letter to a friend, after attending a distant much neglected meeting, she thus expressed herself: "Whence comes this indifference? Has any new light from the Eternal Fount broke in upon us, to show that we have nothing to do for each other? I am not among the diligent myself, my feeble body has to be remembered; but the nearer my dwelling is to the blessed Master, the stronger is my drawing, to meet and mingle in spirit with those who silently wait upon Him, or vocally utter His praise."

Her well stored mind and innocent cheerfulness made her a welcome and instructive companion to the young, and gave her a place in their affections.

Her virtues were of the quiet and unobtrusive kind, comparable to the gentle, noiseless stream, which refreshes all within its influence. In epistolary talent she was remarkably gifted, and through this medium, "as a brook by the way," was often found administering to the edification and comfort of those whom she thus addressed. She was one of those to whom an abundance of the things of this world was not given, but who realized the promise that they who "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," shall have all needful things added thereto; and in the latter part of her life, having been deprived by unforeseen circumstances of nearly all the property she possessed, she was a bright example of cheerfulness under her loss, and so far from repining, that she was seldom heard to advert to it at all.

For many years her health was undermined by a pulmonary complaint, which gradually wore out the mortal tabernacle; but in her great and increasing weakness, she was a patient sufferer, looking forward to the fruition of her hopes in those "joys unspeakable and full of glory," into which it was her full faith the just of all generations have been and will be admitted; when (she said) "the righteous will shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

Her delicate health requiring the pure air of the country, she was separated from us, most of her time, for the last few years of her life; but through the medium of her

pen, she often gave evidence how closely she was united to the members of this meeting. Having desired, as she expressed a short time before her close, "day by day to keep in subjection everything adverse to the purity of the law written on the heart," her day's work had been done in the day-time, and in the quietness and gentleness of a lamb, her spirit passed away on the 8th of the Fourth month, 1849, at the house of Thomas Ellicott, at New Garden, she being in the 66th year of her age.

Her remains were interred in Friends' burial-ground there on the 11th of the same, a solemn meeting being held on the occasion, in New Garden Meeting-house.

As Rachel Mason was intimately associated with every movement made for the religious improvement of the members of Baltimore Monthly Meeting of Friends, their memories of her are cherished with feelings but little removed from reverence. To many of these she had ministered with tenderness, tempered by sound judgment, under their peculiar vicissitudes; whether their trials proceeded from disobedience to known duty, from poverty, from sickness, or from sorrow.

They speak with admiration of the faithful and unobtrusive manner in which she fulfilled every office in the service of the Church, and also declare that, in the responsible stations of elder and overseer of Baltimore Monthly Meeting, she so occupied her trust as to be counted worthy of "double honor," being endowed with ability to admonish, to reprove, or to offer religious consolation, to those who claimed her care and sympathy. Their recollections of her, likewise, as the Clerk of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Women Friends, a position she held by appointment renewed every year for fifteen years, are of the most grateful kind.

During a part of those years, intestine commotion in matters of doctrine disturbed the harmony which had previously adorned our religious gatherings. On these painful occasions she presided over the deliberations of the Yearly Meetings with a dignity, mildness and ability which has rarely been equalled,—never excelled; her minutes of their exercises and transactions are all written in a chaste and beautiful style, and may be accepted as correct models for that description of composition.

When, from declining health, she withdrew from the Clerkship, her tried fitness for the service was eloquently alluded to by Susanna Jewett, in sentiments which found an echo in every heart.

There are other interesting items of her history which should be mentioned. I have

spoken of the services rendered to our Society by Rachel Mason.

During all these active engagements, a charm was thrown around her cares and anxieties by the friendship which existed between her and her friends, Thomas and Mary M. Ellicott. This friendship, which, from its purity, might be compared to that of David and Jonathan, commenced early and ceased only with her life. It was after the money which had been bequeathed to her by her deceased mother, and which would have yielded her a supply for every necessary want, had been dissipated by a near relative, who had obtained it of her as a loan, that she was invited by Thomas Ellicott to enter his family as a teacher for his children, with a liberal salary. For more than twelve years she lived with them in that capacity, and when she ceased to be a teacher, she found a home in their house.

When Thomas Ellicott moved with his family to Avondale, Chester county, Pennsylvania, she preferred remaining with them, but the climate of that district proving too cold in winter for her delicate lungs, her certificate was taken to Spruce street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia.

Sometimes when in a confidential mood, in conversation with her friends, she took pleasure in referring to the kindness she had uniformly received from Thomas and Mary M. Ellicott, and used freely to acknowledge that she was indebted to this distinguished and excellent pair for the brightest and happiest days of her existence. Rachel Mason was as remarkable for constancy in friendship, as she was for her other virtues.

A removal to Pennsylvania did not diminish her love for her friends in Baltimore. They had never been sparing in manifestations of regard for her, and she returned this affection, and so long as her health allowed her to travel, she continued to visit them occasionally. Shortly before her death, she spoke with feeling of the interest displayed in her welfare by Friends of Baltimore, and remarked that, whenever she had been in that city, after she had become a resident of Pennsylvania, that she had invariably received, from three different families, invitations to accept a permanent home under their roof, accompanied by the offer of a private chamber for her own use, fire and other comforts; all made at a time when her feeble health would have caused her to be a charge in any family. She referred to these kind proposals with the modesty for which she had always been conspicuous, but observed, at the same time, that she had derived some confidence in herself by remembering them in "dark hours," from the consideration that,

whatever her trials in life might have been, she must have been favored to exhibit some consistency in her life and conversation, to be thus affectionately remembered in the evening of her days. She bore the loss of all her property, a loss which occurred some years before her death, with extraordinary equanimity. This property she acquired partly from the proceeds of the salary received whilst a teacher for the children of Thomas Ellicott, and partly from the sale of her only published work, "The Memoir of Susanna Mason, by her Daughter." All was placed in an institution considered safe at the time, but which afterwards became bankrupt. On being united by certificate to the Friends of Philadelphia in 1837, she had no prospect of much further religious influence, and remarked that she could justly compare herself to "an old tree plucked up by the roots." Spruce street Monthly Meeting, however, sets this subject at rest by declaring that, being appointed an Elder by that meeting, "she gave evidence that she was qualified by the Great Head of the Church" for service in the various departments of Society. Thus, notwithstanding her very delicate health, wherever she lived, her days were passed in usefulness, and she seemed always ready to hand forth "a word in season" with the simplicity which truth dictates. Her summers were spent with Thomas Ellicott at Avondale, which, being near the New Garden Meeting, admitted her attendance on meeting days at that place of worship; her winters were passed at Philadelphia.

Finally, after the spring of 1848, she returned no more to the city, her decline became more apparent, and she died at Thomas Ellicott's house, in 1849. She had a long illness, but throughout was nursed by his wife and daughters, the latter her former pupils, with the care and tenderness which affection, combined with diligence and liberality, could bestow. She was favored to depart this life in great peace, passing quietly away from "works unto rewards," and lies buried in the graveyard which belongs to the New Garden Meeting-house, beneath the shade of beautiful trees, the remains of the original forest of Pennsylvania, which adorn that ancient and unostentatious cemetery, wherein repose the remains of some of her ancestors of the name of Mason, and the remains also of Hannah Lindley, of Ruth Anna Lindley, and Jacob Lindley, each being eminent ministers of the Gospel. Besides these, many other valuable Friends lie buried there, who having finished their work on earth, have entered into the rest "that remaineth to the people of God."

[For Friends' Intelligencer.

DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

The Apostle Paul, after having travelled extensively among the brethren, and experienced much in divine things, was able to see, that although there was a diversity in their several gifts, yet each was influenced by the same Spirit—and although there were differences of administration, yet there was but one Lord. Now I apprehend that, when we as a religious people, individually come to be clothed with the same mantle of charity, we shall be more and more in possession of an enlarged liberality of feeling toward the brethren, though it may be their lot to labor differently from us. The Christian religion, as professed by the Society of Friends, opens a wide field for individual labor; for believing in the immediate teaching of the Divine Spirit we recognize no creed as binding, and each one is left to pursue such course as to him seems best, ever keeping in view, however, our great fundamental principle, that God teaches His people Himself, and that nothing good can be accomplished without His aid. Our Heavenly Father is unchangeable, and His truth ever the same, but man, His creature, is in possession of powers capable of almost unlimited expansion, and he is therefore a progressive being, and I may add, also, a retrogressive one, that is, if he cultivates the talents given him, he may grow and expand, but if he neglects them, that which he *hath* shall be taken from him, and he will degenerate. From this stand point we can plainly see, that there may be a great variety of growths among us, while at the same time *each branch* may be abiding in the true vine—that *our* work may differ from *that* required of any preceding generation—that individuals may have a work different from others of the same generation—the only important consideration for each one being to know that he is working the work of God, and that the Master goes before, and points out the way. May all claiming the name of Friend continue to abide here, where alone a qualification can be attained to promote any good work; and may none conclude that, because he is called in a particular direction, that others have left the sure foundation whose path of duty lies on a different plane. I sometimes fear that tried veterans in the Lamb's warfare, would have the mere child to stand in their footsteps, without having passed through *their* experience. There is no greater mistake than this—these little ones have a baptism to be baptized with, and those in the advance can do no better than wait till it be accomplished. And if these little ones feel that they have a work to do in the vineyard, and

are found doing what their hands find to do, let not the more experienced laborers forbid them, though their work in some respects is not what those of greater experience would have it to be.

W. M. W.

Fulton, 3d mo. 17th, 1871.

TRUE POLITENESS.—A poor Arab, in going through the desert, met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed to his simple mind a present fit to offer to the Caliph. So he filled his leathern bottle, and, after a weary tramp, laid his humble gift at his sovereign's feet. The monarch, with a magnanimity that may put many a Christian to the blush, called for a cup, and, filling it, drank freely; and, with a smile, thanked the Arab and presented him with a reward. The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water, which was regarded as worthy of such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise the Caliph forbade them to touch a drop. Then, after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch thus explained the motive for his prohibition: "During this long journey, the water in this leathern bottle has become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of *love*, and, as such, I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste of it, he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake, lest the heart of the poor man should be wounded."

JOHN CROOK.

This account of J. C. was published in the *Intelligencer* several years ago, but having been sent by a Friend, with the desire for its re-print, we give it place. It certainly contains much that is teaching and worthy of serious reflection.

John Crook was one of the earliest and most distinguished Ministers amongst Friends. During the violent persecutions in the reign of Charles II., a large portion of suffering fell to his lot, but his gift in the ministry was such that he frequently in those times of great affliction, while free from imprisonment, continued his declarations in public meetings for upwards of three hours, during the whole of which such an increasing degree of authority attended as to convince many of his auditory that nothing short of a Divine commission could produce the baptizing effect of his ministry, in consequence whereof and through his labors many were joined to the Society of Friends, and became ornaments thereof.

He outlived those days of dark intolerance

some years, and was much beloved, and frequently appeared in the meetings of his friends in very long testimonies of sound doctrine and pleasing expressions. But some deeply exercised minds amongst his friends, observed with concern that the energy or melting virtue which had attended his gospel labors in former times, to their great consolation, was now very little if at all felt in his ministry. Two of these Elders from a sense of duty, when they thought their minds suitably qualified, waited on him, and with all the tenderness and deference due to age, experience, and great worth, communicated to him their fears on this head, and intimated their wish that he would look at this matter and seek to that gracious Being in whose service he had been so successfully engaged for many years, for His blessed counsel on the subject, and at a suitable time favor them with the result of his deliberations on what they had laid before him.

He received their communication with great meekness, and after some weeks went to see them in a broken, tender frame of mind, letting them know with many tears that their brotherly or rather fatherly conduct towards him was a kindness that he should never forget, and that in deep thoughtfulness on the matter referred to him, he found there was ample cause for it, and he looked upon them as the messengers of love from his great Master to warn him of his dangerous situation. He then related how he now found he had gradually and imperceptibly slid off in these times of public tranquility from receiving his ministry through that pure, unmixed channel he had formerly received it. The spring of the ministry, he said, during the fiery trials of persecution, flowed so copiously through him, that he felt little labor to come at it; but in these latter days of the church's tranquility, he, from the love he felt for the cause, delivered words as they occurred to him in public assemblies, which he did not perceive (until their kind intimations to him) were only from his natural powers as a man, and not from the Divine gift of gospel ministry as formerly, of which he was now fully convinced and returned praise for his great deliverance where first due, and gratitude to them as instruments thereof. He continued for three years after this quite silent as a minister, then again appeared in a few words, and gradually increased in his gift to the comfort and edification of his friends, and was always very careful ever after not to exceed his measure of Divine opening, that he was favored with in the exercise of his gift.

Our aforesaid Friend was brought by an informer before a justice of the peace for preaching in a meeting; the justice, being a

moderate man, was loath to send him several miles to prison so late in the evening as he was brought before him, and told the informer to call in the morning and he would then hear his accusation, and told John Crook as he appeared a decent man, he should have lodging in his house that night, if he had no objection to lie in a room that his servants said was haunted; no other being unoccupied, as he had company on a visit to him. John expressed his acknowledgment for this favor, and accepted the offer. He was kindly entertained, and had much conversation with the company on religious subjects, with which they and he appeared well pleased. He was shown his lodging at the farther end of a long gallery by the justice himself, and slept well until about one o'clock, and then awoke with the overflowing of sweetness and peace covering his mind, and such intimations of Divine favor as greatly refreshed him. Just at this time a rattling noise was heard along the gallery which held for some time, and on ceasing, a shrill voice, as if coming through the key-hole of the chamber door, said, "you are damned!" repeating it three times. John answered, "Thou art a liar, for I feel this moment the sweet peace of my God flow through my heart." All the noise and voice then ceased, and John soon fell asleep and did not wake until about his usual time of rising. He then walked about the garden, waiting for the justice's rising; soon after which a servant man came up to him, fell on his knees and begged forgiveness, and that he would pray to God to forgive him, and then confessed that it was he that made the noise near his chamber in the night, and spoke those wicked words, but that his reply pierced him to the heart. He informed John how his master was robbed by him and others for many years past, and concealed their practices by the pretence that the house was haunted. All this, at John's request, the servant confessed to his master with penitence, and obtained his pardon, as John did his dismissal from the informer, and this servant soon after became an honest Friend and a Minister.

THERE is a touching passage in a poem by Coventry Patmore, which embodies the reflections of one in the first moments of bereavement, dwelling, in that strangely vivid light which no fogs of working-day existence obscure, on the thought of the friend with whom life's familiar scenes have been passed. At that moment, how does not all love, all regret, all self-examination concur in the one yearning wish that no word intended for affront, no action intended for pain giving hostility or defiance, had ever been set down

in the note-book which unforgiving, unforgetting conscience keeps as a witness against itself! And, could we only think of *that* moment with reference to any friend against whom we are about to launch the bitter taunt, how would it not seem worth our while to make every effort at self-restraint, if only for the selfish aim of making our own heart-ache in the severance of death more tolerable! — *Cornhill Magazine.*

THE INNER LIGHT.

From the *National Standard* we take the concluding remarks of J. W. Chadwick in a lecture on "George Fox and Quakerism."

His recognition of the fundamental principle of the Society of Friends invests his views with especial interest to those who rejoice in the spreading of the doctrine of the "Inner Light" as connected with the period when "righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

"We need a prophet like George Fox to come into our drawing rooms, and there preach the gospel of truthfulness in conversation; there cry shame upon our fawning, supplicating manners; our bandying of lying, empty compliments; our 'glad to see you,' and our 'not at home,' when we are not glad to see you, when we are at home and looking through the blinds to see who is calling. We need him to preach against our flattery and our subserviency, our easy chiming in with every one's opinions, whether we honestly agree with them or not. We need him in our world of fashion; not to reduce all to one level, and force one uniform upon all, but to do what he did when he was here, preach economy and simplicity. Dear heart! what would he think if he could see some of our Broadway belles? if he could drop down into Stewart's some fine morning and see some of the 'sweet things' in silk and satin there exhibited, and bought much oftener by those who cannot afford them than by those who can? We need him too—how much we need him in these dreadful days of war!—or if not him, the grand old Quaker protest against all this 'blood and iron,' as Bismarck calls it. And though since his day, and largely through his influence and that of his followers, there has been great improvement in prison discipline, and the treatment of the insane; in all these things we have still much to learn; and Quakerism ought, in justice to its great traditions, to be our teacher. And though we no longer for opinion's sake send men to prison, to the gallows, and the stake, the lesson of religious liberty is not yet fairly learned. We gibbet men in

sermons, and burn them in print. We do not respect every man's honest thought; and till we do, the battle for religious liberty will not be fairly won; till then, there is something left for Quakers of the present day to do in emulation of their sires. But most of all we need their doctrine of the inner light. We need to have that driven home and stated in its due proportion to all other truths. This inner light is nothing special or miraculous. It is as natural as grass and flowers. As we walk by it, it will brighten; as we listen to the still small voice, it will every day grow clearer and clearer, inviting us to ever deeper life and ever holier joy:

'I hear it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light—
Where is the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

'Oh! may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit sky, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God Himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

'O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be judge, be friend, be Father still,
And in thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine—my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

'They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my Peace, be still!
They ever seem to say, My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way!'"

From the Calcutta "Indian Mirror" (Babu Chunder Sen's organ.)

As Creator and Father, God has made us like Him and like each other. As the indwelling Spirit, He knows our wants, aspirations, sorrows, and mutual differences. But there is a third and crowning manifestation of His personality. Fresh creations are made by Him every day, every creature, so like and so unlike all others, yet He immanent in all. He creates all men with the grand mission of humanity, that of seeking their God and attaining the peace and perfection which dwell with Him. He creates some men with a special mission, that of bringing mankind back from their wanderings to their Father

in love and righteousness. He manifests Himself generally in the lives of all men, and specially in the lives of some. Men as they on the one hand represent the poverty and helplessness of our nature, so they on the other represent the love, care, and solicitude of our Father for our salvation. They faithfully present what we are, and what we can be; and they represent humbly what our Father is and wants us to be. In them human love and Divine love are concentrated, and in them we see how far man can be heavenly and heaven can be human. Men are spontaneously led by these God-appointed guides, because in their direction they see the power from above. In them heaven makes the manifestation of one grand truth—how man can be one with God, and yet one with mankind—how God can be and wishes to be one with man, with each man according to his capacity; and yet how He can transcend the utmost limits of human progress in His infinite personality. God creates men such, dwells in them, directs their words, actions and feelings, manifests in them through and through, miraculously at every turn, to show how the Son can be worthy of the Father, and the Father of the Son. The Divine and the human thus meet and manifest each other in all the fulness and minuteness of their relation for the light, hope, and guidance of the world. No one has fully seen God. But he has seen as much as can be seen in this life who has felt the presence of Divinity in the wide universe, who has felt that overpowering presence in the world's history, who has seen it resplendent in the "human face divine," above all, who has marked its wonderful revelation in the humble yet world renowned career of those men who lived and died for their Father's service. Such men, indeed, are true guides, teachers, and prophets, the elder brothers of the human race. Their existence breathes the power of Truth, of life, and all-conquering love. There is divinity in all their ways and movements, the grace of heaven sits on their brow. There is a joy and purity in being with them. Because in loving them we cannot but feel that our hearts are uplifted and sanctified in the embrace of our Eternal Father and Saviour in Heaven.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE INTERVALS OF LIFE.—Fit objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment that a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alternation of the one engrossing pursuit, and a sort of listless apathy; they are either grinding or doing nothing. Now, to those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid without quiescence. A man should

have some pursuits which may be always in his power, and to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation. And if the intellect requires thus to be provided with perpetual objects, what must it be with the affections? Depend upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart; and the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought.—*Arthur Helps.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Much have I *thought* about thee, for a few weeks past, but did not know where to place thee in the field of labor, and therefore put off writing. But now I can (if I understand Paul rightly) greet thee "with an holy kiss;" that is, congratulate thee in the feelings of love, unity, joy and peace. I think thou must needs have "experimental knowledge" of the truth of an old saying in the good old Book: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Be it so, even if the sheaves of peace should belike Rachel Rowland's peaceful poverty. But there is another view given by our blessed Pattern: "When ye shall have done all things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do." Happy those who can adopt this saying!

I should love to read thy journal of the last few weeks. Do tell me all about it, for it pleases me that my children are willing to work in the harvest field, that is pleuteous. While I, who have labored and borne the burden and heat of the day, now repose in a cool resting-place, where yet I can "hear the tumult of the giddy throng," and watch the Babel builders in their confusion of language. That single piece of ancient history is a wonderful epitome of what has been attempted by aspiring minds repeatedly since. "Let us build us a city and a tower"—for these reasons—"lest we be scattered abroad"—and "let us make us a name." What a blessing to our race, that the language of this building, calculating, tower-raising spirit is confounded! Didst thou meet with this spirit? It could not understand thy language of pure love. It could not understand the language of Truth. Nor can it understand the speech of those who are in the same aspiring spirit. Let it be scattered on the face of the earth, and it will then leave off to build a tower to heaven.

But now, after setting up thy Ebenezer, and acknowledging that the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee, what next? Some of the vessels through which, or by means of which the children are fed, before they are put by in the closet, need washing, wiping and drying; and are then clean, and ready for use again—for once using does not wear them out. I want thee to continue faithful in all things, and ready to say, Here am I, send me: for I think I am sure that even now thou canst acknowledge, that thou servest a good Master—and He rewards His faithful handmaids with ample wages. There is yet much ground to be occupied in the labors of ingathering, and those who know the voice of the true Shepherd from every counterfeit voice, will be called forth to gather the lambs and to water the sheep—the flock of Christ. My heart glows with desire that neither the activity of some forward spirits, nor the holding back of others, nor yet the faltering of the unfaithful, may discourage the honest-hearted from faithfully occupying the gifts conferred on them. Don't forget the children—remember the widowed and orphan minds—give alms of such things as ye have.

I have endeavored to feel with and for thee in the bright and in the more clouded prospect of service among the members of the "little band." Do I understand this rightly to be a family visit to the members of thy own Monthly Meeting? The "clear shining after rain," has been the experience of others before thee. The showers which you had at Baltimore might well expand the heart so as to make it "feel the flowings of love to go forth as a full stream." But, my dear child, I think I see deep instruction in the "cloud that came upon the clear and bright prospect," and let it be duly pondered. "He hath His way in the cloud," and sometimes even "clouds and darkness are round about Him," and the prospects and services which are of His own producing, and is not this, to teach us to attend as closely to His shuttings as to His openings. When John Woolman travelled in England, soon after his arrival there, the stream of love that flowed in his heart was like the raising of a gate in a water course, when a great pressure was upon it. But he found also a stop to this great flow of love, and "emptiness and poverty" succeeded, until deep instruction was sealed upon his attentive mind. "Momentous" indeed is the concern before thee. I have no doubt of its rectitude, but it may be that deeper baptisms may yet precede the right time to move in it. Thou hast my unity and near sympathy in the concern.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 1, 1871.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."—

It is said of the great John Wesley, that "When he saw a young man in danger of falling into the snares of evil associates, he did not watch him sharply at a distance, and speak of his shortcomings to others, predicting that he was "on the high road to ruin."

He invited him to his table, and by a genial, affable manner, sought to give him good subjects for thought, or hints for conduct. Advice thus hospitably enforced was very impressive.

The Christian duty of hospitality is too much neglected by Christians. They lose by inhospitality many precious opportunities of doing good and of getting good. There is nothing that endears the heart of the young and of the stranger more than a warm welcome from those on whom they have no claim. It opens wide the heart's door to receive impressions of good, and fills the memory with great remembrances.

"That woman is a Christian, if ever there was one," said a poor painter boy to me about a kind old lady who had befriended him in his loneliness and poverty. She had given him many a meal when hungry, or called him in her pleasant doorway, to receive a pocketful of cakes, and once, when sick, had taken him home and nursed him with a mother's tenderness. The boy is a man now, but the memory of those little kindnesses will never fade from his heart.

"If you wish to be good to the young, prove yourself indeed a generous, loving friend to them."

The command "Bear ye one another's burdens," comes to us as social beings—members of one family—children of the great universal Parent, and it is well for us occasionally to examine ourselves to see whether we are enough cognizant of the duties which this relationship imposes; and in view of the many claims upon us as members of one family, and as members in particular of a religious association, the question may also well be, how can a helping hand be availingly extended in order that we may be found in the right occupancy of the powers, where-with we have been entrusted and for which we are accountable.

One means by which this accountability can be discharged, a means that is open to all, and perhaps we may say binding upon all, is, to stand open to the promptings of divine love, and whatsoever they bid us do, that do.

We receive these promptings sometimes at a moment when they are very unexpected, and the intimation may point in a direction not before looked at, or toward an individual not heretofore an object of our concern; it

may be only to extend a hand or offer a word of encouragement, or perhaps a look of kindly recognition, but, blessed are we if we are watchful enough to perceive and obedient enough to heed these promptings, and we cannot tell—we may never know—*how* blessed has been the kind look or gentle word to the recipient. It may have called back a wanderer into the path of safety. It may have been as a healing balm to some wounded spirit, or as a lift out of a deep rut, to some weary traveller, who now goes on his way encouraged to believe he is still cared for. Our ability to act promptly under these intimations varies according to our temperaments. With some, to feel or see is to act; while others require time to try the feeling and to decidé upon a course to pursue. We are accountable according to our gifts. Some have received largely of the bounties of Heaven, and of these much will be required. Of others less gifted, it is said, "whosoever shall give to one of the little ones a cup of cold water *only*, in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward," and perhaps there are none so isolated as to be beyond the reach of some claim upon their sympathy or help.

A full consideration of our duty to our fellow beings would open before us a wide field for thought and action, but we are not intending to go into detail. Our concern is only to encourage all to attend to the gentle promptings of heavenly love, as a means whereby we may labor effectually in the great household, and we may be assured that these promptings will always bring strength adequate to the required duty.

The recorded testimony of one of the prophets of old remains in full force, and is worthy of note in this connection. If in lieu of seeking after vanity, "thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noon-day."

MARRIED.

DOAN—REEDER.—On the 10th of Eleventh month, 1870, at the residence of the bride's parents, under the care of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting, Edward H. Doan, of Upper Makefield, to M. Ellie Reeder, of Newtown Township, Bucks Co., Pa.

BLAKER—TWINING.—On the 16th of Third month, 1871, at the residence of the bride's parents,

under the care of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting, Achilles Blaker, of Warwick, to Rachel Anna Twining, of Wrightstown, Bucks Co., Pa.

DIED.

KIMBER.—On the evening of the 22d of Third month, 1871, Abigail, daughter of the late Emmor Kimber, in the 67th year of her age. She was a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green Street, Philadelphia.

SHINN.—On the 15th of Second month, 1871, near Huntington, Ind., Susan Skinn, aged 71 years. She was an affectionate mother, a kind neighbor, a friend to the afflicted and unfortunate. She was ever ready to make any sacrifice to assist and console those in distress and sorrow. Her last illness brought no fear, and with that insight of eternity which is sometimes granted to the Christian, she expressed her readiness to meet her beloved Master, whose precepts she had endeavored to follow.

CLEAVER.—On the 3d of Third month, 1871, of catarrh fever, Elsie Jane, daughter of Charles G. and Maria Cleaver, aged 6 months and 22 days.

ERRATA.—In our previous number, page 58, right-hand column, 19th line from top, for *personal* read *formal*.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ANNUAL MEETING.

The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will meet in Friends' Meeting-house, Woodstown, N. J., on Seventh-day morning, 4th mo. 15, at 10½ o'clock. Being the Annual Meeting, from which a report will be sent to the General Conference, it is desirable that delegates attend and accounts be furnished from all the Schools, &c.

Essays on subjects kindred to the movement will be gladly received, particularly in reference to our deficiency in suitable literature, and suggestions for its remedy.

All interested are invited. Passengers leave from the upper side of Market St., Philadelphia, at 3.30 Sixth-day afternoon and 8.15 Seventh day morning, for Yorktown Station, where Woodstown Friends will meet and convey them to the place of meeting. Wilmington Friends will cross to Pennsgrove, and thence by stage to Woodstown. (Those remaining over First-day can attend the Circular Meeting at that place.) The Committee to nominate officers, &c., will meet at the noon reunion.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., } Clerks.
EMMA WORRELL, }

The Executive Committee will meet at same place Sixth-day evening, 14th inst., at 7½ o'clock, and on Seventh-day morning at 9 o'clock.

D. COMLY, Clerk.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL LITERATURE.

Friends are invited to forward suitable poetical and other selections, and to prepare works adapted to the capacity of childhood on religious and other subjects; also to compose articles for more mature minds, presenting the principles and testimonies of Truth, as held by Friends, in a concise and clear manner. An early response is desirable, addressed to 717 Willow St., Philadelphia.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR.

On behalf of Committee of General Conference.

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held on Seventh-day evening, the 1st inst., in the Monthly Meeting room of Friends' Meeting-house, at 15th and Race Sts., at 7½ o'clock.

WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 4th mo. 2. Frankford, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Camden, N. J., 3 P.M.
 " Mullica Hill, N. J., 3 P.M.
 " Providence, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Jericho, L. I., 11 A.M.
 " Oyster Bay, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
 " Penn's Manor, Pa., 10 A.M.
 " 9. Penn's Neck, N. J., 3 P.M.
 " 16. Merion, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A.M.
 " Catawissa, Pa., 4 P.M.
 " Bethpage, N. Y., 11 A.M.
 " Jerusalem, L. I., 3½ P.M.
 " Woodstown, N. J., 10 A.M.
 " 23. Wheatland, N. Y., 3 P.M.
 " Salem, N. J., 10 A.M.
 " Alloways Creek, N. J., 3 P.M.
 " Greenwich, N. J., 3 P.M.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

*Friends of New York Yearly Meeting and the
 Winnebago Tribe of Indians.*

Friends who during the past winter have been contributing clothing, &c., for the Indians, may be pleased to read some extracts from a letter received from Sidney Averill, the teacher at that agency, who, with his wife, superintended the delivery of the articles forwarded.

J. F.

He says: "The clothing was taken from the boxes and barrels in the agent's office, and put in three several piles or packs, for the three schools, except the bedclothes, cloth not made up, and some second-hand clothing, which were kept by the agent for gifts at his own option.

"The teachers, each for his own school, gave out his share of the clothing. The assortment for my school was given out in our house. The dresses for the girls were fitted by my wife and daughter, in a separate room. I had the assistance of two or three men (Winnebagoes), and the whole school was supplied in less than a half day; and it should be said to the credit of a tribe who are called savage, that it was done in quiet, and to evident delight,—no angry words, no envy, no complaints.

"While the boxes were being unpacked, I had to remark that some of the far-off Friends must have been inspired, to meet so perfectly the wants of these children. If the Shrewsbury Friends had made a previous tour of inspection, the adaptation of their gifts would not, it seems to me, have been improved.

"Some of the Chatham Friends may be informed that our Indian sisters patch garments as neatly as their fairer, and, as these call them, 'angel sisters' do. The contents of one of the boxes, sent, we hear, by an aged Friend, were singularly well chosen. Indeed, for all, some one should, on behalf of the Indians, return their heartfelt thanks.

"The box of toys came so long after

Christmas, that I propose to give them out as presents in the First-day Schools, of which we have two, both flourishing. The other schools (three in number) are unusually large.

SYDNEY AVERILL."

THERE is no truth more important and few less thought of than this: the more we forsake simplicity in anything, the more we multiply the means of corruption and error.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EMBRYONIC INARCHING.

The remarks of Thomas Meehan on the subject of the inarching of plants of the Osage Orange, published recently in the *Intelligencer*, have attracted criticism in Europe, as will be seen by the following, taken from *The London Gardeners' Chronicle*, a leading English horticultural paper, edited by Dr. Maxwell T. Masters.

After copying these observations, as printed in the *Intelligencer*, which the writer says he received through the courtesy of an unknown correspondent, accompanied by a specimen, he says:

"The double almonds and peaches referred to by Mr. Meehan are of course due to the development of two ovules or two seeds in place of one; but in the case of the Osage Orange, as we understand it, two embryo-plants were produced in one and the same ovule. This, though assuredly unusual, is yet easily intelligible from the fact that under ordinary circumstances there are several germinal vesicles in the same embryo sack, though usually only one of these vesicles becomes fertilized and developed into a new plant.

Plurality of embryos in the same seed has been noticed in several genera, and is indeed frequent in the seeds of the orange. Several such instances are recorded in Dr. Masters' work on 'Vegetable Teratology,' wherein instances of the adhesion of the double embryos so produced are alluded to, though Mr. Meehan seems to have overlooked them,—in particular, one case cited by Mr. Thwaites, wherein two embryos were contained in one seed of a *Fuchsia*, and had been adherent. What is still more remarkable, the two embryos were different,—a circumstance attributable to their hybrid origin, the seed containing them being the result of the fertilisation of *Fuchsia coccinea* (Hort.), i. e., *magellanica*, by the pollen of *F. fulgens*. This last is a very important fact for horticulturists, as bearing on the question of graft-hybridisation, potato grafting, and the like, while it affords confirmation of the much doubted 'trifacial orange,' produced, as is affirmed, by causing the seeds of the citron, the orange and the

lime to adhere together. 'The fruit produced by this tree exhibits three distinct species included in one rind, the divisions being perfectly visible externally, and the flavor of each compartment as different as if it had grown on a separate tree.'

The specimen kindly forwarded to us by our correspondent consists of two seedling plants of the Osage Orange, free above the scars which indicate the position of the cotyledons, and free from the commencement of the roots downwards; the caulicles (tigella), which are nearly two inches in length, are firmly united together. There is nothing in the specimen before us to indicate when the union took place; it may have done so in the seed itself, or it may have occurred in the early stages of germination from the close contact of two seedling plants."

In addition to these remarks, another correspondent in the same paper states that he had seen a specimen of *Doelichos* throw two stems from one seed in 1870, and in 1868, a seed of *Cocos Romanzoffiana*, and of *Areca rubra*, both yielded plants which are now growing in the Botanical Gardens at Kew, and which on examination will be found to have originated from one embryo.

S. R. R.

From the American Naturalist.

THE ANT LION.

BY J. H. EMERTON.

On the 29th of August, while hunting spiders among the rocks on the hill north of Bartholomew's pond in South Danvers, Mass., I unexpectedly found the pit of an ant lion (*Myrmeleo immaculatus* De Geer), in a clear space under the shade of a large boulder. The pit was about two inches in diameter and one deep. The insect himself was hid at the bottom, but when I dropped bits of earth into the hole he showed his position by throwing up sand. I then dug him out and took him home with me, where I put him into a bowl of dry, coarse sand, such as is used by masons for mortar. He remained buried for several days, but finally came to the surface, dug his pitfall, and gave me an opportunity of observing his habits. At first he was so timid that as soon as any one approached he stopped where he was and remained motionless until left alone. If his pitfall was destroyed he dug a new one; but during all the time I kept him I never saw the whole process of digging it.

When taken out of the sand and laid on the surface he would keep quite still for a few moments, then retreat backward, by jerks, under the sand. He never moved forward, but always backward, by the contractions of his abdomen as much as by his feet, making

a furrow through the sand. He seldom travelled an inch in one direction, and often made a complete circle in that distance. I think he commenced his pitfall by making a circle of this kind, and afterward throwing out the sand from the centre. In digging he used his flat head and jaws, which were pushed under several grains of sand and then jerked upward, throwing their load sometimes as far as six inches, and always far enough to avoid leaving a ridge around the pitfall. When the pit was finished he was entirely concealed beneath it, except his jaws, which were spread apart horizontally at the bottom. The surface of the pit being as steep as the sand could be piled up, was very easily disturbed, and when an insect ventured over the edge the ant lion was apprised of it at once by the falling sand. He immediately began to throw up sand from the bottom, deepening the pit and so causing the sand to slip down from the sides and the insect with it. The ant lion seized it with his long jaws and held it up above his head until he had sucked all he wanted from it, when he threw the remainder out of the hole and repaired the trap. On the under side of each jaw is a groove, extending from one end to the other, and partly filled by the slender maxilla which lies in it, forming a tube, one end of which passes into the insect which is bitten, while the other opens near the mouth of the ant lion. After eating he became more timid, and sometimes would not take a second insect. If, however, several were put into the pit at once, he would bite one after the other until all were killed, before deciding on which to begin. I fed him two or three times a week, usually with house-flies, cutting their wings off and letting him take them in his own way. In October, having occasion to travel some distance, I put him in an ounce bottle half filled with sand, corked him up, and carried him with me in my bag. In about a week I gave him a large house-fly, which he did not catch, not having room enough in the bottle to make a pitfall. I gave him no more food till the next March. Meanwhile he remained for several months on a shelf in my room. Occasionally I tipped him out, and always found him lively enough to right himself if turned on his back, and to retreat under the nearest sand. In January he was packed up in my trunk for more than a week, and when I opened it, after it had remained several days in a warm room, I found him as lively as when first caught. He afterwards became quite torpid again in a cold closet, where he remained through the rest of the winter. About the first of March, when flies began to be plenty, I commenced to feed him again. He found it rather awkward to catch insects in the bottle, as there

was not room enough to make a pitfall, and his inability to move forward made it hard for him to seize an insect unless he met it directly between his jaws. He soon, however, made pitfalls half an inch in diameter, which answered the purpose. Sometimes he lay on the surface of the sand with a few grains scattered over his back to conceal him from notice, and his jaws extended on the surface. If a fly was put into the bottle it would circle round close to the glass, and usually run over the ant-lion's back. He would jerk up his head and attempt to seize it, which he seldom succeeded in doing the first time. If he caught a leg or wing he was unable to move nearer and shorten his hold, and the fly escaped. He would often throw up the sand and try to undermine the fly. He would sometimes work an hour in these ways before the fly would get into a favorable position. I fed him every day or two until May 15th, when he spun a spherical cocoon around him, and remained enclosed until June 25th, a very hot day, when he came partly out, and leaving his pupa skin half in the cocoon appeared as a perfect fly, but did not spread his wings completely.

WHAT THEN ?

What then ? Why, then, another pilgrim's song ;
 And then a hush of rest, divinely granted ;
 And then a thirsty stage (Ah me, so long !)
 And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then ? The pitching of the evening tent ;
 And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny ;
 And then some sweet and tender message sent
 To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then ? The wailing of the midnight wind ;
 A feverish sleep ; a heart oppressed and aching ;
 And then a little water's cruse to find
 Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then ? I am not careful to inquire ;
 I know there will be tears, and fears and sorrow ;
 And then a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
 And saying ; "I will answer for the morrow."

What then ? For all my sins His pardoning grace ;
 For all my wants and woes His loving kindness ;
 For darkest shades the shining of God's face ;
 And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then ? A shadowy valley, lone and dim ;
 And then a deep and darkly-rolling river :
 And then a flood of light—a seraph hymn,
 And God's own smile, for ever and for ever !
 —*Boston Transcript.*

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY READING THE "BABY'S DRAWER."

I, too, have a drawer of treasures,
 That belonged to a daughter fair ;
 Who passed away ere her life's young day
 Had been clouded with sorrow or care.

Here's her basket with scissors and thimble,
 And the work folded carefully nigh,
 With threaded needle waiting the hands
 That forever have laid them by.

And here are the much-prized emblems
 Of the art she loved so well—
 Her pencils, and one little picture begun
 Ere Death's shadows around her fell.

Here are handkerchiefs hemmed by her own dear
 hands,
 And marked with her own sweet name ;
 And dainty ribbons and numberless things
 That a young girl loves to claim.

Here are boots which encased her slender feet,
 And gloves all faded and worn,
 Which still bear the shape of the little hands
 That, alas ! are forever gone.

And here is something still dearer to me,
 These tresses of chestnut hair ;
 For only a few short months ago
 They shaded her forehead fair.

But ah ! these relics precious
 Can be eaten by "moth and rust ;"
 They belonged to that mortal part of her
 Which is mouldering away to dust.

But I know that in one of the mansions
 In the "Father's house" on high,
 The immortal part of my darling child
 Will greet me by and by.

Thank God for this priceless treasure !
 This faith with uplifted eye,
 That can pierce the gloom of sorrow's night,
 And see the land which is ever bright,
 Where our loved ones can never die.

L. M. L.

—*Boston Transcript.*

From the Mt. Pleasant Journal of Third month 1st, 1871.

CONVERTED CONVICTS IN THE IOWA PENITENTIARY.

BY JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

"My word shall not return unto me void."

More than a year since Mary H. Rogers, a Minister in the religious Society of Friends, was constrained in the love of Christ to visit the Iowa Penitentiary. While there her tongue was loosed to preach the everlasting gospel with pathos and fervor. Her voice was lifted up in prayer, as the chaplain said to me, like that of an angel. The influence was wonderful upon the prisoners. It was like an *electric fire*, and many cried to the Lord for mercy. Two of the men, John Walker and Richard Allen, were so *powerfully* impressed that the warden and keepers regarded them as converted men. Subsequently other Friends visited the prison. These two men, strange as it may appear, made request to be received into *membership among Friends*. It is well known to all acquainted with the usage of this branch of the Christian church, that much *discretion* is used in the initiation of members. Applications from such a source were without a parallel. The parties were visited by judicious committees, and after much deliberation and prayerful desire for divine guidance, they were *received* into membership by Chestnut Hill Monthly Meeting—the largest Monthly Meet-

ing, it is said, in Salem Quarterly Meeting, being a branch of *Iowa Yearly Meeting*. John Walker's sentence for five years had nearly expired, Richard Allen had seven years yet to serve. Richard was recently ordered to make billiard cues. He remonstrated with the officer, saying, I cannot do it, gambling caused me to be here; I am willing to work and do not wilfully disobey the rules, but I am conscientious in this thing. He was reported to the next higher officer and threatened with punishment. He meekly replied the punishment he could bear, but never could consent to do the work required. The warden was appealed to. It is said he is a man of rigid decision, but has nevertheless a compassionate heart. (Would that all occupying such responsible positions were not only possessed of iron will, but that spirit of reclaiming love which results from a practical acquaintance with the gospel of Christ.) Punishment in prisons is represented to be sometimes condign and terrible. In this case the appeal to the warden reached the witness in his soul. He left the converted man, telling him not to make the cues until he *heard from him again*. Subsequently he informed friends he should never *make* the request again.

Every reader will be touched with a sense of the power of God in its workings in this regenerated convict's soul. Comment would be a supererogation. Having visited prisons at divers times in several of the States, and become satisfied that visitations impelled by a prayerful desire for the conversion of the fallen may result in good, even when the *visitor* may feel *distrustful*, I will relate here a single instance. Accompanied by my dear wife and the well known President of the Peace Union, A. H. Love, of Philadelphia, we visited Moyamensing. I attempted to speak. Seeing only iron doors, I trembled; fearing I was not close enough to my Saviour to benefit the hundreds who could *hear* though they could not *see* the speaker, I was about to leave the prison with the burden, when an impression came upon me to go to the *nearest cell*. I did so, and turned open the outer door. There stood a young man not more than twenty years of age—his face pale as ashes. He thrust his hand between the bars, *grasped my extended hand* and said, "*God bless you for coming here this day; you can't know the good you have done me.*" God made this poor man a minister to me. I left the prison a wiser man than I went in. I have felt a very deep interest in the cases of John Walker and Richard Allen. Recently we went to visit the Monthly Meeting that had received them. The visit was induced from an anxiety that the meeting having taken the steps it

had in the light, might be favored to continue its duty. When we went into the meeting, which was large, John Walker was in the auditory. He had been released two weeks—he is a young man of 27, born in Scotland—he had wandered from house to house candidly telling he was from prison. He sought employment and something to eat. At last in his extremity he went to the Burlington jail and begged for work and food. The jailor did what some professed Christians would not, "*took him in and ministered to him.*" A letter came to Friends. He sat in the meeting during the service, often in tears. The Monthly Meeting appointed a committee to extend to him a kind welcome, secure to him a home and such advice and aid as his case might require. He spent the night at the hospitable home of Ellwood and Lydia Osborn, who had taken the new member with them. Here we had a conversation at length with John Walker, and became satisfied of his sincerity and parted with him, giving him our hearty benediction, and have not failed night and day to intercede at the Throne of Grace for his preservation, and that the Christian community may extend to him the courtesies and kindness which are needed to aid him in the path he has chosen. A few days since we saw him again in his new home with our valued Friends Jonathan and Lydia J. Osborn, and have written this narrative at his *earnest request* and that of several members who were instrumental in introducing him into the circle of religious Society.

ALGIERS.

A wandering correspondent contributes to a London paper the following notes on Algiers:

"Perhaps there is no place in the world where modern civilization and ancient Eastern life and manners come into such close contact, and therefore stand out in so striking a contrast, as they do in Algiers. The whole of that portion of the town which faces the sea, and borders the quays and harbors is as thoroughly French as Marseilles or Toulon. The handsome Place du Gouvernement, with its cafés, colonnades, and public buildings, would be just like that of any French provincial town, were it not for the magnificent palm trees which overshadow the marble fountain in one corner, and for the dazzling white walls of the great mosque with its elegant minaret, which forms one side of the square. The quays, crowded with sailors, and lined by large warehouses, and the vast harbor protected by piers, forts and breakwaters, and filled with large steamers and merchant shipping, has an entirely French appearance, as has also the broad and hand-

some Boulevard de l'Impératrice, with its long range of new white buildings. Behind this boulevard and the Place du Gouvernement are several straight streets, mostly at right angles to each other, all arcaded and full of excellent shops: but even here one sees something of Arab life. Arab boys perpetually accost one, offering to black one's boots or selling cigar lights, while stately men, wrapped up in white drapery, every now and then are met with, or half naked black beggars.

"When, however, we reach by a broad flight of steps the Place du Chartres, where the daily market is held, we come upon one of the most animated and picturesque scenes it is possible to see in any city in the world. Here French and Arab life thoroughly meet, and are seen in the most striking contrast. The whole place is one moving mass of human life, and displays every shade and hue of every color under the sun. Fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, poultry, alive and dead, meat, bread, flour, in short, every necessary of life, are here offered for sale by both French and Arab dealers; it would be difficult to say which are the more noisy of the two. The purchasers, also, are of both races, and the clatter kept up by the constant bargaining going on, by the cries of the vendors, the cackle of the poultry, the shrill shrieks of Arab boys, and barking of dogs, is positively deafening,

"There cannot be a place, I should think, better supplied with provisions than Algiers: the butchers' shops in the arcades round this market place, principally kept by very picturesque Arabs, offer meat of every kind; the vegetables here displayed are most abundant and varied—salads and cabbages of the brightest green, peas, beans, yams, enormous potatoes, the yellowest carrots, the pinkest radishes, and the most crimson tomatoes. The fruit is specially tempting, and of every possible sort; the grapes are in size larger than the largest hot-house grapes we see in England; figs are large and plentiful; oranges and lemons abound; olives, pears and apples can almost be had for the asking, while pomegranates, bananas, and the prickly figs which grow on the cactus plant, all of which are thoroughly African, are to be purchased for the smallest of coins at every stall. In the centre of this market, and shaded by a spreading willow, is a large marble fountain, forming the most picturesque point in this lively scene. Round it lay sleepy Arabs in graceful attitudes, while swarthy children dabble in its waters, and the cleaner vendors wash their hands and faces in its streams.

"Above the market we begin at once to ascend the steep hillside on which Algiers is

built, and penetrate directly into the purely Arab portion of the town. Here nothing European meets our view; narrow streets, or rather lanes, mostly consisting of steps and roughly paved, formed by whitewashed, overhanging houses, with arched doorways and small grated windows; shops open to the street, in which squatting Arabs, not overburdened with clothing, sitting cross-legged, are hard at work at some trade—shoemaking, tailoring or embroidery. Here and there some beautiful bit of Moorish architecture is disclosed in an old doorway or window, and the groups in the streets, whether beggar children, with dark, almost black skins, and the brightest of eyes, or the bare-legged men, toiling up with large water-pitchers, or some other heavy load on their heads or shoulders, or veiled women, a waddling mass of white garments, huge, baggy trousers, tight, awkward slippers, with their dark eyes only to be seen peering out of this abundance of white drapery, are everywhere novel and picturesque. All this back part of Algiers is made up of steep, narrow streets of this kind; they lead to a French fortress and a number of barracks at the top of the hill, where there is a grand view of the bay, the harbor and the city.

"Just behind the Place du Gouvernement stand three interesting public buildings; two of these, the Government House and the Archbishop's residence, were both formerly Moorish palaces, the former belonging to the Dey, the latter to his chief minister. The Archevêché can be seen at any time on application to the porter. The court is an exquisite specimen of Moorish architecture, surrounded by a double row of columns supporting arches of delicate lacework and elegant tracery. The Government House, which, as councils are constantly being held in the grand saloon, it is not easy to see—is a still finer building, externally like one of the most imposing Venetian palaces. The patis is larger than that of the neighboring palace, and the rooms far more imposing. The carving and coloring of the walls and ceiling in delicate arabesque work, remind one of the Alhambra. The other, and the most striking edifice in this square, is the cathedral; built somewhat in the style of a mosque (where one formerly stood) with a fine dome and minarets, and approached by a broad, lofty flight of steps. On Sunday morning, when Marshal M'Mahon, the Governor, and his brilliant staff were leaving the church, and two rows of Zouaves and Spahiz lined the steps on either side, while gay groups of people of all nations, and in every conceivable costume, stood around, the sight was a very pretty one. The interior of the cathedral is

in the same Mauresque style; it is not too much overlaid with ornament, but is simple and chaste. There is some good stained glass in the windows behind the choir. The functions here are very imposing. The choir is a large one, and extremely well trained; the organ, too, is good, and the services are well attended. They make, however, little impression on the Arabs; I never saw one enter the church.

"Mosques, of course, abound in Algiers, but there are two specially large ones; they are very ancient, bare, dreary, whitewashed buildings; their floors covered with matting and carpet. After very careful ablution many of the worshippers appear, after a short prayer, to lie down on these mats and compose themselves to sleep. The Arabs are very particular in obliging strangers to take off their boots before they enter these sacred places. The larger Mosque boasts a magnificent marble colonnade in the Moorish style and quite recently erected; connected with it is an Arab court of justice. Here I observed a highly characteristic and interesting scene—an Arab judge, a very venerable white bearded person, with spectacles, surrounded by an equally venerable group of assessors, engaged in administering justice. Each seemed to be provided with some large book or parchment, and the faces of these old men strikingly reminded me of those ancient rabbis in Hunt's glorious picture of 'The Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple.' The criminals, plaintiffs, defendants, or whatever they were, made a terrible noise, though in this they were quite outdone by a number of veiled women, who shrieked in the shrillest and most inharmonious tones at the court from behind a screen."

THE BOTTLE OF OIL.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, "it would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself!"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago, one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody therefore liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody since."

"Then you think I am like your creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when

he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly word was found in his house afterward. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.—*Child's Paper.*

The following remarks on the subject of fairs, taken from the *Public Ledger* of this city, so fully accord with our views that we transfer them to our columns:

A PROPER THING TO DO.

At the Wilmington Methodist Conference a resolution has been unanimously adopted condemning "gift enterprises," and "gambling at church fairs." It is somewhat surprising that these practices, thoughtlessly indulged in and encouraged by a great many good people, have not been discountenanced by all church authorities. Though they do not seem to regard those lotteries and "chances" adopted to raise money for good purposes, in the light of gambling, yet they are in reality nothing else; and they are calculated to do great mischief in familiarizing young people with a species of demoralizing influences from which they should be sedulously guarded. It is a long time since we felt obliged to banish all favorable mention of them from the columns of this paper, together with fairs generally. It would be a good thing, now that the movement has begun, for the leading people in our church congregations to try to find some other way to raise money than by "fairs" and "bazaars." They interfere sadly with the regular course of retail business; they injure the trade of a worthy class of retail dealers who are mostly women; they generally come at a season of the year when these poor people should be reaping their harvest after the long dull season of summer and fall; and they bring the voluntary and *gratuitous* labor of wealthy families into competition with the compelled labor of the poor needle women who have to depend on their earnings for their daily bread.

Forty-first Annual Report of the "Female Association for the Relief of the Sick and Infirm Poor with Clothing," &c.

In presenting the details of our labors during the past year, we feel bound to add our acknowledgment of the kindness and thoughtfulness of those whose contributions have enabled us to extend our sphere of usefulness. The funds entrusted to our care, we have endeavored to employ judiciously.

The goods purchased have been prepared and cut into garments by the members, and afterwards given to poor women to be made up at their own homes. Many poor families look forward each year with anxiety to the opening of our winter session, which furnishes them the work, the remuneration for which ekes out the slender pittance upon which they exist.

Over 1400 garments have been thus made up, and afterwards given to the sick and infirm and to children unable to work. This distribution has, we think, been carefully managed, the members personally visiting the families thus relieved. By so doing, we become acquainted with their wants and their trials, and it is not only the material warmth and comfort afforded, when the "wherewithal to clothe and to feed" is handed forth, but it gives the opportunity of offering a word of encouragement and sympathy, and we trust that some weary hands have been strengthened and suffering spirits soothed by the knowledge that others are not unmindful of their sorrows and privations.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Receipts.

To balance in Treasury last year,	\$32.09
" Annual subscriptions and donations,	827.00
" Interest on bonds, &c.,	477.76
	<hr/>
	\$1336.85

Expenses.

By cash paid for goods, shoes, &c.,	\$834.62
" " sewing,	255.78
" investment in city loan,	200.25
" balance in Treasury,	26.20
	<hr/>
	\$1336.85

ANNE M. NEEDLES, *President*,
S. W. corner 12th and Race Sts.

ELIZABETH J. FERRIS, *Treasurer*,
No. 937 Franklin St.

RACHEL M. BIDDLE, *Secretary*,
No. 1705 Arch St.

Philadelphia, Third month, 1871.

I T E M S.

INTELLIGENCE has been received at Lieut. Gen. Sheridan's headquarters in Chicago from Fort Laramie and other points in Wyoming Territory that the Indians are breaking up their camps north of the Pacific Railroad, and are preparing to move south on the opening of spring, to occupy their reservations in the Indian Territory. The Arrapahoes are the foremost in the movement, having started on the journey in large numbers. The apprehensions which the recent dispatches to Washington aroused that the breaking up of winter would at the same time cause trouble among the savages themselves as well as the whites are dispelled to a certain extent by information that the Government agents are actively engaged in assisting the movement of the tribes, so that everything is expected to pass off smoothly, and war, it is thought, will be avoided. There are great num-

bers of Indians in the region of the Union Pacific Railroad and in Wyoming Territory; but all of the tribes, including the Arrapahoes and other bands, are disposed to be peaceable, and, if the Sioux do not disturb them, the prospect now is that the summer will see all the savages safely withdrawn to their reservations.

PROF. COOK, State Geologist of New Jersey, calls attention to a considerable waste of the coast-line. The United States Survey proves either a washing away or a recession of the Jersey coast to a depth of one hundred yards in thirty years. Much of the coast from here to Florida is supposed to have suffered in like manner. The worst part of the mischief is that the sands are blown inland, spreading over much land that would be otherwise valuable and destroying vegetation. The fringe of cedar forests which formerly served as a protection have been cut down, and any regrowth is prevented by the drifting sands. Prof. Cook's remedy is that which is used in Holland for the preservation of meadows and cultivated lands. This is the common beach-grass. It grows on our dry beaches, and is more vigorous than any other land plant. The roots form a tenacious net-work, binding the sands and holding them in place. He urges systematic and concerted effort to line our coasts with this valuable plant, which in other countries is protected by penal laws.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN IN RUSSIA.—An Imperial ukase on this subject has been issued, specifying the posts in the public service where women may in future be employed. By the first article of this ukase special courses of lectures in midwifery for women are to be established in the Imperial universities, and every effort is to be made to secure the attendance at these lectures of as many female students as possible, with a view to the training of accoucheuses for each district of the empire. Women are also to be encouraged to accept places as nurses in the military hospitals, for eventual service in the field if necessary; and a certain number of schoolmistresses are to be appointed in the elementary schools. Finally, women will be admitted to a certain proportion of appointments in the telegraphic department and in the accounts branch of the Ministry of the Interior.

THE powerful effects of ice masses when started in streams by spring freshets have been illustrated in the Penobscot. Huge cakes were tilted high in air, and raised upon one another to a height estimated from ten to thirty feet. Masses weighing hundreds of tons were thrown over upon a road adjoining the river, while other masses ground out great paths for themselves in the river bed. The whole scene is represented as one of exceeding interest. The ice breaks up earlier this season than has been known for some thirty years.

THE Spanish Government has made the proposition to sell to our government the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico for the sum of \$100,000,000, to be paid in instalments.

A Kentucky church is used by four different denominations alternately.

There was a severe inundation at Vienna 2d mo. 12th, and 4000 persons were driven from their homes by the flood.

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PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 1, 1871.

No. 5.

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VOL. XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 8, 1871. No. 6

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From "Reformers and Martyrs."

JOHN WESSEL.

John Wessel was born about the year 1419 or 1420, at Gröningen in Friesland. His parents were respectable citizens, his father, Herman Wessel, being by occupation a baker, and his mother descended from a family of good repute in the town. But losing both of them in early youth, he was kindly cared for by a benevolent matron of good estate, who educated him along with her own son. John was lame in one foot, having his ankle distorted; which circumstance may have promoted an inclination, as he grew up, to sedentary and scientific or literary pursuits. He was placed for some time in a school at Gröningen, and afterward in the institution of the "Brethren of the Common Lot" at Zwoll, where he had the advantage of forming an acquaintance with Thomas à Kempis, whose residence was within about half a league from the town. This acquaintance ripened into an intimate friendship, although Thomas was about forty years his senior; and this friendship appears to have had an important influence in moulding his opinions and forming the character of his subsequent life. It was about that time that Hamerkin had just written his admirable work on the Imitation of Christ; and John Wessel has acknowledged that the perusal of that book was mainly instrumental in first leading him to a decidedly religious

course of life. The instruction which he received at Zwoll, and the pious example of his teachers there, doubtless contributed to promote this inclination. But his active and inquiring mind was not fully satisfied with the amount of learning to be obtained in the schools of the "Brethren of the Common Lot," which was in some sort elementary, though practically useful and substantial. Indeed, it appears that he had an almost insatiable thirst for knowledge, in the departments both of science and literature, as well as in what was then called theology. His desire, says Ullman, was to master everything the age offered as worthy of being known. And another of his biographers, Hardenburg, tells us that from his boyhood he had always something peculiar, and entirely repugnant to all superstition. Thomas à Kempis had a great veneration for the Virgin Mary, and on one occasion exhorted his young friend to evince the same reverence for her. Wessel replied, "Father, why do you not rather lead me to Christ, who so graciously invites those who labor and are heavy-laden to come unto Him?" Thomas was also zealous in fasting, as in other parts of the usual discipline, and was once inculcating it upon Wessel, when he received from him this answer, "God grant that I may *always* live in purity and temperance, and fast from sin and vice!" The narrator of this incident adds that Thomas à Kempis was so much

struck with his youthful friend's reply, that "he took occasion to alter some passages in his writings, which now show fewer traces of human superstition."

John Wessel had complied with all the usages and discipline of the school at Zwoll, and was appointed submonitor or lector to the third class of scholars; but the freedom of certain of his opinions, indicating the opposition which he afterward maintained to various superstitions, gave some umbrage to the inmates and authorities, which is supposed to have induced him to leave the school sooner than he might otherwise have done. From the comparatively sheltered and domestic roof of the "Brethren of the Common Lot," Wessel departed for the renowned University of Cologne, where he found a very different state of feeling among both students and professors. "Theology," says Ullmann, "reigned supreme at Cologne;" but it was characterized by "the stiff, gloomy, intolerant spirit of scholastic dogmatism;" very different from the warmth of practical piety with which young Wessel had before been associated. Cologne was the chief seat of the Inquisition in Germany. Laurentius, the founder of that part of the establishment in which Wessel now resided, had boasted that he had himself pushed that great reformer John Huss into the fire at Constance! Wessel was disgusted with the condition of things in the university, yet he went through his studies regularly, and in due time received his degree of Master of Arts. But he has complained that he there heard scarcely anything but the doctrines of Thomas Aquinas and Albert Magnus, calculated either to rivet his youthful mind to superstition, or else to satiate and disgust him with the scholasticism so much in vogue. The latter seems to have been the result with him, and he placed himself in opposition to many of the dogmas and traditions taught in the university. At the same time he highly prized the opportunities of consulting the valuable libraries with which Cologne abounded, and he made himself well acquainted with the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages.

After remaining several years at Cologne, he visited the seats of learning in several other countries; a learned education in those days requiring many years of assiduity, and the inspection of various libraries, as the art of printing was then in its infancy, and books were comparatively rare and enormously costly. A copy of the Bible is still to be seen at Utrecht, written by Jacob Enkhuyzen about the year 1458, for which he charged 500 gold guilders; although money was then many times more valuable in comparison with the commodities of common life than it is at the

present period; when, nevertheless, the poor can purchase a good copy of the Holy Scriptures for half a dollar.

It appears that Wessel spent many years of his middle life in Paris, arriving there about the thirty-second year of his age, and residing there chiefly until 1470, when he went into Italy for about two years, and then returned to Paris. Here in 1473, he met with the celebrated John Reuchlin, who has been called "the restorer of Hebrew literature among Christians,"* with whom he afterward at least renewed his acquaintance at Basle in 1475, if he did not even become his tutor.

The University of Paris, at the time of his residence there, was the scene of endless disputes among the learned on subjects which now appear worthy only of ridicule. Abstruse questions, of no practical importance whatever, assumed vast proportions in the interest of the opposing factions of Nominalists and Realists, though really too childish to be worth dwelling upon, and at length became the subject of a royal *ex parte* interference and interdiction. For an example of the entangled nonsense which, in the middle ages, was called philosophy, we may refer the curious to what Ullmann has said of these disputes in his elaborate memoir of the life of Wessel. It is indeed sorrowful to consider that such empty disputations constituted a large portion of what was then deemed the study of theology. Wessel became involved in these discussions, along with almost every one else in the the University of Paris, probably to his own injury in so far as they drew his mind away from the comparatively simple views of religion which he had imbibed among the Brethren at Zwoll. Yet he did not blindly follow the popular religious current. Whatever he found openly contrary to the Holy Scriptures, he felt bound to call in question. Thus he was led to oppose some of the cherished articles of the Romish creed, and even to doubt the absolute authority of the Romish church, and of its head, the pope. He was willing to go along with the pope, only when the pope went along with the Scriptures. He trusted in Christ as his Redeemer, rejecting all personal worthiness as forming a claim on the favor of the Most High, and of course all desert or merit accruing from ecclesiastical penances or what were deemed good works. In this respect he seems to have advanced further than the pious friend of his youth, Thomas à Kempis. He was decidedly opposed to Indulgences, and attacked at the same time the Romish doctrine of Purgatory. He desired a return to the primi-

* McCrie's History of the Reformation in Italy, p. 29.

tive condition of Christianity, so far as he understood it, in the constitution of the church. The traditions and the hierarchy of Rome he considered as something interposed between Christ and His church. The sale of Indulgences was to his candid mind an abomination, and he openly expressed his sentiments respecting it, says Ullmann, before all descriptions of men. The degradation of morals among the students of the Universities of Cologne and Paris greatly disgusted him. He looked there in vain for Christian piety, or even good morals. He thus expresses his feelings in regard to it. "In fact, what I saw when living at Cologne and Paris was doubtless odious to God; I mean not the study itself of the sacred sciences, but the moral depravity with which it was mixed up."

During a portion of the time of his residence in Paris he appears to have been engaged in imparting instruction, partly in the form of lectures, both there and in cities within a convenient distance. At Angers, in particular, he delivered public lectures, in which he took occasion to advocate freely his opinions concerning Indulgences.

In the year 1470 he went into Italy, and visited Rome; where he cultivated an intimate friendship with Francis de Rovere, who, the next year, while Wessel was still there, was elected pope, and took the name of Sixtus IV. With this pope's particular friend the Cardinal Bessarion, Wessel had previously made acquaintance in Paris; and (what seems remarkable) he now sheltered himself under their friendship to promulgate in Rome itself, with greater security, his liberal and reformatory opinions. He had considerable medical knowledge and skill, and it has been said that he attended Sixtus in the capacity of a physician. Whether it was through his influence that this pope gave his sanction to the institutions of the Brethren of the Common Lot, is a matter of doubt, but it seems not by any means improbable. On one occasion soon after the elevation of Rovere to the papal chair, Wessel waiting on him was invited to ask for some favor from the new pope. To this he modestly and frankly replied: "Holy father, you are well aware that I have never aspired after great things; but now that you occupy the place of supreme priest and shepherd on earth, my desire is that your reputation may correspond with your character; and that you may so administer your exalted office, that when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, He may say to you, 'Good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord;' while you on your part may be able confidently to aver, 'Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.'"

On the pope remarking that this was a matter which belonged to him, and that Wessel should now ask some boon for himself, he said, "Well then, I ask you to give me from the library of the Vatican a Greek and Hebrew Bible." "It shall be done," replied Sixtus, astonished; "but, foolish man, why did you not ask a bishopric, or something of that sort?" "Because," rejoined Wessel, "of that I have no need." Ullmann adds that the Bible was accordingly given to him; and this remarkable manuscript, which was more precious to Wessel than the possession of a bishopric, is said to have been long preserved in a convent near Groningen, where he spent part of his declining years.

He very undisguisedly expressed his sentiments respecting the subject of Indulgences, among all classes at Rome, not excepting those belonging to the papal court. But many of these persons had long ago divested themselves in reality of all religious sensibility, so that they could treat the prevailing prejudices, or even opposing views, with indifference if not with ridicule. Thus Wessel could for a time express his opinions with more impunity; but he learned by personal observation the hollowness and corruption of the Romish priesthood, and returned to France with his reformatory sentiments practically confirmed. This was probably about the year 1472, and he does not appear to have ever afterward felt any inclination to revisit Rome.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer,
EARLY CULTURE.

It is often my lot to be confined by sickness for months, deprived of the privilege of attending our religious meetings, and too feeble to indulge much in reading. At these seasons I have found the advantage of having been familiar, not only with the incidents contained in the Bible, but with the writings and journals of early Friends. Though not *confined to these*, yet they were read with avidity in very early life, and the sympathy and interest then felt has continued through the course of a long and eventful life.

I mention this only to encourage our dear young friends to pursue a course of solid and instructive reading while young. The mind is then more susceptible of durable impressions, and what is gathered may be laid up as food for the decline of life, when the avenues of terrestrial enjoyments are closing up.

My heart is now often tendered when reflecting on the beautiful simplicity of Scripture language; many passages, both in the Old and New Testament, have never been equalled. The circumstances attending the two disciples as they went to Emmaus is pecu-

liarily touching. They communed together of the sorrowful event which seemed to have blighted all their cherished prospects; to them it was a "day of trouble and of perplexity." But the compassionate kindness of Him whom they loved, and on whom they had placed their most confiding trust, in this hour of their extremity "drew near and went with them," as they walked by the way and were sad, and confirmed their doubting faith by "explaining in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself;" and though "their eyes were holden that they should not know him," yet it so reached the witness in their hearts that when they drew near to the village, and he made as though he would go further, they earnestly entreated him to stay, saying, "Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent." And is not this the language of the aged and way-worn disciple of the present day? Oh! how earnest the entreaty: Abide with me; pass not by, I pray thee, for "it is towards evening, and the day is far spent;" and if he is pleased to turn in, and sit at the table with us, and to bless and break the bread designed for our nourishment, our eyes are opened, and we know by our former experience of its sustaining virtue that it is *He*,—that He is indeed risen,—and we are strengthened to become testimony-bearers of glad tidings.

R. HILL.

Richmond, Ind., 1871.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

COMMUNICATION.

I notice the announcement in last week's *Intelligencer* of the departure of our dear friend Lucy Thompson, who was suddenly stricken with paralysis whilst in health of body and mind, and following the remains of her brother to the grave. Surely it is fitting, when the good and pure pass from earth to heaven, that we should pause, and reflect on their many virtues. Having long known and loved our departed sister, I feel constrained by the endearing ties of friendship, as well as for the benefit of others, to speak of her Christian character. It may be truly said, her life was a consistent one. She was ever ready to extend a helping hand to the poor and needy, and had a kind word for all. Her usefulness in her family, and in the Society to which she belonged, will be sadly missed. She filled the station of Overseer in the Monthly Meeting of which she was a member, to the satisfaction of all who were in attendance with her; her judgment was clear, and wisely administered when occasion required. Her moderation was apparent in all things. Her children will long feel the void in their hearts occasioned by her removal. May they, with us who knew her but to love

her, strive to follow her bright and shining example, as she endeavored to follow after Christ.

C. E. H.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 3d mo. 19, 1871.

CLAMOR AND EXCITEMENT.—The following practical paragraph, from an address by the late Thomas Starr King, is pertinent, and unfortunately likely to be pertinent as wise counsel until the Millennium. Accidentally finding and reading it, awakens again the desire that some of the writings of one who was distinguished for his common sense, metaphysical acuteness, poetic imagination, artistic taste, burning patriotism, glowing eloquence and rich humor, may be rescued from their repose in manuscript, and given to the public; so that he may again and always be speaking to the crowds ever eager and anxious to listen to the speech of a noble and true American, upon whose like, take him for all in all, we shall not soon look again. In every schoolroom and family these words should be kept, as words of daily suggestion: "It is a bad sign always for the performance and beneficence of any power, when there is much clamor in it and excitement about it. Where a school is governed by the frequent accompaniment of loud talk and whippings, there is not nearly so much power at work as in a school where, through respect for the teacher, everything goes on quietly, as it were without direction. So it is in homes; the more noise and scolding, the less parental power. Activity and clamor of the tongue and hand are brought in to supply the lack of that steady, central strength which organizes peacefully."

TO CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

(Extracts from an address by Jane M. Richardson.)

My dear Sisters,—Will you bear with me while I endeavor to bring before your impartial notice a subject which to some may be rather distasteful, while others may regard it as a matter of trivial importance; nevertheless, it seems to me at the present time worthy of more than a passing thought. I refer to our Christian duty as regards personal attire. I am aware there are many voices heard on this subject. Some are saying, "God looks only at the heart;" others, that "it is right to appear attractive and graceful to those around;" again, "It is fitting to dress according to our rank and position in society;" further, "It does not answer any good purpose to be peculiar and odd in our dress;" and, "It is our duty to make our religion attractive to the world." These plausible statements carry weight with not a few, and tend in the case of some to silence a voice within, and soothe the mental disquiet which may at times be felt, while considering some

such plain Scripture injunction as the following:—"Be not conformed to this world."

Permit me, in as short a manner as possible, to examine these statements by the light of truth.

First Statement.—"God looks only at the heart." Now we know that the great work begins there; but God looks for fruit, for our light to shine, for proof in our daily life that we are "transformed by the renewing of our minds," for evidence that we have been re deemed from the world.

But is any one ready to say, "My dress will neither glorify Him nor defile His temple?" To the former I would reply, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" to the latter by quoting that searching Scripture, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." And, pointing to extravagant fashions, I would ask, Are they not unbecoming drapery for a temple of God?—unbecoming that spirit which can say, "I am crucified with Christ"—unbecoming the followers of Him who pleased not Himself, but trod the way of cross bearing and self-denial, "leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps?"

Second Statement.—"It is right to appear attractive and graceful in the eyes of those around." In reply I would ask, What can be more attractive and pleasing, to eyes undistorted by the god of fashion, than a simple yet graceful attire, regulated by a pure and correct taste, enhanced by the native ease of unfettered movement? And what more unattractive and displeasing to the intelligent observer than some of the fashions which now prevail, by means of which dressmakers and drapers seem to use the sisterhood as pegs on which to hang in fantastic forms their wares and merchandise? When I look at these and seriously reflect, I am ready to blush for the dignity of our womanhood, and wonder if sensible men do not despise or pity.

Dear Christian sisters, let me ask, Do these things make us attractive to the eye of the Master whom we serve? Do they become women professing godliness? When we see the gold and pearls and costly array, and mark too often in the world of fashion around us the absence of the modest apparel, "with shamefacedness and sobriety," and see the symmetry of the human form deformed by "pads," and "puffs," and "bustles," and the graceful movements of nature crippled by "Grecian bends," and "Alexandra limps," is it not enough to remind us of Isaiah's solemn message, "Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks, and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet; therefore . . . the Lord will take away

the bravery of their tinkling ornaments," etc.? (See Isa. iii. 16-24).

Third Statement.—"It is fitting and proper to dress according to our rank and position in society." In reply to this, perhaps I cannot do better than to quote the words of a holy man lately gone to his reward: "Neatness and inexpensiveness should govern the choice of all ranks; general plainness would lead to no confusion; many things better than dress make distinction between superiors and domestics; vulgar wealth, whose only right to rank is balance at a banker's, needs finery to mark it; but cultivated people, native to the air of good society, are not in such straits, and require no such label." He goes on to say, "It cuts me to the heart to see young mothers and Sunday school teachers tricked out in the height of fashion; such things will ever prove to be ruinous snares, until we start our children on another track."

Fourth Statement.—"It does not answer any good purpose to be peculiar or odd in our dress." I do not plead for peculiarity or oddness, for a badge, or for conformity to any rule of dress; but I do plead for Christian simplicity and moderation, and if this necessitates our becoming peculiar in the eyes of the world, we cannot help it. We know who-soever will be a friend of the world is an enemy of God, and we are told that Christ came to "sanctify unto Himself a peculiar people."

A great man once said, "The trimmings of the vain world would clothe a naked world;" and we do know that moderation and self-denial aid the good and blessed purpose of bringing relief and comfort into homes of wretchedness and poverty; while rich and costly apparel too often cramp the means and withhold the hand of many in moderate circumstances.

Fifth Statement.—"It is our duty to make religion attractive to the world." But by conformity to the world we weaken our power of influencing others. Christians are now too much blended with the world; many approach as near as possible to its habits, forms, and ceremonies, while they endeavor to preserve some spark of life in their own souls. This at least seems the practice, if not the aim, of too many among us. What we want to make religion attractive, and Christianity a living power, is a consistent, holy, self-denying life; not a bigoted adherence to sect or party; not mere talking—not the profession nor the form—but the language of example speaking by the simplicity of our lives, by the godly sincerity of our words and actions, by the moderation of our desires and habits, by our liberality and fervent charity.—*The Christian.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INTEMPERANCE.

Several months since, an article appeared in *Friends' Intelligencer* upon this subject, over the signature R. H. It must have found a response in the minds of many of its readers, as it suggested the propriety of our Society taking a more active part in the suppression of this alarmingly increasing evil.

It admitted that many of our members, especially of the younger class, felt it a duty to labor in the cause; and if no way opened for them to act within the Society and under its fostering care, they would in obedience to apprehended duty, join other associations and we as a Society lose their needed strength. Many have already overcome their scruples of the propriety of so doing, if any they had, and are now laboring to reclaim the wanderer and render him a useful member of society.

Others there are who cannot quite overcome some of the objections to the present organizations, and yet feel they are neglecting an imperative duty by lending to the cause their *silent example* only. They see the brightest talents wasted, the energy of youth recklessly destroyed, sacred vows disregarded, wives and children reduced to hopeless misery and want, the gray hairs of parents brought down with sorrow to the grave; and the reproving query will arise, hast thou done what thou could to avert this sorrowful state of things? Upon many of us the negative answer which must be given rests as a heavy burden, and we feel that the time calls aloud for a united effort to seek and to save.

Now, I would earnestly ask if Friends do not see not only the *propriety* but the *necessity* also of engaging in this reform and suggesting some method of acting in it as a body, or encouraging such as feel it a duty resting upon them, to act as conscience dictates, without fear of incurring the censure or disapproval of those to whom they are endeared by religious association?

Our early Friends hesitated not to seek the co-operation of men eminent for ability and influence to help carry on needed reforms, and why need we fear to do good as way opens? Let us not be so fearful of doing wrong that we dare not do right. As our day draws to a close, is there not less danger of standing reproved for an overdischarge of duty than of hearing the language, "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not." If not acted upon before that time in our subordinate meetings, may we not hope it will claim the attention of our (N. Y.) Yearly Meeting. This subject, with the important suggestions of Darlington Hoopes in the *In-*

telligencer of 3d mo. 4th, might give rise to much valuable labor in our annual gathering that would result in an awakening from that lethargic state which was formerly so forcibly denounced as "neither hot nor cold." Let us remember the sentence pronounced against it, and endeavor to do what our hands find to do. E. H.

3d mo. 15th, 1871.

EXTRACT FROM "LECKEY'S HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS."

It has always been the peculiarity of a certain kind of theological teaching, that it inverts all the normal principles of judgment, and absolutely destroys intellectual diffidence. On other subjects we find, if not a respect for honest conviction, at least some sense of the amount of knowledge that is requisite to entitle men to express an opinion on grave controversies. A complete ignorance of the subject matter of a dispute restrains the confidence of dogmatism, and an ignorant person who is aware that, by much reading and thinking in spheres of which he has himself no knowledge, his educated neighbor has modified or rejected opinions which that ignorant person had been taught, will, at least, if he is a man of sense or modesty, abstain from compassionating the benighted condition of his more instructed friend. But on theological questions this has never been so. Unflinching belief being taught as the first of duties, and all doubt being usually stigmatized as criminal or damnable, a state of mind is formed to which we find no parallel in other fields. Many men and women, though completely ignorant of the very rudiments of biblical criticism, historical research, or scientific discoveries, though they have never read a single page, or understood a single proposition of the writings of those whom they condemn, and have absolutely no rational knowledge either of the arguments by which their faith is defended, or of those by which it has been impugned, will nevertheless adjudicate with the utmost confidence upon every polemical question; denounce, hate, pity, or pray for the conversion of all who dissent from what they have been taught, assume, as a matter beyond the faintest possibility of doubt, that the opinions they have received without inquiry must be true, and that the opinions which others have arrived at by inquiry must be false, and make it a main object of their lives to assail what they call heresy in every way in their power, except by examining the grounds on which it rests.

FEW persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure, which is useful to them, to praise, which deceives them.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NO OCCASION FOR WAR TO SETTLE NATIONAL DISPUTES.

I was much encouraged in the perusal of the address to the members of the Society of Friends, in the *Intelligencer* of the 4th ult., upon the subject of petitioning the U. S. Congress to take measures for the adjustment of national differences by arbitration. The legitimate consequences resulting from nations resorting to war for a settlement of their disputes, is conclusive proof of its unrighteousness and barbarity. Witness the late war in these United States,—the destruction and waste of property by millions, and lives by thousands, sacrificed on the field of battle. Witness the still later war between the French and Prussians, involving the still greater destruction of human life, and property, and its blight on morality, and other enormous sacrifices; and, after all, war does nothing in determining the justice and right of the question at issue.

What vast expenditures are drawn from the hard earnings of the laboring class, to keep up a military school for teaching the sons of the influential and wealthy, the art of prosecuting legalized murder; and men are extolled, and even placed in the highest office in the gift of the nation, because of their military achievements.

This influence in favor of war being general and national, how can it be removed? We answer: by the faithfulness of individuals,—those who are already convinced of the evils of war, and who are willing to use the means they are blessed with for awakening in others a due consideration of the subject; a subject in which Friends especially must feel a deep interest. If memorials from the Yearly Meetings of Friends (or their representative Committees) or others thus concerned, should be presented to the U. S. Congress, requesting that appropriate measures be taken for a final settlement, by arbitration, of all such national disputes as cannot by other peaceful means be adjusted, such a course, if not immediately successful, would tend to call forth a more general inquiry, and the tendency of such inquiry must shortly lead to a final triumph, so that "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more,"—a glorious day indeed; may it be hastened. It is to be hoped another year will not be permitted to pass before this great subject is presented to Congress for consideration. The tendency of such a movement would be to awaken an investigation into the continual and enormous burthens and evils inseparable from war; burthens and evils which, from their long continuance and general prevalence, seem to have paralyzed the sensibility of many

to their enormity. Notwithstanding the obstacles to be overcome may seem great, perseverance in a good cause seldom fails of success sooner or later. An effort for the establishment of "peace on earth and good will to men," is a Christian effort, and therefore the unbounded confidence we may have in its prosecution, if performed in a Christian spirit and by Christian means.

D. IRISH.

Duchess Co., N. Y., 3d mo., 1871.

LOOKING to others for our standard of happiness is the sure way to be miserable. Our business is with our own hearts and our own motives.



FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

My dear friend ——'s part of a letter dated 11th inst. came safely to hand a few days past. It was the more acceptable because, from thy long silence, I feared the infirmities of age, or immediate sickness, might be the cause of the interruption of our correspondence. That infirmities will be likely to increase upon us, as age advances, we may reasonably expect, and this sometimes seems to constitute the last scenes of probationary life. It is a lesson for us to learn, to manage these infirmities of body so as to promote the purity of mind or spirit—in other words, to discipline us for heaven. When the dissolution of matter, the animal body, takes place, and the soul enters on its fixed and unchanging state, who can form an idea of its mode of being, until experience teaches the reality? but to the well-disciplined mind (however human curiosity may sometimes imagine) the future mode of existence is of little moment, provided we have evidence of our union with the life Divine that never dies. It is said, "Life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel." I suppose many consider it as a kind of historical knowledge, derived from reading the New Testament, a light that we get from the experience of others. But is there not a knowledge, an inward knowledge of eternal life, and the immortality of that Divine life, given to every dedicated obedient mind, in all ages and nations, whether the New Testament has ever been read or heard of by such minds or not? If this view may be taken of mankind at large, in connexion with the sacred truth revealed to Peter and to us, that in every nation they that fear God and work righteousness, are accepted with Him, we may sometimes change the direction of our

mental telescope, and *from* the "gloomy picture" turn to the hidden seed of Divine life in the hearts of thousands, even an innumerable company of hidden little ones, scattered among the nations that inhabit this sublunary ball.

However excellent and expanding the living principles of the Gospel may be, it is plain that in our present state there are many things of which we are ignorant, or of which we may say with an apostle, "we see but in part, and we know but in part"—and that part is probably a very small part. But are there not many things which people think they see and know, of which they yet know nothing as they ought to know? There certainly are many things in the knowledge and understanding of which I am but as a child, and therefore it is no marvel if I think as a child, and speak or write as a child. The present state of society—professedly religious society—is one of those things. To me it appears that Friends have been called forward to occupy the foremost ground in the profession and practical evidences of the gospel dispensation. The *principles* professedly held by them are purer, less in the mixture, and applied to more and deeper objects of human life and conduct, than other professors of the Christian name have seen or adopted.

Thy acceptable communication two or three weeks since has occupied my feeling and close attention, and I have wanted to say a few words to thee, to encourage thee to abide in the patience under the preparing Hand for further services in the church, for it appears to me, that thy deep baptisms and strippedness, and even "great weakness," are all in wisdom, dispensed for thy preparation for what is hinted at in thy last of "a field of labor ahead." What that field in view is, my beloved daughter has not seen proper to name. Be it so. There is first the embryo blossom that has to endure the wintry season, storms, tempests, hail and rain, but the spring comes, when it expands and opens, and the tender fruit is formed within its calyx. This grows, increases and ripens in its due season for the service of man and other creatures. So in the inward. Now, my dear S., if it is and has been to thee a wintry season, be patient. "Consider the lilies, they toil not, neither do they spin." Rightly thou sayest, "Surely the hand of God must be in the baptisms" that attend thee. But as said the Master, so in their measure the servants, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." I need add no more than to adopt the sentiment, "that if

we continue to move in the simplicity and faith (or to abide in our tents) best help will be near" and will preserve.

I have read of a curious plant that flourishes in the Florida Reefs, whose blossoms are "each at maturity a young plant, with rootlets already started, and ready to take hold of the earth as soon as it shall drop." Is it not so with our words and actions, as we move around in our homes and among all we come in contact with? Unconsciously we are sowing broadcast, little seeds of good or evil, to root themselves in others, and reproduce like sentiments and habits. R. L.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 8, 1871.

UNITY OF PURPOSE.—In looking over our exchanges which report the missionary labors of the various Protestant sects, we observe frequent allusions to the importance of *unity of labor*. The "Church Missionary Intelligencer" of last month is credited with the following remark: "Nothing can be conceived so well calculated to banish dissension and promote brotherly love as the union of so many churches under the one missionary banner; . . . for in this warfare victories are not gained, nor triumphs achieved by the peculiarities in which they differ, but by the grand and distinctive doctrines of the gospel in which they agree." What the author considers "the distinctive doctrines of the gospel" may or may not accord with our views of the living Word which absolves differences, unites in one flowing stream the love of the Father, and through which the gospel is preached in every creature.—"There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him." (Rom. x. 12.) If the effect produced be the same, it matters but little by what name we designate the power which can alone regenerate and purify the heart. The "unity of Spirit, which is the bond of peace," is that unity which removes prejudices that prevent a coalition of labor and a full recognition of the Scripture declaration, that "one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." We believe our own Society might be benefited by a more earnest effort to arrive at

a status wherein minor differences of opinion would be lost sight of in the earnest effort to "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," that "the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us." We need oftener to remember, that there are "diversities of gifts but the same Spirit," and there are "differences of administrations, but the same Lord," and there are "diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." "The word of wisdom," "The word of knowledge," "The gifts of healing," "The working of miracles," "prophecy," "discerning of spirits," and "interpretation of tongues" are not concentrated in and upon an individual, but "a manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." Among all religious bodies there is discoverable a growing tendency to individual thought and action. While creeds and traditions still have a strong hold upon a majority of professing Christians, it is evident that the spirit of inquiry which is abroad in the earth is loosening the bands which have too long held in bondage the rational understanding, and prevented the acceptance of the *universal Light*.

With a cognizance of this vital force within, comes the knowledge that the word which continues to create and sustain "is nigh in the heart and in the mouth," and is the spirit of Truth which unfolds to the mind the mysteries of the celestial kingdom.

We may believe that in proportion to man's faith in the revealings of the Holy Spirit, and his obedience to the divine law written upon the heart and "placed in the inward part," his understanding is enlarged and his comprehension of spiritual things perfected. Hence the diversity of sentiment in matters not in themselves vital, yet which are esteemed important as having a bearing upon the religious life. A great good would doubtless result from an honest adherence to individual convictions, at the same time allowing others the divine right to act in accordance with the measure of light which has been given them.

If this were the prevalent feeling, there would be no difficulty in uniting efforts for the general good. For whatever might be

our views in regard to what are termed non-essentials, that which has been shown to be "good,"—to-wit, "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God," can have no diversified meaning. The practical observance of this blessed manifestation which is both "ancient and new" would enable all people to unite in the glorious anthem: "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation."

WANTED, Numbers 2 and 3 of the present volume (28) of *Friends' Intelligencer*, for which six cents each will be given at office, 144 N. 7th St., Philada.

MARRIED.

DAVIS—BEIDLER.—On the 29th of Third month, 1871, by Friends' ceremony, Mordecai Davis to Hannah Mary Beidler; both of Chester Co., Pa.

WILDMAN—WARNER.—On the 16th of Third month, 1871, at the house of William Y. Warner, Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., Pa., with the approbation of Falls Monthly Meeting, John Wildman, of Attleboro', Bucks Co., Pa., to Sarah Ann Warner, daughter of Yardley Taylor, late of Loudon Co., Va.

DIED.

EYRE.—On the morning of the 27th ult., Elizabeth A., wife of William Eyre, aged 64 years; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia (Race St.) She was of a meek and quiet spirit, which endeared her to a large circle of friends.

POTTS.—In Baltimore, on the 21st ult., of scarlet fever, Abbie C., eldest daughter of J. N. and Alice C. Potts, aged 3 years; members of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

LIPPINCOTT.—On the 31st of First month, 1871, after a short but severe illness, Mary Ann H., wife of Isaac Lippincott, in the 62d year of her age; a consistent member and elder of Chester Monthly and Westfield Preparative Meeting. She was a devoted wife, a tender mother, and a sympathizing friend. We mourn our loss, but feel a happy assurance that it is her eternal gain.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Committee of Management will meet in the Library Room on Fourth-day evening, 4th mo. 12th, at 8 o'clock.

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk*.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 4th mo. 14th, at 4 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting room at Race St.
WM. EYRE, *Clerk*.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ANNUAL MEETING.

The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools will meet at Woodstown, N. J., on Seventh-day next (15th inst.), at 10½ A.M. Reports from all the Schools are requested. Essays on subjects kindred to the movement will be gladly received, particularly in reference to the deficiency in suitable literature. All interested are invited. Passengers will purchase tickets for Woodstown, and

leave from upper side of Market Street ferry, Philadelphia, at 3.30 Sixth-day afternoon and 8.15 Seventh-day morning, where Friends will meet and convey them to place of meeting. The regular train returning leaves quarter before 3 P.M., and it is probable that an extra train will run, leaving about 5½, and arriving in the city about 7. Wilmington Friends will cross to Pennsgrove, and thence by stage to Woodstown.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., } Clerks.
EMMA WORRELL, }

The Executive Committee will meet at same place Sixth-day evening at 7½ o'clock, and Seventh-day 9 A.M.
D. COMLY, Clerk.

THAT which is most valuable and lovely of life on earth—sanctified friendship—cannot be said to die with those we love; but through their death, it is rather raised to a higher and more influential life. By the transfer of our loved ones to heaven, our friendship becomes spiritualized and perpetuated.—*Light at Evening-Time.*

THE following extract of a letter from Albert L. Green, Indian Agent at the Otoe Reservation, is offered for insertion in the *Intelligencer*.

OTOE AGENCY, NEB., 3d mo. 9th, 1871.

Our school is doing finely, and the progress that our Indians are making, tends to encourage us very much.

The Indian Aid Association have accomplished more than they imagine, and every dollar that Friends have sent, or will send, must materially aid in the final accomplishment of this great work.

We have awakened the Indians from the lethargy of barbarism, and they are beginning to aspire to a better way of living. They are cutting logs for houses, and almost every man of influence in the tribe contemplates building one.

We are laboring to entirely break up their mode of *village* life, and I think that in another year we will have succeeded. We have now nearly finished three houses, and have the materials ready for several more; the Indians are very much pleased with them, and want to get stock, &c., as soon as possible. If a sale of land can be effected, and money raised thereby, their progress in civilization will be very rapid.

The Otoes have returned from a very successful hunt, and many of them are busily engaged in preparing logs for the saw-mill preparatory to building substantial frame houses. The Interpreter estimates the number of logs at about 600.

We are supplying the tribe with wagons, horses, oxen, &c., but as our funds are very limited, the work goes on slowly. The sum of \$1500, which was set apart from their last annuity, together with \$2400 which was our

share of the appropriation made by Congress for the Northern Superintendency, embraces the whole amount of what we have to expend to build houses, purchase implements, teams, &c.

The trading establishment, under the charge of our storekeeper, is being conducted thus far very successfully; and the Indians appreciate the advantage of the store established by a few Friends in Philadelphia.

From "The Little Things of Nature."

EXCEPTIONS.

It is well known that all substances which have been heated, as they cool decrease in size, and become of greater specific gravity; or, in other words, a little smaller, and a little heavier. Even things that are ordinarily cold, become, under the influence of severe frost, a little smaller. The strips of iron that form the path for the wheels of the railway train becomes shorter when the frost is intense; the pendulum of a clock, in a room where there is no fire, becomes under similar circumstances shorter, and the "time" is falsified; an iron rod that, while it is red hot, exactly fits an opening, is too small for it when it has cooled. The exception to these usual phenomena is, that *water*, one of the most valuable substances in nature, instead of decreasing in volume as it freezes, occupies more room when it has become ice; and instead of becoming heavier as it freezes, is, when in the shape of ice, perceptibly *lighter*. See how admirably this operates for the advantage of man! Had water been governed by the rule that applies to other substances, in winter, when the thermometer sunk to 32°, or "freezing point," the layer of ice formed on the surface would have immediately sunk to the bottom; another layer would have taken its place, and have similarly sunk to the bottom; and in a little while the whole reservoir would have been changed into a solid mass, which no subsequent summers could have thawed, and the world would soon have become uninhabitable for want of drink. As it is, the water is preserved in its fluid form, and warm enough for use; while the surface offers a play-ground for boy and man, agreeable in its novelty and in the excitement of the exercise needful to keep the body afloat. Sea-water does not freeze till it is nearly four degrees colder than fresh water needs to be before congealing, thus assisting to keep the ocean open at all seasons.

Mark, in the next place, the curious nature of quicksilver, or mercury. A very considerable degree of heat is required to melt every other kind of metal; but mercury becomes fluid with no more heat than is supplied by the atmosphere of England! In the Arctic

regions, and wherever else the temperature sinks to -39 , or seventy-one degrees below freezing point, mercury is *solid*, resembling a lump of silver, or any other white and shining metal. *There* it needs fire to bring it into the fluid condition; but in our own happy island,—

“Great, glorious, and free,

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,”

and in all countries of similar and even of harsher climate, so long as the intense rigor of the frigid zone is never experienced, mercury is permanently molten. Hence, we can use it for the construction of the thermometer, measuring every delicate change in the warmth of the air, and in the temperature of substances used in the processes of arts and manufactures, which could scarcely be attempted without the aid of this wonderful instrument. Quicksilver is one of the most extraordinary substances in nature. It supplies one of the deadliest of poisons, and one of the most potent of medicines. It is the delight of children, as its globules roll prettily up and down the tea tray, chasing one another like themselves in their swift-footed sports, and reflecting every happy little face that peers into their tiny yet brilliant mirrors; man sees in it an emblem of the heavenly flock that in this present life is broken into particles innumerable, kept asunder by the dust, the hindrances, the misunderstandings, the infirmities of the life in the body, but which are yet all of one substance and purpose, spherical and bright, in their souls; and which, though the sport of the world, and called by many names,—Ephesian and Laodicean, Episcopalian and Independent,—shall yet resolve, when assembled by Him who sitteth as the Refiner and Purifier, into glorious and everlasting unity.

One other illustration from the inorganic world, and we conclude. While quicksilver melts with the first kiss of solar warmth, *platinum* defines the utmost heat of the crucible. Hence, by the art of the welder, it can be manufactured into cups and other vessels that are required to endure the intensest fire, serving purposes of recondite chemistry which without it could never be achieved.

In the *vegetable* kingdom this admirable arrangement attracts us at all points. The idea of a plant, when developed with all its parts complete, includes root, stem, leaves, flowers, and seed. But every one of these parts is at times found to be wanting, so far as palpable and visible reality is concerned; some plants being exceptionally destitute of root, others of stem, others of leaves, &c. The absence of the respective parts gives an exquisite variety and gracefulness to the face of nature, such as no poet can describe, and no

painter depict on his canvas. Were plants always anchored to the ground by genuine roots, the mistletoe would hang no golden bough amid the gray and tattered thorns and apple-trees of mid winter, a crowd of living pearls entangled amid branches that wear the semblance of death; no lichens would enrich the old tower and dismantled castle with time-stains of purple and orange that make the deep sheen of the faithful ivy yet more lustrous in its contrasted verdure; nor would orchids dwell, like birds, amid the boughs of tropical trees, adorning the vigorous one with rich hues, and scenting it with composite and warm aroma, alike foreign to its personality, and rendering the decrepit far more beautiful in decay than it stood even in the prime of its existence. The orchids are well known to the lovers of choice flowers. After the forget-me-not, the maiden-hair fern, and the pretty uncurling leaves of our own old-fashioned English ferns, comforted with brown plumage till they are strong and tall, there are none that form such links of pleasure between the giver and the receiver. It is not, however, so well known that in their native woods they are strictly *aerial* plants,—that is to say, that they perch themselves in the clefts of the boughs, deriving their nourishment from the air and from the decaying organic matter that lodges around them, and that, if planted in earth, many of them will not live.

Of *stemless* plants we have examples in innumerable field flowers, and in many flowers of the garden, such as the tulip and the crocus. They have flower-stalks, certainly, but they have no proper *stem*. To this class of plants is mainly owing the sweetly-variegated vesture that conceals the soil, providing turf in the meadow and lawn, embroidery for them when summer comes, and tapestry of moss for the flanks of the waterfall. Fancy the aspect of a country where the earth was perennially like a street, or a newly-ploughed field, or a newly-gravelled garden walk, and the figment will be that of a world without stemless plants;—the flowers and the fruits aloft, reserved for men; no sea of daisies for the tiny ones in spring; no loved small hands overflowing with bluebell and wood anemone—to a child the blossoms of paradise itself. Among the stemless plants are many *acid* ones. The herbage of the fields is by no means the exclusively sweet and juicy fodder we may deem it. Buttercups are quite the reverse of sweet. The pastoral animals eat but few of them, and then apparently as condiments to the succulent and insipid grass, just as we ourselves take pepper and salt to our meat and potatoes. How beautiful, again, the exception in regard to many of those low-growing plants, when specially and

directly serviceable to man, that, unlike the enduring Trees,—those great, grand pillars which watch the rise and fall of generations,—*they last only for a year*. Wheat, barley, peas, beans, turnips, carrots, if not annual, are only biennial. They must be sown fresh and fresh every year; so that man, instead of living without employment; thence lapsing into indolence; thence into evils, from which occupation preserves him, as he would most certainly do, did his daily bread drop off trees into his mouth, like acorns on to the pigs' refectories in the woods—instead of this, is kept continually engaged, tilling the soil, depositing the seed, reaping, threshing, grinding, baking. These occupations call others into play. The general stimulus to all the powers of the mind shows itself in inventions, art, and sciences; and to the exceptional circumstance of the staff-of-life growing upon an annual instead of a perennial plant, man may ascribe, under Providence, a large measure of his civilization, the best temporal sign of which is the neatness and completeness of his breakfast and dinner table arrangements. As the moral culture of a community may always be judged of by its treatment of women, so may the civilization of a people or nation by the mode in which it takes its food.

(Conclusion next week.)

LINES

Written after visiting the dungeon at Carlisle, in which James Parnell was convicted by Geo. Fox, in the year 1653; and afterwards reading the account of his confinement and death in the prison at Colchester, in the year 1656.

BY THOMAS WILKINSON.

When looking heavenward from my poor estate,
Where, chained to earth, my dull affections wait;
Where love and zeal at best but feebly draw
My tardy steps to duty's holy law;
Thee, righteous Parnell! I with tears behold,
In *age* a stripling, but in *service* old;
I stand reproved by thee, thou youth Divine,
A backward *child*, with years that double thine.
On thy fair mind the boundless power of truth,
Rose strong and ardent in thy tender youth;
And led thee forward, *fearless*, without guile,
To warn the sinful of this darkened isle.
Many there were in those laborious days,
Who heard the Word and gave the Maker praise,
But watchful, fierce the arm of power arose,
And struck the servant laboring in His cause.
Now bruised, benumbed, I see thee stretched alone,
A stone thy pillow, and thy bed a stone;
I see thee sitting in thy dreary cell,
No kindling fires the unwholesome damps dispel,
No friend allowed to soothe thee in thy woe,
Thy prison-floor denied a little straw;—
The cheering food that weeping friendship sent,
From thy pale lips by ruthless spoilers rent—
My spirit melts, my eyes with tears o'erflow,
To see thee stript of every hope below.
Yet, round thy dungeon shone a light divine,
The faithful Prophet's holy fire was thine;

Thy God was near thee, and thy soul found rest,
Pure as an angel's, on thy Saviour's breast;
His tender hand still sweeter food supplied
Than all thy keeper's cruelty denied;
Sustained thus—we see thy spotless mind
In fetters faithful, and in suffering kind,
Thy spirit, meek, like His whose temples found
The plaited thorns, and bled beneath their wound.
Ye blooming youth, whose feeling bosoms glow
With tender pity o'er the tale of woe,
Here like yourselves a virtuous youth survey,
Who for his faith 'mid gloomy felons lay;
Cold, hunger, insults, fetters, stripes, he bore,
Till the last pang of innocence was o'er.
But why this suffering? That a church might spring
Pure, firm, devoted to its Lord and King;
Raised by the Almighty and His servant's hands,
Amid the nations now in peace it stands;
But does that power encompass it around
Which once bore rule? that holy zeal abound?
In much external comfort now we meet,
But do we humbly sit at Jesus' feet,—
Beneath this precious canopy of love,—
And there refreshment, for our spirits prove?
Ah! what are outraged temples rising fair,
If yet the holy Presence is not there?
Bet'er in cold, damp dungeons *still* to lie
With hearts prepared, and favored from on high.
Ye rising youth! Oh, could the tender strain
But reach *your* heart, and there not plead in vain,
It would repeat: Of pleasure's gilded snare,
However bright, beware, dear youth, beware;
Its sylvan smile may fascinate the eye,
But hid beneath, the sting of adders lie.
Then turn with bosoms simple and sincere
To that best Light which shines distinct and clear;
A light from heaven to guide you on your way,
To the pure regions of more perfect day.
This to the Youth; and oh! ye aged, too,
The warm expostulating strain allow—
Yes, well I know beneath white hairs are found
Those to the law, and testimony bound;
But there are snares maturest age assail,
And even o'er the last of life prevail.
When pleasure's restless train let go their hold,
The soul in secret hugs its Idol—*gold*.
Immortal spirits, destined for the sky,
Shall they in bondage, chained to ingots lie?
It was not so, when our forefathers rose
To advocate the Christian's glorious cause.
Dependent on their God—to Him resigned,
The world hung lightly on each faithful mind;
They knew this truth, that in a worldly heart
The love of God can have but little part.
Are we their sons, who, at the Almighty's call,
Left wives and children, houses, lands, and all,
To sound the gospel through a darken'd land,
While death and perils frowned on every hand?
Father and Lord! once more, oh! make us feel
A sacred portion of their fervent zeal;
Again, oh! shake us as in times of old,
When tens of thousands gathered to Thy fold;
When such as Burrough, Fox, and Dewsberry,
Went forth devoted servants unto Thee,
And precious Parnell for Thy cause laid down
His spotless life, and met the martyr's crown.

“THE gentle courtesy of the words and ways of one living in the light of the divine countenance is as different from the polished surface of mere worldly politeness as are the beams of the setting sun to the rays of a gas lamp.”

LONGINGS.

Dear Lord ! who loves both weak and strong,
And will the erring soul forgive ;
To whom all homage doth belong,
By whom, in whom, we all do live.

Dear Lord ! come nearer, let me touch
If but Thy garment hem, 'tis well ;
Erring, I love Thee, love Thee much,
More than my feeble praise can tell.

When dark and sad the way, it seems
A long and dreary path I tread,
Illumined by Thy love, the gleams
Of heavenly light are o'er me shed.

Infinite pity, tender love,
Mercy and peace are in Thy hand,
Stoop nearer ! send Thy heavenly dove !
And guide me to that " Better Land ! "

R. L.

POWER OF A SMILE.

I sighed to do good, but I could not. My friends and neighbors were all independent, and needed no aid from me. My means were so limited that I had nothing with which to assist the poor and needy, and my health so delicate that I could be of no service to the sick and suffering. The power of doing good, I felt, greatly to my regret, had been denied me. As I walked, musing in this way, I beheld an old man approaching. His form was bent, his cheek furrowed, his hair white and thin. In one hand was a staff, in the other was a stick, which he held across his shoulder, and upon which was suspended a wallet containing, as I suppose, a few articles of apparel. He came feebly onward, and as I drew near he stepped from the walk and stood for me to pass. I glanced at him ; his whole appearance indicated poverty and want. I did not speak, but with my feelings expressed in my face, I smiled kindly upon him. " Ah, how-de-do : how-de-do ? " instantly and with strong emphasis, spoke out the old man, his whole countenance lighting up and his whole manner changing. Nothing more was said ; we both passed in silence along.

A short time after this, at nearly the same spot in which I had met with the old man, I saw a woman sitting upon the grass, by the road-side, with her elbow upon her knee and her head resting upon her hand. She did not notice me, as I passed her, for her eyes were closed, but she looked so worn and tired and her attitude was so sad and thoughtful that my sympathies were at once excited, and I turned back to address her. In my hand I carried a small basket of early apples which I emptied upon the grass, beside the woman, saying : " Madam, you are worn and tired ; these apples may refresh you—will you accept them ? " At the sound of my voice she started, looked earnestly at me and said : " Accept them, O yes, Miss, with a thousand

thanks." Conversing with her a few moments, I learned that she had been to see a poor sister, residing several miles distant, who was sick and dying. As I turned to leave, with a few words of sympathy, she thanked me again and again, and then fixing her eyes inquiringly upon me, she said : " May n't I ask, Miss, if you ain't the young lady that spoke so kindly, last week, to my poor old father ? "

" I met an old man, just about this spot, last week, and I smiled upon him, but I did not speak," I replied. " That was my father ! " she exclaimed, grasping my hand, " and I thank you, for him, for the smile. He has talked about it ever since, and tells every day how much good it did him. And now, how much good your kindness has done me, young lady," as she pressed my hand and burst into tears. And I felt, at that moment, that I would never say again that I could not do good in the world.—*Lutheran Observer.*

A GOOD conscience is better than two witnesses—it will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty—a staff when you are weary—a screen when the sun burns—a pillow in death.

From the National Standard.

LETTER FROM SOJOURNER TRUTH—LAND FOR THE FREED PEOPLE.

FLORENCE, MASS., FEB. 18th, 1871.

Mr. A. M. Powell, Dear Sir :—I have been making my appeal to the people of Rhode Island and Massachusetts for seven months, to get them to petition Congress to give the Freed People a grant of land so that they can be led to earn their own living, and be taken off the support of the government. I have been hoping somebody would print a little of what I am doing, but the papers seem to be content simply in saying how old I am.

I was in hopes that this would be the last winter that those poor people would suffer so much around Washington. It is a shame, while the government has so much unoccupied land in the West where they might earn their living. I have got fifty petitions printed at my own expense, and I hope you will urge the people to sign similar ones.

I am going to Kansas in hopes of finding the land there ; and I wish to finish my work here before I go. I hope you will print all that you can on this subject and so help me in my work, for it will benefit you as well as the rest of the people. The Lord is in this work. Ycurs truly, SOJOURNER TRUTH.

P. S. Rev. Gilbert Haven of Boston is kindly aiding me in getting petitions signed, and will send all of the Massachusetts petitions to Congress for me.

[The following is the petition referred to by Sojourner Truth. We hope it may receive many signatures, and be favorably considered at an early day by Congress.—ED.]

PETITION.

To the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled :

Whereas, through the faithful and earnest representations of Sojourner Truth (who has personally investigated the matter), we believe that the freed colored people in and about Washington, dependent upon Government for support, would be greatly benefited and might become useful citizens by being placed in a position to support themselves;

We, the undersigned, therefore earnestly request your Honorable Body to set apart for them a portion of the public land in the West, and erect buildings thereon for the aged and infirm, and otherwise so to legislate as to secure the desired results.

DRESSING WITH PLAINNESS.—It would lessen the burdens of many who find it hard to maintain their place in society. It would lessen the force of the temptations which often lead men to barter honor and honesty for display. It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptation to vanity. It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptation to be envious and malicious. It would save valuable time. It would relieve our minds from a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprises.

FROM "MY STUDY WINDOWS."

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE ROBIN.

The return of the robin is commonly announced by the newspapers, like that of eminent or notorious people to a watering-place, as the first authentic notification of spring. And such his appearance in the orchard and garden undoubtedly is. But, in spite of his name of migratory thrush, he stays with us all winter, and I have seen him when the thermometer marked 15 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, armed impregnably within, like Emerson's Titmouse, and as cheerful as he. The robin has a bad reputation among people who do not value themselves less for being fond of cherries. There is, I admit, a species of vulgarity in him, and his song is rather of the Bloomfield sort, too largely ballasted with prose. His ethics are of the Poor Richard school, and the main chance which calls forth all his energy is altogether of his belly. He never has those fine intervals of lunacy into which his cousins, the catbird and the mavis, are apt to fall. But for a' that and twice as muckle's

a' that, I would not exchange him for all the cherries that ever came out of Asia Minor. With whatever faults, he has not wholly forfeited that superiority which belongs to the children of nature. He has a finer taste in fruit than could be distilled from many successive committees of the Horticultural Society, and he eats with a relishing gulp not inferior to Dr. Johnson's. He feels and freely exercises his right of eminent domain. His is the earliest mess of green peas; his all the mulberries I had fancied mine. But if he gets also the lion's share of the raspberries, he is a great planter, and sows those wild ones in the woods, that solace the pedestrian and give a momentary calm even to the jaded victims of the White Hills. He keeps a strict eye over one's fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have cooked long enough in the sun. During the severe drouth a few years ago, the robins wholly vanished from my garden. I neither saw nor heard one for three weeks. Meanwhile a small foreign grape-vine, rather shy of bearing, seemed to find the dusty air congenial, and, dreaming perhaps of its sweet Argos across the sea, decked itself with a score or so of fair bunches. I watched them from day to day till they should have secreted sugar enough from the sunbeams, and at last made up my mind that I would celebrate my vintage the next morning. But the robins, too, had somehow kept note of them. They must have sent out spies, as did the Jews into the promised land, before I was stirring. When I went with my basket, at least a dozen of these winged vintagers bustled out from among the leaves, and alighting on the nearest trees interchanged some shrill remarks about me of a derogatory nature. They had fairly sacked the vine. Not Wellington's veterans made cleaner work of a Spanish town; not Federals or Confederates were ever more impartial in the confiscation of neutral chickens. I was keeping my grapes a secret to surprise the fair Fidele with, but the robins made them a profounder secret to her than I had meant. The tattered remnant of a single bunch was all my harvest-home. How paltry it looked at the bottom of my basket—as if a humming bird had laid her egg in an eagle's nest! I could not help laughing; and the robins seemed to join heartily in the merriment. There was a native grape-vine close by, blue with its less refined abundance, but my cunning thieves preferred the foreign flavor. Could I tax them with want of taste?

The robins are not good solo-singers, but their chorus, as like primitive fire-worshippers, they hail the return of life and warmth to the world, is unrivaled. There are a hundred

singing like one. They are noisy enough then, and sing as poets should, with no after-thought. But when they come after cherries to the tree near my window, they muffle their voices, and their faint *pip, pip, pop!* sounds far away at the bottom of the garden, where they know I shall not suspect them of robbing the great black-walnut of its bitter-rinded store. They are feathered Pecksniffs, to be sure, but then how brightly their breasts, that look rather shabby in the sunlight, shine in a rainy day against the dark green of the fringe-tree! After they have pinched and shaken all the life out of an earthworm, as Italian cooks pound all the spirit of a steak, and then gulped him, they stand up in honest self-confidence, expand their red waistcoats with the virtuous air of a lobby member, and outface you with an eye that calmly challenges inquiry. "Do I look like a bird that knows the quality of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any robin if he ever ate anything less ascetic than the frugal berry of a juniper, and he will answer that his vow forbids him." Can such an open bosom cover such depravity? Alas, yes! I have no doubt his breast was redder at that very moment with the blood of my raspberries. On the whole he is a doubtful friend in the garden. He makes his dessert of all kinds of berries, and is not averse to early pears. But when we remember how omnivorous he is, eating his own weight in an incredibly short time, and that nature seems exhaustless in her invention of new insects hostile to vegetation, perhaps we may reckon that he does more good than harm. For my own part, I would rather have his cheerfulness and kind neighborhood than many berries.

THE TRUE USE OF WEALTH.

The majority of those who have any control over money are usually much more concerned about its acquisition than its disbursement. The idea that money is hard to get and easy to spend, is so thoroughly woven into the minds of men that they are usually content to put all their serious energies into the former, leaving the latter to follow as a pleasant pastime, or, at the most, giving it but the remnants of their attention. Yet as all (excepting, perhaps, the confirmed miser) will admit that money is a means to an end, it is plainly unwise to devote excessive attention to its acquirement while the very purposes for which we acquire it remain unfulfilled, or, at best, but imperfectly accomplished. To attain any end it is not sufficient to possess the requisite means; we must also wisely adjust those means to the object in view. In the carrying out of our national

school system, the appropriation of funds, though a primary necessity, would of itself be useless, unless thought, judgment, and discretion guided their disbursement. So in every one's pecuniary affairs, the utmost industry and energy may be exerted to *obtain* money, but unless its expenditure be wisely controlled, its purposes will be frustrated, and its value comparatively lost. It is from the failure to recognize the importance of this truth, that the fallacious idea originates that money is a curse rather than a blessing. As well might water be called a curse, because it can be put to the ignoble purpose of the suicide; or food, because the vice of gluttony degrades humanity. The misuse of any blessing is no argument against its value. Its true worth to mankind can only be determined by its highest capability of producing good; and from this standpoint we can never over estimate the real value of money. Henry Taylor says, "If we take account of all the virtues with which money is mixed up, honesty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality, fore-thought, self-sacrifice, and of their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity; and a right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man."

That this blessing, however, is often abused and made the instrument of injury instead of good, and that in the large majority of instances it fails in the end to meet our expectations, are facts too patent to need assertion. Passing by the many forms of profligacy and sensual vice to which money is made to minister, and the more refined, but scarcely less degrading folly of fashionable extravagance, which, in multiplying luxuries, sacrifices all the noblest ends of life—which of us is satisfied with the results that have accrued from his expenditures? Which of us can say that even his own hopes in this direction have been realized, or that, as far as they have been accomplished, the happiness he expected has ensued? What is the secret of the disappointment that creeps in so insidiously to poison the cup of pleasure that we had hoped to earn by persevering industry, and untiring endeavors? Perhaps the chief cause of this wide-spread dissatisfaction, is, that most men fail clearly to recognize and keep in view the *ends* which they choose to accomplish through the medium of money. These are usually so numerous and varied, that they become confused and indistinct in the mind. They need to be graded in our estimation, and its proper rank assigned to each. The happiness which we may legitimately expect from money, will flow, not from the large amount we expend,

nor the variety of objects we aim at, but from their wise selection, their judicious apportionment, and a steady and courageous discipline which shall enable us to refuse to employ our means in other methods than those which our best judgment approves. Its primary objects are the health and comfort of the body; the education and improvement of the mind and the advantages of social intercourse. But few realize the smallness of the cost necessary to secure these. Emerson says, "The end sought in the hunger for wealth, is plainly to secure the ends of good sense and beauty from the intrusion of deformity of any kind. But what a train of means is used. * * * Wealth is good, as it appeases the animal cravings, cures the smoky chimney, silences the creaking door, brings friends together in a warm and quiet room. But in the exertion to remove the inconveniences, the main attention has been diverted to this object—the old aims have been lost sight of, and, to remove friction, has come to be the end."

To appreciate the true end of money we must recognize the true end of life. If we live for noble aims and high purposes, then whatever means may fall to our lot to possess, be they little or much, will be used to clear away the obstructions which hinder such a path. Into such a life wealth cannot flow too abundantly. When devoted to noble purposes, riches receive a lustre that they can never attain in the hands of the man whose objects are low and selfish.—*Ledger*.

MAKING people happy is neither a small nor an unimportant business. As I regard good nature as one of the richest fruits of true Christianity, so I regard the making of people round about us happy as one of the best manifestations of that Christian disposition which we are commanded to wear as a garment.—*Beecher*.

ITEMS.

THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN ENGLAND.—The London and Northwestern Railway, from Liverpool and Manchester to Huddersfield and the North, passes through a range of hills separating Marsden on the Yorkshire side and Diggle on the Lancashire side, the range bearing the name of Stand Edge, and it has now three tunnels running through it—one a canal tunnel, and the other two for the purposes of the railway. The first-named was commenced in 1794 and completed in 1811; length, 5,451 yards, or three miles and 171 yards; cost, £128,803; and the loss of life during its progress was serious. The first of the two railway tunnels is shorter than the Stand Edge one by about 40 yards, Stand Edge being three miles and 60 yards long. It was commenced in 1845 and completed in 1848; the cost was £171,003 12s. 3½d., of the approaches

£30,605, making a total of £201,608, and the largest number of men employed on the undertaking was 1,953. Nine fatal accidents occurred in its construction. The new tunnel was commenced in the middle of 4th mo., 1868, and was completed in the middle of 10th mo., 1860, or six months earlier than the time specified. Its exact length is 5,435 yards, one yard less than its twin tunnel; but the actual length constructed is 5,279½ yards, the difference arising from a short piece at each end having been made when the first tunnel was executed. The whole length is lined with red bricks, faced with blue Staffordshire bricks. The height of the tunnel inside the brick work is 20 feet and the width 15 feet. The total quantity of brickwork built is 52,156 cubic yards, the total number of bricks used being 16,831,149, the total weight of which amounts to 68,000 tons; 6,271 tons of coal, 472 tons of coke, 2,421 tons of lime, 140 tons of cement were consumed; and of powder 1,744 casks, equal to 174,400 pounds; fuzes, 35,853 coils, each 25 feet, equal to 170 miles; candles, 8,745 dozen pounds, equal to 104,940 lbs., oil, 6,416 gallons; and vast quantities of timber were used. The rubbish was conveyed away by means of tramways, which ran through passages under the railway, and was tipped into boats on the canal before mentioned. It was conveyed through "break-ups" or cross-headings. For the conveyance of the material used in the construction of the tunnels 25 boats and four steamboats were constantly plying, and an immense expense had to be incurred in erecting huts, providing business offices and putting down costly plant for economizing labor. Only one life has been lost during the construction, but there have, of course, been plenty of accidents of a less serious nature. The work has been pronounced satisfactory in all respects, and the line is reported as being one of the smoothest portions of railway travelling in the kingdom. The line was opened about the middle of last month for regular traffic.—*Daily paper*.

We clip from the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* the following notice of a law now enforced in Ohio:

"Sec. 3. Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer or other person who shall be injured in person, property or means of support by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of such intoxication, habitual or otherwise, shall have a right of action against both the person who sold the liquor and the landlord who owns the premises on which the sales were made."

A great number of suits have been brought under this law, which is said to be working well. The widow of a physician has obtained a verdict of \$5,000 against the rum seller who sold the liquor which killed her husband; a mother received \$2,800 for the death of a son, and other mothers, wives and sisters have been awarded damages. It is provided in the law that a judgment obtained under it shall become a first lien upon the premises, and, in default of payment, everything—buildings, barrels, decanters and tumblers—may be knocked down at sheriff's sale.

A meteorite is reported to have been discovered embedded in the Miocene strata of Greenland. This makes it a fossil meteorite, if that term is admissible, and as such it is highly interesting as being the first of its kind. It has been offered to the British Museum for the sum of £240.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Beni. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*

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From "Reformers and Martyrs."

JOHN WESSEL.

(Concluded from page 83.)

Resuming his residence in Paris, he was soon afterward invited by Philip, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, to a position in the University of Heidelberg; which invitation he accepted about the fifty-eighth year of his age. In this same city Jerome of Prague had, about seventy years before, on publicly posting up reformatory theses, been peremptorily forbidden to call in question the prevalent dogmas. Here also Melancthon afterward studied, and Luther at a still later day kindled much ardor for the doctrines of the reformation. The elector, it seems, was desirous that he should lecture on theology; but here an obstacle soon presented itself. Wessel had never taken a degree as Doctor of Theology, and had always refused on any account to submit to the tonsure as a priest; and the faculty would by no means consent to such an innovation as to place one who was not holding such an ecclesiastical position, in that professorship. He therefore took the chair of Philosophy, in his capacity of Master of Arts. His lectures included some reference to the Greek and Hebrew languages, and afforded him frequent opportunities of freely speaking his sentiments on the defects and corruptions of the Romish system, and of what was called theological science. He continued his labors at Heidel-

berg for but a few years. "It was he," says Ullmann, "who sowed the first seeds of that purer Christian doctrine, which we find springing up here, with so rich a growth, about the commencement of the sixteenth century."

But his free teachings, so opposite to the scholastic dogmatism of those times, was not likely to make his abode in Heidelberg a couch of ease. A jealousy also ensued among the other teachers, who saw and felt his preponderating influence. The monks hated him for his determined opposition to their bigotry and superstition; and their inclination to bring him into trouble showed itself at various times in a way which convinced him that they only wanted opportunity for the commencement of persecution. About the year 1479, his friend John Ruchrath of Wesel was imprisoned, and his writings condemned by the Inquisitors, and a report reached Wessel that he was even condemned to be burned. This he looked upon as a clear indication of what might perhaps soon befall himself. He had already retired from Heidelberg into his native country of the Netherlands, being weary of the animosity which pursued him. He now appears to have taken the resolution to spend the approaching evening of his life in comparative privacy. The dreaded prosecution, however, was averted, probably owing in part at least to the known protection and hospitality

extended to him by David of Burgundy, Bishop of Utrecht and half-brother of Charles the Bold; a man who delighted in the society of men of great talent and celebrity, and endeavored to promote some reform in the ecclesiastical body. This prelate once wrote to Wessel: "I know there are many who seek your destruction; but while I am alive to protect you this shall never be."

The biographer of Wessel to whom we have so often referred, says in regard to this period of his life: "Wessel believed that the time was now come for him to direct the current of his life more into the channel of peaceful contemplation. In doing so, however, he did not cease to employ his pen and tongue as industriously as ever, but only gave to his industry a more calm and exclusive character. He frequently visited his friends, and received visits in return. It was his custom annually to repair to the scene of his early education, Zwoll and the contiguous Mount St. Agnes. Here he was surrounded with the memories of former years, especially of his paternal friend Thomas à Kempis, and in no spot of his native land did he love so much to dwell. From the abode thus endeared to him by the remembrances of youth, Wessel was wont to resort to the monastery Adwerd [about two leagues from Gröningen], where he had many friends and scholars, to whose number he was continually adding." Belonging to this monastery "there was a sort of academy, frequented by the youth from all Friesland, who, in a lower school, were taught the elementary branches of knowledge, and then promoted to a higher, where, under professors of greater learning, they prosecuted their studies in philosophy and theology. These schools had formerly been in a very flourishing condition * * * but they were now somewhat upon the decline. Wessel made great efforts to revive them, in which, at the outset, he was supported by the abbot, Henry Rees. At his death, however, hindrances were cast in his way. During his visits to Adwerd, he endeavored to operate on the minds of the monks and the susceptible youths. He encouraged them to the study of Hebrew, explained to them the Psalms, pointed out the mistakes in the Vulgate, answered the questions and solved the difficulties they proposed; and occasionally read aloud a passage from the original Hebrew text, at which all that the monks could do was to wonder at the outlandish sounds. These exertions were not unsuccessful. Adwerd, for a time, united together all the men of learning in Friesland and the surrounding countries."

"In like manner Wessel everywhere en-

deavored to operate upon the young, and sow the seeds of improvement in their souls. He directed their attention to what was defective and pernicious in the prevailing method of education * * * and prepared their youthful minds for the rise of a brighter day, which he never doubted would come at last, but of which he only caught a distant view." "Wessel used to foretell, with the most perfect certitude, the speedy and total overthrow of scholasticism. To one of his favorite pupils, who applied to him for advice about the prosecution of his studies, he said, 'Young friend, you will live to see the day when the doctrine of Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura, and such other modern dialectical theologians, will be rejected by all truly Christian divines.'" This was literally fulfilled, Oestendorp, the student alluded to, being still living about the year 1528, at which time scholasticism had received its fatal blow from the reformation.

"Upon another occasion he declared, 'It will come to pass ere long, that these irrefutable teachers, with their hoods and cowls, both black and white, will be forced to retreat within due bounds.' In this manner Wessel guided the current into a new and better channel * * * and as they had once done to Gerhard Groot and Florentius Radewins, persons of all ages from the surrounding district resorted to the old and experienced man for advice and instruction." "In the list of Wessel's scholars, the two who, both as the oldest and the most distinguished, undoubtedly claim the highest place, are Rudolph Agricola and John Reuchlin." In this manner, as well as in his published works, did Wessel's labors serve to prepare the minds of his countrymen for the great change which took place in the next century.

"The piety of Wessel," says Ullman, "evinced itself most of all as a vital consciousness of dependence upon God, and complete devotedness to his will * * * 'All that I have,' he says, addressing the Divine Being, 'is from thee. Not by my own wisdom, or my own device, or my own labor, am I what I am; but I am this and all else because such has been thy will. Thou hast commanded, and I am here. And for this reason, I do not merely commit myself to thee with confidence, or devote myself to thee in faith, but, as is my duty, I give myself wholly up to thy will. Use me according to thy free pleasure. Created for thy sake and by thyself, out of nothing, I ought to seek and expect nothing but thy glory. Then, whatever befalls me, provided it comes from thee, will be right. * * * Let this one thing suffice for my comfort, to know that such is the will of Him, without

whose will not even a leaf drops from a tree; and in all situations let it be the firm anchor of my tossing bark, to have no other will but thine."

"And no less does his piety manifest itself as sincere and profound humility. Thoroughly as his mind was imbued with love to the Divine Being, he yet possessed that child-like modesty which considers its affection as far beneath the dignity of its object, and a consciousness that all he had to offer to God bore no proportion to what he had received from Him. 'What shall I render to Him for his gifts,' he asks, 'to whom I can render nothing which is not already his own, nothing which I have not obtained from Him, and obtained as a boon? Woe is me! I must not be ungrateful, and yet to give Him gift for gift in the least degree, is impossible. My very self and all that is mine is thine, O Lord, whether I choose or not. I received it without desert, and I possess it without the power of making any return for it. * * * With immeasurable obligations on the one hand, and total penury on the other, all that is left for me is to acknowledge and confess, and refer all to Him, and to admire, love, glorify Him, and sweetly enjoy His bounties.' And in another place: 'What can I give to Him who gives all to me? The violet of spring exhales its fragrance to the fostering sun. The winged gnat sports in its beams. But to Him who is my spiritual sun, what can I give in return? In truth, to render to Him anything of my own is impossible, and, toward such a lover, would be dreadful ingratitude and neglect of duty. * * * * The only thing which I can give is a grateful heart.'"

In another passage of the same work (*Exempla Scalar Meditationis*), he thus fervently expresses his feelings on the love of God to be perfected in heaven: "Oh, that will be a happy day, when I shall love, and not merely love, but love with all my heart, and soul, and spirit! Nor will it even suffice that I truly, and sincerely, and purely love, but the nerve and force of my affection will be unspeakably heightened by Him who was born and gave himself for me. So that my love will then be exalted as far above that which we now feel, as heaven is above the earth, the sun above a spark, and the universe greater than a grain of mustard seed. And with a love thus elevated and inflamed will I keenly and fervently long and hunger and thirst after my God, and when at last my desires shall be crowned, and I shall possess and embrace their object, who will then paint my bliss? Who can comprehend it, that has not burned with the same ardor? Blessed, therefore, yea truly

blessed that day! Its blessedness is such as no eye hath seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Yet it appears that toward the close of his life his mind was permitted to be brought into some painful conflicts. To a friend who visited him in his last illness, he is reported to have said, that according to his time of life and condition he was well, but had great trouble one way; for that he was tossed to and fro by conflicting thoughts, and even began to doubt of the truth of the Christian religion. Ullman says that "even at former periods he had not been exempt from inward conflicts and scruples. But that which was the inmost and highest power of his life soon obtained the victory in the breast of Wessel. Many a time before, in a lively faith in the Redeemer, he had obtained inspiring glimpses into the eternal world, and long had he anticipated and extolled the happy day on which he would pass to an infinitely perfect life of love. And now, when the hour of his departure approached, he met it with steadfastness and joy. To the friend, when he repeated his visit, he said, 'Thank God, all the vain thoughts of which I spoke have vanished, and now I know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified!' * * * A peaceful death at length emancipated his spirit, on the 4th day of October, 1489, and, supposing him to have been born in 1419 or 1420, at the age of sixty-nine or seventy." He left quite a number of works on various religious subjects, many of which, probably published only in manuscript, have been lost.

LOWELL thus draws a lesson from the foot-prints and rain spots of the sandstone: "Perhaps it was only because the ripple and the rain-drop and the bird were not thinking of themselves that they had such luck. The chances of immortality depend very much on that."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE EDITORS, BY A SUBSCRIBER.

I may mention one subject that is agitating the common mind of our Society, viz.: the decrease of interest and life among us, and the method best calculated to get up a more healthy state of things.

An idea seems to have got into the minds of many well-disposed and concerned Friends, that the *seeing* this state of things existing is a sufficient warrant for some sort of action. These apparently adopt as their rule of action the proverb, "Go get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God will give the flax;" about which there can be no disputing, pro-

vided the *needful* preparation is of the Lord. (And of this there can be no safer rule for judging than has been given: that of examining the fruits.) This side of the case has found expression at various times in the *Intelligencer*, and to some extent in an article (Review of Editorial) in No. 2, and I would suggest whether it be courteous to deny the publication of communications from those who have a fear that these movements are superficial, with a "tendency to a superficial view of Quakerism?" Especially when it is known they proceed from Friends known to be "zealously affected always in a good thing,"—who represent faithfully those among us who firmly believe that the Lord is able to carry on His great work in the earth, and among His people; that the mountains of difficulty surround us, and the flood gates are opened to the inflowing of the great tide of weaknesses, threatening to swallow us up. The command still is, to "stand still and behold the salvation of God,"—to tarry even at Jerusalem for the endowment.

Were it desirable, I should not shrink from a discussion of this and some other subjects that seem to be opened in an especial manner for consideration at this time; for I believe it to be clearly demonstrable in the light of Truth that those who seem slow to run in the Master's cause, and careful to put not forth the hand unbidden to steady the ark, are resting upon the sure foundation whereon the Church must be established, though it does expose them to the charge of advocating a "do-nothing policy." A. H. H.

Maryland, 3d mo., 1871.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"A POINT OF ORDER AND DISCIPLINE," AGAIN.

To some of us who have grown gray in the maintenance of the discipline, established in 1719, relative to the appointment of overseers to attend marriages, the proposition of your anonymous correspondent "to amend this rule so that the parties concerned might make their own selection among their friends, &c.," seemed strange. Nor can we accede to his position, that "the present practice proves the general sentiment in regard to the privilege, which individuals should have, in the selection of overseers at weddings." More strange still, when we found that you had fallen into the same errors, and advocated the same measures.

We can readily suppose that the presence of solid, religiously-concerned overseers, has frequently exercised an *irksome restraint*—none the less needed on that account—over the giddy and thoughtless youth, who often attend marriages. I have long believed, that it is more from a desire to escape this restraint,

than from a concern to lessen the number in attendance, that wedding parties wish to select their own overseers.

Where wealth and affluence prevail, and their concomitant fashions and follies are indulged in, we generally find a corresponding disregard for the plain and simple principles and practices which have ever characterized Friends.

Hence, we are left to infer, and I believe that proper inquiry will sustain the inference, that this "time-sanctioned usage" had its origin in the city, and among the class of citizens which has been designated. And, further, that the practice has been mostly confined to the city until a very recent period, when it has gradually extended to the neighboring districts.

I always rejoice to find a religious concern to have the attendance small; but to such I would say, you already possess a more effective means to secure this object, than by having recourse to this disorderly practice.

Friends seem to have almost forgotten, that the oversight and proper conduct of marriages is a religious concern of Society, in its collective capacity, the administration of which has been delegated to the executive department—the *Monthly Meetings*—not to the individuals specially concerned, but for their encouragement and assistance, in preserving and maintaining good order.

The proposed change of discipline would only invalidate the necessary and proper concern of Society for its members, and cover up, rather than correct, their violations of order; while the *placebo*, offered by the editors, with its significant *proviso*, would only cut the Gordian knot, by substituting an inefficient and meaningless *form*, for a deep and abiding *religious concern*.

We need not marvel, therefore, at the dissatisfaction which is acknowledged to exist among order-loving Friends. That it may continue, and greatly increase, is the desire of
Your friend, E. MICHENER.

New Garden, 3d mo. 28th, 1871.

P.S.—As you may properly remark: The *responsibility* of the overseers of a marriage is greatly enhanced by the present discipline. The Monthly Meeting is authorized, virtually, to appoint a time and place for holding a solemn religious meeting. To secure this purpose, it is required to choose four suitable Friends to attend, and see that the meeting is properly held; and to report. The responsibility is here placed *upon*, and cannot be removed *from*, the Monthly Meeting. It must, therefore, be a palpable dereliction of this solemn duty, for the meeting to allow some outside, irresponsible, and perhaps incompetent parties, to assume its functions.

DR. FUSSELL.

FROM an obituary notice of Dr. Fussell, sent us by a friend, we make the following extracts :

The life of Dr. Bartholomew Fussell, whose recent death was announced a short time since, was in many respects so remarkable as to elicit further comment.

He was born in Chester county, Pa., in 1794, his ancestors being members of the Society of Friends, principally of English origin, who arrived in America during the early settlement of Pennsylvania, some being of the number who, with William Penn, built their homes on the unbroken soil where Philadelphia now stands.

He inherited all the bravery of these early pioneers, who left their homes for the sake of religious freedom, the governing principle of his life being a direct antagonism to every form of oppression. Removing in early manhood to Maryland, where negro slavery was legally protected, he became one of the most active opponents of the system, being a friend and colaborer of Elisha Tyson, known and beloved as "Father Tyson," by all the slaves of the region, and to the community at large as one of the most philanthropic of men.

While teaching school during the week as a means of self-education, and reading medicine at night, the young student expended his surplus energy in opening a Sabbath school for colored persons, teaching them the rudiments of knowledge, not for a few hours only, but for the whole day, and frequently finding as many as ninety pupils collected to receive the inestimable boon which gave them the power of reading the Bible for themselves. To the deeply religious nature of these Africans this was the one blessing they prized above all others in his power to bestow, and the overflowing gratitude they gave in return was a memory he cherished to the latest years of his life. * * *

He was one of the most earnest workers in the anti-slavery cause, never omitting in a fearless manner to embrace an opportunity to protest against the encouragement of a pro-slavery spirit.

Returning to Pennsylvania to practice his profession, his home became one of the havens where the hunted fugitive from slavery found food, shelter and rest. Laboring in connection with the late Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Del., and with many others, at available points, about 2,000 fugitives passed through his hands on their way to freedom, and amongst these he frequently had the delight of welcoming some of his old Sabbath-school pupils. The mutual rec-

ognition was sometimes touching in the extreme. * * *

But it was not slavery alone which occupied the thoughts and attention of this large-hearted man. He was well known as an advocate of common school education, of temperance, and of every other interest which, in his view, pertained to the welfare of man.

Unfortunately, he was addicted to the use of tobacco from his youth. Having become convinced that it was an evil, he, for the sake of consistency and as an example to others, resolutely abandoned the habit at the age of 70. He was fond of accrediting his resolve to a very aged relative, who, in remonstrating with him upon the subject, replied to his remark that a sudden cessation from a practice so long indulged in might result in his death: "Well, die then, and go to heaven decently." * * *

He believed in woman as only a thoroughly good man can, and from early youth he had been impressed with her peculiar fitness for the practice of medicine. The experience of a physician confirmed him in his sentiments, and it became one of his most earnest aspirations to open to her all the avenues to the study of medicine. In the year 1840 he gave regular instruction to a class of women, and it was through one of these pupils that the first female graduate in America was interested in the study of medicine. In 1846 he communicated to a few liberal-minded professional men a plan for the establishment of a college of the highest grade for the medical education of women. Others, with indomitable zeal, took up the work, and finally, after a succession of disappointments and discouragements from causes within and without, the Woman's College on North College avenue, Philadelphia, starting from the germ of his thought, entered on the career of prosperity it is so well entitled to receive. Though never at any time connected with the college, he regarded its success with the most affectionate interest, considering its proposition as one of the most important results of his life.

Happy in having lived to see slavery abolished, and believing in the speedy elevation of woman to her true dignity, and in the mitigation of the evils of war, intemperance, poverty, and crime which might be expected to follow such a result, he rested from his labors and died in peace.

INDEED, it is woful when the young usurp the place, or despise the wisdom of the aged; and among the many dark signs of these times, the disobedience and insolence of youth are among the darkest. But with whom is the fault? Youth never yet lost its modesty

where age had not lost its honor; nor did childhood ever refuse its reverence, except where age had forgotten correction. The cry, "Go up, thou bald head," will never be heard in the land which remembered the precept, "See that ye despise not one of these little ones;" and although, indeed, youth *may* be come despicable when its eager hope is changed into presumption, and its progressive power into arrested pride, there is something more despicable still in the old age which has learned neither judgment nor gentleness, which is weak without charity, and cold without discretion.—*Ruskin.*

EXTRACT FROM "THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL."

BY G. J. GEER.

The trouble is, not that men like Saul of Tarsus persecute the Church of Christ, but that *indifference to truth prevails*.

Discussions are no evidence of earnest desire to get at the truth. Few of them reach a whit deeper than to give food to vanity, to drill, to acquire facility in argument, or to justify national, individual, family, sectional, or hereditary prejudices or sins. The old gladiatorial contests of the Grecian games have disappeared, but there has been a transmigration of their soul. Their spirit has been infused into and transfused throughout the gladiatorial games of intellectual combat, which so often serve but to perplex the mind.

Truth is a solemn, awful reality; an unspeakable gift, to be valued, loved, labored for, died for. To attain unto its possession is the greatest of blessings. To be ever laboring for it, from no desire of personal, temporal, selfish ends, but in its own cause, for its own sake, for humanity's sake, for the glory of God, is the highest of duties. There is, we may be sure, more meaning in these most significant words of our blessed Lord, than we are apt to give to them: "He that doeth His will, shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God"—*i. e.*: He who discharges his duties as they rise up before him, with zeal and fidelity, without avoidance or neglect, shall be led on by the hand of God into the most intimate presence of those truths, which can be understood only by those who sincerely seek the knowledge of the will of the Lord. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." And to fear God truly, covers the whole ground. It comprehends, involves, and *leads* to all duty—all truth.

This indifference to truth suggests above all others one painful reflection. So long as it prevails there can be little hope of agreement—of unity. God will not, by any special act of His Providence, or by the power of His

Spirit, bring men to its knowledge, until they really desire it—and for its own sake. For then only will they prize and preserve it—labor and live for it. Men who are thinking most of everything else but the truth of God, are not the men to whom He will, in any special manner, by any special act, make His truth known. Saul was ready, the moment the true light of heaven broke in upon his soul, for any service. He was not the man to ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" with a mental reservation to do that will or not according to his inclination or fancied interests. He would take the consequences of an answer to his prayer. He would aim to be equal to the responsibilities which it imposed. In like manner, only as any one, in full purpose of heart, turns his steps heavenward, to follow where God shall lead, will it be a glorious announcement when, as of Saul, it shall be said of him, "BEHOLD HE PRAYETH!"

A SPEAKING PORTRAIT.—There is an old Greek story of a woman of dissolute life, who was sitting one night at supper in the midst of a company of revelers, when her eye lighted on the portrait of a sage and virtuous man on the wall opposite. Its calm and thoughtful expression arrested her attention. She thought of the serene, subdued, contented mind that looked forth in those noble lineaments. The contrast of all this with her own rude life and wretched heart struck her powerfully. She rose up from that festive board, forsook her old associates and way of life, and sought peace in the path of wisdom and virtue.

When we read that story, it seemed to us to symbolize the force of example. No good life is without power. Even the face of a good man awakens and moulds to goodness those who behold it, though his lips are silent. We all know that the most powerful influence we ever felt was that which did not assert itself—did not seem even to be conscious of its own power—but swept over us, still as the breeze, penetrative as the radiations of light, vanquishing us without alarming our pride, or waking up our sleeping prejudices to arm themselves for resistance.

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power, and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind.

Take any community, who is the man of

most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, not the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has proved himself to the judgment of his neighbors, and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

* * * * For some weeks past, thou hast been the frequent companion of my thoughts, and I have felt much sympathy towards thee, with much desire to write to thee as an evidence thereof. Yes, my daughter, it is a time of much travail of spirit, on account of the precious cause of Truth, and the preservation of the professors of it. But there is this consolation, that if we abide in our proper places, and keep to our hidden exercises, we may hope for the best of company, even though we may not always be sensible of it. For it must be so, that where the Master is, there shall the servant be. Now, why shall we give way to gloom and discouragement, when we do our best and are faithful? Every age and generation of the dedicated followers of the Lamb, have their portion of sufferings for the seed's sake, both in themselves and others. Thus, as they fill up their various portions of allotted duties, they wash their robes, and come through great tribulations. But what matter, after the race is run, and the prize obtained, whether this span of probationary existence has been passed in the sunshine of ease and prosperity, or lingered out in conflicts with affliction, pain, anxiety and deep tribulations? There are many things that we meet with, which to our comprehension seem mysterious—the why, and the wherefore, are hidden from us. But in this we may rest assured, that the righteous Judge of all the earth doeth that which is right. With Him we may safely leave the disposal of all things, and labor to bring our minds into acquiescence with the will Divine. David knew this when he said, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee, He will never suffer the soul of the righteous to be moved."

Thy acceptable letter was duly received, and gave a satisfactory though affecting account of the manner in which thy sympathies with suffering and affliction have been employed. Ah! my dear S —, amidst all

the supposed intellectual advancements and accumulations of knowledge, how little is really known of "the hand of God," or the voice of Divine wisdom in the dispensations of His providences!

The "blessings concealed" in the various trials and proving seasons allotted or permitted us to pass through, how little understood! Yet, our Heavenly Father knows our frame, and remembers we are dust. His mercies and His long suffering kindness fail not. "Oh! that men would praise Him for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

* * * * The economy of heaven is not wasteful, but the condescension of Divine Love often bears with human weakness, and adapts its administrations to our low estate. We know something of the patience and long-forbearance exercised toward ourselves, by our merciful Creator and Preserver. Hence, we can understand that in various ways He may adapt His dealings with others as He has towards us, and His manifestations also, according to their states and conditions. Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions;" we may say, "many apartments," to make the simile plain to our common understanding. We know how various the occupancy and use of the different rooms of a house, from the garret to the cellar. We know, too, the various talents and qualifications requisite for the occupiers of these different rooms. The cook, the chambermaid, the nurse, &c., have their duties and services in their apartments and departments of the mansion house.

There are disciples now (as formerly) who have to occupy the "mansion" assigned them, in the absence of the Master; and if they are faithful in this allotment, they become prepared for a higher place. So the servant that diligently occupied the one pound, at the return of the Master, was advanced to another "mansion" or department, to have charge of "ten cities;" so also it was when Jesus said to His disciples, "I go" away, but this was that (as to them) through their faithfulness they might be prepared for a higher "place." Thus they and we have the same lesson, and she that is faithful and diligent in a little, is entrusted with more.

A GARDEN is a beautiful book, writ by the finger of God; every flower and every leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce who cannot, if he will, do that—to learn them and join them and then go on reading and reading. And you will find yourself carried away from the earth by the beautiful story you are going through.

You do not know what beautiful thoughts grow out of ground, and seem to talk to a man. And then there are some flowers that seem to me like over-dutiful children: tend them but ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show, as I may say, their bright and happy faces to you.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 15, 1871.

THE PENN SEWING SCHOOL.—We were interested, a few days since, in attending the closing session of this excellent charity. Three years ago, a few of our young Friends, touched with a feeling of commiseration for the children, white and colored, who grow to womanhood in ignorance of the art of sewing, devised a plan for their instruction in this necessary part of female education. Those interested in the concern sought out their classes from the families of the very poor, and by much personal labor induced them to assemble to be taught the use of the needle, with the understanding that they should have the clothing they made. It was not an easy matter to awaken in children, unaccustomed to regular employment, a desire to learn an art requiring industry and perseverance; but unflinching kindness on the part of their instructors won their confidence and interest, and the little company steadily increased until it now numbers upwards of one hundred and fifty on the roll, with a corps of more than twenty teachers. The sessions have been held on Seventh-day morning of each week, during the winter season, in one of the rooms of the meeting-house, 15th and Race Sts., and the expenses are met by voluntary contributions. The improvement of the children has more than equalled the expectations of their benevolent friends, and in addition to the knowledge they have acquired of the use of the needle, they have received valuable moral instruction which we doubt not will be as good seed sown in their hearts.

The close of each session is usually celebrated by a simple social entertainment, provided by the liberality of one of the contributors.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.—The annual catalogue for 1870 and 1871 is now ready for dis-

tribution. Applications for admission for the next school year should be made early, to Wm. Dorsey, No. 923 Market St.; Edward Hoopes, No. 1330 Buttonwood St., Philadelphia, or to Edward H. Magill, Principal, at the College. A copy of the minutes of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the Stockholders, with a catalogue, has been mailed to each stockholder whose address was known. Any stockholder who has not received one, will please write without delay to Thomas S. Foulke, Swarthmore, Pa., giving correct name and address.

CLEMENT M. BIDDLE,
Sec'y of the Board of Managers.

WE would call attention to the advertisement of the Indian Committee of the several Yearly Meetings, for a Friend to supply the place of Asa M. Janney, who has so acceptably filled the position of Agent to the Santee Sioux Indians in Nebraska. The health of our friend, A. M. Janney, has been somewhat impaired, and he has felt it best to return to his home in Virginia.

MARRIED.

STEWART—FOGG.—On the 4th of Fourth month, 1871, at the residence of the bride's parents, under the care of Lower Greenwich Monthly Meeting, James Stewart, of Greenwich, to Rebecca, daughter of Thomas Fogg, of Salem county, N. J.

DIED.

BRIGGS.—At his residence, Duaneburgh, Schenectady Co., N. Y., on the 1st of Eleventh month, 1870, Reuben Briggs, in the 78th year of his age. Many could say of our departed friend: "I was an hungered and he gave me meat; I was thirsty and he gave me drink; a stranger, and he took me in; sick and afflicted, and he visited me." Such were the Christian acts of his unassuming life. None too poor, none too low to claim his hospitalities. A warm friend of the slave, his house was a refuge for many a fugitive from bondage; and we may add that he headed the requisition: "Deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

BRIGGS.—At the same place, on the 14th of Second month, 1871, Hannah, widow of Reuben Briggs, in the 71st year of her age. Of a gentle and retiring spirit, and most amiable disposition, she beautifully fulfilled life's varied duties; fully sympathizing with her husband in his acts of benevolence, and leaving an example worthy of imitation. These friends were not members of our Society, but were with us in principle, and steady attenders of our meeting while health permitted.

FUSSELL.—On the 14th of First month, 1871, at the residence of his son Dr. M. Fussell, near Chester Springs, Chester county, Pa., Dr. Bartholomew Fussell, in the 77th year of his age.

HAINES.—On the 28th of Third month, 1871, at the residence of her son William Haines, Cedar Lawn Farm, Upper Greenwich, N. J., Ann Haines,

in the 88th year of her age. She was an elder of Woodbury Monthly Meeting, having filled that station for more than forty years.

THORN.—At Mount Kisco, N. Y., on the 6th of Fifth month, 1870, John Thorn, aged 75 years; an elder of Chappaqua Monthly Meeting. The many excellent traits in this dear Friend's character cannot be delineated in a short notice. He was a man of integrity and uprightness in his every-day life, and when the summons came, "Steward, give an account of thy stewardship," he was prepared cheerfully to obey, and permitted, as we reverently believe, to enter into the joy of his Lord.

THORNE.—Suddenly, of heart disease, on the 3d of Fourth month, 1871, at the residence of his sister Rebecca Sleeper, Dr. Joseph Thorne, in the 63d year of his age. He was for many years a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, held at Cherry St. He had had several warnings, and expressed his willingness to go whenever his Master called, to that better world where all is joy and peace.

TOWNSEND.—After a short illness, on the 4th of Third month, 1871, at his residence in Lagrange, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Moses Townsend, aged 76 years; a member of Oswego Particular Meeting of Friends.

WEEKS.—At Mount Kisco, N. Y., of consumption, on the 1st of Twelfth month, 1869, Hannah, wife of Daniel Weeks, and only child of John and Phebe Thorn, aged 48 years; a member of Chappaqua Monthly Meeting. Her illness was protracted and suffering, yet her Christian patience was an unmis-takable proof of the all-sufficient Arm of power on which she had long relied. As the final close was approaching, her faith in her Redeemer was strong and unwavering. Her heart seemed to overflow with love to her Father in heaven and all around her, independent of name or sect. Her dying message was a rich legacy to many besides her own immediate family. Her affectionate heart clung with tenderness to those dear ones, whom she must soon leave; yet in firm faith she could commend them to God, feeling assured He would be with them to the end.

VAIL.—At the residence of his son-in-law Isaac Zavi'z in Lobo, Ontario, Canada, on the 12th of Third month, 1871, Moses Vail, aged nearly 75 years; a member of Norwich Monthly Meeting. Through a long, protracted illness he was very patient and cheerful, and passed quietly away, leaving the consoling evidence that all was peace.

WALTON.—At her residence, Norristown, Montgomery Co., Pa., on the morning of the 27th of Second month, 1871, Margaret, wife of Seth Walton, in the 77th year of her age; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 4th mo. 16. Merion, Pa., 3 P.M.
- " Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A.M.
- " Catawissa, Pa., 4 P.M.
- " Bethpage, N. Y., 11 A.M.
- " Jerusalem, N. Y., 3 1/2 P.M.
- " Woodstown, N. J., 10 A.M.
- " 23. Salem, N. J., 10 A.M.
- " Alloways Creek, N. J., 3 P.M.
- " Wheatland, N. Y., 3 P.M.
- " 30. Greenwich, N. J., 3 P.M.
- 5th " 7. Haddonfield, N. J., 3 P.M.
- " Chickster, Pa., 3 P.M.
- " Penn's Manor, Pa., 10 A.M.
- " Port Elizabeth, N. J., 10 A.M.
- " 14. Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.

FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Friends' Freedman's Association will meet at 1516 Vine St., on Fourth day evening, Fourth month 19th, at 8 o'clock. Being the last meeting before the Annual Meeting, it is very much to be desired that there should be a good attendance of Friends.

J. M. ELLIS, } Clerks.
ANNE COOPER, }

From "The Little Things of Nature."

EXCEPTIONS.

(Concluded from page 92.)

Further, it is noticeable among these little plants of the fields, that, while most of the members of the vegetable kingdom give out such odor as they may have power to *during life*, the vernal-grass, the woodruff, and others, are not fragrant till they have been torn away from their roots, and have begun to get dry. The rose, the lilac, the Daphne, and the acacia, pour forth their perfume as a part of their day's duty. The woodruff, that holds up handfuls of little white crosses in the pleasant woods and shady glens, yields no scent till its life has ebbed—beautiful emblem of those who delight us while they live, out of the serene abundance of their kindly hearts, but whose richer value we only begin to know when they are gone away, and of whose white souls we then say inwardly, "He, being dead, yet speaketh." So the hay-field, that rolls like sea waves, is scentless when we pass it uncut; we hear the measured *sweesh* of the scythe, death lays each green head low, and odor rises like mist.

The tall trees have their exceptional brethren no less than the dwarf plants. Some, instead of denuding themselves when autumn comes, keep their leaves all through the winter. We call them "evergreens," and at Christmas decorate our houses with their cheerful branches. Save for their green so-lace, the world would look very bleak and bare; as it is, the exception passes us comfortably through the sense of winter, and we feel over again that no deluge is ever so dreadful but that some little ark still floats upon the water, and keeps life and hope intact. Look at that venerable lime-tree! All other trees spread their branches far and wide, and, as long as they live, if we go under them, and cast our eyes upwards, we can see more or less of the sky, or at least there is plenty of room for us to climb; but the interior of an aged lime-tree is filled with little twigs, that form quite a brushwood. This impervious labyrinth offers a secure asylum for the smaller birds, when pursued by hawks; once inside, they can never be got at, and can rest, and go forth at will to renew their minstrelsy. Thorny trees and bushes, which also are exceptional to the general structure of plants, offer similar asylums to little birds.

The *rule* is that leaves shall be *green*. Wherever we cast our eyes, the prevalent hue is that of the grass, unless when burned up by the scorching heat of summer, or concealed by the white snow-mantle of Christmas, and even then we are reminded of it by the laurel, the holly, and other trees which are not forsaken by their foliage in October. But the leaves of some plants and trees are *not green*. When, for instance, the garden amaranths creep out of the ground, they are of a fine, lively red; and this color they retain in every part of their fabric till they die. In good green-houses and conservatories there are many such plants, *i. e.*, plants dyed of some strange rich hue which quite upsets the definition of a plant as "a *green* thing." Nature will not allow herself to be defined. When we think we have constructed our definitions so carefully that they are accuracy itself, and have marked out our boundaries and dividing lines, and then, quitting our chairs, go abroad into living nature, the work is found to have been vain; some odd plant or animal, as the case may be, is sure to be detected walking through the fences; we invariably discover that we only "know in part;" and when the larger knowledge has been obtained, and we again compare our schemes with nature, still it is the same,—mystery within mystery, hill behind hill, more and yet more islands in the infinite archipelago of truth and wonder.

Among the most beautiful of these painted-leaf-plants are the various kinds of Begonia, which upon the under side are often of a deep claret color, while the upper surface is marked with silvery spots and arches. Some kinds of Caladium have their leaves exquisitely dyed in the centre with crimson; others have crimson spots and blotches. The young leaves of the Dracæna are rose-color; those of certain Crotons are variegated with rose and yellow. All this is quite exceptional, and the peculiarity is accompanied in most cases by another, namely, the comparative insignificance of the flowers of these painted-leaved plants. It would seem that the grand principle of equal gifts to every living creature was here intended to be palpably illustrated. Where the foliage is plain and simple, green without inlay of purple or other tint, the flowers are in most cases showy and ornamental; where, on the other hand, the foliage is so deeply enriched that it looks more like flowers, then the actual blossoms are ordinarily of little pretension. Everywhere in nature is this kind distribution maintained. The man who is clever in languages is often inapt for physical science; when the hand can execute beautiful drawings, or make dull wires and woodwork give

forth delicious music, there is often inaptitude for metaphysics. Every one has something bestowed which, if faithfully and honorably cultivated and diffused, shall be the admiration of another: no one need *envy*, for he has that in himself which is also enviable, if he will only be true to his own powers and duties. These pretty plants with their deep-hued leaves, need not sigh for the blossoms of the camellia or the tulip; they are in themselves, though relatively flowerless, a banquet for all taste and capacity of delight.

Lastly, a few words upon remarkable exceptions in connection with animals. Most creatures reside permanently in their native countries; but some kinds change their quarters every spring or autumn, going to warmer or cooler regions, according as their instinct of self-protection prompts them. Hence, in early summer, our ears are saluted with the sweet cry of "Cuckoo!" Hence, in winter, we see birds of northern origin, Scandinavian strangers, little claws that have clung to Lapland birches, and wings that have flapped near icebergs. What tales of travel, were they gifted with words! One of the most useful of birds gives us *eggs*. When these are boiled, the contents coagulate, and become pleasant food; all other things, when boiled, become *soft*.

When we contemplate the organic provision made for the nourishment of her young by the female animal, we find it numerically proportioned to the number of her offspring at a birth, or to the occasional number. Woman has two breast-fountains, the cow has *four*; yet the progeny of the cow is rarely increased by more than two at a time, and usually by only one. The exceptional excess is, apparently, for the use of man; for whose service also the bees store a larger quantity of nectar than they require for their own consumption; and the law, "flowing with milk and honey," is shown to be a far-thought-of gift of the Divine Benevolence. Woman is exceptional to all other animals in her matchless capacity of nurse to her young. All other creatures that give suck, soon wean their offspring, and leave them to shift for themselves. Not so the most sacred servant of God. In those long yet patient hours when we lie, poor, helpless, thankless little things, wailing in the darkness; loved the more tenderly, pressed the more closely to our infant home, white as a snow-drop, and warm as the heart's best life-blood—ah, what a river of affection bursts from its heavenly spring, pouring on past all the years, believing all that is good and noble, and ever listening for it—forgiving all that is weak and erring, pleading till the heart well nigh breaks that the disobedient may be turned to the wisdom of

the just ; for it is love that would surrender life itself rather than enter heaven desolated "because they are not." A mother's love is distinguished from all others in this, that it overruns, from the beginning, time and the world, and looks to the eternal home where both shall live forever.

EARLY RAILROADING.

The Oldest Conductor in Pennsylvania.

Captain William Hambright, one of the passenger conductors on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, is at this time the oldest employe in that capacity, having been in active service longer than any other conductor in the State.

Mr. Hambright commenced his career as conductor by taking the first train (horse cars) out of Lancaster, in 1833, after which time he run regularly, and has been employed nearly all the time since, as passenger conductor on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. He then acted as conductor, brakeman, and greaser, his compensation being \$18 per month, which was considered good wages at that time. His train of horse cars would leave Lancaster at five o'clock P. M., and arrive in Philadelphia at five o'clock the next morning, making twelve hours for the journey; and the fare charged was \$3.50. Stoppages were frequent, fresh horses being employed every fifteen or twenty miles. At times they would be greatly detained by the severity of the weather, the winters in those times being much colder than at the present day. There was no fire in the cars, and when a stop was made to change horses, the conductor would make for the nearest hay stack or barn for the purpose of procuring straw or hay to strew over the floors of the cars in order to make his passengers more comfortable, himself riding outside, the cars generally being packed so full that he could scarcely gain admission. Down grade the horses were always kept at a full run. Horse flesh was very cheap then; sometimes five good animals could be purchased for \$100. In the year 1835 a locomotive, built by Norris, was brought from Philadelphia to Lancaster in wagons (why it was not brought by rail we did not learn); however, the wonderful machine was put upon the track, and fired up in presence of an immense assemblage of spectators. It appears the enterprise was not very successful, as it would run a short distance and then halt; then a number of muscular men would lend their assistance by pushing. Every device was resorted to to make the critter go, but all to no purpose. Sometime after this three small engines were purchased in England and sent over, which answered all purposes

for which they were intended, one of which is in use at the present time in York, Pa., sawing wood.

The Harrisburg and Portsmouth Railroad, as was then called, being laid on strong pieces of wood, using flat bar iron fastened down with spikes, it was necessary to carry hammer and spikes on the engine. Very often spikes would come out from the end of the bar, causing the ends of the same to stick up, which were termed "snake heads," and the engineer would be obliged to stop and spike down before attempting to pass over. Information had to be given the engineer before starting where stops were to be made. Our informant thought that method of stopping the train entirely too troublesome and inconvenient. [Here we may state that to Mr. Hambright belongs the credit of inventing the bell and rope system for signaling engineers.] He got permission from his "boss" to put his idea of the thing into practicable shape. Procuring a rope and common door-bell, he attached the latter near the engineer, (no house being over the locomotive at that time), then stretched the rope over the top of the cars. Ever after that and up to the present time bell-ropes have been in vogue, though in a more approved style than the one just described.

Conductors were not required to make reports at the end of each trip, as is now practiced; they would hand over the gold and silver—perhaps two or three hundred dollars or more—to the clerk, who would enter it in a book provided for the purpose, somewhat in this wise: "Conductor Hambright, so many dollars," and that was all the formality about it. Checks for baggage were not used, but when the cars arrived in Columbia or Philadelphia the conductor would open the car-door for the delivery of baggage, &c., to the passengers, who crowded around and secured their parcels by answering "Mine" to the conductors interrogatory, "Whose trunk is this?" which was kept up until all disappeared. If a trunk was marked "B" it was to go by boat; if "S" it was to go by stage line. Strange to say, there was not as much baggage lost then as now.

Very often the conductors would help the proprietors of the lines during harvest, and assist at other labor when off duty.—*Columbia Courant.*

OBSERVE a dog or a cat turning and twisting about, and perhaps beating with its paws before it can make up its mind to lie down, even upon the softest cushion. This, naturalists tell us, is a reminiscence of its former state when a wild animal, and when it had to make its bed for itself. Thousands of years

of domesticity have not obliterated this habit derived from its ancestors, the dwellers in the forest. See the force of ancestry. There is doubtless the same thing to be seen in the ways and habits of men; and probably his most distant ancestors still live, in some extent, in each individual man.—*Arthur Helps.*

RECONCILIATION.

O, let not thoughts of sullen hue,
The hearts that were in union part;
But question straight, and answer true,
And clear them with a sunny heart.

The rain-blue wreaths that arch the dell
And sweep the mountain's grassy sides,
Would slay its glory did they dwell
Forever on the darkened sides;

But sunbeams come, and breezes blow
The sluggish folds to snowy shapes,
Till leaves and dew-wet flowerets glow
On all the green and glistening capes.

And so, when friendship scatters pride,
How gaily heart to heart awakes,
Like two fair sails that fogs divide,
When suddenly the sunshine breaks.
—*Chamber's Journal.*

HOPE'S SONG.

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on!"

Night and day it sings the sonnet,
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings so that the heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on!"

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better farther on!"

Farther on? But how much farther?
Count the mile stones one by one.
No! no counting—only trusting
"It is better farther on!" —*Anon.*

From the Leisure Hour.

EASTERN WORDS IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

Some words are very long lived, and some are great travellers; some win their way to popular favor at once, and others continue for a considerable period in obscurity; some are speedily thrown aside for the new favorites of fashion, and others hold their ground against all comers.

Words may undergo strange vicissitudes of form and also of meaning, and they are very likely to be modified in one or other of these respects in accordance with the character of the language and nation to which they are introduced. As soon as a word has fairly settled down in a country, and adapted itself to the grammar and pronunciation of the people, it may be said to be naturalized. This naturalization, however, can hardly take place until the word is in common use. Now,

since grammar and pronunciation and modes of representing certain sounds differ in different countries, a word which has passed into several languages will exhibit frequently much diversity of form. In fact, a word may be so altered in appearance and pronunciation, that it requires careful attention and some knowledge to identify it in its many metamorphoses.

The preceding remarks suggest a curious and interesting branch of study, but one to which we do not now intend more than a passing reference. Those who have learning and leisure may employ themselves agreeably in searching out the origin and history of words, and in ascertaining the countries from which they come to us. To illustrate the manner in which strange words have obtained a place in our language, and to point out some of their sources, is the immediate object of this paper. Inasmuch, however, as these words are very numerous, we shall select a few which have reached us from Turkey, Arabia, Persia, and the adjacent lands. We will take them in something like alphabetical order, reminding our readers that these words are not all directly borrowed by us from their native countries, but that some of them have reached us through other intermediate channels.

The word *abbot* or *abbat*, and its relatives *abness* and *abbey*, all come from the Hebrew *ab*, or the Syriac *abba*, meaning "father." For reasons which it is needless to explain, priests and monks came to be called "fathers" in the East, and when monastic institutions travelled westward, the old Oriental names were retained in substance in Greek and Latin, as well as in modern European languages. The terms "monk," and "monastery," go no further than the Greek language, but *abbat* and *abbey* point to the East as the place where such things were invented. They say the word "nun" came out of Egypt, but "convent" is merely Latin.

The ancient Arabs, or rather the Mohammedans who used the Arabic language, were zealous in the pursuit of science. Hence it comes to pass that sundry terms relating to chemistry, astronomy, and mathematics are derived from the Arabic. We may specify alchemy, alcohol, alembic, alkali, algebra, almanac, azimuth, algorithm, nadir, zenith. The first of these words is said to be composed of the Arabic article "*al*" and a Greek word; it therefore means much the same as "*the chemistry*," because it denoted the real or pretended art of preparing remedies for prolonging life, and that of transmuting metals of inferior value into gold. Its adepts do not seem to have been very successful in the former, and it is certain they never accom-

plished the latter. As for the word "*alcohol*," it properly denoted a very fine mercurial powder used by eastern women for painting their eyes. The application of the term to distilled spirits seems to have been unknown in the East, and is said to have been introduced by Arnold, of Villanova, who was an eminent alchemist at Montpellier, where he discovered the art of distilling spirits in the thirteenth century. The *alembic* was a vessel used in distillation, and its name seems to be partly Arabic and partly Greek. *Alkali* means soda, but we use the word for other substances with corresponding qualities. The name of *algebra* indicates the process of combining various elements and figures. There is some doubt about *almanac*, which signifies "a present," according to some, because it was an ancient practice in the East for friends to present one another with a calendar as a new year's gift. Others suppose the word signifies "a computation," but all agree that it reached us from the Arabs. *Azimuth* literally means "the path" (compare Latin *semita*), but is applied to an imaginary circle reaching from the zenith to the horizon, in astronomical science. *Algorithm* is a spurious mixture of Greek and Arabic. Here *al* is the article ("the"), the letter *g* is a supernumerary, and the rest of the word is from the same source as "arithmetic," namely, Greek. *Nadir*, meaning "opposite," is the point in space exactly beneath us, and contrary to *zenith*, which is the point exactly above us. Although few would suspect it, *zenith* is the same word as *azimuth*, without the Arabic article. In its complete form the Arabic expression denotes "the way of the head;" that is, in the direction of or precisely above our head.

But if science and religion have supplied us with words from the East, trade and commerce have been even more abundant in their gifts. Merchants have returned with all sorts of commodities, and in some cases they brought us the first specimens of plants and fruits, which are now familiar to us all. M. Pihan, to whose curious book on our subject we are greatly indebted, furnishes us with numerous examples, from which we select a few. The *apricot*, or, as we have seen the name written in old books, "*abricock*," is a Persian fruit, which the Persians call *berkuk*. The Spanish Moors prefixed an Arabic article to the Persian name, and in course of time the compound has assumed the form in which we see it. But in this, as in other heterogeneous compounds, there is history. The Persian fruit was taken to Spain by the Mohammedans, and has spread from thence over the rest of Europe. M. Pihan does not observe the fact, but we be-

lieve the word *peach* is, like the fruit, of Persian origin, and that it is all we have of the ancient Latin name *Malum Persicum* (Persian apple), by which it was first introduced into Europe. There is another word, "*aloes*," which is very interesting. It is found four times in the Bible (Num. xxiv. 6; Prov. vii. 17; Song of Sol. iv. 14; Ps. xlv. 9), and the Hebrew forms (*ahalim* and *ahaloth*, both plural) are not very different from our own. We must recollect, however, that *aloes* is the name of an odoriferous wood, of a plant or shrub, and of the drug called *aloes* in commerce. In the Bible, the fragrant wood only is meant. This wood was accounted most precious among the ancients. There are two kinds: one of them is found in Siam, Cochin China and China, and considered too valuable to be exported. The other is found in the East Indies and Moluccas, and is not so good. The estimation in which this commodity was held is shown by the resemblance which its name bears in Greek to that given it in the Molucca islands, and among the Hebrews. In the remotest ages it was almost certainly an article of commerce conveyed from the distant East to the luxurious cities of Greece. The name given by the Persians and Arabians to the drug and the plant which produces it resembles yet more closely our English word *aloes*, and has also found its way into Greek and Latin. The Greeks and Latins were therefore acquainted also with the *aloes* of commerce.

Amber is another Arabic term, and the *ambergris* is held in high repute by Arabs, Persians, and Turks, who use it along with musk and *aloes* in their perfumes. The word *artichoke* is supposed by some to be Arabic, and M. Pihan is of that opinion, but we cannot speak positively about it. With regard to *balsam* and its contraction *balm*, there is no doubt. With some variations of form it is found in several Oriental languages. The Greeks probably became acquainted with it through the Phenicians from Tyre and Sidon, and from them the word passed into Latin and other European tongues. The Hebrew word *basam*, which occurs in "Solomon's Song" (v. 1), is the same, and signifies "the fragrant," or simply "perfume," very well describing its character. The true balsam was cultivated in Judea, and, indeed, is said to be still found there. Ancient writers celebrate this product of the Holy Land, and it has always been esteemed among the Orientals. The Greeks not only called it balsam, but *opobalsam*, because *opos* in their language denoted the juice, sap, or gum of a plant: hence, *opodeldoc*, *opopanax*, etc. Speaking of names, it may be observed that although balsam was so called as "the per-

fume" by way of eminence, the Hebrews had another name for it, and especially for the "Balm of Gilead," to which there are several references in Scripture. This balm of Gilead was celebrated from the most ancient times, both for its fragrance and for its use as an external remedy. It was an article of merchandise with the Ishmaelites who bought Joseph, and it was one of the presents which Jacob sent into Egypt (Gen. xxxvii. 25; xliii. 11). Jeremiah mentions it (Jer. viii. 22; xlv. 11; li. 8); and Ezekiel speaks of it as a commodity in which Judea traded with Tyre (Ezek. xxvii. 17). Among the secular authors who allude to it we may refer to Pliny, Josephus, Justin and Tacitus. Pliny says balsam was preferred to all perfumes, and was found in Judea only, and there in but two gardens. He adds that it was carried in triumph at Rome among the spoils of Judea. Tacitus enumerates balsam among the products of Judea. Josephus records that the best balsam was produced near Jericho and the Dead Sea. Justin declares that the nation was enriched by the revenues from balsam which only grew in that country. Other authorities might be adduced, but we will only add, that according to a common story the balsam was destroyed in Palestine, and only preserved in Egypt. Singularly enough, the identification of the plant which produced the balsam or opobalsam of the ancients has been found very difficult. At present the words balm and balsam are applied to sundry plants and drugs which have no connection with the one mentioned in Scripture.

Bergamot, a valuable tree from which a fragrant essence of the same name is procured, is commonly thought to be named from Bergamo in Italy. Others maintain with much probability that the name is really Turkish. In that language *beg* (a name which we sometimes meet with, also written *bey*) signifies a local or provincial governor or lord; and *armudi* means a pear. *Beg-armudi* is easily corrupted into *Bergamot*. M. Pihan, to whom we owe this explanation, quotes three lines from an Italian poem by Caporali (born 1531, died 1601) on the gardens of Mæcenæ, to the effect:—

"Qui dunque il Bergamotto avea 'l primiero
Luogo: e gli conveniva, poiche il Turchesco
Bergamotto vuol dir il *Signor pero*"—

that is to say, "There then the bergamot held the first place; and rightly so, for the Turkish *bergamot* means 'the lord-pear.'"

We are indebted to the French, as they to commerce, for the word "bougie" as the name of a wax candle. The truth is that a town in North Africa is so called; it lies to the east of Algiers, and was once famous for

the wax it supplied. Hence it comes to pass that the name of a particular kind of wax has had its meaning extended until the original intention of the word is forgotten. There is another French word in common use among us, *bouquet*, which also appears to come from the East, if, as M. Pihan says, *baqut* in Arabic means "a bundle of sweet flowers."

THE GAS WELLS OF ERIE.

Nature's own illuminator—Light and heat for nothing.

A letter from Erie, Pa., to the *Cleveland Leader* contains the following:

The coal, the iron and the petroleum have long since become matters of such familiar, every-day association as to have passed definitely out of view as topics for discussion, but the gas wells have yet the savor of newness, and in deference to the interest recently drawn to the subject a brief glimpse of the matter, with especial reference to the Erie district, is here attempted.

For nearly half a century springs in the vicinity had yielded a viscid iridescent scum that later wisdom showed to be petroleum. Forty years ago some men digging a well for a potash mill, on the banks of Mill Creek, north of the present Sixth street, had struck a vein of gas which nearly suffocated the diggers before they could escape from the well. The hole was filled up and another dug a few rods nearer the creek, but with a similar result. Since then it has been a standard diversion among the Erie youth to thrust elder tubes into the soft mud of the stream near that point, crown the top with a hollow clay point and light the jet of gas at the end.

Among those whose faith in petroleum took the form of an actual experiment was Mr. G. F. Brevillier, a bright, intelligent German, whose energies up to the winter of 1865 had been exclusively devoted to the candle and soap manufacture. Joining with three or four neighbors, Mr. Brevillier formed a company, and to this new corporation leased the privileges of boring a well in a corner of his back yard. The corporators were all working men, and their anger descended rapidly. A slight trace of oil had been found at a depth of 400 feet, but only a trifle—the well was a failure, and as such was abandoned. Mr. Brevillier now endeavored to secure the privilege of using the gas as a fuel in his manufactory, but failing to make any satisfactory terms with his partners the well was left to wheeze and blow for three years, when the company's lease expired, and the property reverted to its original owner, who at once laid pipes for conveying it to his own house and soap works, where it has since been used. For three years not a single pound of coal has been used on the premises, but the

various processes of melting fat, rendering and soap boiling are carried on with gas, the building is illuminated, and a friendly beacon burns from the top of the establishment and lights that quarter of the city. With all this, and what he uses for cooking, warming and lighting his house, Mr. Brevillier is enabled to use about one-sixth of the gas furnished by his well. The other five-sixths are wasted through the safety valve attached to the receiver. The successes of this enterprise led to others of a similar character, and since 1868 the subject has been rapidly growing in interest. During this period thirty wells have been sunk within the city limits, in all of which gas has been discovered. Of the thirty wells four or five have failed, but in every case the failure has resulted from defective management in tubing the orifice, rather than from any want of gas.

Just across the creek from the establishment of Mr. Brevillier, already described, stands the Conrad Brewery, in connection with which a gas well was opened barely two weeks ago. Here may be seen vats boiling with incipient lager within an inch of their top, but never boiling over; malt ovens working from hour to hour without becoming a degree too hot or too cold, and the dial of the steam gauge pointing to 75 without the change of a pound in a day, and all this without the slightest care from any one. The perfect uniformity of the pressure keeps the stream of flame under the boiler or kiln at an exact, unvarying strength, which supplies the most perfect heat ever known to a brewer. Mr. Conrad uses about one-fourth of the gas supplied by his well.

The flouring mill firm of Oliver and Bacon was one of the pioneers in utilizing the gas for steam purposes. Their well was commenced not quite a year ago, and was finished in June of last year.

It may be doubted, however, whether any enterprise of the kind in Erie has been more entirely felicitous in its results than the opening of a well by the City Gas Company. The well was put down near the main reservoir of the company, and its completion has yielded a uniform daily supply of 24,000 cubic feet. This the judicious managers pour at once into their reservoir, and add to it 12,000 feet of manufactured gas, thus securing the 36,000 feet required for a day's supply for the city. As an example of the comfort and economy that can be secured to a family by the possession of a gas well we shall venture to describe briefly the heat and lighting arrangements of a single dwelling in Erie, that of ex-Senator Lowry. From the well, pipes lead to every grate in the house, to the kitchen range and to the smaller tubes which supply

the chandeliers. In the fire places are laid hollow French imitations of hickory wood cast in *kaolin*, and pierced with minute holes to permit the escape of the gas. An inch pipe supplies the apparent firewood with gas, and a small bronze wheel, turned to the right or left, regulates the supply. An instant is sufficient to light the gas, and half a turn of the wheel increases the blaze from a tiny flickering taper to a bright generous flame which fills the grate, lights the remotest corner of the room, and rolls with a cheering roar and sparkle up into the broad chimney. With fourteen fires thus alight, with not less than sixty gaslights burning in his house and about his grounds, Mr. Lowry has lived during the past winter in a constant atmosphere of summer. Midnight is to him no darker than a summer noon, and he snaps his fingers at the terrors of January. He even warms his cellar as a comfort to the domestic, who dries the family washing down there in preference to hanging them in the open air.

It would be easy to describe other establishments in Erie at which this new illuminator has been utilized, but the foregoing will suffice to indicate its value. The questions which remain are:

1. Is it permanent? This can, of course, only be decided by long experience. Up to this time there is every possible indication that the wells now opened may yield an uninterrupted supply for centuries. The Brevillier well is now in its seventh year, and its yield has been steady and undiminished. In most cases the first opening of the vein has been followed by an extraordinary rush of gas, which has lasted from three days to a month, when the well would reach its natural condition, and yield from that time a steady, uniform supply. In some cases, as at the Erie Car Works, the supply has increased with the lapse of time.

2. Is success certain? With proper management it is believed that not more than one well in ten should fail. Of the three or four useless wells now in Erie, the failure of each is traced to some specific neglect or misfortune. In one case a strong vein of salt water interfered to prevent success; in another, heavy surface water and defective tubing have cut off the gas supply after it had commenced to flow. To drill successfully requires care and experience, but with these every citizen of Erie who has a square rod of ground and \$1,500 to invest in a well, may henceforth set cold and darkness at defiance.

As would readily be supposed, much depends upon the character of the rock to be overcome, and the depth which is required to reach. The average depth of the Erie wells is 600 feet, and their average cost \$1,500.

They each yield from 10,000 to 30,000 feet of gas per day, and in some cases have repaid their entire cost within three months.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.,

THIRD MONTH.

	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	3 days.	11 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	2 "	3 "
Snow, including very slight falls,.....	9 "	4 "
Cloudy, without storms	8 "	5 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	9 "	8 "
	31 "	31 "
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 3d mo., per Penna. Hospital,	37.87 deg.	48.70 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	62.00 "	73.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	24.00 "	34.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	4.06 in.	5.81 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year	1425	1169
Average of the mean temperature of 3d month for the past <i>eighty two</i> years....		39.20 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (THIS YEAR, 1871).....		48.70 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1843),.....		30.00 "
COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1870.	1871.
First month,	4.07 inch.	3.46 inch
Second month,	2.53 "	3.08 "
Third month,	4.06 "	5.81 "
Totals,	10.66 "	12.35 "

In reference to *temperature* as above set forth, we are usually so skeptical as to any "*unprecedented*" feature of the weather as almost to hesitate announcing the third month of *this year* to be entitled to be so designated. The year 1859 came so near it that the two may be placed side by side, the mean temperature of the same month having then reached 48.25!

Our clippings of the 9th instant inform that "Peach trees are in full bloom and the thermometer up to 78 degrees in Little Rock, Ark."

Also that "The Atrato river, Darien, is spanned by a floating bridge of grass, two feet thick, with roots curiously interlaced."

The increase in the *number* of rainy days this year did not produce a corresponding increase in the *quantity*, although in excess of last.

The continued *decrease* in the number of *deaths* is worthy of note. If we take the *thirteen* consecutive weeks of the present year and compare with last year, we find the figures stand:

For the year 1870,	4317
For the year 1871,	3751

We have again been favored by our valued correspondent, George S. Truman, with a minute statistical account of the weather at the Santee Indian Agency for the Second month, showing the same kind of sudden and variable changes as were delineated in our last; the *extremes* being from 22 degrees *below* to 58 degrees *above* zero, the last

named occurring on the 12th and the first on the 4th of the month.

He also remarks: "The change from a dead calm to a perfect gale and the reverse are some of the peculiarities of this country, and are considerable drawbacks to its settlement." We hope to hear from him regularly, as his items possess considerable interest.

J. M. ELLIS.

"A NEEDLE is a very little thing, but how much may be done with it by patient industry! Strong garments for daily use, and delicate intricate workmanship, which the loom can but imitate."

ITEMS.

A PNEUMATIC tube has been laid in London in connection with the postal telegraph, and is found to work well. The system consists of a three-inch tube, which makes a bend at the terminus, and the carriers, or cylinders, containing the parcels bend with the tube and return by the same force which starts them. But one engine is therefore required to send out and bring back a carrier. There are stations along the line where the carriers may be stopped. For this purpose, a short piece of the tube is cut out and a double tube is substituted. If there is to be no stoppage, the piece of tube inserted is clear and the carrier passes through, merely touching a stud and ringing a bell. Otherwise a cage is substituted, which has a glazed lid, permitting the carrier to be seen when it has been stopped. On a recent trial, the carrier passed from Telegraph St. to St. Martin's le Grand, nearly half a mile, in one minute and forty seconds; and from Telegraph St. to Temple Bay, considerably over a mile, it went in four minutes. The tube works both by pressure and vacuum, but either alone is sufficient to drive the carrier, though not so rapidly.

The Rothschilds of Paris are said to have clothed during the siege forty-eight thousand children, thirty-two thousand women, and twelve thousand men with woolen garments, at an expense of three hundred thousand francs.

Some notes on the geology of Santo Domingo are furnished to the *Journal of Science*, of New Haven, by Wm. S. Gabb. They are founded on the geological survey which has been in progress two years. The area of the republic is about 2,000 square miles and in a triangular shape. Running through the middle is a chain of mountains, some of whose peaks rise to a height of 9,000 feet. North of this, along the coast is a subordinate range, much inferior in its proportions. The valley between averages ten or fifteen miles in width, and is divided about the middle by a water shed about five hundred feet above sea level. The central mountain chain is an immense mass of syenitic rock. The overlying rocks which were uplifted by the first named are conglomerates and slates, which have been so metamorphosed as to have lost all traces of their original character. In some places they give rise to salt springs, but are not fossiliferous. There were a few fossils found, however, which indicate the oldest stratified rocks of the Island to belong to the Cretaceous Age. Tertiary deposits with abundant fossils form the leading geological characteristic of the Island. In the syenite are occasional veins of gold bearing quartz, and also some of copper and iron. The coal spoken of in Santo Domingo is only lignite in the Tertiary deposits. No volcanic rocks have been encountered, except a single dike of black porphyry.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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We propose giving as the leading article for a few numbers, a few of the many interesting biographical sketches contained in S. M. Janney's *History of Friends*.

In reading these sketches, some will be able to trace in them an experience similar to their own, and from the many evidences given that Divine power has always been sufficient to sustain, there is encouragement still to trust and not be afraid, even though many difficulties may beset us, and heavy clouds overhang our paths.

This work is doubtless familiar to very many of our readers, but we know there are also many who are unacquainted with its interesting and instructive contents, and we hope this introduction to it will stimulate some of our young Friends to procure the volume.

MEMORIALS OF JOSEPH PARRISH AND JOHN COMLY.

Joseph Parrish was born in Philadelphia, on the 2d day of the Ninth month, 1779. His parents, Isaac and Sarah Parrish, were exemplary members of the Society of Friends, and endeavored to educate their numerous family in accordance with its principles. Joseph was the youngest of eleven children.

At an early age, he experienced the tendering visitations of heavenly love, and was led to place his dependence upon the Author of his being for strength and preservation. Conscious of his own frailty, he was induced to seek opportunities for inward retirement, and thus becoming a devoted follower of our Divine Master, he was, among his young associates, an example of fidelity to the teachings of Divine light in the soul.

During his minority he remained under the parental roof, and learned from his father the trade of a hatter; but when he reached his twenty-second year, he engaged in the study of medicine, for which he had from his youth felt a strong predilection. In this profession he became eminent for his skill, and a wide field of usefulness was opened to him, which he successfully occupied; ministering not only to the health and comfort of the body, but soothing, by his gentle manners and Christian deportment, the sorrows of the afflicted.

In the year 1808 he was married to Susanna, the daughter of John and Ann Cox, of Burlington, N. J. They were blessed with a numerous offspring, whom they endeavored to lead in the path of simplicity and Truth; instructing them by example and precept in the duties of a Christian life.

The high reputation attained by Doctor Parrish in the line of his profession, and the remarkable urbanity of his manners, exposed

him to the temptations that always attend on public favor; but having taken up the cross of Christ, he was enabled to resist the allurements of worldly ambition. In a letter to a friend he said: "I have a love for the Truth, but have not been without my temptations to desert it; for I have known the day when the allurements of wealth and honor held out strong inducements to embark as a man of the world. A public station with which a large income was connected was, I believe, within my reach. Ambition whispered, that in thus pursuing the natural bent of my genius, I could fill the station with honor. It was an important era in my life. I had arrived at the fulness of manhood, and the language was,—Choose this day whom thou wilt serve. When I cast my eyes on our tender offspring, and felt the influence of a father's example upon them,—and when I could appeal to the Searcher of hearts, that I had no greater joy than to see my children walking in the Truth;—then it was that I cast the temptation from me,—and I humbly trust, renewedly chose the Lord for my portion and the God of Jacob for the lot of my inheritance."

He was a diligent attender of religious meetings—warmly attached to the principles and testimonies of Friends, and, for several years previous to his decease, he occupied the station of an Elder in the church,—showing forth in his life and conversation the efficacy of Divine Power and Love to purify the soul.

Feeling a lively interest in the aborigines of our country, he watched with deep concern those measures which affected their rights, and was frequently engaged in efforts to shield them from injury or promote their welfare.

To the people of color he was a steady friend and protector; occupying among his fellow-citizens a prominent place as one of the advocates of universal emancipation. To the poor, the ignorant, and the oppressed, he extended sincere sympathy and liberal aid, exhibiting through life a beautiful example of practical piety.

In his last sickness he said, "I have seen the great beauty of the Principle which we as a Society profess. It has been my stay and solace from my early childhood; and the more we know of it the more shall we be satisfied that it is founded on the Rock of Ages." At another time, in which he had evidently been engaged in silent supplication, he remarked, "I have not been permitted to see how this illness will terminate. I have nothing to boast of; I have been an object of Divine mercy from my very childhood; and upon that I depend now. It is an unspeakable

consolation to be permitted to see that an immortal crown is prepared for me." After these expressions, his countenance was clothed with a sweet solemnity, and being asked whether he had been asleep, he replied, "Oh, no! I have been in a far more delightful state than sleep." A few hours before his close he repeated the declaration of our blessed Lord, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;" and then added, with emphasis, "It is a truth; it was declared by the Minister of ministers." And soon after he said, "His arm is not shortened that it cannot save,—nor His ear grown heavy—" here his voice faltered, and he was unable to complete the sentence.

He quietly departed this life the 13th of the Third month, 1840, in the sixty-first year of his age.

John Comly was born in Byberry, Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, the 19th of the Eleventh month, 1773. His parents, Isaac and Asenath Comly, were members of the religious Society of Friends. In the interesting and instructive Journal of John Comly, he mentions the care of his excellent mother in taking him, in childhood, to meetings for Divine worship, and the good impressions he then received while sitting by her side in solemn silence, or listening to the baptizing ministry of James Thornton.

On this subject he remarks, that "The incalculable advantage of taking little children to meetings and of habituating them early to the discipline of stillness, can never be fully appreciated. It may be the means of laying a foundation, very early in life, for the most exalted virtues. The seeds of Divine goodness thus planted, or that germinate in good wishes and good desires, when the infant mind is thus retired, may take deep root and bring forth early fruits of genuine religion—of love and obedience to parents—of sincere affection towards brothers and sisters and relatives. Under these solemnizing, tender feelings, the pure, innocent, uncontaminated infant mind worships in spirit and in truth. It learns to love such opportunities—it delights to feel such a calmness and quietude—and it enjoys a heaven within."

One of the chief occupations of John Comly in his youth, was ploughing on his father's farm, which he found favorable to purity of life and religious contemplation. Heavenly goodness, light and love, often visited him while thus engaged, and he found in the silence and solitude of the fields seasons of heavenly enjoyment unknown in the bustle of life. He found that agricultural employments, while favorable to purity of mind and religious growth, did not prevent the cultivation of his intellectual powers and the in-

crease of knowledge. He remarks in his Journal: "Oh! how many involve themselves in difficulties, expose themselves to temptations, and sacrifice their own mercies, by leaving the calm and quiet life of agriculture, and going to cities and villages to trades and business in which there are perplexities and anxieties, noise and unprofitable company, that tend to divert their attention from the one thing needful."

His relish for reading and thirst for knowledge induced him to peruse with care the few books within his reach; but he often felt the want of a large supply of literary and religious publications. The improvement of the mind is not only productive of innocent enjoyment, but conducive to virtue and religion, by opening a wider field of contemplation in which may be observed on every hand the evidences of Divine power and goodness.

About the fifteenth year of his age he felt a concern to attend week-day meetings, for although his mother was a diligent attender of them, his father seldom went, and generally kept his son at home to assist him on the farm. As this desire increased, he at length asked permission to attend, which being granted, he became diligent in the performance of this religious duty, and had the satisfaction, some time after, to see his father adopt the same practice. His heart was deeply affected by the ministry of Job Scott, who visited Byberry Meeting in the First month, 1790. Describing the effect on his feelings, he writes: "Never before had I any recollection of such an instrumental visitation of Divine love. His ministry had a baptizing influence that immersed my soul into a holy feeling of good. The savor and sweetness thereof rested with me for a number of days. It was the gospel of Christ and glad tidings to the poor in spirit. It was the power of the Highest overshadowing my visited mind. The seeds of the kingdom of God were watered in my heart, and encouragement administered to advance forward in the work of renovation."

In the ensuing spring, while following the plough, the mind of John Comly was powerfully arrested by the overshadowing of Divine love, and he was given to see the propriety of a practice which had not then been introduced in his father's family,—it was that of observing "a solemn silent pause at table, in which the mind might feel reverently thankful before partaking of the blessings of Heaven in the provision made for these bodies." Being faithful to his convictions of duty in this respect, he saw that his example had an influence on the other members of the family, and it became their common

practice on sitting down to partake of their meals to observe a reverential pause.

In the spring of 1801, John Comly became one of the teachers at Westtown boarding-school, a situation that he accepted under a sense of religious obligation, and with a full appreciation of its responsible duties. His mind was often brought under religious exercise, and sometimes found relief in tender exhortations addressed to the pupils.

Near the close of the year 1802 he resigned his situation at Westtown, and having while there formed an acquaintance and engagement with Rebecca Budd, one of the teachers in the girls' department, they were united in marriage the following year. They settled at Byberry and opened there a boarding-school for girls, which was continued, with general approbation, six years, and then changed to a school for boys and young men. This was done in order to furnish young men with an opportunity to qualify themselves for school-teachers. The school was continued until the year 1815.

While engaged in teaching, his attention was turned to the improvement of school-books, and he compiled an English Grammar and Spelling-book, which through a long course of years were highly appreciated by teachers, and adopted in a vast number of schools, in the Middle, Southern, and Western States.

Possessed of a vigorous mind and benevolent heart, he was assiduous in attending to his domestic and social duties, illustrating in practice the course of life recommended by John Woolman, of "serving the Lord in our temporal business."

"Although frequently engaged in religious labor, he was not called to the *public* exercise of the ministry until the latter part of the year 1810. His first communication in a meeting for worship was at Byberry, when, under a very solemn covering, he appeared in a testimony of considerable length. He continued to occupy his gift to the satisfaction of Friends, and in the Seventh month, 1813, he was acknowledged by his Monthly Meeting as a Minister in unity therewith."

He travelled much in the service of the gospel, and was eminently qualified both for public ministry and the administration of Church discipline, being remarkable for the clearness of his views, the perspicuity of his language, and the depth of his feelings. In meetings for discipline, his remarks, being wise and temperate, "seasoned with grace," gave him great influence in the Society.

In some of the proceedings connected with the separation of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1827, John Comly took an active part. The purity of his motives cannot be ques-

tioned, and the meekness of his conduct during those trying scenes was in accordance with his well-known character. In relation to the animadversions and false charges made against him, he has left on record the following remarks: "I had intended to reply to the several unfounded and untrue charges and insinuations preferred against me in that pamphlet, in order to clear my character of them and attest my innocency. But pausing a little, I remembered, that when He whom I have called my Lord and Master, our great pattern, was accused by the chief priests and elders, 'He answered nothing;' and therefore why should I attempt a defence of my innocency, when heaven is my witness that I am not guilty of what is laid to my charge. So I laid down my pen, and committed my cause to Him who judgeth righteously and is a refuge of the oppressed."

After the separation he continued to be highly esteemed as a Minister, and eminently useful in the administration of church discipline. He devoted much attention to the compilation and publication of Friends' writings, and, in conjunction with his brother, Isaac Comly, edited "Friends' Miscellany," a valuable collection of historical and biographical writings, relating chiefly to our religious Society.

His life of dedication and usefulness was closed in calmness and peace the 17th of the Eighth month, 1850, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

MISSION LABOR.*

How can we best help the poor to help themselves, is a question which is daily growing in importance. The secret of true benevolence lies in the care taken that the manner of doing it shall not lessen self-respect. The tendencies of present social conditions are to widen the breach between the rich and the poor, so much of human success depends on individual exertion, the lack of which is mainly the cause of much destitution and want.

A large number of nearly every community have no knack (if we may use the word,) of getting along. They mean well enough, are honest to everybody but themselves, are entirely reliable when under the supervision of a master intellect, but when managing for themselves are lost in the meshes of their own weaving. This comes not from lack of education, neither is it the offspring of a shallow understanding. Men and women of profound learning, are often entirely at sea in cent. per cent. and all the minutia pertaining thereto, while an ignorant braggadocia,

who never could learn anything beyond how to get the best end of a bargain, bears off the palm of worldly good, and lines his path with gold. Through all the gradations of society we observe the same divergence, until we reach the sub-stratum of our social structure, which, like the base of the imperishable pyramid, is exceedingly broad. It represents the bone and sinew, the toil and sweat, by which those who rise higher are upheld, and whose weight is often the pressure that keeps them down; now and then the homely saying of the farmer is verified, and "the bottom rail becomes the rider."

But it is for the masses living from week to week on the scanty earnings of toil that we should feel most concern; for the wife and children, forced to subsist on meagre fare, and to live in crowded, ill-ventilated apartments, not because the husband and father is neglectful or unwilling, but for the simple reason that his earnings are not sufficient to provide better. Then the want of attention to order and cleanliness, so often the attendants of poverty, the lack of contrivance among the women in regard to making the most of everything, the absence of anything like management in the little details of house-keeping—providing meals punctually, attending to the apparel, keeping it clean and tidy,—all drag down the overburdened father, who too often turns from the discomfort of his home to the drinking saloon or the beer garden, and spends his leisure hours and his money, flattered by the obsequious attentions of the landlady, and allured by the attractions of order and cleanliness which he fails to find in his own home.

It has been impressed upon my mind for a long time that Christian women of leisure have a work to do among this class, which is to be found in every considerable community.

Since the organization of First-day schools and adult classes among us, there has appeared to be an element of active, working power connected therewith, that might be used to the accomplishment of great good in this direction.

There are many lanes and alleys where the homes of the laboring class are located in the immediate vicinity of our Philadelphia Meeting houses. We have flourishing First-day schools in two of these. Let such of the teachers and members of the adult and other classes, both male and female, who are willing and have the leisure, unite in an organization to be called by some hopeful, pleasant name, and invite the co-operation of such wives and mothers in the vicinity as are willing to be encouraged and assisted, and who will open their homes at stated times for social and industrial gatherings.

[* Essay read at the First-day school meeting, Philadelphia.]

Thus, instead of calling them and their children away to some place designated by us as an industrial meeting or sewing school, we hold such right in their midst, going into *their* homes, not minding for the present how poor and uninviting they may be, but sitting down with the two or the three who may be induced to enter with us into the labor of self-help and improvement.

The plan by which it is proposed to accomplish this might be somewhat as follows: Let those as before said, both male and female, who are willing to engage in the work form a society; the members to be divided into canvassers, readers and instructors—the younger girls and the men and boys at first to take the part of readers, those of mature age to be the instructors.

The duties of the canvassers will be very important. They should be selected with great care, as just here wisdom and caution will be most needed. It will devolve upon them to go from house to house, and, as way opens, converse with heads of families as to their welfare, not in a prying, but a friendly and kindly manner feeling their way, and offer to hold a sewing and reading sociable with them and such of their neighbors as are willing to join, at their own homes, on any afternoon or evening that will be most convenient, inviting them to have ready any new or part worn material they may have in the house, that they have not time to make up and are not able to pay for the making of, or any garment that they wish to have cut out, any patching and darning, stipulating that all the material shall be clean and well ironed. Information should also be given that there will be present at each gathering one or more readers, who will bring interesting books and occupy part of the time in reading.

The instructors will provide themselves with patterns, scissors, a few needles, pins and spools of cotton, be prompt and cheerful, seeing more than they seem to observe, and, in an unobtrusive way, finding out where they can assist and making occasions for such help.

Those thus engaged should be patient, courteous and obliging, infusing into the rude society with which for the time they are associated, something of that refinement which is the unmistakable evidence of good breeding.

The readers will be expected to select such useful and entertaining books as will be stepping stones in the advancement of their hearers, and to read slowly and clearly, giving such explanation as the text may require. In this way it is believed young men and boys who now stand at the corners of

the streets may be induced to spend some of their evenings at home.

A class of such might in a little while be started in each court and alley for instruction in writing, drawing, and arithmetic. All that is wanted is for us to feel that the work is feasible, and that we are willing to attempt it. Our First-day schools will thus be made not only a blessing to ourselves, but to the communities in which they are located. From them will go forth an influence that will be felt *beyond* the narrow limits that now circumscribe their labors, and mothers and children who are now living in squalid misery and destitution will be encouraged and strengthened by our example of cheerful industry and self-denying labor. Such an organization involves no pecuniary outlay beyond the purchase of a few trimmings. It gathers up waste products, economizes latent energies, vitalizes dormant faculties, and develops talents in both helper and helped that can in no other plan which has, as yet, been attempted, be fully accomplished. Help the struggling to help themselves! Thus we may save their lives from failure and the city from the possible burthen of their support. In this way we may also show our desire to walk in the footsteps of our Blessed Master, who while on the earth went about doing good to the *bodies* as well as the souls of men.

L. J. R.

First mo., 1871.

From Hedge's Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition.

THE PRESERVING POWER OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"And the Lord appeared unto Abraham in the plain of Mamre." Gen. xxviii. 1.

The crowning beauty of this Hebrew narrative is Abraham's plea for the city of Sodom. To his intercession it is promised that if ten righteous be found within its gates the city shall not be destroyed for the sake of those ten. Here the story assumes an allegorical character, and, under the guise of a special local application, shadows forth a universal moral truth,—the saving influence of moral worth in human society. Cities and nations are saved by the righteous that dwell in them, not by arts or arms. The health of a country is not its commerce nor its agriculture, not its exports nor its imports; neither its military organization nor its civil constitution, its legislation nor its judiciary, but its conscience; *i. e.* the moral elevation of its citizens. A recent historian is at pains to prove that the progress of society is due to the intellectual rather than the moral powers. Be that as it may, it is very certain that the *preservation* of society depends on the moral rather than the intellectual. Suppose a community in which activity of mind has

reached its maximum, in which all the faculties are at work, all the arts that minister to human well-being duly cultivated and successfully practised, in which intellectual development is more advanced and more universal than the world has yet known it at its best estate. But while the material prosperity attendant on this intellectual development is at its height, suppose a sudden stagnation of the moral life, a general corruption of the moral sense; suppose the conscience of such a community paralyzed; suppose a consequent decline and final dying out of all the virtues, a state in which probity, fidelity, continence, sobriety, brotherly kindness, and charity are extinct, and where unqualified selfishness and unbridled lust universally prevail. How long in such a state would material prosperity endure? How long would mental activity continue to advance or refuse to recede? How long would arts and laws, how long would the state itself survive the dissolution of the moral life? Who does not see that moral qualities are the only sure guarantees of intellectual progress, that the virtues of society are its ultimate bondsmen, and righteousness the bulwark of the state? On the other hand, the conservative power of righteousness exceeds its diffusion. It is not to be measured by the number of those to whom that character may be ascribed. The number of such in any community is comparatively small, but society survives through their saving power. The Swedish statesman was surprised to find with how little wisdom the world is governed. The Christian moralist has equal cause for wonder when he thinks with how little virtue the world is saved,—with how few examples of supreme worth; when he thinks how small the number of the moral heroes of history compared with those who have made themselves a name and won enduring renown by secular enterprise, by military prowess or intellectual gifts. But to these it is due that the latter have found opportunity of action and had their place in the world. To the moral heroes of history it is due that there ever was a history of human kind to be written, that there is a history now to be read, that human society continues to this day. Without these it had perished long ago through utter corruption, whelmed in its own ruins, leaving no trace of itself in a world dispeopled of civilized kinds and abandoned forever to savage tribes. There never was an age and never a city or state in which moral corruption was not too rife. In such as survive the ever-threatening destruction and death it is the more prevailing virtue of the few which overcomes the abounding vice of the many, and rights at last the sinking

world. In every age those "ten righteous" have been the saviors of their time. They have saved it with their excellent works and the more excelling beauty of their lives. Without ostensibly combining for that end, with no visible conspiring, without art or device, or shrewd organization, or policy or plot; by being what they are, and living what they are from the heart of faith, by walking uprightly, doing justice, and loving mercy, in their several spheres; with the still conservatism and counter-attraction of miraculous goodness, they have kept the world from going to pieces with the wear and tear and centrifugal strain of disintegrating vice.

Those "ten righteous" are the secret and immortal cabal which unconsciously plots the preservation of the state, as selfishness and low chicanery and political intrigue are forever plotting its destruction.

BUT.—Though *but* is a short word, it is nevertheless often very expressive and forcible—has a very important connection with what precedes and follows it. As for example in these passages:

"Ye thought evil against me, *but* God meant it for good."

"The rulers take counsel against the Lord, *but* He shall have them in derision."

"Weeping may endure for a night, *but* joy cometh in the morning."

"They laid hands on the apostles and put them in the common prison, *but* the Lord opened the prison doors and brought them forth."

"If this counsel or this work be of man it will come to naught, *but* if it be of God we cannot overthrow it."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A VOICE FROM NEW YORK.

On a late First-day morning, at Rutherford Place Meeting, New York, there was delivered by a Friend from another city a practical address, and to the mind of the writer it was purely apostolical. It was closely listened to, and the words as they fell appeared to be gathered carefully up by all who were favored to be present.

A silence ensued, nearly as deep and profound as could have dwelt in a catacomb, and in due time the Meeting dissolved.

The gathering was not large, and was rendered less than usual by the unpleasant state of the weather; but to all who were present, it must have been a highly favored season.

Wending his solitary way home, the writer was brought to ponder on what he had heard, and also on the great change which time brings to us all, and to everything around

us; and a feeling of deep regret came over him, that with the enormous growth of the city, the meetings should be actually smaller than they were wont to be of yore. The hundred-fold increase in the facilities for travel, by the formation of the iron road, and the introduction of the iron horse, decentralizing the population to such an extent, that it is now no uncommon thing for people to repose at night, and to spend First-day from thirty to sixty miles from their place of business in the city.

The prevalence of wickedness and crime in the urban district also tends to make many people who are of a moral and peaceful tone prefer to dwell away from it.

The main cause of the thinness of the meetings, however, is the inertia that exists in the matter of attendance, which is not by any means confined to Friends, as it is estimated, after careful investigation, that but one-sixth of the whole Protestant community in this city are habitual attendants of places of worship. The excuse for absenteeism that might be made in regard to other Societies, that a paid ministry, a hired choir and organist, and a gorgeously finished and furnished place of worship, put it beyond their means to participate, does not hold good with that of Friends.

There are doubtless residing in this city quite enough persons, male and female, in perfect health, who are capable of walking, and who would be benefitted by the walk, who were brought up in the practice of attending Friends' meeting, and who fervently believe it a system of religion more in consonance with the teachings of the great Pattern of mankind than any other, to fill to overflowing all the meeting-houses here; and who yet from thoughtlessness, indolence, or from drifting in other directions, never attend meeting at all, merely because they can go at any time.

Would it not be well for all such to ponder deeply whether remorse might not be mingled with their reflections, if from carelessness and want of sympathy on their part, the meetings of Friends in this city should by any possibility perish out of sight, and they, and their children, and their children's children, be deprived of the privilege of attending any place for worship, except where the chain of dogmas and creed are the rule, where ceremonials and commotion are everywhere, and sweet solemnity and silent waiting nowhere.

D. D. W.

THE FUTURE LIFE.—It may seem strange that our Lord says so little about the life to come, as we call it; though in truth it is one life with the present, as the leaf and the blos-

som are one life. Even in argument with the Sadducees he supports his side upon words accepted by them and upon the nature of God, but says nothing of the question from a human point of regard. He seems always to have taken it for granted, ever turning the minds of his scholars toward that which was deeper and lay at its root—the life itself—the oneness with God and His will, upon which the continuance of our conscious being follows of a necessity, and without which, if the latter were possible, it would be for human beings an utter evil.

When he speaks of the world beyond, it is as *his Father's house*. He says there are many mansions there. He attempts in no way to explain. Man's own imagination, enlightened of the spirit of truth, and working with his experience and affections, was a far safer guide than his intellect, with the best schooling which even our Lord could have given it. The memory of the poorest home of a fisherman on the shore of the Galilean lake, where he as a child had spent his years of divine carelessness in his father's house, would, at the words of our Lord, *my Father's house*, convey to Peter or James or John more truth concerning the many mansions than a revelation to their intellect, had it been possible, as clear as the Apocalypse itself is obscure.—*G. Macdonald.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I read with interest your editorial on "Our Paper," in No. 1 of current volume, in regard to original contributions for the *Intelligencer*. It came close home to me, and awakened the inquiry, What is the impediment as regards myself? and I will candidly say, It is the belief that a writer for the *Intelligencer* may not express his highest thought, or the deepest convictions of his soul, should these not be in harmony with the accepted and recorded thoughts of "early Friends," if he expects his article to be published. This checks all progress in spiritual truths. It throws distrust over progressive humanity—over the capacity for that improvement and development of the race, "till righteousness shall cover the earth, as the waters do the sea."

Now I think, when a writer puts his name to an article, if it contain an honest, rational thought, even if it be one not recorded by any previous Friend, it might safely be published, letting the responsibility rest upon the author.

The highest and purest convictions of right, truth and love that are revealed to any soul,

are the voice of God to that soul. This is true in all time. God is a spirit, and unchangeable. He speaks to *us*, as he did to the prophets, which was the basis of their frequent declaration, "Thus saith the Lord." The communication is the same in kind, but probably there was to them a *higher degree* of illumination, from their greater devotedness.

I am much obliged to thee for affording me the opportunity of reading the copy of the [London] *Friend* of 1st ult. It gives interesting evidence of the earnest devotedness of our British Friends, in a wide field of missionary labor; and although their influence in drawing the hearts of those distant and differently-educated peoples, into closer harmony with the Spirit of God, may be less than is supposed, or could be desired, yet the effort to do good is doubtless blessed to those who make the effort, and to those whose hearts are touched with kind liberality to contribute pecuniary aid.

This stirring up of the benevolent feelings to active personal sacrifice and practical liberality, in promoting what is *believed* to be a righteous cause, has a very salutary influence in promoting the soul's progress. "It is more blessed to *give* than to *receive*." To those who accept the Bible as unqualified authority, the declaration, injunction and promise of the Blessed Jesus to His disciples, after His resurrection, viz.: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations. And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,"—must be very encouraging and sustaining. This, no doubt, is their great support and trust, under much personal hardship and sacrifice; and, although my present view of things would not permit me to join in their labor, yet I can say from my heart, they have my best wishes for the Divine blessing on the sacrifices they are making, and that they may reap the reward of true peace.

. . . But, my friend, thou hast known a shelter in many storms:—oh! mayst thou still repose thy confidence in that munition of Rocks which has hitherto been thy protection and thy shield of defence. Here, in quietness and in confidence, shall be thy strength. Here thou mayst say with the Psalmist, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:—though war should rise against me, in this I will be confident: one thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple. For, in the time of trouble, will He hide me in His pavil-

ion, in the secret of His tabernacle will He hide me, He will set my feet upon a Rock."

My mind is often with thee in a travail of spirit for thy preservation, and in near sympathy with thee in the trials, afflictions and cares that have been thy lot of latter time. My desire is, that in all, and through all, thy mind may be attentive to the pointings of the Divine Guide, and know Him to be thy Centre. He who cares for the sparrows, extends His Fatherly and providential care to the lambs of His flock, now as much as ever. Fear not, therefore, nor be dismayed; cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee—He will never suffer the souls of the righteous to be moved.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 22, 1871.

GUTENBERG AND THE ART OF PRINTING.—By Emily C. Pearson. (Noyes, Holmes & Co., Boston.)—A pleasant, instructive work of mingled fact and fancy, depicting to us the life of the ingenious and thoughtful man who, under Providence, was so instrumental in dispelling the darkness of the middle ages,—John Gutenberg.

The author contrasts the present perfection of the art of book making and the abundance of books, with the scarcity which prevailed in the 15th century, when the slow and toilsome process of copying was the only means for the multiplication of volumes.

"The Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Strasbourg, was famed, in those days, for its splendid collection of five hundred volumes. The Countess of Anjou bought a book of Homilies, paying for it two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Henry V., King of England, borrowed a book from the Countess of Westmoreland; and not having returned it at his death, the Countess petitioned the Privy Council that it might be restored to her by an order under the privy seal, which was done with all formality."

Many difficulties and trials beset the pathway of the inventor, and these were met and overcome with sublime faith and patience.

From the first device of printing from solid wooden blocks, to that of the movable wooden type, thence to leaden, and then to the alloy of antimony and lead, which possessed

the requisite hardness, without being so hard as to cut the paper, was a difficult ascent. Patient experimenting, amid the trials of poverty, at length succeeded in establishing the new art as one of the profitable industries of the world.

Says our author: "Interesting it has been to trace step by step the passing on of this art to perfection. Long were the genius and industry engaged in its study, and never was there so rich and glorious a harvest from human efforts. The nurse and preserver of the arts and sciences, of religion and civilization, was not the work of one brain solely, neither did the gift bring peace at once, but rather strife and opposition. Ignorance fled before it as darkness from light; the priests and copyists were disturbed, and the way was made ready for the bringing in of the Reformation."

Our readers will find in another part of the paper the concluding pages of the work.

DIED.

MIDDLETON.—At Vineland, N. J., on the 7th inst., Furman Middleton, son of Sarah F. and the late Mordecai S. Middleton, aged 36 years; a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting, Philada. Death had no terrors for him. Through great physical suffering he was made ready and willing to depart for his "heavenly home." He was buried at Vineland on the 9th inst.

COX.—In Willistown, on the 13th of Third month, 1871, of membranous croup, Susanna M., eldest daughter of William G. and Sarah J. Cox, aged 6 years; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

PINE.—On the 14th inst., Hannah B. Pine, in the 77th year of her age; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting (Race St.)

THE Indulged Meeting which has heretofore been held in Mechanic Hall, Brown Street above Broad, will meet hereafter in the Hall, corner of Vineyard and Poplar Sts.

From "The Universe"

THE INSTINCT OF CHEMISTRY.

Mountain Builders and Gleaners.

Some birds attract attention by the size of their constructions, and by the innate notions which they seem to have of certain chemical phenomena, which we see them make exactly the right use of.

A little hill in an English garden astonishes us by its dimensions, and the labor which it demands. Many hands and much time have been occupied with it, and yet, if we compare the work with the means of him who orders it to be formed, this mass of earth seems but a little matter. A bird, the

mound-building *Megapodius*, accomplishes by itself a task a thousand times greater.

This bird has the carriage and size of a partridge, and its modest brown robe recalls the sombre colors of almost all the birds of its country, Australia, that land of zoological marvels, but its labors and its intelligence soon make us forget the mournful aspect of the workman. The modification of this species is a truly herculean work, and one would not credit it were it not attested by the most authentic evidence.

The immense structure built by the *Megapodius* rests on the ground. It begins by getting together a thick bed of leaves, branches and plants; then it heaps up earth and stones, and strews them round about in such a way as to form an enormous crater-like tumulus, concave in the middle, the place where alone the materials first collected remain uncovered. One of these nests, the dimensions of which are given by the illustrious ornithologist Gould, was 14 feet high, and presented a circumference of 150 feet. Compared to the size of the bird, the dimensions of such a mountain are almost prodigious, and we ask how, with its beak and claws only for pickaxe and entire means of transport, it contrives to get together such a mass of materials.

Were we to try to establish a comparison between the work of the *Megapodius* and that which a man could execute, we should really be astonished at the results. The comparative size of the animal being very difficult to arrive at on account of the variety of its attitudes, if then we take the weight as a standard, we find that a *Megapodius* weighing rather above 2 lbs. sometimes raises its tumulus more than 10 feet in height*. Now, as a man weighs on an average about 130 lbs., he must, in order to build a structure corresponding to the nest of the bird, accumulate a mountain of earth which would be almost double the height and bulk of the great pyramid of Egypt.

The mighty task completed, the workman confides its eggs to it. The female usually lays eight, which she disposes in a circle in the centre of the nest among the herbs and leaves which lie heaped up at this spot. They are placed at exactly equal distances from each other and in a vertical position. When the laying is completed, the *Megapodius* abandons its master-piece and its offspring, Providence having revealed to it that henceforth it is no longer useful to them.

* One measured by Mr. Jukes was 150 feet in circumference, the slope of the sides 18 to 24 feet, and the perpendicular height 10 or 12 feet. The eggs are as large as those of a swan, and are considered a great delicacy.

Endowed with a marvellous chemical instinct, this bird only collects such a mass of vegetable matter that it may commit the hatching of its eggs to the fermentation they produce. It is in fact on the heat so engendered, that the bird relies for supplying her place; the mother thus substituting a chemical process for her own cares.

Réaumur proposed to leave the incubation of our hens' eggs to the heat of dung, but they were poisoned by its mephitic vapors. The Megapodius, more judicious than the celebrated academician, employs the fermentation of grass and leaves, which is not attended by the same inconvenience.

Every thing in the history of this animal is extraordinary. Instead of being born naked, or covered with down, and of issuing from the egg incapable of procuring its subsistence, the young Megapodius, when it breaks its shell, is already provided with feathers fitted for flight. It is scarcely free ere it aspires to seek the light and air, throws off the leaves which surround and stifle it, mounts on the crest of its tumulus, dries its yet moist wings in the sun, and tests them by a few flaps. Lastly, quickly becoming confident in its strength and fortune, and having cast a disturbed and inquisitive look upon the surrounding country, the feeble bird takes its flight into the atmosphere and quits its cradle forever. It knows how to nourish itself so soon as it is born.

Another Australian bird possesses the same instinctive foresight as that of which we have been speaking; but instead of building mounds it is a sturdy gleaner. The Talegalla Lathamii, for so it is called, is of the size and has the look of a fowl, and builds its nest with grass, which it gleanes in the fields and of which it gathers an enormous heap, comparable, indeed, to the cocks, which our hay-makers form in the meadows. But it is not with its beak, it is with its claws that it works. By means of one of them it collects a little bottle of hay, which it grasps in its toes; this it carries to its nest, hopping along upon its other foot. When, as the result of innumerable journeys, the heap has grown large enough, the female lays its eggs in it. Knowing as well as we do, that hay heats by drying, it relies upon the warmth for the incubation of its brood, which it abandons immediately after laying. The young Talegallæ are also born as completely feathered as the others, and just as able to shift for themselves when they issue from the egg. Hence, a few minutes after having scattered about the quilting which surrounds them, they take flight.

to spend one's life in hoarding up millions of wealth, which the possessor can never enjoy, as it would be to collect and lay up in a storehouse 60,000 mahogany chairs which were never intended to be used for the furniture of apartments, or 80,000 pairs of trowsers which were never intended to be worn."

EXTRACT FROM "THE ART OF PRINTING."

The invention had its enemies, and printing its martyrs; but its glory could not be dimmed, nor its progress arrested. Kings and queens turned engravers and compositors, glorying to labor with their own hands in the wonderful art. The wife of Henry IV. designed and printed cuts for some royal publications, and engraving with her own hand a figure of a young girl, presented it to "Philip de Champagne." Louis XV. in his youth, printed in his own palace a "Treatise on European Geography." The chief printers of the times succeeding that of Gutenberg were often the artists, the learned men, the writers. They not only reproduced the buried works of antiquity, but were able to explain and interpret them.

The Emperor Maximilian ennobled the printers and compositors of the new art, authorizing them to wear robes braided with gold and silver, such as the nobility only had the right to wear, and giving them, for a coat of arms, an eagle with wings extended on the globe, symbol of free and rapid flight and universal conquest. Deserved honor! fitting symbol! What marvels has printing wrought. It has given elementary instruction to the masses,—putting into every hand, however humble or toil-worn, the printed page, multiplying books to teach, amuse, and elevate even the little child. It has reformed corrupt religions, fashioned and developed philosophy anew, and permeated laws with their true spirit. Before its magic touch, the old feudal despotisms of the dark ages have fallen, and later and no less oppressive systems have wasted away. By its aid time and space seem annihilated, as "railways open to it routes, steam lends to it wings, and the electric telegraph gives to it the instantaneousness of powder!" The "preserver of all arts," it broods over and perpetuates all useful institutions and discoveries; and trade and commerce are stimulated, guided, systematized, enlarged, and furnished with boundless facilities. But this mighty engine can be used for evil as well as for good, and strike like the thunder-bolt the best interests of man. The poet-historian from whom we have before quoted, illustrates this by a dream of Gutenberg's, which he is said to have related to his friends, and to

A POPULAR writer says: "It is as absurd

have been translated from the German, at Strasbourg, by Mr. Garaud.

Gutenberg had succeeded in an important experiment. His success filled him with such enthusiasm that he scarcely slept the night following. In his troubled and imperfect rest he had his dream,—a dream so prophetic, and so near to the truth, that one questions, in reading it, if it be not the reflecting presentiment of a wakeful sage rather than the fevered dream of a slumbering artisan. This is the account or legend of this dream as it is preserved in the library of the counsellor Anlique Beck:—

“In a cell of a cloister of Argobast sits a man with a wan forehead, a long beard, and fixed look, before a table, supporting his head with his hand. Suddenly he passes his fingers through his beard with a quick joyous movement—the hermit of the cell has discovered a solution of the problem he sought! He rises and utters a cry; it was as a relief to a long pent up thought. He hastily turns to his trunk, opens it, and takes therefrom a cutting instrument; then, with nervous jerking movements, he sets himself to carve a small piece of wood. In all these movements there was joy and anxiety, as if he feared that his idea would escape,—the diamond he had found, and which he wished to set and polish for posterity. Gutenberg cut roughly and with feverish activity, his brow covered with drops of sweat, while his eyes followed with ardor the progress of his work. He wrought thus a great while, but the time seemed short. At length, he dipped the wood in a black liquid, placed it on parchment, and bearing the weight of his body on his hand in the manner of a press, he printed the first letter which he had cut, in relief. He contemplated the result, and a second cry, full of the ecstasy of satisfied genius, burst from his lips; then he closed his eyes with an air of happiness such as would befit the saints in paradise, and fell exhausted on a joint stool; when overcome of sleep, he murmured, ‘I am immortal!’

“Then he had a dream which troubled him. ‘I heard two voices,’ said he, in relating it; ‘two unknown and of a different sound, which spoke alternately in my soul. One said to me, “Rejoice, John; thou art immortal! Henceforth, light shall be spread by thee throughout the world. People who dwell a thousand leagues from thee, strangers to the thoughts of our country, shall read and comprehend all the ideas now mute,—spread and multiplied as the reverberations of the thunder, by thee, by thy work. Rejoice, thou art immortal! for thou art the interpreter whom the nations await that they may converse together. Thou art immortal;

for thy discovery comes to give perpetual life to the genius which would be still-born without thee, and who, by acknowledgment, shall all make known in their turn the immortality of him who immortalized them!’ The voice ceased, and left me in the delirium of glory. But I heard another voice. It said to me, “Yes, John, thou art immortal. But at what a price? Thought not unlike thine, is it always pure and holy enough to be worthy of being delivered to the ears and eyes of the human race? Are there not many—the greater number it may be—the greater merit rather a thousand times to be annihilated, and sink to oblivion, than to be repeated and multiplied in the world? Man is oftener perverse than wise and good; he will profane the gift that you make him; he will abuse the new faculty that you create for him. More of the world, in place of blessing, will curse thee. Some men will be born with souls powerful and seductive, and hearts proud and corrupt. Without thee, they would rest in the shade; shut in a narrow circle, they would be known only to their associates, and during their lives. By thee, they will bear folly, mischief, and crime to all men and all ages. See thousands corrupted with the disease of one! See young men depraved by books whose pages distill soul poison! See young women become immodest, false, and hard to the poor, by books which have poisoned their hearts! See mothers mourning their sons! See fathers blushing for their daughters! Is not immortality too dear which costs so many tears and such anguish? Dost thou desire glory at such a price? Art thou not appalled at the responsibility with which this glory will weigh down thy soul? Listen to me, John: live as if thou hadst discovered nothing. Regard thy invention as a seductive but fatal dream, whose execution would be useful and holy, if only man was good. But man is evil. And in lending arms to the evil, art thou not a participator in his crimes?”

“I awoke in a horror of doubt! I hesitated an instant; but I considered that the gifts of God, though they were sometimes very perilous, were never bad, and that to give an instrument to aid reason, and advance human liberty, was to give a vaster field to intelligence and to virtue,—both divine. I pursued the execution of my discovery.”

Thus has the art of printing come down to us consecrated by the martyr struggles of a heroic soul. He died poor, able only to leave a few books to his loving sister, yet enriching all mankind by the fruits of his genius. “I bequeath to my sister,” said he

in his will, "all the books printed by me in Strasbourg."

But which of the voices that the legend represents as speaking to Gutenberg in his dream, shall prove a true prophet of the art? Shall its resistless power blast the world with error and crime, or bless the ages with truth and purity? "The first cries of the press," says a historian, "were praise and prayer." Let its utterances be for religion and learning, God and humanity; then welcome the hour when the earth shall be covered with its swiftly multiplying issues, "the leaves of the tree which are for the healing of the nations."

THE heart is, as it were, the pasture in which multitudes of thoughts are fed every day: a gracious heart diligently kept feeds many precious thoughts of God in a day.

From Alger's Oriental Poetry.

THE NINTH PARADISE.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises;
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in the Paradises,
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Created creatures are in the Paradises,
The uncreated Maker in the breast.
Rather, O man, want those eight Paradises,
Than be without the ninth one in the breast.
Given to thee are those eight Paradises,
When thou the ninth one hast within thy breast.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Soft was the air of Spring, and, at her feet,
The turf full swift, was turning green and sweet,
As from the city Rabbi Nathan passed,
Musing on Him who is the first and last.

The tuneful birds he heard in woodlands dim,
 wooing each other with that vernal hymn,
Which, flowing first from the great Heart above,
Keeps fresh the world with its perpetual love.

Anon he came to where with eager toil
An aged man, fretting the fragrant soil
With his sharp spade, did make a space to set
A Cobar tree—the greatest wonder yet!

For seventy years the Cobar tree must grow,
Full seventy years leaves bear and shadows throw,
Ere to fair fruit its fair sweet blossoms turn,
For all the day-god's ever-flowing urn.

"What madness this!" doth Rabbi Nathan cry;
"Thou workest here as one not born to die;
As if thyself didst hope that of this tree
Fruit yet should come to be a joy to thee."

Then turned the aged man and gently said,
"This tree shall grow long after I am dead;
But though its fruit my hands may never gain,
My planting, Rabbi, will not be in vain.

"Have I not eaten of the Cobar tree?
My father's father planted it for me.
So plant I this, that in the coming days
My children's children may my labor praise."

"Thou fool!" the Rabbi said, "to work for those
Who may or may not be, Heaven only knows.
All earthly things full soon must pass away;
'Tis only work for Heaven that will pay."

He wandered on, and as the sun, now low,
Rushed to its setting, and a sudden glow
Filled all the West, he laid him down to sleep,
Nor guessed how long the charm its power would
Keep.

For many a moon did wax and wane again,
And many a year did bring its joy and pain,
Ere he awoke; and, not far off, behold
What seemed the tree that he had known of old.

But now it was full grown, and at its root
A man full-grown was eating of its fruit,
Who said, when asked how came it thus to be,
"My father's father planted it for me."

Then Rabbi Nathan knew that seventy years,
With all their precious freight of smiles and tears,
Had fled since he had lain him down to sleep,
And felt the slumber o'er his eyelids creep.

He wandered back into the city street,
But saw no friend with voice of love to greet;
Yet in the schools where he of old did teach,
The sages still did quote his silver speech.

And there he saw, that not in Heaven alone,
But here on earth we live when we are gone.
Too late he learned the lesson of to-day:
The world goes on when we are gone away.

The world goes on; and happiest is he
Who in such wise wins immortality,
That should he sleep forever in the grave,
His work goes on and helps the world to save.

—The Golden Age.

A TRAVELER once visiting the lighthouse at Calais, said to the keeper, "But what if one of your lights should go out at night?" "Never—impossible!" he cried. "Sir, yonder are ships sailing to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out, in six months I should hear from America, or India, saying that on such a night the lights at Calais lighthouse gave no warning, and some vessel had been wrecked. Ah, sir! sometimes I feel when I look upon my lights, as if the eyes of the whole world were fixed upon me." No one knows how much sorrow and suffering may ensue from a single neglect of duty.—
The Golden Age.

From "Good Health."

DREAMS.

Whether our views are materialistic or spiritual, we must adhere to the principle that mental activity is inseparably connected with the brain. It is the instrument by which the soul manifests its activity, and, as from an imperfect instrument the most skilful performer can produce only imperfect music, so the capabilities of the mind are dependant upon the state of the brain. As in sleep its nourishment is considerably lowered by the diminished supply of blood, so also, as Durham's experiments upon sleeping animals

whose skulls he partially opened, have shown, the arterial, that is, the oxygen bearing vessels, are more contracted and less abundantly filled than in the waking condition, and, consequently, the capability of the brain is much less. Mental activity is reduced to a minimum; and especially must all complicated processes, above all things the judgment, come to a pause. Still our thoughts and ideas continue to spin themselves out even in sleep, according to the same indestructible law as they do when we are awake, but they lack the regulating and limiting conduct of the judgment, and the understanding. This partial activity of the brain is to dream.

The dream is not a dark and inexplicable something of whose origin we are ignorant; it is a product of the same brain function which is active in our waking state. Our thoughts in dreaming depend as much upon the association of ideas as they do when we are awake. In accordance with this law every idea immediately on its rise calls up a series of other ideas connected with it by resemblance of circumstance, similarity of sound in the words which express it, or agreement in the order of time, &c.

In the waking state the judgment always exercises a restraining influence upon the play of our fancy, and prevents us from joining together the unusual and incongruous: but in sleep our ideas are associated in the lowest manner. When we are awake one idea follows another; but when we are asleep, several ideas simultaneously present themselves, and, uniting together, form themselves into one complex whole; or, from the rapidity with which they follow each other, and the indistinctness of their connection, one idea unobserved takes the place of another.

In the waking state we can call up ideas by an effort of the will. We can think of what we wish. This, however, is not always the case. Very often it happens, as if by accident, that ideas spring from the treasure of our memory to which we voluntarily give further entertainment, or by which we are unwillingly led to other ideas distasteful to us. So also in dreams, where the voluntary calling up of any given idea is impossible, the mind is led to involuntary activity by means of ideas stored up in the memory. Most frequently the first impetus to a series of dream-pictures is given by some marked and striking impression which has been made upon us during the day, or by thoughts which have occupied our minds shortly before falling asleep. These ideas are often uninterruptedly continued; but not less often we are rapidly led to other ideas, and we are then unable to detect the connection between the two.

When we are awake the impression of the senses are by far the most prolific source of mental activity. But in sleep, as we have seen, the senses have ceased to exercise their functions, though still, to a certain extent, capable of excitement. Under strong impressions the senses of hearing and of feeling are susceptible even in deep sleep, but the resulting idea is almost always confused, and often an entirely different image is presented; just as in the twilight we sometimes take the trunk of a tree for a man sitting by the wayside. The indistinctness of the impression made upon the senses allows the fancy to fill it up in its own colors, and so it comes to pass that any excitement of the senses of hearing or feeling in sleep gives occasion for dreams, of which only the most general outline originates in external conditions. There are many examples of this on record. Meyer narrates that he once dreamed that he was attacked by robbers, who laid him full length on his back upon the ground, into which they drove a stake, passing it between two of his toes; but on awaking he found that these two members were only separated by a straw!

Another relates that, having a bottle of hot water placed at his feet, he dreamed that he had reached the top of Etna, and was treading on burning lava. In a similar manner, if we are uneasy in bed and throw off the covering, we dream that in the cold of winter we are wandering half-clad through the streets; or if there is a strong wind blowing, we dream of storms and shipwreck; or a knocking at the door produces dreams of an attack by thieves. It is very seldom that words spoken in sleep are distinctly understood, and equally seldom that they call up in the mind of the sleeper the idea they represent. I may mention an instance or two in which dreams could be controlled in this way. Dr. Abercrombie relates that an English officer who accompanied the expedition to Ludwigsburg in 1758 dreamed, to the great delight of his comrades, any kind of dream they chose, according to the words they whispered in his ear.

The excitement of the internal susceptibilities gives occasion for dreams almost more frequently than the external senses. By internal susceptibilities I mean those sensations which indicate to us the position of our internal organs, and which are usually known as general feelings, and to which belong the condition of being well and unwell. These sensations come within our consciousness during sleep, but, as might be expected, darkly and indistinctly. Connected with them in a similar manner as with the impressions of the external senses, are certain symbolic dream-pictures, the most common of which is night-

mare. This originates in a cramped condition of the respiratory muscles, and a consequent difficulty of breathing. Similar results will follow if the stomach be overloaded, for it then presses upon the diaphragm, and thereby confines the lungs. When we are awake we trace this disordered respiration to its correct cause—namely, a local affection of the organs of the chest, and there it ends; but in sleep we are incapable of this reasoning, and therefore, in harmony with the law of association, there arises from the feeling of oppression the idea of weight and the image of a superincumbent object. We also dream of heavily laden wagons passing over us, or of dark, shadowy apparitions emerging from the ceiling and gradually settling down upon us.

Not unfrequently we find that, instead of this, we dream of some great trouble or sudden fright, for in the waking state experiences often render respiration difficult. We then dream, for example, that we are attacked by robbers; and when we endeavor to secure our safety by flight, we find, to our consternation, that our feet refuse to serve us, and we remain, as it were, rooted to the ground. We try to call for help, but find that we are unable to produce a single sound, until at last, after long struggling, the muscles of respiration are released from their restraint, and we awake—sometimes with a loud cry.

In a similar manner is experienced the dream of falling from a great height. It usually happens while we are falling asleep, and depends upon the circumstance that the gradual relaxing of the muscles caused by sleep is, by some momentary excitement, reversed, and the result is a shrinking back of the body similar to that experienced in falling from any lofty position. Somewhat different from this is the dream of flying. According to Scherner it depends upon our consciousness of the action of the lungs, their rising and falling motion giving to us in our dream the notion of flight. There are a great many more conditions of the body, which, if they come into our consciousness during sleep, awake in us, in harmony with the law of the association of ideas, a certain kind of dreams. The emotions also produce a definite impression upon their character. "Great joy," some one has written, "originates a different class of dreams than great sorrow; and ardent love gives rise to dreams not produced by hatred, deep repentance, or an accusing conscience."

If we accustom ourselves attentively to notice our dreams, we shall easily perceive the confirmation of the law laid down. But we shall also find that it is exceedingly difficult to reproduce a dream correctly. It is so for two reasons. The imagery of dreams, in by far the greater number of cases, is so in-

distinct and shadowy, and in its particulars so inadequate, that by the effort to recall them, we involuntarily bring to our help the imaginative power of our waking moments, and thereby give to them definite color and outline. The other reason is, the innate tendency of the human mind to look at all things in their logical connections. When our dreams consist of a series of pictures, often connected only by the very loose bond of the association of ideas, we bring to them by their reproduction, unintentionally of course, a logical connection and correspondence with the real life which originally they did not possess.

During the period of deepest sleep the function of the brain is so weakened that we retain no recollection of it, and sound sleep has, therefore, come to be called a dreamless sleep. Sometimes we know that we have dreamed, but are wholly unable to recall a single trace of that which has engaged our sleeping thoughts. But shortly before we awake, when the oxygen stored up in the blood corpuscles begins to bring the process of waste and repair in the brain into more energetic operation, our dreams become more lively and connected, and, for this reason, are more easily retained by the memory. The cases are very few in which dreams are so vivid that we are unable to distinguish them from real events. Professor Jessen, a celebrated physician to the insane, gives a striking example, in the following words:

"One winter morning, between the hours of five and six, I was awake, as I believed, by the head keeper, who informed me that the friends of a patient had come to remove him, and at the same time he inquired whether anything required mention. I replied that he might permit the patient to depart, and immediately lay down again to sleep. I had no sooner done this than it occurred to me that of the intended removal of this patient I had heard nothing, but that it was of the departure of a woman of the same name I had been advised. I was compelled, therefore, to seek further information, and, having hastily dressed myself, I went to the dwelling of the keeper, whom, to my astonishment, I found only half clad. Upon my asking him where the people were who had come to fetch away the patient, he replied, with surprise depicted in his countenance, that he knew nothing of it, for he had only just risen, and had seen no one. This reply did not undeceive me, and I rejoined that it must have been the steward who had visited me, and I would go to him; but as I was descending the steps which led to his house it struck me that the whole affair was a dream—a fact, however, which I had not until that moment suspected."

This example is particularly interesting from the length of time which elapsed after the professor awoke, and during which he had been thoroughly aroused by the act of dressing and going to the keeper, yet the delusion which regarded the dream as a reality continued, and at last, without any apparent cause, suddenly vanished.

Proportionately more frequent are the cases where the awaking is imperfect, but still sufficient to induce a course of action corresponding with the supposed realities of the dream. There are instances on record where people, deceived by the alarming imagery of a dream, have committed acts of violence for which they could not be considered responsible.

FAMILY PEACE.—It is recorded that an emperor of China, once making a progress through his dominions, was, by chance, entertained in a house in which the master, with his wife, children, daughter-in-law, grandchildren, and servants, all lived together in perfect peace and harmony. The emperor, struck with admiration at the spectacle, requested the head of the family to inform him what means he used to preserve quiet among such a number and variety of persons. The old man, taking out his pencil, wrote these three words: *Patience—Patience—Patience.*

MISERY OF WAR IN WINTER.

The *Times* (Dec. 29) contains the following account of the miseries of the French at Beaugency and elsewhere, this winter:—"The scene at Beaugency, described by 'A Military Correspondent,' is a prolonged scene of agony. In a house which had once been a *Pension de Jeunes Filles*, every room from cellar to roof was crowded with dead and starving men, lying so thick it was impossible to move among them. It was Saturday, and many of them had been there since the Wednesday, some since the Tuesday. All that time 'not one drop of water, not one atom of food, had passed their lips,' nor had any comforting hand approached them. If a broken-legged sergeant had been able to throw his own coat over his more severely wounded officer, that was the utmost relief any of them had obtained.

"Moreover, the windows of the house were all broken, and all these days and nights of almost Arctic cold they had been lying on the bare floor, with their wounds undressed. All the agonies of wounds, of cold, of hunger and thirst, with all the horrors of death, were endured for days together by these helpless sufferers. The battle, in fact, had been raging for three days around Beaugency, neither side gaining such undisturbed possession of the town as to be able to think of the wound-

ed. Even on the second day, German shells burst in hospitals where French volunteers were tending German wounded.

"That night there was only one doctor in the town capable of performing amputations, and there were 200 desperately wounded men in one building alone. The dead lay thick among the dying, and as the former were dragged out their places were instantly filled. Miserable objects, with broken jaws or faces half shot away, wandered about, pointing to their dreadful wounds, and making piteous signals for water, which it was impossible for them to swallow. Officers and men, veterans and boys, all lay in one undistinguishable mass of misery. Every moan that the human voice can utter rose from that heap of agony. This was on the Thursday.

"How many more scenes like the one we have just described might there have been seen in Beaugency on Saturday? And how many more in the numerous villages over which the storm of conflict has passed between Beaugency and Vendome?"—*Herald of Peace.*

GERMS OF SCARLET FEVER.

In everybody affected with scarlet fever there is produced poisonous matter, which, passing from the diseased body, is capable of generating anew the same disease as that which affects the body from which it is derived. The proofs of this are so abundant that we cannot for a minute admit that the question is open to discussion. The point of most importance here is to know how long the "poison germs" of scarlet fever retain their vitality—the terrible power of starting anew the changes of which they are the offspring. With regard to scarlet fever, we have more evidence of these "poison germs" retaining their vitality than with any other contagious diseases. Sir Thomas Watson, in his classical lectures on the "Practice of Physic," mentions a case in which a piece of flannel worn round the neck of a scarlet fever patient, being accidentally discovered two years after, and applied to the person of a servant in the family, produced an attack of scarlet fever. Were it necessary, I could mention several instances, coming within my knowledge and reading, of the scarlet fever poison lying dormant in woolen clothes for years, and not having lost its vitality or power of communicating the disease.

Another point of importance with regard to the scarlet fever "poison germs" is the length of time which a person once affected with scarlet fever is capable of communicating the disease to others. When a person has got well of scarlet fever, as far as general health goes, it is by no means the case that he is no longer capable of communicating

the disease, but many days after he is strong and apparently healthy, he is capable of disseminating "poison germs" from his body.—*Herald of Health.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Friend's Freedmen's Association received from First month 1st to Fourth month 1st:—

From city contributions.....	\$371.00
“ Sarah Hoopes, West Chester.....	5.00
“ Ma tha Dodgson, Darby.....	10 00
“ E. Webster.....	5.00
“ Aaron Hurley.....	5.00
“ M. E. and L. Newbold.....	25.00
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“ Caroline M. Reeves, Richmond.....	20.00
“ Jane Hall, Hestonville.....	5.00
“ Robert Mother, Ohio.....	2 50
“ Joshua Jeanes.....	50 00
“ J. Bacon.....	20.00
“ Aaron Shaw, Illinois.....	2 00

\$597.50

Books, papers, &c., from Friends' Tract Society; clothing, dry-goods, &c., from Anne Wright, Jane Hall, Mary Beans, and others.

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer,*
30 North Third St.

Philada., 4th mo. 1st, 1871.

I T E M S.

A VALUABLE railroad train signal-light has been invented. In the centre of the roof of the rear car of the train, over the rear axle, is placed a square lantern, with alternate panes of red and white glass. The lantern is connected by means of a shaft with one of the axles in such a manner that eight revolutions of the axle produce one of the lantern. When the car stops the lantern of course ceases to revolve. Upon each side of this main lantern are two others, also connected with the axle in such a way that when the train is moving forward a solid red light is displayed, and if backing, a solid green light. The engineer of a train coming up in the rear can thus tell, by observing these lights, whether the train before him is moving or at a stand still; and if moving, in which direction.

THE EFFECT OF STRIKES, in Great Britain, it is asserted, has been to drive business away from that country, and many manufacturers, it is stated, have closed their establishments in England, and have organized others in Belgium, where the men will work on acceptable terms. English capitalists, it is reported, now contract with the establishments on the continent of Europe, for machinery and iron work, of which ten years ago England enjoyed the entire monopoly. The committee of a new hospital, now erecting in London, it is stated, recently contracted with a firm in Norway for the entire wood work of the building, and the window sashes, frames and shutters are fitted and put together abroad, and brought over to England ready to be inserted in the brick work. The cause of this unusual state of affairs is attributed to the fact that none of the English builders could be induced to send in proposals for the work, in consequence of the uncertain condition of the standard of wages.

The street cars running in London, it is reported, were manufactured in Copenhagen, from models brought from New York. In the coal and iron districts of the middle counties of England, a large iron bridge just erected, was constructed in Belgium, the estimates for the work being lower than those of the manufacturers in the neighborhood.

In England they have courses of scientific lectures for workingmen at a penny each; and printed reports of the lectures, revised by the authors, are sold at the same price. A "second series" of these lectures in the Hulme Town Hall included one by Huxley on Coral and Coral Reefs, and one each by Rescoe and Huggins on Spectrum Analysis.

W. S. JEVONS contributes to *Nature* the result of a series of experiments which he made to ascertain how many objects the human mind can count by an instantaneous and apparently single act of attention—that is, without being conscious of changing attention from one to another. He found that the estimate was infallible for as many as three objects; that failure was extremely rare with four objects; but when five objects were taken into consideration the estimate became uncertain.

DR EDWIN McCracken, who has maintained an electric light every night for ten consecutive months, in the service of the Erie Railway, has found that a battery, if relieved from duty every five minutes, will keep in action for months at a time, while with continuous work it will run out in half an hour. Improving the discovery, he used two batteries, with an adjustment by means of a clock, so that they alternate every five minutes in doing the work. The change of connection is made so exactly that the light is undisturbed except that it flares up with increased brightness when the fresh battery is turned on, and the delicate galvanometer hardly notices the transition. By this device the two batteries can work an indefinite length of time. He compares the phenomenon to the carrying of a load. If one man carries 100 pounds without relief, he will soon give out. If he alternate every five minutes with another man, the two can carry it many miles without difficulty. Various explanations are offered, and it seems to be the impression that during the time of activity, while chemical decomposition is going on in the cells, some of the products collect and stand in the way; but when the activity is suspended for a few minutes these are dissolved or removed, and the battery is again ready for its full action. Dr. McCracken uses what is known as the chromic-acid battery, and by a curious calculation he shows that the chemical products can be so utilized as to make the light cost nothing but the labor in taking care of it. These products are sufficiently useful in the arts to bring a price equal to the first cost of materials.

THE HOLY GRAIL.—This title of Tennyson's recent poem has been the subject of earnest investigation among antiquaries—the legend being, that the "Holy Grail" was the chalice, made of a single emerald, with which our Saviour celebrated the last supper, and, which being lost, was the object of the search of the "Knights of the Round Table." At a recent meeting of the British Philological Society, a paper was read by Dr. Oppert, advancing the theory that the "Grail" was originally nothing else than the "coral," which in times of heathenism was supposed to possess the miraculous powers ascribed to grail.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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From S. M. Janney's History of Friends.

MEMORIALS OF ELIAS HICKS, EDWARD STABLER AND THOS. WETHERALD.

(Continued from page 116.)

Elias Hicks, son of John and Martha Hicks, was born in the township of Hempstead, Queens Co., Long Island, on the 19th of the Third month, 1748. His father was a grandson of Thomas Hicks, who is honorably mentioned by Samuel Bownas, in his Journal, as having given him much comfort and encouragement, when imprisoned, for his religious testimony, at Jamaica, on Long Island.

About the seventeenth year of his age, Elias Hicks was apprenticed to learn the trade of a house-carpenter and joiner. Being required to go from place to place in pursuit of his business, he was exposed to much unprofitable company, and the tender impressions of Divine grace, which had visited him in his early years, were, in some measure, effaced. But the heavenly Monitor did not forsake him, though he often strove to stifle its convictions; it followed him in judgment and in mercy, until a willingness was wrought in him, to give up all to follow Christ in the regeneration. On one occasion, when preparing to join in the dance, and surrounded by his jovial companions, the pure witness rose so powerfully in his mind, and so clearly set before him the evil tendency of the course he was pursuing, that he reasoned

not with flesh and blood, but gave up to the heavenly vision, and in deep contrition and prostration of soul entered into covenant with the God of his life, that, if he would be pleased to furnish him with strength, he would endeavor not to be again found in the like disobedience; which covenant, through mercy, he was favored to keep inviolate. His father was a slaveholder, and on that account was visited by a committee of Friends who endeavored to convince him of the evil of the practice. Elias, being then a young man, and possessed of the prevailing ideas on that subject, resented the labors of the Friends as an unwarrantable interference with the rights of property. After he had stated his objections, the committee, in a feeling manner, exposed the unchristian practice of holding in bondage and making merchandize of our fellow-creatures; they appealed to his sense of justice, his feeling of humanity; and such was the power of their address, that his judgment was convinced and his conscience enlightened, so that he became himself an advocate for freedom. He was the guardian of the freedmen liberated by his father, attending to their wants, supporting them in their old age, and leaving a bequest to the survivors for their maintenance.

In the twenty-sixth year of his age, he was brought, through the operation of Divine grace, to see, that although he had ceased from many of the vanities of his youth, yet

there was much evil still remaining, for which he felt the righteous judgment of God to rest upon him. He cried earnestly to the Most High for pardon and redemption, which he believed was mercifully granted, and as he abode in watchfulness and humility, the light broke forth from obscurity, and his darkness became as noonday.

In the year 1775, he was constrained by a sense of duty to utter a few words in a meeting for worship, which brought the reward of peace; and as he continued watchful and obedient, he grew in the exercise of his gift and became eminent as a minister of the gospel.

At the time he was acknowledged as a minister, the war of the American Revolution was in progress; the British forces held Long Island, and the American army was in possession of the main land adjacent. Meetings on the Island were steadily kept up, and such was the confidence reposed in Friends by the officers of both armies, that ministers visiting the meetings were permitted to pass through the lines. Elias Hicks writes in his Journal: "I passed through the lines of both armies six times during the war without molestation, both parties generally receiving me with openness and civility, and although I had to pass over a tract of country, between the two armies, sometimes more than thirty miles in extent, and which was much frequented by robbers, a set in general of cruel, unprincipled banditti, issuing out from both parties, yet, excepting once, I met with no interruption, even from them."

After he became engaged in the gospel ministry, he attended the meetings that were held under the direction of the Monthly Meeting for the benefit of the colored people, and was eminently serviceable therein. He also appointed meetings among them for Divine worship; and when he was engaged in performing religious visits to families, he was careful to have the colored people called in to enjoy the privilege of social worship. During the inclemency of winter he was very thoughtful of the poor, visiting them in their dwellings, and contributing to their comfort. This he did without respect of color; but for the poor ignorant blacks his commiseration was especially excited, with an earnest desire that they might enjoy the benefits of education. When he opened his views on this subject to his friends, showing the justice and necessity of providing means to educate the colored children, they concurred with him, and a fund was raised, the interest of which has been yearly appropriated to that purpose. This fund was placed under the control of a benevolent association, and hundreds have reaped the benefits of their liberality.

Having married the daughter and only child of Jonathan Teaman, he came into possession of a valuable farm at Jericho, L. I., where he resided the residue of his life. The estate had consisted in part of slaves; and when the funds came under the control of Elias Hicks, he separated that part which had been derived from the sale of slaves formerly held, and applied it to their redemption and liberation.

He was scrupulously just in his dealings, and so conscientious that in times of scarcity he sold the products of his farm to his poor neighbors, at rates much below the market-value. During the war of the Revolution, when wheat was three dollars per bushel, he reserved his to sell to the poor around him at a much lower price, and refused to sell to speculators.

He was remarkably plain and simple in his dress and in the furniture of his house, and he felt it required of him to inculcate this practice as a religious duty. At one time he carried his views on this subject to such an extreme that he did not approve of the female members of his family cultivating flowers, deeming it far better to employ the time in reading or some profitable employment. It is said, that towards the close of life, his views on this subject were considerably modified. During the severe convulsion through which the Society passed at the time of the separation, he saw that mere plainness of dress was no certain indication of a Christian character, and that the most sanctimonious exterior was sometimes the covering of a bitter and censorious spirit.

He was an indefatigable laborer in the cause of righteousness, travelling frequently and extensively to visit the churches, and his services during a period of thirty five or forty years met with very general approval in the Society of Friends. His doctrinal views afterwards became a subject of controversy among Friends.

In declaring what he believed to be the counsel of God he was fearless, and his ministry, though unadorned with the embellishments of human learning, was clear and powerful.

The following description of him is from the "Christian Examiner and General Review":

"Elias Hicks was a most remarkable man. Though more than eighty when we had the pleasure of listening to him, few men have ever made so deep an impression upon us. His figure was tall, his proportions muscular and athletic, his face of the Roman cast, intellectual and commanding, his voice deep, his gesture dignified and graceful. He had perhaps as much of what is called *presence* as

any man who could be named. The knowledge that he was to speak had drawn together a large assembly, which was sitting, when we entered, in the most profound silence. Stagnary could not have been more still. Not a limb stirred, not a garment rustled, not a breath was heard. At length this venerable figure rose like an apparition from another world, and poured forth a strain of natural eloquence that is not often surpassed."

He spent a calm and peaceful old age in the full possession of his faculties. So greatly was he respected for his integrity and sound judgment, that he was often called upon to reconcile differences among his neighbors, and his salutary counsel was seldom rejected. In the years 1828 and '29, when upwards of eighty years of age, he performed an extensive visit to Friends and others in parts of the Yearly Meetings of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio, Indiana, and New York. His gospel labors during these arduous and extensive journeys were productive of peace to his own mind, and were peculiarly seasonable and acceptable to his friends.

In the year 1829 he met with a severe affliction in the decease of his beloved wife, with whom he had lived in near union and affection for fifty-eight years.

On the 14th of the Second month, 1830, just as he finished writing a letter to his old friend, Hugh Judge, he was paralyzed in his right side and nearly deprived of the power of speech. Being assisted to a chair near the fire, he signified by signs his desire that all should sit down and be still. The solemn composure at this time manifest in his countenance was very impressive, indicating that he was sensible the time of his departure was at hand, and that the prospect of death brought no terrors with it. Near the close of his last letter he said: "If we are favored to gain an inheritance in that blissful abode, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, we must ascribe it all to the unmerited mercy and loving-kindness of our Heavenly Father, who remains to be adored over all, blessed forever."

He lingered nearly two weeks, growing gradually weaker; and it was remarked that one of his last efforts was to signify he wished his attendants to remove from his bed a cotton coverlet that had inadvertently been placed there; for he had during many years conscientiously opposed to the use of all goods produced by slave labor. On the 27th of the same month he quietly passed away, and doubtless entered the realms of everlasting joy.

Edward Stabler was born at Petersburg,

Virginia, on the 28th of the Ninth month, 1769. Having early in life yielded obedience to the Divine law written in the heart, he was enabled to escape, in a great measure, the contamination of evil example, and was led into secret communion with the Author of all good. In his twentieth year he became an assistant of his brother William in the apothecary business, in Leesburg, Loudoun Co., Va. His leisure hours were mostly employed in the acquisition of knowledge, for which he had a keen relish, and his reading on literary and scientific subjects was extensive.

In the year 1792 he settled in Alexandria, where he opened an apothecary and drug store, and boarded in the family of John Butcher, a worthy Friend and minister, who exercised a paternal care of the young men that were members of his family. In 1798, Edward Stabler was appointed an Elder of Fairfax Monthly Meeting, of which the Friends in Alexandria were at that time members. As their number had much increased with the growth of the town, and as Fairfax Monthly Meeting was held at the distance of forty-five miles, they applied for the establishment of a Monthly Meeting in Alexandria, which being granted, it was opened in the Ninth month, 1802.

In the latter part of 1804, Edward Stabler spent some months as care-taker and companion of Ann Alexander, a minister from England, who, with her female associate, paid a religious visit in the Southern States. The hold which religious impressions had taken upon his mind was strengthened by the occurrences of this journey. The travellers, as they passed through the slaveholding States and mingled with the people, were burdened with a sense of the spiritual darkness and hardness of heart that prevailed, which they attributed to the oppression inflicted upon the colored people held in degrading bondage.

In the Sixth month, 1806, Edward Stabler made his first appearance in the ministry. To prepare him for this service, he had passed through many deep baptisms. To these were added, soon after, a severe bereavement in the decease of his wife, who had been a faithful and sympathizing companion.

He subsequently married Mary, the daughter of Wm. Harshorne, who proved to be like the virtuous woman described in the Proverbs: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." The ministry of Edward Stabler is described, in the memorial concerning him, by Alexandria Monthly Meeting, in the following language: "There is a cloud of living witnesses who can testify to the pure and

evangelical value of his ministry; calling the people from *names* to *things*,—from the empty *shadow* to the living *substance*. Actuated by the spirit and love of the gospel,—the distinguishing mark of true discipleship, which knows no distinction of sects and parties,—he was induced frequently to leave his temporal concerns, and travel extensively in the ministry; in which service his labors were very acceptable to those for whose sake they were undertaken."

His colloquial powers were very remarkable, and his mind being stored with knowledge, his company was highly prized by all, but more especially by reflecting minds among the young, whom he loved to draw around him. Whatever might be the subject of conversation, he generally imparted useful information in eloquent language; but almost invariably before he closed his remarks, he had led his hearers to the consideration of some important religious principle.

During that painful controversy which agitated and finally divided the Society of Friends, he remained calm and unruffled, manifesting at all times the meekness and forbearance of a Christian spirit.

He died in peace at Alexandria, the 18th of the First month, 1831, in the sixty-second year of his age.

Thomas Wetherald was born in Bainbridge, Yorkshire, Eng., on the 14th of the First month, 1791. He had a birthright and education in the Society of Friends, but in his youth, it appears, from his own account, that he wandered far from the Heavenly Father's house, led astray by the allurements of the world, and the delusive promptings of an unrestrained imagination. Through the adorable mercy of Infinite Goodness, he was not permitted to rest in this state, but was closely followed by "the reproofs of instruction which are the way of life;" and being at length met with as "in the cool of the day," he was brought under deep condemnation on account of his transgressions. In this situation, under much humiliation of spirit, being reduced to a state of great mental conflict and self-abasement, when, as he himself expressed it, "the heavens appeared as brass and the earth as iron," he was taught by the things which he suffered, and felt desires to return to the Father's house. He essayed to approach the throne of grace, saying, "If I perish, I will perish at Thy footstool begging mercy." When he became thus willing to submit to the Divine government and to endure the fiery baptism, he received an assurance of pardon and acceptance, and became qualified to warn others, and declare unto them what God had done for his soul.

In the year 1819, with the concurrence of Friends, he removed with his family to the United States of America, and settled in Trenton, N. J. His gospel communications being accompanied with a lively demonstration of the life and power of truth, he was in due time recommended as a minister.

After a few years' residence in Trenton, he removed to the city of Washington, where his ministry was highly appreciated, being very eloquent, solemn, and impressive. In his business as a butcher, he evinced, by the uprightness of his dealings, that the true disciple of Christ may in any station be a preacher of righteousness, and that every useful avocation is compatible with a religious life. Having resided some years in Washington, he removed and settled on a farm near York, Pa., where his exemplary life and religious services endeared him to his friends and gained the respect of all.

Near the close of life, he expressed his unshaken confidence in Divine goodness, saying, "Shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right?"

After patient endurance of much bodily suffering, he quietly departed this life, on the 1st of the Fifth month, 1832, in the forty-second year of his age.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HANNAH STEPHENS.

The recollections of my dear departed aunt Hannah Stephens (a valued minister in the Society of Friends), and her example, so worthy of imitation, often arise vividly in my mind.

She had long practised "the fortunate habit of being contented;" and even in the winter of life, her sympathetic kind heart and her cheerful temperament made her presence welcome to every one. She considered it a religious duty to maintain and cultivate this disposition, as best calculated to carry out the true Christian principles. So beautiful was the radiance which seemed to encircle her, that she well merited the name of *Sunshine*, which her intimate friends significantly called her.

In her ardent love of nature, her feelings were poured forth in admiration of the beautiful trees, the singing birds and sweet flowers, all which she regarded as wayside blessings, sent to refine and purify the heart of man,—and in the language of her favorite poetess would often exclaim:

"There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it, 'midst familiar things,
And through their lowly guise."

Not only in her own mind was she happy, but she desired to make others so, by leading

them to appreciate their surroundings, even the most humble, rather than to mourn over what was not in their possession.

Illustrative of this, an incident is related of her having paid a charitable visit, in company with one of her friends. The abode was one of wretchedness,—a *stove* the only furniture of the room,—very little could be found here to make this home attractive; but in her characteristic comforting way, she pleasantly remarked, "What a nice little stove thee has!" At another house, which they visited on the same errand of kindness, a still more deplorable scene presented; everything was absent, but *rags*. Now, thought her companion, what can this Christian woman find here, in this wretched hovel, that will be comforting? Ever ready, from her full heart came the expression: "How beautifully the sun shines in thy room!"

While on a social visit to a near relative, the death of my dear aunt occurred very suddenly; but she had obeyed the Divine command to "Watch!" Her life was consistent, and in her devout communings she earnestly desired "to know what the will of the Lord concerning her, was." She never lost sight of the great change to a higher life, and in speaking on this subject only two days previous to her removal, she remarked to me, "Death has no terror for me; I am entirely resigned to leave my case to Him who doeth all things well."

Gently did her sweet spirit waft its way heavenward, leaving the full assurance that all indeed was well with her,—and to us, the example of her *cheerful, religious* life.

A. E. T.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ORDER AND NOT DISORDER.

A proposition made in the *Intelligencer* a few weeks ago relative to "the method of appointing overseers to attend marriages accomplished under the care of Monthly Meetings," appears to have been so *greatly* misunderstood by some Friends, that there is but little room to suppose that success will attend an attempt to remove the impression that there was a disposition to lessen the responsibility of a Meeting, or the dignity of the appointment of overseers on marriage occasions. But as the editors, in their just conception of the simple change proposed, have fallen under censure for endeavoring to allay the fear that some serious innovations were contemplated, I feel it right, in as concise a manner as I can, again to allude to the cause of my concern, and at the same time repudiate the idea of lessening in the least degree the religious care and obligation of either meetings or individuals, in the solemnization of the marriage

covenant. It is well known that in the Monthly Meetings of this city, as well as in *many* country places, it is the practice for those interested in the marriage about to take place, to request a friend, or friends, to name such individuals as they would wish to be present,—having a care to select suitable Friends. The reasonableness of the plea, in many instances, not to enlarge the company unnecessarily, no doubt has been the principal cause for the prevalence of the custom. My observation does not lead me to the same conclusion with our friend E. Michener, "that it is more from a desire to escape an *irksome restraint*, than from a concern to lessen the number in attendance, that wedding parties wish to select their own overseers."

But to the point of my concern, which is simply this: that our discipline and practice may accord,—that there should not be even the *appearance* of dissembling, or that a Monthly Meeting should not claim to do what, in reality, it does not do.

The inconsistency of the practice in question has been seriously felt by some Friends, and it was for the relief of those that are thus "burdened," that my former suggestion was made. I claim to be among the "*order-loving*," but cannot conceive wherein the change would in the least degree "invalidate the necessary and proper concern of Society for its members," or "cover up rather than correct their violation of order." It is not supposed that the Monthly Meeting would relinquish its discretionary power. *If* persons were named who were unsuitable for the appointment (which is no more likely to occur than in the state of things as they now exist), why should there not be the same freedom of expression? Far from forgetting "that the oversight and proper conduct of marriages is a religious concern of the Society, in its collective capacity," and also believing, as the editors have remarked, that it is not easy to do away with a long established custom, I felt a desire that "the body" should consider the subject, and by wise legislation remove the difficulty. It appears to me that the prevailing custom renders the discipline on this point "an inefficient," if not a "meaningless form," as it now stands; and that there is a *necessity* to meet the case by a change which shall in no wise detract from its weight and religious bearing. The alteration as proposed would involve only a few words, and would make no difference in the care to be exercised by the Monthly Meeting. I regret that it should have been capable of being misinterpreted as it has been by our friend E. M.

I am not tenacious as to the manner by which the inconsistency complained of may be remedied. My regard for many dear

friends "who have grown gray in the maintenance of the discipline," as well as for the code itself, would prevent me from wishing or promoting any change that would not be of essential benefit to the Society. ***

Fourth mo. 20, 1871.

FRIENDS OF BOSTON.

A "Topographical and Historical Description of Boston," recently published "at the request of the City councils," gives the following account of the meeting-houses and graveyard occupied by Friends there.

"The cemetery that belonged to the Society of Friends, and which was called the Quaker Burying Ground, was the fourth in point of antiquity in Boston. This religious sect, although it has never been very numerous in Boston, yet had, very early in the history of New England, a respectable number of firm and conscientious adherents in the metropolis, the first of whom made their appearance in 1656, about twelve years after the rise of the denomination in Leicestershire, England. The first who came to Boston were imprisoned immediately on their arrival, and at the earliest opportunity were sent back to Barbadoes and England, whence they came. For many years this people were subjected to the most humiliating treatment, and to punishments of the greatest severity. Some had one of their ears cut off, some their tongues bored with hot irons, and others were publicly executed by hanging. This barbarity will forever cast a stigma upon the administration of Governor Endicott, who as John Hull, the mint master, tells us, 'had very faithfully endeavored the suppression of a pestilent generation, the troublers of or pease, civill and ecclesiastick.' The persecution of this sect, however, excited in some a sympathy; on the execution of the Quakers in 1659, one of the persons in attendance, Edward Wanton, a person of considerable consequence, became so affected that he soon afterwards was converted to the Quaker doctrines, and was subsequently one of the most influential and enthusiastic of their number.

"During the Colonial government of Massachusetts, the Society of Friends had no regular place of worship, although meetings for religious worship were held as frequently as the defenceless condition of the Society would allow, the earliest of which any account has been preserved being on the 4th of May, 1664, about ten months previous to Governor Endicott's decease. On the adoption of the Provincial Charter, which passed the seals on the 7th of October, 1691, and which was brought to Boston on the 14th of May, 1692, by Governor William Phips, the Society was placed nearer on an equality

with the other sects of Christians; and was so much relieved from oppression, that its principal men set themselves about providing a permanent place of worship.

"The first lot was obtained by William Mumford, a Friend of Boston, and a building was erected on it about the year 1694. It was a part of the 'Brattle close or pasture,' and the 'estate now covered with the building at the corner of Brattle street and Brattle square, called the "Quincy House." This lot and house were disposed of in 1709, another location having been obtained for the use of the Society."

"The second venture of the Society was the purchase of the Congress street estate, so well remembered by many persons now living. Here was established the first Quaker burying ground in 1709." "The estate was held by trustees or overseers until 1828, when several persons of Lynn, Danvers and Salem, as overseers of the Salem Monthly Meeting, conveyed the estate to Dr. Edward H. Robbins, and the Society styled the Yearly Meeting of Friends for New England, released all right to the same."

"The lot was situated in Leverett's Lane (now called Congress street) opposite Lindall street, and by the original deed of conveyance, measured about fifty feet in front, sixty in the rear, and one hundred and forty on the north. In the course of little over a century the length of the lot shrunk nearly thirty feet by the widening of Congress street and other causes.

"On the front part of the estate, the Quakers in 1709 erected their meeting-house, to take the place of that in Brattle square, which they left the same year. The new building was of brick, covering a space thirty feet by thirty-five, and setting back sufficiently to allow of a high wooden fence in front, the large gate of which was seldom opened between the years 1709 and 1808, except for a portion of the small Monthly Meetings of the brethren, which were held alternately within its walls, and at Salem and Lynn, and now and then for a burial. By the great fire which occurred in 1760, this building was much injured, but was repaired the same year. The meetings having been discontinued in the year 1808, the building became of very little use, and the Society, in 1825, sold it for the value of the material, the whole edifice bringing only \$160, and it was soon taken down."

"The rear part of the lot appears to have been used for burial purposes from the time of the purchase in 1709 until 1815, although the interments were of very unfrequent occurrence. On the 15th of May, 1826, the following order was passed by the Board of Aldermen, on the petition of Estes Newhall of

Lynn, and others: 'Ordered, that the petitioners be permitted to take up all the remains of the dead from the burial ground in Congress street, commonly called the Quaker Burying Ground, and to re-inter them in their burying ground in Lynn; the same to be done under the direction of the superintendent of burial grounds.' This duty was performed between the 28th of June and 7th of July of the same year, and the remains of 72 adults and of 39 children were removed to Lynn."

"Soon after the sale of the Quaker lot in Congress street, the Yearly Meeting of Friends for New England purchased another estate in Milton place, bounded about sixty feet easterly on the place, about thirty-nine in the rear, and a little over eighty in depth. Upon this the Friends erected a substantial brick building, with a stone front, measuring about thirty-nine by seventy five feet, where they occasionally held meetings; but it being of very little use to the Society, it was sold at auction, and on the 30th of May, 1866, the Quakers ceased to be owners of a meeting-house in Boston."

[We have been kindly favored by a descendant of Edward Wanton, mentioned in the foregoing sketch, with the following interesting incidents.—EDS.]

Edward Wanton was a conspicuous merchant of Boston at the period when the persecution of Friends was most virulent. At the time of the execution of Mary Dyer, in Boston, he attended at the execution in an official capacity, whether as sheriff or captain of the train band, I never ascertained.

He was very deeply touched by her language and deportment, and on returning to the house he removed his sword, saying to his mother he "should never wear it again, as they had been killing the people of the Lord."

He suffered great mental anguish for a long time, but at length he found peace, and became a member and a minister in the Society of Friends. He underwent severe persecutions in Boston which cannot be detailed within the limits of this brief article, but he at length removed to the town of Scituate, and was instrumental in gathering a large and flourishing Friends' meeting in that place, chiefly from those who had been members of the Congregational Church. This was quite sufficient to bring upon him the hatred of the minister of the place, who lost no opportunity of persecuting him, and he was made the constant object of reviling both in the pulpit and in social life. On the occasion of his second marriage, which was celebrated after the manner of the Society of Friends, the priest instituted a suit against him, and

obtained a very large verdict in a court which was deeply prejudiced. This fine he refused to pay, and it was collected from him by distraint, which caused a loss of property to at least double the amount of the fine. I have a manuscript account of these fines written with his own hand. He built the meeting-house at Scituate with his own money, and by will left means to keep it in repair.

He attended the Yearly Meeting at Newport as a representative in his eighty fifth year, and its records show that he was in its service on all the most important committees that were appointed that year. He was a bold and eloquent minister, and had a great power of convincing men's reason by clear and glowing exhibitions of the Truth. He was not only instrumental in gathering a large meeting in Scituate, but several neighboring meetings were greatly aided by his ministerial labors, as well as by counsel and advice.

His sons, John and Joseph, removed to Rhode Island, and both became very eminent ministers. The former was for many years Governor of the Colony. He was a man of excellent education and address, and his ministry was attended by large crowds of people as long as he lived. He was summoned to England in the reign of Queen Anne, and became a great favorite with her. She offered to confer upon him the honor of knighthood, which he declined, but she did give him a coat of arms and a magnificent silver gilt bowl as a memorial of her esteem.

No less than seven of Edward Wanton's descendants filled the gubernatorial chair of Rhode Island, and most of them were worthy and consistent members of the Society of Friends. J. S. G.

For Friends' Intelligencer,

HONESTY OF PURPOSE.

In reading the *Intelligencer*, I have several times felt like adding my mite by way of comment on the subjects under discussion, but being remotely situated, the time that would elapse between the subject and the comment would be so long, that it would lose its force. The fact that any Friends should think that the choosing of Overseers for weddings, *out of meeting*, is an exception to the general rule, astonished me greatly, as my observation for the past thirty years (not confined to city meetings by any means) has led me to believe with the editors, that the exception was on the other side. I well remember being present on an occasion of this kind, when the father of one of the parties rose after the reading of declaration of intentions, and stated to the meeting that if satisfactory to Friends, he wished to have

such and such persons as overseers of the wedding. The meeting united with the proposition, and it was very gratifying that the Friend had been induced to use plainness of speech, in an honesty of purpose for which our early Friends were so eminently distinguished. Perhaps it is for want of keeping up to this standard that the Society languishes.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

. . . How little the *natural* man knoweth of Divine things! Heaven has wisely interposed an impassable gulf between the efforts of human wisdom and contrivance, and those divine mysteries which are revealed, that is, made plain to *babes*. The present is an age in which the world—yes, and those who would fain be thought to be redeemed from the world—are seeking to climb up into the knowledge of Divine and natural things, on one and the same ladder—the nicely constructed ladder of human ingenuity, human learning, intellectual culture, science—and all this without becoming a poor little helpless, ignorant though innocent babe. Theology, the science of Divinity—or a knowledge of Divine and spiritual things! How can it be, that after more than eighteen hundred years since the plain, simple Nazarene of Judea proclaimed the doctrine of the kingdom of God in the soul of man—this simplest of all religions has made so little progress in the human family? Where is simple Christianity to be found among the professors of the Christian name, unmixed and unadulterated? Alas! if we measure the progress of the future by the past, thousands of years must elapse before the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of God and of His Christ. But there has been, there still is a progression in the human mind. Many customs have been changed for the better in the lapse of ages and centuries. There is no doubt that the simple religion of Jesus is silently advancing in hidden and obscure minds. These are lights in the world; their light may often shine but a very little way around them, yet it is not lost—it is not hid. But ah! how the cunning devices of priestcraft have led people astray! How many thousands and millions of mortals are now bewildered and hoodwinked by the craftiness of selfish designing men, or by the trade of theology! Indeed, I am almost ready to exclaim: Who is clear of these trammels and skackles?

But our Father sees all His children everywhere. He pities them, and deals with them in perfect wisdom and goodness. Man seems often to act, and think, and speak, as if he conceived he would do better, had the power been in his hands, and the disposal of things left to him. Ah! how blind we are—how short sighted! But with all our toils and the spinning out of our schemes, we can effect nothing without the Divine blessing.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 29, 1871.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.—A correspondent under date of Fourth month 16th, 1871, asks:

“Would it not be encouraging to hear occasionally, through the *Intelligencer*, from Circular Meetings in different localities, particularly when held in neighborhoods where there are but few Friends? We attended one last First-day, held at Pedricktown, N. J. The meeting was mostly composed of those who knew but little of Friends; yet their solemn, interested countenances evinced something of the spiritual labor R. Barclay speaks of, when he says, ‘When I came into the silent assemblies of God’s people, I felt a secret power among them which touched my heart, and as I gave way unto it, I found the evil weakening in me, and the good raised, so I hungered more and more after an increase of this power.’

“This meeting is kept up by a few Friends, with seldom any vocal ministry; the great Minister of ministers comforting them when they feel discouraged, and long for the companionship of those who unite with them in the belief of the ‘Indwelling Light.’”

It is pleasant to receive such evidences of interest. In localities in which there are many of our profession, and but few who usually assemble for social worship, the concerned members are doubtless at times discouraged, and the feeling is “by whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?” We sympathize with those who meet under such circumstances; for “as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man sharpen the countenance of his friend.” It is encouraging to see all who bear the name of Friend, coming up to the maintenance of the “law and the testimony,” and one evidence of this is, the attendance of our religious meetings.

In places where but few of our name reside, large collections in our houses for wor-

ship are not to be expected. But though in these small, silent gatherings, the word is seldom spoken "to stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance," yet if there is a rallying to the Watch-tower for a renewal of spiritual strength, these opportunities may be "as times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

The late action of many of the Quarterly Meetings in appointing meetings to be held at stated times in the different neighborhoods, is acknowledged to have been attended with good results. Though the particular meetings in these sections may not have been perceptibly increased, the interest manifested in them by others than Friends, has been encouraging. The silent, spiritual travail on these occasions, has prepared the minds of the people for the reception of the truths promulgated, and in many neighborhoods an interest has in consequence been awakened in our principles and testimonies.

We unite with our friend in believing that it is encouraging and profitable to hear from these meetings. The Circular Meetings of Frankford and Merion, Pa., recently held, were interesting:—the latter not as well attended as on some previous occasions; the former unusually large, and both were regarded as seasons of favor.

"THE JOURNAL OF JOHN WOOLMAN, with an Introduction by John G. Whittier." Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

We have received from J. G. Whittier a copy of this work: and for his "labor of love" in editing a new edition of the Journal of John Woolman, he has our warmest thanks. We have read the Introduction of 8 pages, with unmixed pleasure.

In its new and attractive form, we trust the work will have an extensive circulation, and that the spirit of quiet, gentle truthfulness which it breathes, may steal in healthfully upon the feverish excitement which characterizes the present age.

In regard to John Woolman's peculiar diction, J. G. W. says:

"The style is that of a man unlettered, but with natural refinement and delicate sense of fitness, the purity of whose heart enters into his language. There is no attempt at fine

writing, not a word or phrase for effect; it is the simple, unadorned diction of one to whom the temptations of the pen seem to have been wholly unknown. He wrote as he believed, from an inward spiritual prompting; and with all his unaffected humility he evidently felt that his work was done in the clear radiance of

'The light which never was on land or sea.'

It was not for him to outrun his Guide, or, as Sir Thomas Browne expresses it, to 'order the finger of the Almighty to his will and pleasure, but to sit still under the soft showers of Providence.' Very wise are these essays, but their wisdom is not altogether that of this world. They lead one away from all the jealousies, strifes, and competitions of luxury, fashion and gain, out of the close air of parties and sects, into a region of calmness,—

The haunt

Of every gentle wind whose breath can teach
The wild to love tranquility,"—

a quiet habitation where all things are ordered in what he calls 'the pure reason;' a rest from all self-seeking, and where no man's interest or activity conflicts with that of another. Beauty they certainly have, but it is not that which the rules of art recognize; a certain undefinable purity pervades them, making one sensible, as he reads, of a sweetness as of violets. 'The secret of Woolman's purity of style,' says Dr. Channing, 'is that his eye was single, and that conscience dictated his words.'

We would not, even if at liberty to do so, make long extracts; for we want our readers to get the book, and therefore conclude after giving one of the editorial notes, the occasional introduction of which add much to its interest:

"He (John Woolman) seems to have regarded agriculture as the business most conducive to moral and physical health. He thought 'if the leadings of the Spirit were more attended to, more people would be engaged in the sweet employment of husbandry, where labor is agreeable and healthful.' He does not condemn the honest acquisition of wealth in other business free from oppression; even 'merchandizing' he thought *might* be carried on innocently and in pure reason. Christ does not forbid the laying up of a needful support for family and friends; the command is, 'Lay not up for YOURSELVES treasures on earth.' From his little farm on the Rancocas, he looked out with a mingled feeling of wonder and sorrow upon the hurry and unrest of the world; and especially was he

pained to see luxury and extravagance overgrowing the early plainness and simplicity of his own religious Society. He regarded the merely rich man with unfeigned pity. With nothing of his scorn, he had all of Thoreau's commiseration, for people who went about bowed down with the weight of broad acres and *great houses* on their backs. ¶

The work may be had of J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 and 717 Market St., and at the office of *Friends' Intelligencer*, No. 144 N. 7th St. Philada.

THE ANSON LAPHAM REPOSITORY.—Through the liberality of Anson Lapham, of Skaneateles, N. Y., a room with the above title will soon be opened in the Swarthmore College building, the object being to make a library of Friends' books, manuscripts, &c., and a place of deposit for such relics, or objects of interest, as have a history attached relative to the Society of Friends.

The books, manuscripts, &c., are to be consulted in the Repository, and not to be taken out of the room when used. This is to prevent loss and scattering.

The Managers of the College, by minute, have appropriated one of the fire-proof rooms on the second-story for this purpose, and have named it "The Anson Lapham Repository."

There are many Friends' books, and doubtless some ancient manuscripts and memoranda, in the hands of Friends, which may be indifferently cared for, and perhaps are nearly lost sight of, which, if collected, and placed on the shelves of this Library, and in its drawers, would be valuable matter for the historian, and would furnish information to the young student who may be enquiring as to the origin, progress, principles and testimonies, of the Society of Friends.

Any book, manuscript and memoranda of the kind alluded to, will be gladly received, and may be forwarded to EDWARD H. MARGILL, Swarthmore College, Delaware County, Pa.; or, if more convenient, (*and the packages are small*) to DR. GEORGE TRUMAN, No. 142 North Seventh St., Philada., who will take the necessary care to have them properly deposited.

Each one donating books, manuscripts or other matter, will please forward name and address.

DIED.

FRENCH.—On First-day morning, the 2d of Fourth month, 1871, Julia A. French, daughter of William S. and Elizabeth Shaw Abbott, and wife of Richard French in the 34th year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia (Race St.).

SWIGGETT.—Of pneumonia, at the residence of her nephew Henry Wilson, in Tuckahoe Neck, Caroline Co., Md., on the 31st of Twelfth month, 1870, Mary Swiggett, aged about 70 years; a member of North-west Fork Monthly Meeting.

WOODNUTT.—On Second-day morning, the 21st of First month, 1871, at his residence in Salem, N. J., Jonathan Woodnutt, in the 87th year of his age.

THE INDIANS.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St., on Sixth-day afternoon preceding the Yearly Meeting, Fifth month 12th, at 3 o'clock. Punctual and full attendance is requested.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Executive Committee meeting in the Monthly Meeting room at Race Street, Sixth-day afternoon next, Fifth month 5th, at 3 o'clock.

W. M. LEVICK, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- | | | | |
|---------|-----|------------------------------------|----------|
| 4th mo. | 30. | Greenwich, N. J., | 3 P.M. |
| 5th mo. | 7. | Haddonfield, N. J., | 3 P.M. |
| " | " | Chichester, Pa., | 3 P.M. |
| " | " | Penn's Manor, Pa., | 10 A.M. |
| " | " | Port Elizabeth, N. J., | 10 A.M. |
| " | 14 | Flushing, L. I., | 11 A.M. |
| " | 21 | Radnor, Pa., | 3 P.M. |
| " | " | Orange, N. J., | 10½ A.M. |
| " | " | Gunpowder, Md. (old meeting-house) | 11 A.M. |
| " | " | Collins, N. Y., | 11 A.M. |
| " | 28 | Cape May, N. J., | 10 A.M. |

From the Chicago Tribune.

KINDERGARTEN.

An American Woman's Work.

One of the most interesting events of the season to the friends of education, is the presence here (Washington) of Elizabeth Peabody and her lectures on Kindergarten culture. Her report upon Kindergarten, which the Commissioner of Education considered of sufficient importance to publish in connection with his own, has attracted the attention of educators in all parts of the country; and she was invited by the trustees of the common schools of Washington to deliver a lecture upon the subject. So great is the interest awakened that this lecture has been three times repeated by special invitation. A desk in the office of the Bureau of Education was placed at her disposal, and there she may be found daily, endeavoring to answer the inquiries which pour in upon her. Quite as interesting as either her report or her lecture is her relation of her own experience in this comparatively new and imperfectly understood department of education.

Her interest was first aroused, and her attention drawn to the subject from seeing the children of Senator Schurz, who had been trained by their mother after the Kindergarten method.

Mrs. Schurz, when a young lady at home in Germany, with no occupation for her leisure hours, was induced, partly for amusement, partly by her love for children, to study thoroughly Froebel's Kindergarten method; and, in after years, with her own children around her, she turned to solid profit the pastime of her girlish days. Her success incited Miss Peabody to study the subject, and finally to open a Kindergarten in Boston. This, though eminently successful, did not reach all the results which she desired, and which Froebel declared attainable; and, determined to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection in her work, she went to Germany to seek further knowledge at the fountain head; and after travelling extensively, and conferring with the most distinguished educators of Europe, returned to devote herself to the work of helping on a reform in education, for which future generations of mothers and children will "rise up and call her blessed."

It is exceedingly important, says Miss Peabody, that Froebel's method should be carefully studied and fully understood; because many of the schools called Kindergartens are only parodies of the true Kindergarten, and their faults and failures must not be allowed to disgrace the true principle. Froebel took his first lessons from the mother's talk and play with her child, and making this his model, returned it to her, broadened and systematized. "The instinct that makes a mother play with her baby is a revelation of a first principle, giving the key note of human education," and upon it Froebel modulated his whole system. The children are taught to play, not "restrained from play, and given lessons to learn," as many think, and pronounce it barbarous cruelty; but taught, unconsciously to themselves through their plays. Froebel's idea is to follow the plan of nature in all her works, and develop the child gradually, as a plant or a flower is developed. Children are plants. Hence the name Kindergarten, child's garden; and the beautiful word Kindergarten, child's gardener, instead of the old harsh, much abused, time worn teacher.

A Kindergarten course covers four years, between the ages of three and seven. Persons who have given the subject no attention exclaim at once at the idea of "sending a child only three years of age to school." If what were really done, it would certainly be a proper case for the investigation of Mr.

Bergh. But it is not school, in the ordinary sense of the word. It is simply a large play-house, where the activity, the exuberance of childhood, which of necessity knocks down, tears up, pulls to pieces, in the person of the "irrepressible infant," the "perfect pest," who destroys the comfort of many a home, is directed, guided, assisted into harmonious development, making it a source of happiness to himself and others, so that the child becomes literally the "angel in the house," the "well-spring of pleasure" that God intended it to be. In brief, the aim of the Kindergarten is, instead of crushing or paralyzing the child's activity, to utilize it. And just here lies its immeasurable superiority to ordinary primary schools, which are a perpetual antagonism and struggle with nature, because all the natural activity and individuality of childhood is repressed instead of developed.

A lady who travelled in Europe to study Froebel's method, brought home from Dresden the whole series of work done by a class of children who began at three years of age and continued till seven; and no one has seen it without being convinced that it must have educated the children who did it to habits of attention and keenness of observation, and quickness of perception that would make the learning to read and write and cipher a much easier matter than it ever is under ordinary teaching. You doubt it! Well, "facts are stubborn things," so now for facts. Rather more than a year since a young lady, educated in Froebel's method, opened a Kindergarten in a town in Massachusetts. A majority of the children sent to her were six years of age, as parents could not be induced to send them younger. In the course of a year it was desirable that they should learn to read. The lessons marked for so many weeks they completed in as many hours, and in three weeks could read fluently. The previous training had given exquisite delicacy and keenness to their perceptions, and they did the work. And these results are attained by means of blocks, sticks, balls, colored papers, and children's games and plays. The "object lessons" of our primary schools do not reach anything like the same results, for the reason that they present separate and disconnected facts; while Froebel's system is a gradual building up, a symmetrical joining together of cause and effect, making "clear impressions that become the basis of clear ideas."

"The indispenable preliminary of this work is competent teachers;" and they can be had only by special training. The great necessity now is for Kindergarten normal schools. Miss Peabody is now especially in

terested in procuring the establishment of a free national normal school. "Those who have had our normal or high school education, can obtain the special training in a six months' diligent course." There is now but one Kindergarten normal school in America—a private one in Boston kept by Mrs. Kriege and her daughter, both graduates of the normal school at Berlin, founded by the Baroness Marenholtz Bulow, and considered "the best in the world." The Baroness, who was a pupil of Froebel, lectures regularly in the school. Mrs. Kriege and her daughter are shortly to be connected with the public normal school of New York city. Preparations are making for the establishment of model Kindergartens and professorships connected with them, at several of the normal institutions of the West. "They would be in place," says Miss Peabody, "in every school for girls; the training not only insuring a pleasant profession, but making the best preparation and education for mothers."

There is in training at Mrs. Kriege's school in Boston a lady who proposes to make a model Kindergarten at the colored normal school at Hampton, Va., as a basis for training the freedmen. "The lyrical and artistic nature of the colored race will make them apt scholars." This may also become a place for training children's nurses in Froebel's "nursery art." This great reformer in 1850 founded a school for this purpose in Hamburg, to which place he had been drawn a year or two previous by the invitation of Madame Goldschmidt, the mother-in-law of Jenny Lind. There is a constant demand from all parts of England and Germany for nurses from this school. Some American mothers travelling in Germany have also procured for themselves this novel blessing of "educated help." It would be "Paradise Regained" for the children if education and intelligence could be substituted for the ignorance and stupidity, and often worse, that now control our nurseries and blight many a "bud of promise."

Successful as Kindergarten culture has everywhere proved, Miss Peabody is firm in her belief that its greatest results will be achieved in this country, owing to its peculiar adaptation to national feelings and customs. An extract from her report will best convey her idea: "Within the last twenty years it has spread over Germany and into Scandinavia and Switzerland, and been introduced into Spain, France, Italy, and Russia; but to no country is it adapted so entirely as to America, where there is no hindrance of aristocratic institution, nor mountain of ancient custom, to interfere with a method which regards every human being as

a subject of education, and as the heir of universal nature in co-sovereignty with all other men, endowed by their Creator with equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." ELIZABETH KILHAM.

MEN'S happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.

DIVINE SUPPORT.

Child of my love, "lean hard,"
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child. I shaped it;
Poised it in mine own hand, made no
Proportion in its weight to thine unaided strength,
For even as I laid it on, I said:
"I shall be near, and while she leans on me
This burden shall be mine, not her's;
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of mine own love." Here lay it down.
Nor fear to impose it on a shoulder which
Upholds the government of worlds.
Yet closer come. Thou art not near enough;
I would embrace thy care, so I might feel
My child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest Me,—Well I knew it:
Doubt not, then,
But, loving Me, lean hard.

THE ROBIN.

BY ALMEDA EVANS MACDONALD.

Thou black-eyed bird, thou winged courier
Of happy days of summer cheer,
Who tellest thee that the roots are stirred
Within the mold, thou merry bird?

Who is thy leader, who thy guide,
Who taught thy warble to divide,
The changeful days that roll between
The days of snow and days of green?

The snow that beats pale April's face
Finds our gay warbler out of place;
In all the storm he does not know
Where for his daily fare to go.

But that sweet sympathy that binds
Children to birds, poor robin finds;
For many little fingers throw
Crumbs to poor birdie through the snow.

Not undisturbed his homely joys;
Sometimes audacious elfin boys
Shut up within a narrow cage
Spring's romping, pert, and merry page.

And selfish men and sordid quite
Hint at the Robin's appetite.
How can this pensioner of the land
Man's narrow boundary understand?

Bobby has trials, wise men say,
He stays, and does not go away.
But ah, gay Robin, 'tis not so—
You stretch your wings away from snow,

And go where endless roses blow;
Thy paths the wise men do not know;
You come and go a winged page,
Fearing the snow, scorning the cage.

—The Golden Age.

BIRDS AND THE THOUGHTS THEY SUGGEST.

BY L. M. CHILD.

I wonder whether anybody ever becomes too old to feel the heart leap at sight of the first robin. Two couples of these pleasant little creatures arrived on our premises to-day, and have been busily at work inspecting the old elm in search of a desirable building-spot. Their pretty little hop-i-ty-skip walk, their ruddy-brown breasts glancing in the sunshine, and their graceful frolics in the air, made me feel as young as a school-girl. The blackbirds came a fortnight earlier, settling down on the trees in flocks, and pouring out their liquid notes like the trickling of many waters. Jays also had flitted about, looking like bits of the deep blue sky come down to earth, with voices as full of sunshine as the blackbird's is of flowing rivulets. But robin-redbreast, with his little "peert," familiar ways, is the darling bird of all.

It cannot, indeed, be denied that these popular favorites are somewhat addicted to petty larceny; but never having had any law-giving Moses to instruct them, they are delightfully unconscious that stealing is a sin. If I tie up a flower while they are weaving their nests, they will pick and pull at the string till they succeed in carrying it off, altogether unmindful of the plant left prostrate on the ground. Their tempers are greatly tried with a flag which I sometimes fasten on the gate as a signal agreed upon with a neighbor. They covet the threads of which the cloth is composed; and their great ambition is to pull the flag out of its socket and carry it off to their nests. They tug at it from above, they tug at it from below, they whirl round it, and peck at it in the prettiest rage imaginable; and they return to the onset again and again, renewing their vigorous efforts with wonderful pertinacity. Last spring I placed a night-cap and a long strip of narrow lace on the grass to whiten. In the course of the day I observed a long white streamer floating by the top of the window, and looked out to ascertain what it might be; but it had disappeared, and I concluded it was a fragment of white paper whirled aloft. At sunset, when I went out to turn my cap and lace, I found them gone. Having searched for them in vain, I supposed some passer-by had stolen them. A week afterward I spied something white in the cherry-tree, and placed a ladder to go up and examine it. In a crotch of the tree I found my cap bedded in clay, and so arranged as to support a nest, into the edge of which my lace was woven. Thinking I could put the articles to better use, I took back my stolen property, but not without regret at thus dis-

turbing their nice arrangements for house-keeping. I carefully replaced the nest, but the change excited their distrust, and they chose to make another nest on a neighboring tree. I made all the reparation I could by carrying out plenty of threads and soft twine, which they seized at once as things that grew on purpose for their use.

How totally unconscious the little creatures were that I watched their labors, smiled at their frolics and caresses, and placed materials for their nests! They knew many things, those little birds, and understood how to manage their own affairs much better than I could teach them; but how impossible it was for them to receive the ideas that the cotton-plant grew from seed, and twine was made from it, being spun and twisted by mechanical contrivances, invented by such a being as man!

Are there superior intelligences that look down upon *us* and watch *our* ways, as we do the birds? Are we surrounded by results, which they have produced by methods as far above our comprehension as the process of twine manufacture is beyond the intelligence of the birds? Do they smile to see us appropriate some of their spiritual lace to very small and unfitting uses? We, who are prone to think that earth, sun, moon, and stars, were made for our especial accommodation, may appear to them as short-sighted and self-absorbed, as to us seem the birds, all unconscious that the mighty elm-tree grows for aught but to sustain their nests.

A denser medium than the air is the sea, of which fishes are the birds, floating through it, or darting up and down at will by motion of their fins, as birds fly through their aerial medium by motion of their wings. The bird knows nothing of the fish, the fish knows nothing of the bird. They could not live in each other's elements. Above the air is ether, a still lighter medium. Is that also filled with beings, whose modes of operation are adapted to ethereal laws, as much above our comprehension, and as unfitted to our mode of existence as the air is to fishes? It may be so. Analogy renders it not improbable. The universe swarms with life in an infinitely descending series below us; why should there not be an infinitely ascending series above us? If so, I do not believe they can be entirely separated from us, however far removed! In some way or other, they must affect us, and we must affect them. For nothing in the universe stands alone; one thing is evolved out of another, rising in ascending spiral, forming a continuous whole.

Do intelligences above us know as little of us as birds know of the fishes? Or do they know more of us than we know of the birds?

Do they, metaphorically speaking, furnish us with twine and threads wherewith we weave our mental structures, all unconscious whence the materials come?

I began with the hop-i-ty-skip of a little robin, and he has sent the balloon of thought up, up, till it has got lost among the stars.—*The Golden Age.*

EARLY INVENTIONS OF THE CHINESE.

Other nations have outstripped the Chinese in the career of material improvement, but to them belongs the honor of having led the way in many of the most remarkable inventions, and of anticipating us in the possession of some of those arts which constitute the boast of our modern civilization. We shall briefly notice a few of those discoveries by which they have established a claim to our respect and gratitude. Tea deserves to head the list, as a substantial contribution to human comfort, and the leading staple of an immense commerce that has resulted in drawing China out of her ancient seclusion. Discovered by the Chinese about A. D. 315, it was introduced to the people of the West about two centuries ago as an uncertain venture. The elegant ware in which our tea is served preserves in its name the evidence of its Chinese origin. "China-ware" came originally from China; and the name of "porcelain," given to it by the early Portuguese merchants, may be taken as proof that nothing of the kind was at that time manufactured in Europe. They called it *porcellana*, because they supposed it be a composition of egg-shells, fish-glue and scales. The silks that glisten in our drawing rooms and rustle on our sidewalks, if not imported directly from China in the woven fabric or raw material, remind us of an obligation of an older date. It was the Chinese who first learned to rear the insect spinner and to weave its shining web—an art which they ascribe to their famous Empress Yuenfei, B. C. 2637. Gunpowder, which has not only revolutionized the art of war, but proved a potent auxiliary in the arts of peace, literally removing mountains from the pathway of human progress, was discovered by the Chinese many centuries before it was known in the West. Roger Bacon was acquainted with its composition in A. D. 1270, but he speaks of it as already known earlier. The current opinion refers it to the Arabs, but there is reason to believe that they were not the authors of the invention, but merely the channel through which it was transmitted—in a word, that it found its way from the remote East along with the stream of Oriental commerce.

The heaviest item in the bill of our in-

debtedness to the Chinese is for the discovery of America. On the alleged voyage of a party of Buddhist priests to the shores of Mexico we lay no stress; but it is not difficult to show that the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus was directly due to the influence of China. China supplied at once the motive for his voyage and the instrument by which it was effected. It was the wealth of China, which, like a magnet, attracted him to the westward: and it was the magnetic needle, which originated among the Chinese, that directed his adventurous course.

As to that mysterious instrument which has unlocked to us the treasures of the ocean, and proved itself the eye of commerce, its origin is certainly not due to the Neapolitan Flavio Gioja, who is reputed to have invented it in A. D. 1302. The French, the Swedes and the Syrians all possessed it before that date, and there is unquestionable evidence that the Chinese had then been acquainted with it for more than two thousand four hundred years. The Chinese first employed the mariner's compass on land, as we may infer from the name by which they describe it, and at the present day it is still the custom for a mandarin to carry one in his carriage or sedan-chair, though he may not be going beyond the gates of his native city. It is inconceivable that the Polos and other mediæval travellers should have returned from China across the deserts of Central Asia without providing themselves with such an unerring guide.

Paper-making and printing, two arts more characteristic of our modern civilization than even steam and electricity, there are strong reasons for ascribing to a Chinese origin. The former they invented in the first century, and the latter at least eight hundred years before the time of Gutenberg and Faust.

Inoculation, which, prior to the great discovery of Jenner, was regarded as the best protection against the horrors of the small-pox, was practised in China at a very early period, and probably found its way to Europe by the same secret channels as those other arts whose footsteps are so difficult to trace. Western Europe obtained it from the Turks, Lady Mary Wortley Montague having made the first experiment of its efficacy, by inoculating her son while residing at Constantinople.

Like the modern Greeks, the Chinese of the present day, content with the legacy of the past, have ceased to invent; but without doubt they were once among the most ingenious and original of the inhabitants of the earth.

The Chinese have not gone back, and that is saying a great deal in their favor; but in respect to material progress, for ages they have made no advancement. Four centuries ago they were in advance of Europeans in everything that contributes to the comfort or luxury of civilized life; but where are they now? Authors of the compass, they creep from headland to headland in coasting voyages, never venturing to cross the ocean, or to trust themselves for many days out of sight of the shore. Discoverers of gunpowder, they supply the world with fire-crackers, while their soldiers fight with bows and arrows, wooden spears, and match locks. Inventors of printing, they have not yet advanced to the use of metallic type and the power press, but continue to engrave each page on a block of wood, and to print it off by the use of a brush. Sufficiently versed in astronomy to calculate eclipses, two thousand years before the Christian era, they remain to this hour in the fetters of judicial astrology; and amongst the earliest to make advances in chemical discovery, they are still under the full sway of alchemy and magic.—*Commercial paper.*

Report of the Sewing School held at Race St. Meeting house for the winter of 1870-71.

At the close of our fourth winter's work, we are glad to report that the interest in our Charity school is unabated, both with pupils and teachers. It was gratifying to us to notice a marked improvement in the children, not only in their sewing, but in neatness and general conduct. Their perseverance in coming through storms and cold, but poorly clad, and without protection from the weather, was encouraging, and we often felt surprised that they were willing to face such inclement days.

With one hundred and fifty names on the roll, the average attendance was eighty-three. More than one-third of the children are colored, and the general good feeling that prevails between the two classes is one of the decided features of the school which we wish to preserve, in the hope that it may do something to overcome the prejudices which exist in the minds of the ignorant. At the end of the month we distributed to each the article she had made, her poor scanty clothing often being a strong appeal on behalf of her need of the warm garment, which we felt we had in a measure earned by patient perseverance. We thus distributed two hundred and eighty-seven garments through the winter, and the happy, grateful expression of the children's faces was ample reward for our labor among them. Though we feel ourselves but beginners in the work, we think it

is a field in which much good may be done, and trust with increased experience, we may make greater use of the avenues it opens, for us to help these "little ones" to roll away the stone of ignorance and indolence, which blocks the door to their improvement.

We should like all interested to have seen how happy one hundred and fifteen little faces looked on the closing day, when through the kindness of two friends, we were enabled to give these children a treat of ice cream, cakes and oranges, while another provided each with the last number of "Scattered Seeds."

While we acknowledge thanks to the many who contributed to help us, we pray that these efforts, like good seed sown, may receive the blessing of the Great Husbandman and take root to bear fruit in due season.

SARAH F. CORLIES,
Superintendent.

Philada., 4th mo. 3d, 1871.

Treasurer's Report.

11th mo. 5th, 1870.

Dr.	
To balance from former Treasurer,	\$120.98
" cash received in donations,	255.05
	\$376.03
Cr.	
By cash paid for sewing-materials,	\$101.07
" " " shoes distributed,	49.35
" " " cleaning room, and	
other services rendered,	25.00
" " paid in saving fund for	
permanent investment,	200.00
By balance on hand,	.61
	\$376.03

In addition to the above, we have had special donations for two festivals, to the amount of \$31.45.

ELMA HOOPES, *Treas.*

Philadelphia, 4th mo. 3d.

ABOUT CLOCKS.

Some way of measuring time must have been known at a very early period in the history of the world; for in the book of Kings, the dial is spoken of, and the shadows going backward and forward ten degrees. It is believed that there was more than one way by which men had knowledge of the passing of the hours. One was by the advancing shadows, from step to step, on the flight of stairs leading up into palaces and other important buildings.

One of the first inventions was the *clepsydra*, or water-clock, which was a contrivance of the Assyrians, and was in use among them as early as the reign of the second Sardanapalus. Clepsydra, or water stealer, it was called, from two words which have that meaning. The instrument was of various materials; sometimes transparent, but generally of brass, and in the shape of a cylinder, holding several

gallons. In any case, the principle on which it operated was the same. There was a very small hole, either in the side or bottom, through which the water slowly trickled, or, as the name expresses it, stole away, into another vessel below. In the lower one a cork floated, showing the rise of the water. By calculating how many times a day the water was thus emptied from one to another, they gained a general idea of the time. The Chinese and Egyptians used this; so, also, did the Greeks and Romans; and it is stated that something of the kind was found among the ancient Britons. It seems to have been one of the earliest rude attempts, in many nations, to keep a record of the hours.

The idea of the hour glass must have grown out of this. Instead of two large vessels, there were devised the pear-shaped glasses, joined by what may be called the stem ends; and a delicate fine sand was used instead of water. It was the invention of a French monk, and has never been improved upon. This man recovered the lost art of blowing glass, and then did a second service to the world by inventing the beautiful hour glass. There was a marvellous exactness of calculation about the time which the sand would spend in passing through the slender opening from one bulb into the other. It has always been considered a very accurate time keeper; and it is certainly one of the most curious, as it is one of the prettiest inventions.

Clocks were first used in monasteries.

The word originally meant bell; and the two—clock and bell—in calling them to their devotions and duties, performed the same office. These, however, were tower clocks: not small ones for apartments. One was set up in France in 1374, and created a great excitement, being the wonder of the age. The maker of it was made a nobleman for his service in constructing such an extraordinary piece of workmanship. The first one in England was during the reign of Edward I., and was placed in the tower opposite Westminster Palace. The hour-glass and sun-dial had long been in common use; but this was the first thing which could be called a clock, except the water-clocks, one of which had been brought home from France by Richard Cœur de Lion.

Clocks were, at this period, of so great value that they were sent as gifts by one sovereign to another, as the most rare and costly things are now.—*Oliver Optic's Mag.*

Now, is there nothing in your household to change? Is there nothing in your disposition to rectify? Is there nothing in your purpose to be made different? Is it an aim that you have constantly before your mind to so carry

yourself that every one in your presence shall go away feeling that for a time, at any rate, he has been made happy?—*Beecher.*

ITEMS.

THREE great planets adorn the evening sky. In the western heavens Venus glows with enchanting beauty, having but recently emerged from the solar rays. Near the meridian, and above the great Orion, Jupiter is enthroned. For some time past he has swayed to and fro, forming curious systems of triangulation with the Hyades and the Pleiades; but now he has a forward movement, and in less than a month will glide between the two golden stars that tip the spreading horns of Taurus. Before the middle of Fifth mo. Venus will overtake him, and these two planets will mingle their lustre, for a time, with those lesser lights that illuminate the solstitial colure.

In the east, midway between Regulus and Spica Virginis, the planet Mars holds his course.

Uranus, too faint to be seen without aid of a telescope, is in a line joining the two bright stars Procyon and Pollux, and about five degrees distant from the former star.

It is announced from Washington that the Joint High Commission have agreed upon the points of settlement of the questions in dispute, although they have not yet been reduced to treaty, owing to the delay in waiting for answers from the British Government and communications from the British Commissions. There is no doubt, however, of favorable responses. The settlement of the Alabama claims is left to a Commission of jurists, and the San Juan boundary to the arbitration of friendly powers. The fishery question will be definitely decided this week.

DURING the investiture of Paris, the *London Times* contained long columns of announcements intended for friends in Paris. People wondered what chance there was of their ever being seen by those for whose eyes they were meant to reach. The *Times* explains in the following the manner in which they reached their destination:

Those pages of the paper which contained communications to relatives in Paris were photographed with great care by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, on pieces of thin and almost transparent paper, about an inch and a half in length by an inch in width. On these impressions there could be seen with the naked eye only two legible words, *The Times*, and six narrow brown bands representing the six columns of the printed matter forming a page of the newspaper. Under the microscope, however, the brown spaces became legible, and every line of the newspaper was found to have been distinctly copied, and with the greatest clearness. The photographs were sent to Bordeaux, for transmission thence by carrier pigeon to Paris. When received there they were magnified, by the aid of a magic lantern, to a large size and thrown upon the screen. A staff of clerks immediately transcribed the messages and sent them off to the places indicated by the advertisers.

So that with carrier-pigeons and balloons Paris was enabled to maintain quite a satisfactory line of communication with the outside world. We see it stated, however, that a large number of the balloons sent out have never been heard from. They are supposed to have been driven out to sea, and the passengers, where they contained any, lost.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 6, 1871.

No. 10

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The TWENTY-EIGHTH Volume commenced on the 1st of
Third month, 1871, at Two dollars and fifty cents to subscri-
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through our carriers, THREE DOLLARS.

SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

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REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, OR
P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail
will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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From S. M. Janney's History of Friends.

MEMORIALS OF JESSE KERSEY AND NATHAN HUNT.

(Continued from page 132.)

Jesse Kersey was born at York, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of the Eighth month, 1768. His parents, William and Hannah Kersey, were members of the Society of Friends, and by their watchful care he was preserved from many of the corrupting influences that abound in the world.

In the sixteenth year of his age, he went to Philadelphia, and became apprenticed to learn the trade of a potter. There he was exposed to temptation from the bad example and profane language of his shop-mates, but through Divine mercy he was enabled to resist the allurements of evil, and at length to exert a salutary influence upon his associates.

His mind being brought under deep religious exercise, the meetings of Friends for Divine worship became very precious to him; and in order to attend those held near the middle of the week, he was accustomed to rise very early and get his work so forward that no objection could be made to his going. His diligence and serious deportment did not long remain unnoticed; several young men of pious character sought his acquaintance and introduced him into their family circles, where he enjoyed the advantage of refined and intelligent society.

In his seventeenth year he was called to the gospel ministry, and on submitting to speak a few words in a religious meeting, he experienced, after he sat down, that serene, quiet state of mind which assured him he had not mistaken his duty. He felt many fears arising from a consideration of the solemnity of the work; but as he kept humbly attentive to the voice of the true Shepherd, he found Divine grace was all-sufficient. In relation to the exercise of this gift he afterwards wrote as follows: "In all the experience I have had in the ministry, I have been convinced that much depends upon wholly relying on the all-sufficiency of Him who promised to be to His servants, both mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance. But as in every instance of the blessings of heaven, our wise Creator has left something for us to do, in order to come at the full enjoyment of them,—so I believe it to be in regard to the ministry of the gospel. The gift may be bestowed; but by the indolence or inattention of the servant, the materials for it to act upon may be wanting,—the means of improvement may be unoccupied: and, like the seed in a neglected soil, it may not be permitted either to flourish or become distinctly known to others in consequence of the obstructions to its growth, or the mixture of other things."

After his appearance in the ministry, he remained an apprentice in the city about four years, during which time he began to

attract much attention on account of the impressiveness and perspicuity of his discourses.

On the termination of his apprenticeship he went to the neighborhood of East Caln, Chester county, where he kept a school. In the year 1790, he was united in marriage with Elizabeth, the daughter of Moses Coates, and they settled in York, where he commenced business as a potter. After four years' residence in that place he removed to East Caln, where he followed his trade until his health gave way, and he was under the necessity of relinquishing the business. Having sold out his shop and fixtures, he again resorted to teaching school for a livelihood; and notwithstanding his very limited circumstances, he found it his religious duty, at times, to leave his business in order to travel as a minister of the gospel.

In the year 1797, being offered a farm near Downingtown, on terms peculiarly liberal and advantageous, he concluded to accept it, hoping that with care and industry he might, in time, be able to buy it. On removing thither, he became a member of Uwchlan Monthly Meeting. "Upon a retrospect of the past," he says, "I have admired the wisdom of Divine Providence in suffering me to feel so much pressure, and occasions for so many fears and trials in relation to my temporal concerns. Had my case been a more independent one, I now have no doubt that the notice and attention which I received among the most respectable members of the Society would have raised in me a spirit of self-importance, which is opposed to the humility necessary for a Christian, and dangerous to a minister of the gospel."

Jesse Kersey was, at that time, one of the most eminent ministers of the Society, there being probably no other whose discourses were so eloquent or so generally admired.

A prospect of going on a gospel mission to England and Ireland had for some time dwelt upon his mind as a religious duty; at length, he laid the concern before his Monthly Meeting, where it was united with, and a certificate of unity and approbation was granted, which being produced at the Quarterly Meeting, was there indorsed. The rules of discipline required, however, that ministers going on a religious service to foreign lands, should have their certificates approved by the Yearly Meeting of ministers and elders. The certificate of Jesse Kersey being accordingly laid before that meeting, was not fully united with, and he was released from the concern. Referring to this transaction, he says: "The comfort I felt on this occasion is not very readily described. I now began to have my hopes revived that I should be permitted to pursue my temporal business until I had laid

a fair foundation for a comfortable living in my family. But although in the order of Society I had been excused from going on the extensive journey that had opened to my view,—yet it was not long before the concern returned, and I was constrained to lay it before Friends again. It was now united with, and I was set at liberty to pursue the prospect before me, as Truth might open the way."

He embarked for England in the summer of 1804, and after attending many meetings in that kingdom, proceeded to Ireland. He found the condition of the Society in those countries discouragingly low, owing, as he thought, to the love of the world having gained the ascendancy in many who were regarded as leaders of the people. After an absence of about a year he returned to his home, grateful to the Author of all good for preservation and peace of mind.

In the spring of 1814 he went on a religious mission to the Southern States, having in view, also, the subject of slavery, and a prospect of conferring with men in authority as to the best mode of removing it. He called on the President of the United States, James Madison, and thus relates their interview:—"He heard me attentively, and appeared to enter into the subject with some interest. He remarked that he had thought of the plan of removing the slaves to Africa, as contemplated by Paul Cuffee; but many objections had occurred to him against it. He had also thought of their being colonized; but in this difficulties also presented. In fact, difficulties would present in every plan that could be taken up. He said the only probable method that he could see to remedy the evil would be for the different States of the Union to be willing to receive them; and thus they would be spread among the industrious and practical farmers, and their habits, education and condition would be improved. I felt satisfaction to find that the subject had engaged his attention, and parted with him in an agreeable manner."

On his way to Richmond, and while in the city, Jesse Kersey had conversations with many prominent and influential men, most of them slaveholders, to whom he expressed his earnest desire that a way might be found for the removal of slavery. He found them all concurring in his view, that it was a deplorable evil, and most of them held opinions similar to those expressed by the President. It was thought to be a national concern that ought to receive the attention of the General Government.

On his return he met a select company of Friends, at Philadelphia, to whom he related the result of his inquiries in relation to the

subject of slavery; but he thought they did not feel its importance so fully as would one may be necessary.

Having returned to his home, he continued to labor on his farm, which he had occupied for twenty years; but, not having yet paid for it, he concluded to sell it. Its value at that time would have enabled him to pay his debts and to have had a competency left, but on consulting his friends in the neighborhood, they dissuaded him from selling. Land soon after began to decline in price. He was finally obliged to sell at about half what he could have had, and he found himself once more reduced to poverty.

"At length," he says, "under the pressure of various kinds of trial, my constitution seemed to fail, and I was overtaken with the phus fever. This disease appeared to prostrate my physical strength, and desolate the maining powers of the nervous system. In order to raise me above the fever, recourse was had to powerful stimulants." . . . "I had no prospect of recovery. My physician gave me both laudanum and brandy, and commended the frequent use of the latter in my case, as indispensable to my recovery. "It was during this time of weakness, and under the pressure of my difficulties and trials, that I fell into the habit of drinking brandy, and thought my constitution required

Yet I never indulged in a course of excess because of a disposition to rebel against my good and merciful Creator; but it was occasioned by reason of an overwhelming weight of weakness and incapacity to stand on my ground."

On going to the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, in 1823, he was informed of a report in circulation that he had become the victim of intemperance, and was advised by some of the members to return to his home, which he did under feelings of the utmost prostration. Some of his old familiar friends forsook him in this season of adversity, and, doubtless, there were many excellent persons who had too little charity for his weakness, having themselves never been tempted in the same manner.

In narrating his afflictions, he says: "The worst trying of all was, that my character among Friends had become so far blasted that it was thought proper by some to deny me the standing of a minister in the Society. I was accordingly removed from a seat in the meeting of ministers and elders. Under these circumstances, my poor soul was so far cast down that all prospect of recovery was apparently lost; and that which gave the greatest power and force to those feelings was my consciousness that I had not kept my place, and had frequently given way to an excessive

use of stimulants, in order to conquer and soothe the horror of my situation." . . . "But, adored forever be the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls; His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear grown heavy that it cannot hear. By the blessed interference of His adorable goodness, wisdom and power, deliverance was miraculously furnished, and a way made for me to rise again into the glorious liberty of the ever blessed Truth. This I acknowledge with gratitude to have been nothing short of a Divine work. And having witnessed that my God is indeed a God of mercy and long-suffering kindness, I am humbly bound to speak well of His excellent name, and to magnify the arm of His power."

In the year 1827, two of his sons were removed by death, and two years later his only remaining son was taken, leaving him but two out of eleven children. Near the same time, his excellent and devoted wife was likewise called to her eternal home, concerning whom he has left in his Journal an affectionate and touching memorial.

It is satisfactory to know that in the evening of life he was relieved from care, and furnished with a comfortable home; surrounded by kind friends, and enabled to preach the gospel "in demonstration of the spirit and of power."

In a testimony concerning him, by his friends and neighbors, they say: "As a minister, he was remarkably qualified to enlist the attention of his hearers, to fix their minds upon the glorious and sublime truths of the Christian religion, and often was he followed and admired by crowds of gratified auditors not of his own persuasion. In the morning of his promise, and the meridian of his day of usefulness, his society was courted by the wise and the learned, his affability of manners, his grave and dignified deportment, the soundness of his principles, the beauty and simplicity of his style of address, heightened in their effect by the depth of his devotional feelings, gave an interest and a charm which gained him many admirers."

He died near Kennet, Chester county, Pennsylvania, in the full assurance of a blessed immortality, on the 26th of the Tenth month, 1845, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Nathan Hunt was born in Guilford county, North Carolina, the 29th of the Tenth month, 1758. His parents, William and Sarah Hunt, were members of the Society of Friends; the former a highly valued minister of the gospel, whose death, in England, has already been noticed.

In his youth, Nathan Hunt was often

brought under the solemnizing influence of Divine grace, when sitting in religious meetings or attending funerals, and even at the age of seven years he was impressed with the belief that if he was faithful, he should one day have to preach the gospel. At seventeen, he experienced a visitation of Divine love, and the prospect of being called to the work of the ministry was again presented; but for want of abiding under the solemn weight, he was induced to associate with jovial companions, and the impression grew fainter. At twenty, he married and settled on the homestead of his father; soon after he was closely tried by the sudden death of his mother. The Revolutionary War was then in progress, and he experienced much privation, being robbed of his horses, cattle, and other property, leaving him almost destitute of the means of subsistence; all of which he bore with Christian fortitude.

In relation to his first appearance in the gospel ministry, he writes: "After passing through great sufferings on account of reluctance of nature to yield, I finally gave up to what appeared to be required of me, and in the twenty-seventh year of my age spoke a very few words in a meeting in Tennessee, which brought great peace and comfort into my mind. The first time I appeared in my own meeting, so great was my brokenness of spirit, that as I walked towards home, tears fell from my eyes like drops of rain." About the thirty-fifth year of his age, he was acknowledged as a minister by his Monthly Meeting, after which he frequently attended the neighboring meetings; but his first journey to a distance was in 1797, to Georgia and South Carolina. Before leaving home, he was much troubled at the thought of leaving his family, who were dependent upon the labor of his hands. One day, while following the plough, he heard a voice distinctly say to him, "Go, and thou shalt lack nothing, and they shall be cared for in thy absence." The impression was so convincing that he immediately gave up, accepting it as an intimation from the Lord. On his return, after an absence of six weeks, his faith was confirmed, for he found his family in health and comfort, and he had in his pocket the same sum of money with which he started.

Subsequently he performed many journeys in the service of the Gospel to various parts of the United States, and to Great Britain and Ireland. He was very generally known and much beloved throughout the Society of which he was, for sixty years, a standard-bearer in the cause of truth. As a shock of corn fully ripe for the heavenly garner, he was gathered to his fathers in the ninety-fifth year of his age.

From an interesting Memoir of Nathaniel Hunt, the following passages are selected: "He had naturally a clear and comprehensive mind, a vigorous intellect and sound discriminating judgment; but very few advantages of education. Indeed, he has been heard to say that the principal part of the learning he had was acquired by the light of a 'pine knot,' as he sat with his brothers and sisters round the family hearth, when the day's work was done. He was, however, deeply instructed in the School of Christ and with the salutary discipline of the Cross he was made familiar from his early childhood. In later life there was a striking gravity and dignity about the dear old man, and at times a deep introversion of spirit which seemed to check the least approach to lightness and frivolity, and spread a holy quietness on a around him; so that it might, with great propriety, be said of *him*, as it was of the excellent founder of the Society of Friends, 'His very presence expressed a religious majesty.' "Possessing an uncommon share of native eloquence, and dwelling very near to the alone source of all true Gospel ministrations he was indeed enabled to 'do the work of an Evangelist,' and there was such an unctious and freshness attending his religious communications, they often made a deep impression on those that heard them."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE OPENING OF SPRING.

Life, new life is springing up and expanding in all its primeval beauty, as fresh and lovely as when the fiat went forth: "Let the earth bring forth grass, and herb yielding seed; and trees yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself." A Fatherly provision for the needs of His creatures, ere they were called into being, so that no lack should be complained of, and that which was essential for reproduction was prepared, and so arranged as to keep up an eternal succession, in relation to the necessities of all created existences. Thousands of years have passed away, and the Word, the all-creative Word, remains full force. The seasons roll on, each in turn exhibiting our beneficent Father's care while in each there is something to cherish and much to admire and raise the heart of gratitude to the great original Author and Upholder of the works He has formed. Will sweet fragrance be continually ascending from shrub and flower as incense to God, fill the atmosphere above and around, shall we suffer the inner life to lie dormant? O, let the swelling tide of love to God and

* Brief Memoir of N. Hunt. U. Hunt & Philadelphia, 1858.

low out, and circulate till it reaches all classes of His children, drawing them into its crystal wavelets where all impurities are washed away, the lonely cheered, the solitary made glad, the wayworn refreshed, and all can rejoice together in full accord. Let us be ready with united energies to enter upon any service that tends to elevate the heart above low and sordid, vain and trifling things, and fix the attention on the substantial, the pure, the true, the honest, and all that would build up religious Society like the "walls of Jerusalem, that were compact together, where the tribes went up to the testimonies of Israel."

What comes from God draws to Him; all that is good has an upward tendency. We want a force of this kind sufficient to draw the masses from a misguided course into associations, the influence of which will preserve from the evils that abound, and the vice that allures, that they may realize the truth that virtue brings its own reward, and that reward is peace.

SARAH HUNT.

3d mo. 22, 1871.

BE NATURAL.—The unnaturalness of which we complain reveals itself also in its phraseology, adopting modes of expression not customary in daily life. It was a mistake of the old Puritans when they undertook to talk in a bible phrase, and to reproduce in their households all the Scripture names. Men immediately suspected them of cant, because the thing was artificial. We have laid this aside, and taken a good measure, contenting ourselves with a reasonable amount of appropriate Biblical allusion and quotation. But we still cling too much to theological terms, and to technical words and phrases—usually figurative, and familiar and edifying to earnest saints; but which sound odd, uncouth, and often unmeaning to worldly ears. Some of our most powerful and attractive preachers owe their freshness of style to their avoidance of this fault. We cannot but think that exhortations and private conversations would gain in natural simplicity and healthy influence were they clothed in the language of daily life. We therefore close as we began, with the injunction BE NATURAL!—*Chicago Advance.*

For Friends' Intelligencer,

"THEY FRAME INIQUITY BY LAW."

This was the complaint of the prophet formerly, and it is mournfully true in the present day.

Whilst a revenue is created for the government by the importation and sale of spirituous liquors, the use of which so clearly increases crime and misery in our land, whilst legislative and local enactments fasten this temptation on the people, should we not be individu-

ally awakened to the query: Is there nothing I can do to assist in educating public opinion in favor of a prohibitory law? Living as we do under a republican form of government, are we not in a measure responsible for the continuance of injurious or oppressive laws, if we do not protest against them? Let us not then fear the moral or political agitation of this subject; and let it not be said of us as a Society,

"That our *not doing* is set down
Among our darkest deeds."

Richmond, Ind.

R. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

Having observed from time to time that the meeting held on the first First-day of each month at Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., Pa., is placed in the list of Circular Meetings, I feel it right for the information of the editors and readers of the *Intelligencer*, to say that this is not a Circular Meeting. There is no Circular Meeting held within the limits of Bucks Quarterly Meeting. An effort has been made to revive Pennsbury Meeting, which was laid down for several years, by holding an indulged meeting once a month, which has been done for more than two years, to the satisfaction of those interested in the neighborhood. They are now prepared to meet once a week whenever the Monthly Meeting will grant the liberty of so doing, which privilege has been requested.

L. A. W.

Penn's Manor, Pa.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

It has seemed to me for a long time that the standard of temperance needs to be raised somewhat higher in the Society of Friends. It is true that we as a religious people were among the first pioneers in this cause—that the first sermon preached by George Fox was against drunkenness—that the Society very early in its history had a concern in this direction, but it was a long time discovering the root of the evil, that is, the moderate use, as it is termed, of intoxicating liquors; and after they had made this discovery (if indeed we have yet discovered the whole truth in regard to it,) it took many years of arduous labor to convince its individual members that they ought not to traffic in alcoholic poison as an article of drink. Now our ancestors had a work to do in this direction, and many of them faithfully performed it, through good report and evil report, and shall we sit down idly, where they left off, or rather, shall we not gird on the armor, and enter manfully into the work, for most assuredly the harvest is plenteous. Intemper-

ance, like a wasting pestilence, is spreading ruin and destruction in its pathway, destroying our fellow-beings by hundreds of thousands, wrecking the whole man, body, soul and spirit. It may be asked, what *ought* we to do, or what *can* we do as a society, more than we have done, since our discipline does not tolerate drunkenness, nor allow our members to manufacture or sell distilled spirituous liquors, and we are further advised to abstain from the unnecessary use of intoxicating liquors of every description. It may be replied, that we should do whatsoever our hands find to do as individuals; and as a society, we should labor earnestly to raise our standard to that of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, so far as relates to these liquors as an article of drink. The day calls loudly for this step, if we would continue to be pioneers in this work as our fathers were; for total abstinence from all that will intoxicate, is the only sure foundation for the temperance advocate of to day, whatever else may have been committed or permitted to those who have gone before. It may be objected to this, that in the best days of our society, its members were in the habit of using strong drink moderately, and at the same time were faithful standard-bearers of the truth; but we must remember, that as they remained faithful to the openings of the light which makes manifest, they were led from time to time to perceive the evil results of the practice, and a concern was awakened to exalt the testimony against it. Thus, little by little, like the unfolding buds of spring, is the truth unfolded to the seeking soul, and thus by individual faithfulness, through many years of anxiety and toil, has our testimony in regard to strong drink arisen to what it now is. I apprehend that every reflecting mind will admit, that the craving of the inebriate for strong drink is a perverted appetite, an angel designed to bless, transformed into a demon to curse and destroy; and this transformation has had a beginning, and that beginning was the first glass of alcoholic stimulant. It matters not how small the per cent. of alcohol it may contain, the effect is proportionally the same.

Moderate drinking, then, is the stream that is continually filling the whirlpool of drunkenness and debauchery; it is the small beginning from which the mighty results of shame and misery, and moral depravity come. If the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage leads to such sad results, and that continually, should not each one of us who professes the Christian name, consider well his standing, and see how far he is adding by his indulgence in these drinks, even in the mild form of wine and cider, to this curse of

the human family; for surely every one that nameth the name of Christ, should refrain from upholding this giant iniquity. In conclusion, if we feel the weight of this matter as our fathers did, are we not ready as a religious people, to take another step in advance, and write upon our banner for the future, *Total Abstinence* from all that will intoxicate? W. M. W.

Fulton, 4th mo. 20th, 1871.

UNCONSCIOUS FRUIT.—Not all the good done in the world is done intentionally and knowingly. There are no sweeter or higher influences than those which flow out unconsciously from good lives. A really good life is one to which truth and kindness and nobility have become habitual. The whole nature may become so charged with these qualities that they affect even the smallest acts and their beauty is present in the most trivial and unconsidered word or deed. Such a person goes surrounded with a moral atmosphere as constant as the perfume which a rose shed round itself. People meeting such a one are made happier, hardly knowing why.

Every one of any moral worth wishes to be of use in the world, and it is the grief of many that they seem shut off from opportunities of usefulness. But simple growth in right life is growth in usefulness. Just as fast as we acquire in ourselves the spirit of purity and love, we send out an influence of purity and love upon others, whether we know it or not. Indeed, the greatest moral force in the world is of the silent and secret kind. As the child grows up, its character is shaped in some small degree by what it hears in the way of set instruction at home or school or church; but in a far greater degree by the qualities in father and mother and companions with which it is brought in ceaseless contact. So it is with all of us. No man liveth to himself. As we ourselves are pure or base, selfish or loving, so do we give our own color to those about us.—*Christian Union.*

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

In the East the peasants' huts are often very unsubstantial structures. They are built of mud or sun-burnt brick. A night's hard rain-storm will sometimes nearly demolish an entire village. Their mountain streams, also, possess a very peculiar character. The beds of these brooks are called *wadies*. In the hot season they are entirely dry. Yet, even then they afford often the best pasturage. In the rainy seasons they are swollen streams. The shepherd builds his hut by the banks of one of these *wadies*. If it is built high upon the rock it is safe. If it is built on the sand or soil, though there is no water at the time

building, the treacherous foundation gives way with the first freshet.

Appearances are deceitful—this is one lesson of the image. The man's house seems safe so long as the *wady* is dry. It needs a torrent to test it. No man knows whether he is safe until he has been tried. The storm is needed to show whether he is built on the rock or on the sand.

There is another lesson quite as important. The hearers of Christ's sermon understood it, doubtless. A friend of mine was once traveling through Palestine. The party pitched their tents one night in one of these *wadies*. The night was fair, the air clear, the grass green and soft, the torrent bed dry. Suddenly my friend was awakened by hearing the gurgling of water. Before he was dressed it was a foot high beneath his bed. He escaped with difficulty. His clothing, books, manuscripts were carried off by the stream. Rain in the mountains had in a few hours filled the dry bed with a roaring torrent. So, without warning, stormy experiences of temptation come. They that are not built on a rock will fall. There is no time to prepare after the temptation assails. Peter in the palace has no time to think. He must do his thinking before.

Foundations are hidden. It is not the apparent virtues which give stability to the character. It is not what a man appears to be, but what he is in the foundations. This is illustrated by the history of one of the handsomest churches in Chicago. It was a magnificent structure, built throughout of one; apparently only time could destroy it. Yet before it was quite completed the workmen abandoned it, the street was blockaded, the inhabitants of the opposite houses feared for their lives on account of it. It had all to be taken down, stone by stone. The foundations were imperfect. It was admirably built—but on sand. Many a man, good citizen, and father, generous neighbor, honest tradesman, is admirably built—but on sand. What are your foundations? Are you rooted and grounded in Christ?—*Western Christian Advocate*.

It is to me a very joyful thought, not only that we have a religion which is joy-producing in its ultimate fruits, but that which, looked upon comprehensively, has already produced the best cycles of joy, and raised the tone of joy throughout the world, and is going forward, not having half expended its force yet, to an era in which joy-producing shall be more apparent, and upon a vaster scale, and with more exquisite fruit, and in infinite variety. —*Beecher*.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

My dear friend speaks of her own situation as one that is cause of thankfulness of heart, and I hope she daily feels the glow of gratitude for this outward situation: but does she inquire in what channel this grateful feeling should run towards others? for according to the ingenious parable or allegory of Hawkesworth, "no life is pleasing to God but that which is useful to mankind." See Murray's Sequel, page 160. Indeed, if this is the measure of our acceptance with the Divine Being, it is well for us to examine how we are passing along through time. For, are there not many of our actions, and much of our time occupied in what is neither useful to ourselves nor others? He who taught the pure doctrines of the Gospel declared that "narrow is the way that leads to life." Is it not doubtful whether professed Christians really believe (I mean *practically* believe) this doctrine? At any rate, the estimate which is made of the *width* of this "way" is very various. If we take the character of Jesus, so far as it is transmitted to us in the brief history given by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, for a standard width of the way to life eternal,—or even if we take John Woolman's character as a modern exemplification of the Christian path—in both cases, there is a great distance among professors of religion and the standard alluded to. And what is to become of us with these defects, or what is to become of those who care for none of these things, like one Gallio of old? When the Assyrian monarch saw a part of a hand writing on the wall over against the candlestick, the history says he was troubled so that his knees smote one against the other. What caused this trouble in the midst of his splendid feast? Was it the consciousness of his own defects? Daniel explained a part of the writing thus: "Tekel, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Alas! what multitudes who profess to be much more enlightened than the heathen Belshazzar, might be troubled at what is wanting in their own condition. And yet

"They let unmark'd and unemploy'd

Life's idle moments run;
And doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done.

Dreadful mistake! while time goes on
Their sad account proceeds,
And their *not doing* is set down
Among their darkest deeds."

It is good to retire, even often, from all

outside stir, and feel after the enlivening presence of the soul's Well Beloved. Here is our life and the source of our strength. I feel that our safety as a Society and as individuals depends very much upon our thus retiring to the great fundamental Principle—the light within—the grace of God that brings salvation. We are greatly blessed in that we can do this even when in the midst of the cares pertaining to this present life, and thus derive guidance and strength. Surely it is not needful, in order to be thus blessed, to withdraw to the closet or the secret chamber; nay, we may hold this high communion as we walk by the way in the busy thoroughfares of our large cities, and thus realize the fulfilment of the assurance, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 6, 1871.

OUR NEXT YEARLY MEETING.—As the time approaches for holding our annual gathering, we are impressively reminded of a concern that was expressed in our editorial under date Sixth mo. 4th, 1870. While we request for it a second perusal, we feel like saying a few words more in view of the special importance of one of the subjects there noticed.

The editorial referred to says, "As our annual assembly is considered of sufficient importance to cause many hundreds to collect from various parts of the country, surely we ought to give the needful time to its concerns." We reiterate this opinion, for while we do not wish to prolong needlessly the time of absence from home, nor to promote sluggishness in the transaction of the affairs pertaining to our religious Society, we feel a renewed concern that all things be done decently and in order, so that those who attend the meeting may derive the full benefit that such an institution can confer.

We come together at the opening of the week rejoicing in our reunion, and under this feeling perhaps we sometimes loiter, and thus lose time in the commencement. But if this be so, let us not make another mistake and attempt to accomplish an over amount of business in what we design shall be the last sitting, so that the meeting may close, as is usual, with one session on Sixth-day.

This brings us to the concern as treated in the editorial before alluded to, and we revive the caution then given that there shall be no prearrangements as to the time when the Yearly Meeting shall close. It may in many cases be necessary before leaving home, to fix a time for return, but let us allow at least another half-day, and, if necessary, be willing to return home, leaving others to finish up the business. It is better for the few who cannot remain to leave, than for the whole meeting to be thrown into a hurry or confusion sadly at variance with the good order, the observance of which our discipline enjoins.

When the last session is long and exhausting, owing to an undue press of business, we sometimes close under a sense of pressure, and are measurably deprived of an opportunity to gather up the fragments left from the table which has been bountifully spread, and also of that season of quiet solemnity which might be as a crown to our meeting.

WANTED, Numbers 2 and 3 of the present volume of *Friends' Intelligencer*, for which six cents each will be given at office, 144 N. Seventh St., Philada.

DIED.

POTTS.—On the 31st of Third month, 1871, Edith A., daughter of J. N. and Alice C. Potts, aged 19 months; members of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

COWMAN.—On the 7th of Fourth month, 1871, Samuel S. Cowman, Sr., in the 78th year of his age; an elder of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

SHARPLESS.—At her residence near Chester, Delaware Co., Pa., on the 3d of Third month, 1871, Eliza H., wife of John M. Sharpless, and daughter of Thomas and the late Edith Jenkinson, in the 53d year of her age.

THE INDIANS.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St., on Sixth-day afternoon preceding the Yearly Meeting, Fifth month 12th, at 3 o'clock. Punctual and full attendance is requested.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk*.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the First-day School General Conference will be held at Race St. Meeting-house, Philada., on Third-day morning, the 16th inst. (Yearly Meeting week), at 8 o'clock.

EDWIN CRAFT, *Clerk*.

THE subjoined letter has been kindly sent for publication:—

OMAHA AGENCY, 3d mo. 26th, 1871.

My dear friend, Benj. Strattan:—My object in writing at this time is to give a little sketch of the affairs of the Indians under our charge, in order that the Friends who have

shown so warm and practical an interest in their behalf may be apprised from time to time of their advances in civilization and general improvement. It may be remembered that one of the first subjects that claimed my attention on arriving here was the allotment of the Indian lands in severalty, with a view of ultimately breaking up the tribal relations by which all things were held in common, and establishing in lieu thereof an individual interest in certain portions of the soil, as well as in any property that may hereafter be acquired by them. The work of assigning to each member of the tribe a separate tract of land that would be strictly in accordance with his wishes, and at the same time be agreeable to the views of all other members of the community, it may readily be seen, was a task of no ordinary difficulty. This work, however, was happily accomplished nearly a year-and-a-half ago, and subsequent events have led me to believe that the allotment has given general satisfaction to the Indians. Soon after the completion of the work of the allotment, the papers and maps were sent to Washington in order to have the title papers issued by the Indian Department in accordance with the provisions of the treaty. These title papers have just been received, and are to be placed in the hands of the several allottees during the present week. The treaty expressly provides that these lands so allotted can never be sold, except to members of the same tribe, or to the government of the United States. The Indians are greatly rejoiced at the reception of these title-papers, particularly as rumors have been current here of a design on the part of the government to remove them from their reservation to some distant locality. Their anxiety on this account, however, has not prevented them from making active and vigorous preparations for settling on their farms, with a view of surrounding themselves with the comforts, and adopting the habits of civilized life. Their keen appreciation of the benefits that are to arise from this change in their former mode of living is as unlooked for as it is encouraging and gratifying. Gradually labor amongst the men has become not only respectable, but FASHIONABLE. The women are thus relieved of much of the drudgery they have hitherto been required to perform; and in lieu of the heavy burdens of fuel the poor squaws were forced to carry on their backs sometimes for miles, the husbands now cut it, and haul it to the doors of their humble dwellings. Field labor is also now done principally by the men, though the women assist in planting and hoeing the corn, beans, etc., when occasion seems to require their aid. This withdrawal

of female labor from the more laborious occupations has tended greatly to promote habits of cleanliness and order in the domestic circle, and particularly among the children. Instead of a clean face and smooth, shining hair being the exception, they are now the rule; and a happier or brighter flock of children than may be seen rollicking round their playgrounds at the three Indian schools during the time of recess, or a more orderly and attentive company during school hours, it would be hard to find in any enlightened community. They are somewhat vehement in their sports and demonstrations, but I do not mind that; but rather rejoice in the bubbling up of their native energy and sprightliness, that is to be trained to the more sober and useful pursuits of life in the future.

A marked and increasing interest, not only in the education of their children, but in the acquirement of useful general knowledge, is becoming very observable throughout the Omaha tribe. I have remarked that it has become *fashionable* to work, and I am beset on all sides by eager aspirants for labor of every description.

These Indians have an annuity of \$20,000, and the treaty provides that an agent, interpreter, engineer, miller, blacksmith, and farmer, are to be furnished to them at the expense of the government, which also obligates itself to keep the mill in repair, and furnish iron and steel for the smith-shop. This constitutes about the amount of the available resources of the tribe, which numbers about one thousand. Last year they were paid eleven dollars *per capita*, the balance of the annuity money having been wisely reserved by the commissioner to be expended for Indian labor. During the past winter, and for some time previous, the Indians have been busily engaged in making preparations for building comfortable houses on their respective farms, in addition to the usual labor of cultivating their crops and providing other means of subsistence. They have lumber now sawed sufficient for about forty comfortable houses, and perhaps more than that number. Their cottages thus far have been built nearly on a uniform plan, though the chiefs are honored a little with some extra finish, not very costly. Each house is 15x20 feet, with a neat piazza in front, and is divided into five rooms—a general sitting-room, three bed-chambers, all private, and a good kitchen. The foundation walls are built of bricks, made by the Indians, and also the chimneys, which are so arranged as to admit of a fire being made in each room in the house. These houses are being built by Indian carpenters under the supervision

of a competent white carpenter, who has ten apprentices under his charge. They now build a house in about two weeks, or a little less. The quantity of material provided in advance will justify the building and finishing up of a house in about three days. The mill is in good order, and saws lumber very rapidly, but there are hundreds of logs hauled and piled up about the mill, beyond its capacity, which have been cut and transported several miles by the Indians. Besides these, there are a thousand or more, perhaps, of saw-logs in the woods, ready to be hauled to the mill. This long preamble may convince the most partial observer that all this work cannot be done without considerable expense, and it is very evident that twenty dollars to each Indian will not go very far toward the expense of a work of such magnitude, particularly as civilization involves the necessity of household furniture,—cooking-stoves, bedding, wearing apparel, and all the various *et ceteras* of the commonest order of civilized life. Some weeks prior to the usual time of the assembling of Congress in the Twelfth month last, a grand council of the Omaha tribe was called, to confer with their agent in relation to providing proper means to carry on the laudable work of building comfortable houses, breaking up land, providing stock and farming implements and for the purchase of seeds and all the necessary appliances for cultivating the soil with profit and success. When the grand council was assembled, it was unanimously agreed, after a great deal of smoking and deliberation, that a petition should be drawn up, asking that the President of the United States, by virtue of the authority vested in him by the provisions of the treaty with the Omahas, would arrange at the earliest practicable moment for the sale of 50,000 acres of the most western portion of their reservation, to be separated from the remainder by a line running along the section line from north to south, in order to realize by the sale of the said lands sufficient means to go on with the work of civilization and improvement, so long urged upon them by the government. This document, having been duly approved by acclamation and signed by the chiefs, police, and head men of the tribe, was transmitted to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs [S. M. Janney] to be forwarded to Washington. This was done with his warm approval of the measure.

I feel quite anxious this petition should be granted, as, in the absence of profitable employment, I fear a relapse into their former habits of idleness and improvidence, hindering their prosperity and enlightenment, and affecting in some degree the entire system of

what is popularly known as the Quaker Policy. With sentiments of esteem, I am very truly thy friend,
E. PAINTER,
U. S. Indian Agent.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WINNEBAGO AGENCY, NEB., 4th mo. 21st, 1871.

Thinking it might be interesting to some of the Friends to know how and what we are doing of interest at this agency, I have concluded to write to that effect. Being a teacher here, an excellent opportunity is offered me to study the red man. The Winnebago Indians differ widely from their surrounding brethren in being much more intelligent, more willing to adopt civilized ways, and having a certain amount of industry, which is totally foreign to the general Indian character; coupled with this there is a want of appreciation among them as to the advancement made by the government and their kind friends East. They have been so shamefully abused and cheated heretofore, that they think it incredible that white men can be their friends. We have this great difficulty to meet with in all our endeavors, but with the kind assistance which we have received from the New York friends in the great abundance of good clothing which they have sent us, together with steady perseverance, we hope to overcome all this distrust.

Within the past year a marked change for the better is visible everywhere. The tribe has had its reservation carefully surveyed, and each family now has an allotment of 80 acres of good land. They have shown their appreciation of this by hauling logs last winter to the mill, to be sawed up into boards for the construction of their houses, which they have built on their respective allotments. We now have seven substantial frame houses nearly completed, which will make thirty frame dwelling houses upon the reservation, besides a large number of log houses. The demand for houses is very great, but as we employ a force of twelve Indian carpenters, we hope soon to supply it, which will only be done when each family is provided for, as they begin to see that a house is far better than a teepee.

As spring advances, a large demand for plows, shovels, spades, hoes, and nearly all kinds of agricultural implements is made. At present they are busily engaged in fencing their claims and planting them with wheat, corn, potatoes, etc., the seed being furnished by the government. Besides this, we have ploughed and seeded for general use, 400 acres in wheat, which we hope will be sufficient to meet all their wants in this line for the coming year. Our schools, three in number, are thriving; the attendance is very

fair, and a great eagerness for knowledge is manifested. We expect to make great alterations this spring in refitting our school-houses with suitable furniture, in order to practically advance the great want of cleanliness and economy. Having had some experience in teaching our Eastern schools, I am prepared to substantiate the fact, that for application to study they equal their pale-faced brothers and sisters. We contemplate building a large industrial school (provided Congress will appropriate the necessary funds,) for the accommodation of both sexes, which, with proper treatment, we believe will have the desired effect, in elevating the rising generation to the level of American citizens.

During the past year twelve exemplary men have been acting as chiefs, to the satisfaction of the tribe. According to a previous agreement we held our annual election for chiefs, a few weeks since, which passed off very satisfactorily, and resulted in the selection of twelve good men, three of whom were last year's chiefs. The mode of election was novel and interesting. Instead of the ballot, the Indians arranged themselves on the open ground. There being two sets of candidates, they took opposite sides of a road, which they made their dividing line. There were two voted for at a time, and as each candidate's name was called out, he was joined by his adherents on his side of the road; the result being known, the fortunate one would receive the congratulations of his friends by their prolonged and hearty whoops. The main characteristic of the whole affair was that it passed off quietly, amid pleasant words and actions, and during the entire election bright smiles and good humor were depicted on every countenance throughout both lines. We believe this plan to be a decided improvement on the old system of chieftainship, and will no doubt ultimately result in placing them upon a higher standing. In short, we are progressing. Each step we take has to be made with care and deliberation, lest it should be misunderstood by the Indians, and a retrograde effect produced.

It has now been about two years since the beginning of our regime, and from the observation which I have made during the little time I have been among them, I can say that at the expiration of our term of office satisfactory results can be looked for in civilizing the Winnebago Indians.

JOHN S. WHITE,
Teacher.

A RAY of light will perform the tour of the world in about the same time it would take to wink the eyelids.

THE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE OF THE FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION,
Held at Woodstown, N. J.

Agreeably to notice the Association met on Seventh-day, Fourth mo. 15th, in Friends' Meeting house. 75 delegates answered to their names, and it was estimated about 400 persons were present. Eight of the schools had not appointed delegates, and 7 did not forward reports. Some of these are not in session during the winter. Encouraging verbal statements were made in reference to one of these schools. An interesting report from the Race street sewing school was read, and the Wilmington report gave a very satisfactory account of their school of the same character, as well as the mission school for colored persons.

The Mannington First-day school, held at a private house, sent its first report—though small it was encouraging.

Truly acceptable epistles from the Indiana and Baltimore Associations were read, and essays of epistles adopted to the New York Association and to interested Friends within Genesee Yearly Meeting. An essay prepared by a teacher of Green street school was satisfactory.

The names of officers and an executive committee were reported and approved. Hereafter each school is to forward annually one or two names of Friends to constitute this committee. Hannah Paxson, West Chester, was appointed Treasurer. The publishing committee reported that the child's paper, "Scattered Seeds," did not meet all expenses; they have concluded to raise a fund of \$500 (more than one-fourth of which was already subscribed) to aid in its support the ensuing year. Louisa J. Roberts, 421 N. 6th street, and Edwin Craft, Clarksboro, N. J., in conjunction with the editor, are to receive donations to this fund.

The proposition in one of the reports, the adoption of which was recommended by the executive committee, was agreed to, and accordingly there will be held, in Race street Meeting-house, at 3½ o'clock on First-day afternoon of the approaching Yearly Meeting, a children's meeting, to be composed of those connected with the several First-day Schools in the city or convenient thereto, and of any others who feel interested.

The increased interest and attendance of some our meetings resulting from the establishment of First-day schools was spoken of as one of the benefits from them resulting to our religious Society, and the view was also expressed that Friends by commingling in the Scripture Reading Associations and adult classes, and comparing their feelings and ideas, prejudices were removed, a better un-

derstanding of each other brought about, and a greater degree of love and unity promoted.

Time did not allow of the consideration of the suggestion in two of the reports, to hold semi-annual instead of quarterly meetings; but in the consideration of the subject in the executive committee, and judging from the remarks of other Friends, there seemed but few to favor the proposition.

It was concluded to hold an adjourned meeting on Fifth day evening of the approaching Yearly Meeting week, at which the Annual Report to the General Conference will be read and delegates appointed to attend that body. The meeting was a harmonious and satisfactory one, and as in other localities, Woodstown Friends were active in their hospitalities. Doubtless all in attendance felt gratified with the reception they met, and with the evidences of brotherly feeling prevalent.

J. M. T.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly welcome thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I've ever been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the Great White Throne,
Nearer the Jasper Sea.

Nearer that bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down—
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying dimly between,
Winding down through the night,
Lies the dark and uncertain stream
That leads us at length to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm,
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my feeble faith!
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the shores of the river of Death—

Feel as I would were my feet
Even now slipping down the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think. —Curey.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When the new years come and the old years go,
How, little by little, all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripen so,
As the new years come and the old years go.
Low on the ground an acorn lies,
Little by little it mounts to the skies,

Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter and
play,

Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

—Observer.

HOME ADORNMENT.

How luxuriantly flowers blossom beside the cottage or the palace, where love dwells. Love and industry without much money, can make a cottage home like a little paradise. Flower mounds which will cost but a trifle, may be arranged in different parts of the yard, which will add greatly to the attractions of home.

Let two wagon-loads of good soil be carted from some field where the fertile mould has been accumulating for ages, and let it be dropped in a conical pile where it is to be used for making a flower mound. In almost every cultivated field, scores of loads of the best quality of soil may be obtained, without any detriment to the land that may remain. In lieu of mellow soil, collect sods, and lay them up in the form of a cone, with the sides sloping at an angle of about 45°. The base may be four, six, or eight feet in diameter, of a circular form. Sods will soon decay, and will furnish a superb bed of mould for the roots of flowers. After the sods are all laid in their places, let the mound be covered with clean and mellow soil a few inches deep. Such mounds should be prepared early in the spring before the growing season has really commenced, so that they need not interfere with other duties which demand immediate attention. It will be found more satisfactory to have two flower mounds of moderate size, than one large one. They should not be so large that a person cannot easily reach to the apex for the purpose of weeding the flowers. Let the summit be flat, say one foot or more in diameter. Now, plant in the apex the seeds of some tall-growing annual, for a central plume; make shallow drills in the side in a horizontal direction around the mound, say eight or ten inches distant, according to the sorts of flower seeds to be planted. Let the seeds of the taller flowers be planted toward the summit, and those of lowest growth near the base of the pyramid

or cone. By recollecting the forms of growth, the height of stems, and color of petals of the sorts planted, it will be easy to arrange different varieties and colors in such a manner as to produce a charming effect. Where there are several such floral mounds, the seeds may be planted in different lines, either in a diagonal or spiral direction; and thus the flowers when in full bloom, will appear in charming contrast with the arrangement of the main cone. After such a cone has been properly constructed, it will endure any desirable length of time, simply by occasional additions of soil, as circumstances may require. A top dressing of lime and wood ashes will be excellent for all sorts of growing plants. Almost any florist's catalogue will give the reader information as to the kind of flowers which will constitute the best floral combination for such a mound.

KINDERGARTEN CULTURE.

BY ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

(From the *Annual Report for 1870 of the National Commissioner of Education.*)

In undertaking to initiate a national system of education, and especially in a nation that, for the first time in the ages, embodies in its constitution provisions for the development of will, heart, and thought in every man, in such harmonious play that he shall be free to do the will of God on earth, as it is done in heaven—which is at once our daily prayer and the ideal of human society—we must not stop with providing the material conditions, but consider the quality of the education to be given.

The history of many great nations shows that there may be an education which paralyzes and perverts instead of developing and perfecting individual and national life. It is not from want of a most careful and powerful system of education that China is what she is. And India, Egypt, Greece and Rome had their systems of education, efficient for the production of material and intellectual glories, certainly, but which, nevertheless, involved the principles of the decay and ruin of those nations. Even the education of Christian Europe, that, with all its acknowledged defects of method and scope, has made all the glory of modern civilization, has failed to bring out the general results that are to be hoped for, if we are to believe in the higher prophetic instincts of the sages and saints of past ages, to say nothing of the promises of Christ, who expressly includes the life that now is with that which is to come. At our own present historical crisis, when it is the purpose to diffuse throughout the United States, the best educational institutions, it is our duty to pause and ask whether all has

been gained in educational method and quality which it is desirable to spread over the South; whether it may not be possible to improve as well as diffuse, and in the reconstructed States to avoid certain mistakes into which experience has proved that the Northeastern States have fallen. It is certain that a mere sharpening of the wits, and opening to the mind the boundlessness of human opportunity for producing material wealth, are not the only *desiderata*. As education builds the intellect high with knowledge, it should sink deep in the heart the moral foundations of character, or our apparent growth will involve future national ruin. In defining education as only the acquisition of knowledge, which is but an incident of it, we have indeed but followed the example set by the Old World, and have hoped that by offering this knowledge to all, instead of sequestering it to certain classes, we have done all that is possible. But it is not so. The *quality* of our education should rise above, or at least not sink below, that of the nations that have educated their few to dominate over the many, else our self-government will be disgraced; and, therefore, I would present the claims of the new system of primary education, which has been growing up in Germany during the present century, and which, in the congress of European philosophers that met at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in September, 1869, received a searching examination, and it was pronounced the greatest advance of method. A distinguished private teacher of America was present at this congress, and has furnished a translation, which I hope some time to see put to the press by the Bureau, of the report drawn up by Prof. Fichte, of Stuttgart, son of the great Fichte, who, with Goethe, Schiller, Pestalozzi, Diesterwig, and other eminent men, effected that reform of education in Germany that commenced in the early part of this century, and whose results are so brilliantly manifested at this very moment in the discipline and efficiency of the Prussian army, and also in the still more significant pervasive demand of the mass of the people for the peace of Europe.

In the report of Dr. Hoyt (United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1867) on the present state of education in Europe, there is a short, clear, and very striking statement of the normal education given to the primary teachers of all the Germanic nations, Prussia taking the lead. He says they all recognize that the primary department of education is at once the most important and difficult, and requires in its teachers, first, the highest order of mind; secondly, the most general cultivation; and thirdly, the most careful cherishing, greatest

honor and the best pay, for it has the charge of children at the season of life when they are most entirely at the mercy of their educators. As this report is distributed by the Senate to whoever will send for it, I will not repeat Dr. Hoyt's minute description of the normal training required of the primary teachers, or his statistics of the satisfactory results of their teaching, but pass at once to a consideration of the still profounder method of Fröbel, which immediately respects the earliest education, but of which Dr. Hoyt does not speak, inasmuch as it is not yet anywhere a national system, though within the last twenty years, it has spread over Germany and into Scandinavia and Switzerland, and been introduced into Spain, France, Italy and Russia; but to no country is it adapted so entirely as to America, where there is no hindrance of aristocratic institution, nor mountain of ancient custom, to interfere with a method which regards every human being as a subject of education, intellectual and moral as well as physical, from the moment of birth, and as the heir of universal nature in co-sovereignty with all other men, endowed by their Creator with equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is all the more important to make an exact statement of Fröbel's art and science of education in its severity, because it has been and is extensively travestied in this country by numerous schools called *Kindergartens*, which have disgraced its principles inasmuch as they have only the most superficial resemblance to those institutions to which Fröbel gave that name.

One of your assistants, in a voluminous paper upon all the reforms of education made in Europe and America during this century, has given an exhaustive history of the rise and progress of *Kindergartens* and their imitations, together with very valuable criticisms on education generally of his own and of various other writers of Europe and America; and this, also, I trust you may be able to send to the press before long. In the mean time, however, I must say something in this report on a subject of such vital importance, since it respects the beginning of education.

The fundamental or rather root point by which Fröbel's method differs from that of all other educators, is this: he takes up the human being in the full tide of that prodigious but blind activity in which he comes into the world, and seeks to make it intelligent of itself and of things around it by employing it to produce palpable effects, at once satisfactory to the heart and fancy of childhood and true to nature, by knowledge of whose order and organization the human understanding

is built up in soundness and truth. For the blind heart and will, which the human being is, until, by becoming intelligent of nature, he is transmuted into a principle of order, is the very principle of evil. Without imagining any inherent malignity of heart, we must admit that the child necessarily goes on, knocking down and tearing up, and creating disorder generally, to its own and other people's annoyance, in its vain endeavor to satisfy the *instinct to alter*, that is the characteristic of human will, until it is educated to recognize and obey the laws of God expressed in nature. For a time the young senses are not adequate to accurate perception of outward objects, and far less is the power of abstracting the laws of order developed in a young child. A certain evil is therefore originated which seems so inevitable, that it has tasked the human intellect to reconcile it with Divine benevolence and driven men into various theories, more or less unsatisfactory to all, upon the nature of evil and its place in the economy of creation. Now Fröbel undertakes to give a practical solution of this terrible problem by his art; for he seizes this very activity in the earliest infancy, and gently guides it into the production of effects, that gratify the intense desires of the soul, and cause it actually to produce the beauty and use at which it has blindly aimed. He looks upon the child as a *doer*, primarily, and a *knower*, subsequently; that is, as an artist before he is a scientist. Entering with genial sympathy into that primal activity which we call childish play, he guides the child first to embody and then carefully observe eternal laws, even on this humble plane, by which he surprises and delights himself with the beauty or use that grow under his hands, and therefore absorb his attention. For what meets a child's internal sense of fitness and beauty, especially if it is his own work, he is delighted to examine; and he loves to analyze the process by which the delightful result has been obtained. While it is a hard thing to make a child copy the work of another, he will repeat his own process over and over again, seeming to wish to convince himself that like antecedents involve like consequences. These repetitions sharpen his senses as well as develop his understanding; they also give skillfulness to his hands, and make him practically realize individuality, form, size, number, direction, position, also connection and organization, which last call forth his reflective powers. Hence *Kindergarten-teaching* is just the careful superintendence and direction of the blind activity of little children into self-intelligence and productive work by making it artistic and morally elevated. For

it carefully regards the ennobling of the soul by developing the love of good and beauty which keeps the temper sweet and the heart disinterested, occupying the productive powers in making things not to hoard—not to show how much they can do, which might foster selfishness, vanity, and jealousy, but for the specific pleasure of chosen friends and companions. Thus, without taking the child out of his childish spontaneity and innocence, Frœbel would make him a kind, intelligent, artistic, moral being, harmonizing the play of will, heart and mind, from the very beginning of life into a veritable image of the creativeness of God. The mother gave Frœbel the model for this education, in the instinctive nursery play by which she helps her little one to consciousness of his body in its organs of sense and motion. She teaches him that he has hands and feet, and their uses, by inspiring and guiding him to use them; playing with him at "pat a cake," and "this little pig goes to market and this stays at home," &c. I wish I had room to give a review of Frœbel's book of mother songs, nursery plays, pictures and mother's prattle, which is the root of the whole tree; but I can merely refer to it in passing. He shows in it that what he learnt from the mother he could return to her tenfold, bettering the instruction; and that the body being the first word of which the child takes possession by knowledge, though not without aid, we must play with the child. If we do not he ceases to play. Charles Lamb has given a most affecting picture of the effects of this in his pathetic paper on the neglected children of the poor; and the statistics of public cribs and founding hospitals prove that when children are deprived of the instinctive maternal nursery play, almost all of them die, and the survivors become feeble-minded or absolute idiots. Dr. Howe says much idiocy is not organic but functional only, and to be referred to coarse or harsh dealing with infants, paralyzing their nerves of perception with pain and terror; even a merely inadequate nursing may have this effect; and he and other teachers of idiots have inversely proved this to be true, by the restoring effects of their genial methods. And what produces idiocy in these extreme cases produces chronic dullness, discouragement, and destruction of all elasticity of mind, in the majority of children. It is appalling to think of what immense injury is done, and what waste made of human faculty, by those defective methods of education which undertake to reverse the order of nature, and make children passive to receive impressions, instead of keeping them *active*, and letting them learn by their own or a suggested experimenting. Some people, having

seen that the former was wrong, let their children "run wild," as they call it, for several years; but this is nearly an equal error. Not to be attaining habits of order is even for the body unhealthy, and leaves them to become disorderly and perverse. The very ignorance and helplessness of children imperatively challenge human intervention and help. They would die out of their mere animal existence in the first hour of their mortal life, did not the mother or nurse come to their rescue. Most insects and other low forms of animal life know no care of parents. They are endowed with certain absolute knowledge, enabling them to fill their small sphere of relation unerringly as the needle points to the pole. We call it instinct. But as the scale of being rises, relations multiply, which, though dependencies at first, become, by the fulfillment of the duties they involve, sources of happiness and beneficent power ever widening in scope. Man who is to fill the unlimited sphere of an immortal existence, knows nothing at all of the outward universe at his birth. The wisdom that is to guide his will, is in the already developed and cultivated human beings that surround him; and he depends on that intercommunication with his kind which begins in the first smile of recognition that passes between mother and child, and is to continue until it becomes the communion of the just made perfect, which is highest heaven both here and hereafter.

The instinct, therefore, that makes a mother play with her baby, is a revelation of a first principle giving the key note of human education; and upon it Frœbel has modulated his whole system, which he calls *Kindergarten*, not that he meant education to be given out of doors, as some have imagined, but because he would suggest that children are living organisms like plants, which must blossom and flower before they can mature fruit; and consequently require a care analogous to that which the gardener gives to his plants, removing and heightening the favoring circumstances of development.

(Conclusion next week.)

For the Children.

I'LL KEEP MY EYES SHUT.

Little Henry had been very sick. When he was slowly recovering, and just able to be up and about the room, he was left alone a short time, when his sister came in eating a piece of cake. Henry's mother had told him that he must eat nothing but what she gave him, and that it would not be safe for him to have what other children did till he was stronger. His appetite was coming back; the cake looked inviting; he wanted very much to

take a bite of it, and the kind sister would gladly have given it to him.

"Jennie," said he, "you must run right out of the room away from me with that cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut while you go, so that I shan't want it."

Wasn't that a good way for a little boy of seven years to get out of temptation? I think so; and when I heard of it, I thought that there were a great many times when children, and grown people too, if they would remember little Henry's way, would escape from sin and trouble.

"Turn away mine eyes from beholding iniquity, and quicken thou me in thy way," was the Psalmist's prayer; and it is a good one for each of us.

WOMAN AND WAR.—The social and domestic misery produced in Germany by the war is very great. A German paper states that in the province of Westphalia, at the beginning of October, there were 11,817 married women, the wives and widows of soldiers, together with 22,713 children, obtaining relief from the public funds. In Hanover, 9624 women and 26,418 children were dependent upon the public for support. In the Rhenish provinces there were 14,312 married women and 29,619 fatherless children who were utterly destitute. Thus, in only three Prussian provinces there were, last October, 35,753 women and 78,750 children in a condition of misery and want, and it is believed that destitution to the same extent prevails in the other provinces of Prussia. About nine-tenths of the males are in the *landwehr*, and the women and children thus deprived of their natural supporters will, it is feared, perish from starvation.—*English Advocate of Peace.*

ITEMS.

In the year 1865 Prince Nicholas Galitzin published in the *Russky Arkhiv*, a "Dictionary of Russian Authoresses." He is now preparing, says an English literary journal, to issue an enlarged edition, brought up to last year; and, accordingly, he has just addressed an appeal to ladies who write in Russia, begging them to send him a full account of themselves and of their works. He began, it appears, by publishing in the *Molva*, in 1867, "A Life of Russian Authoresses," which does not seem to have contained any great number of names. But the first edition of his dictionary contained four hundred; and so many ladies have taken to authorship within the last five years that he already has no less than eight hundred names ready to go into the second edition. Well may he say: "Female authorship has during the last few years assumed such dimensions in Russia as it has never known before, at any time or in any place."

THE PLANET MERCURY, which is seldom visible, can now be seen in the western heavens, its elongation from the sun being at the present time about twenty-one degrees east. This rare visitor, it is said, can for a few evenings be readily detected after sunset, by observing the following directions:

Draw a line from Jupiter through Venus, and extend it until the prolongation reaches a point beyond Venus, about three fourths the distance between the two planets just mentioned. This point will be a short distance from Mercury, which can be recognized by its fiery red hue. Through the telescope Mercury, it is stated, exhibits the form of a crescent. It is said that the great astronomer, Copernicus, died at the age of seventy, regretting that he had never seen Mercury, the misty horizon of his observatory, on the banks of the Vistula, having concealed this interesting planet from his view.

THE NEW PLANET discovered by Dr. Luther at Bilk, near Dusseldorf, was observed on Fourth mo. 22d by Professor Hall at the United States Naval Observatory, at Washington, D. C. At the time of observation the right ascension was 11 hours, 33 minutes and 7 seconds, and north declination 11 degrees, 2 minutes and 31 seconds. The new planet is of the eleventh magnitude, is the 113th of the minor planets, and has been named "Amalthea" by the Berlin astronomers.

THERE will be a full moon in the first week of each of the first seven months of the present year. In Seventh mo. there will be two full moons, viz: on the 2d and 31st; and in the remaining five months the moon will be at the full in the last week of each month. It will probably be many years before it will happen again.

AN Indian was permitted to testify in his own behalf, against a white man, charged with assault upon him, in the County Court at Stockton, Cal., on the 17th ult. The counsel for the defense objected, quoting the decision of the Supreme Court of the State denying Indian testimony, but the Judge ruled that the testimony should be admitted under the Constitution of the United States, the supreme law of the land. A similar judicial precedent in relation to the Chinese, also proscribed by the State laws, has been established in California.

STEPHEN GIRARD has an imitator in the late Robert Barnes of Evansville, Ind., who left \$500,000 to build and endow a college for the orphans of that State, enjoining that no minister nor missionary of any sect whatsoever shall ever hold office in the institution, or even be allowed to visit the premises.

OWING to King William's exhaustive demand for men on the battle field, the educational corps of the State has been so fearfully diminished that the Ministers of Instruction have been forced to issue an order accepting all women qualified as teachers of modern languages in the public schools—a profession hitherto monopolized by men.

"THE ACADEMY" gives some account of "forty-four authenticated balloon voyages" from Paris during the five months from Ninth to First mo. inclusive. From the few recorded observations of the elevation of flight the balloons appear to have risen and traveled at from 2,000 to 7,000 feet above the ground; their speed varied from 13 to as much as 80 miles an hour. The furthest flights were those to Norway, 840 miles, at the rate of 55 miles an hour, and to the range of St. Baume, between Marseilles and Brignoles, 420 miles, at 28 miles an hour. By means of the balloons, besieged Paris was able to send messengers to the outer world on an average once in every two days, and the whole space within which they alighted was not less than France itself. There is no certain information of any loss of life during these months of air-navigation, and the risk attending this mode of transit is certainly not greater than that of the early days of sea-voyaging.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From S. M. Janney's History of Friends.

MEMORIALS OF SAMUEL EMLEN, JACOB LINDLEY, THOS. SCATTERGOOD, HANNAH FISHER AND GEORGE DILLWYN.

Samuel Emlen, son of Samuel Emlen, was born in Philadelphia, the 15th of the First month, 1730. Through the care of pious parents, and the restraining influence of Divine grace, he was, in youth, preserved from the contamination of vice, and as he advanced to manhood he yielded to the tender visitations of Divine love by which he was drawn to walk in the narrow way that leads to life. His call to the gospel ministry, while travelling in Ireland, and some of his religious services in Great Britain, have already been noticed.

His labors in the cause of Truth were extensive in his own country and in foreign lands. Once he visited the Island of Barbadoes, and seven times he crossed the ocean to preach the gospel in Europe. He travelled much in Great Britain; twice visited Holland, and was several times in Ireland. In all places where he labored, he endeared himself to the people,—being a lively instance of the efficacy of that grace which he preached to others, and manifesting the power of religion by meekness, humility, and love. His knowledge of several languages; his peculiarity in applying portions of the sacred writings, with an unaffected, engaging deportment, and affability of manners, frequently made

way for him among persons of high rank and with foreigners. When in company with such, his great concern was to impress upon their minds the superior benefits to be derived from a life of holiness and the comparative emptiness of the world's honors and enjoyments; frequently declaring that he was neither bigot nor sectarian, but a lover of all who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

He was peculiarly gifted for consolatory visits to the afflicted in body or in mind, which he often manifested in the families of Friends, wherever he was, without distinction, and frequently amongst those not of his own communion, and this employment filled up a great part of his time. In meetings, his deportment was solid and instructive, his delivery clear, and his views comprehensive,—a holy unction attending his gospel labors.

After his return from his last visit to Europe in the year 1797, he gradually declined in health; yet, as usual, attended most of the meetings in Philadelphia, filling up the intermediate time principally in religious and social visits to the families of Friends. In these brotherly calls he often appeared to take but little interest in common conversation, yet, whenever it turned on religious subjects, he became animated, manifesting, by godly converse and pious devotion to his Master's cause, that his chief delight was in the law of the Lord, and his meditations thereon both frequent and fervent.

On the 14th of Twelfth month, 1799, he paid Rebecca Jones a visit, which proved to be their final interview. Noticing an almanac for the approaching year, he took it up, and placing it near his eye,—being very near-sighted,—he said, emphatically, “Eighteen hundred! I have said, that I shall not live to see it.” She replied, “Oh, Samuel, don’t say so!” He responded, “Rebecca, I have said it; remember the agreement which we made years ago, that the survivor should attend the other’s funeral.” On the following day he was engaged in a First-day meeting, in a lively testimony, and, finding himself ill, he leaned, in great physical weakness, on the rail before him, and repeated, with touching pathos, the following stanza from Addison:

“My life, if Thou preserv’st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be,
And death, if death should be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.”

The meeting broke up; he was taken to a neighboring house, and when a little revived, to his home. The next Third-day he assembled with Friends at the North meeting-house for the last time, and preached from the text, “This is the victory that overcometh the world—even our faith.”

Soon after this, he was taken sick, and, during his waking hours, the goodness and mercy of God were almost his perpetual theme. As there was no prospect of relief from medical aid, he desired that he might remain as quiet as possible, saying, “All I want is heaven;—Lord, receive my spirit!” He requested those about him to unite in prayer that he might be preserved in patience to the end. Then said, “My pain is great; my God, grant me patience, humble, depending patience.” And quoted the passage: “Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” He repeated, with great fervency, a considerable part of the Lord’s Prayer, and said, “Oh, how precious a thing it is, to feel the Spirit itself bearing witness with our spirits that we are His.” “Oh! this soul is an awful thing; I feel it so! You, that hear me, mind, it is an awful thing to die; the invisible world, how awful!” His end now fast approaching, he said, “I entreat that nothing may be done for me, except what I request, that my mind may not be diverted, that my whole mind may be centred in aspiration to the throne of Grace.” “Almighty Father, come quickly, if it be thy will, and receive my spirit.” He lay a while, the conflict being apparently over, but, feeling again the clogs of mortality, he said, in a low voice, “I thought I was gone;” and added, “Christ Jesus, receive my spirit.” He then quietly departed, and

entered into rest, about half-past four o’clock in the morning of Twelfth month 30th, 1799, in the seventieth year of his age.

He was buried on New Year’s day, 1800; his remains being taken to the meeting-house, where Nicholas Waln and another Friend were solemnly engaged in Gospel ministry, and Rebecca Jones, though an invalid, was in attendance.

Jacob Lindley was born in the Ninth month, 1744. His residence was at New Garden, Chester county, Pa.

About the thirtieth year of his age he was called to the ministry of the gospel, and by keeping humble and watchful he grew in his gift, becoming a workman that need not be ashamed, rightly “dividing the word of truth.” It has been said of him, that “for the space of forty years few pastors have more faithfully labored with their flocks, calling them to repentance, and warning them in the most emphatic language to have their accounts in readiness against the awful close of time.” “His agreeable manners and engaging turn of mind, tending to open his way among all classes and denominations of people, rendered him peculiarly useful in spreading the light of the gospel; his conversation being truly interesting and instructive.”

He was one of those who bore a faithful testimony against the use of spirituous liquor as a beverage, before his fellow-members in the Society of Friends had been fully awakened to the magnitude of the evil.

He was deeply interested for the welfare and civilization of the Indians, several tribes of whom he visited on the northern frontier of the United States, at a time when hostilities existed between them and the white people; and he was usefully engaged, with others of his own Society, in conciliating the minds of the natives, and disposing them toward peace.

It was, however, in regard to the descendants of the African race held in bondage that the most strenuous efforts of his benevolent mind were exerted. He not only labored in his own Society, so long as the members continued to hold slaves, but on all occasions where his lot was cast among those who continued to countenance the unrighteous traffic in human flesh, he faithfully and tenderly warned them of the danger to which they were exposing themselves, and the distress would bring upon them in a dying hour, they continued in a practice so repugnant to justice and humanity.

He seldom failed, in the Yearly Meeting of Friends, to hold up to view, in a very affecting manner, the cause of that afflicted people, exciting commiseration for their

ferings, and recommending the exercise of the spirit of prayer to the great Controller of events for their deliverance.

On one occasion, while attending Baltimore Yearly Meeting, he exclaimed, in his usual emphatic manner: "From the place where I now stand to the utmost confines of Georgia, blood touches blood, and cries to God for vengeance upon this nation."*

He survived two valuable wives, both of whom were ministers of the gospel. Concerning his second wife, Hannah, who, when he married her, was the widow of William Miller, a memorial by New Garden Monthly Meeting has been preserved. She is represented as one who had faithfully improved the talents intrusted to her, fulfilling her domestic and religious duties, and being a bright example of the Christian character.

On the last day of his life Jacob Lindley attended the meeting of Friends at New Garden, and delivered a lively and affecting discourse, in which "he intimated an apprehension that there might be those present who would not see the light of another day; and, he added, perhaps it might be himself. After meeting, he appeared in his usual cheerful disposition. In the evening, while riding in a chaise with his daughter, the vehicle was upset, and his neck was dislocated by the fall.

Thus suddenly terminated his life on the 12th of the Sixth month, 1814, in the 70th year of his age.

Thomas Scattergood was born in the city of Burlington, New Jersey, in 1748, of parents who were members of the Society of Friends. In youth he was deprived by death of a father's care, and was placed an apprentice in the city of Philadelphia, where, disregarding the checks of divine grace, he wandered from the path of peace.

In this unhappy condition, being visited by the "reproofs of instruction, which are the way of life," he was humbled, and enabled to submit to the Cross of Christ, through which he became qualified to extend counsel to others. After passing through much religious exercise, his mind was impressed with an evidence that he was called to the gospel ministry; but, through great reluctance to engage in that solemn service, he declined to comply for several years, and thus brought upon himself very deep and distressing conflicts. At length he yielded to his convictions of duty, and spoke a few words in a religious meeting, after which, continuing steadfast under many baptisms and trials, and keeping faithful to the divine gift, he became prepared for extensive labor in the Lord's vineyard. In this service he travelled both in the northern and southern States, preach-

ing the gospel with acceptance and returning in peace.

In the year 1794 he went to England, and during several years was assiduously engaged in religious labor, having the near unity and fellowship of Friends in the several counties where his lot was cast.

"He was much devoted to the promotion of the cause of truth and righteousness, and through the efficacy of heavenly love, was at times enabled to say, it was more to him than his necessary food." Being frequently engaged in inward retirement, his mind became strengthened and preserved in watchfulness against those things which interrupt the aspirations of the soul towards the Fountain of everlasting life.

"His sympathy with the afflicted was often manifest; and the situation of those in necessitous circumstances peculiarly claiming his tender regard, occasioned his frequently bringing to the notice of his brethren their suffering condition, in order that benevolent endeavors might be exerted for their alleviation. He was so tender of the reputation of all, that he could not take the liberty of expressing anything to lessen it, nor was he easy to hear others in such a practice."

In his last illness, a friend sitting by him expressed that he felt a peaceful solemnity; he replied, "So do I; my mind is centred in quiet peaceful resignation." On the next day, those about him apprehended he was near departing, but reviving a little, he said, "This is the last piece of the garment that is to be worked up; and if I can be favored to join the righteous of every generation, it will be enough." After a pause, he continued, "Well, I don't know that I have much to say for myself; I leave it to the Lord, the Shepherd that sleepeth not by day nor slumbereth by night; who watcheth over His children and over His flock."—"I hope that a righteous generation will be raised up and preserved as a seed." Again he proceeded, "Oh, if we can be but favored to take some of that love with us, the end crowns all; I have nothing to boast of; I have been baptized into many low places and raised up again." He quietly and peacefully departed the 24th of the Fourth month, 1814, and doubtless entered into the rest prepared for the righteous.

Hannah Fisher was the daughter of Thomas and Mary Rodman, and was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in the Fourth month, 1764. Her father dying when she was very young, the care of a large family devolved upon her mother, whose exemplary and judicious deportment proved a blessing to her children. In the year 1793, Hannah Rod-

* Related to me by an aged Friend, now deceased.

man was united in marriage with Samnel R. Fisher, of Philadelphia, and became a member of the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia for the Southern District. In the year 1800, after a season of deep exercise, she came forth in the ministry, and being faithful in the little first communicated, experienced an enlargement in the gift, to the comfort and relief of many.

Her sympathizing spirit was often drawn to visit the afflicted and qualified to speak a word in season to the weary. To the poor she was a liberal, judicious, and feeling friend. Her illness was short, but the result was not alarming to her. For several days previous to the solemn close, she was at various times engaged in expressing to the members of her family and other friends, lively exhortation, tender acknowledgment, or pertinent remarks on the necessity of being prepared for the final change. To a friend sitting by her she said, "I have desired that my children may give up in the morning of their day and join hand-in-hand with the faithful laborers in the Lord's vineyard;" adding, "I feel nothing in my way. I feel thankful in my bed of sickness that I have given up in the cross to my natural inclination, having been favored to keep the furniture of the house and my clothing plain and simple."

At another time, addressing her children, she said, "Live in love, my dear children; may you all live in love; it will sweeten every bitter cup; there is no comfort without it." Again, "All is done, all is done; I feel so resigned, so sweet: I feel as if I were already in heaven." At another time she said, her illness had been a time of suffering to the body but not to the mind; that all was comfortable there; adding, "What a mercy! that when the body is in suffering, the mind should be preserved in such tranquillity." Her affliction of body appeared to be great; and she once expressed, she thought a part of it might be on account of survivors, that they might see it would not do to put off the Jay's work until the evening; that it was enough then to have bodily suffering. In the night previous to her close, she said, "Lord, I love thee; Lord, thou art with me; I love thee because thou hast heard my supplication. Bless the Lord, O my soul!" About an hour before she ceased to breathe, she sweetly expressed, "The Lord is with me;" clearly conveying to the minds of those present, her resignation to this allotment of unerring wisdom, and her thankful sense of His supporting arm under it. She died the 12th of the Ninth month, 1819, in the fifty-sixth year of her age.

George Dillwyn's early life and some of his

religious labors have already been noticed. On his first visit to Europe, being accompanied by his wife, Sarah Dillwyn, he remained seven years, occupied, most of the time, in religious labors in Great Britain and on the Continent. He then returned to his native land for two years, and again accompanied by his wife, in the spring of 1793, proceeded to Great Britain, where he continued for nine years laboring as he was favored with ability, for the good of the churches, until the year 1802, when he returned and settled in Burlington, New Jersey, remaining there until the close of his long and devoted life.

"Having been as a faithful servant diligent in the morning and meridian of the day, he was permitted to pass its declining period much in retirement, seldom going from home, except on short journeys. His daily conduct evinced a desire to live under the influence of the Spirit of Christ, and when he made little calls amongst his neighbors, after having cheered and brightened the social scene, for which he had a special talent, by his pleasant converse, such was his sense of the value of retirement and his desire for the good of others, that on these occasions he was not unfrequently drawn into silent travail and vocal expression." He was considered eminent as a minister of the gospel, was much beloved for his social qualities, and exemplified in practice the heavenly truths that he preached.

In old age, he continued diligently to attend the religious meetings of Friends, and in the winter of 1820, while on his way to the meeting-house, he fell upon the ice in the street, which injured his hip-bone so seriously as to confine him to the house.

During nearly five months of much bodily suffering, his Christian character shone with increasing brightness, as he approached "the house appointed for all living." "Within the last two or three weeks he said, 'There is a comfort over which disease has no power,' and after a favored opportunity in religious retirement, hopefully remarked, 'Now I am prepared to adopt the language, Lo! the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.'" Speaking of his approaching death, he said to his beloved wife, "My dear, I have good news for thee; there is a mansion prepared for thee and for me." With the appearance of a sweet slumber, he sank to his eternal rest, the 23d of the Sixth month, 1820, in the eighty-third year of his age.

NEVER be ashamed not to know, but be ashamed not to learn.

From the National Standard.

LYDIA WHITE.

DIED.—In Philadelphia, on the 22d inst., in the 84th year of her age, Lydia White; a veteran in the Anti-Slavery service. She assisted in organizing the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, in 1835, and in disbanding it in 1870, when its work was accomplished. During the long interval she proved, by earnest words, liberal contributions of money, and self-denying deeds, her fidelity to the principles of human freedom, upholding them against the opposition of mob and church and State. For many years she devoted her time and energies to the business of introducing into the community the products of free labor, and by her abstinence from those produced by unrequited toil, added another testimony to her abhorrence of the system of slavery. A member of the Society of Friends, she held the principles of its founder as a living, practical faith. Her work accomplished, the victory for freedom won, her life completed, she has gone to receive her reward in larger possibilities of doing good. M. G.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

Westbury Quarterly Meeting took place on Fifth-day, the 27th ult., at Westbury, Long Island. The prospect of rain in the morning no doubt deterred some Friends from New York and Brooklyn, as well as those who live at a distance in the country, from attending, thus making our Meeting smaller than usual. We were reminded that some who were absent had gone to other sections, and would not be with us, and that some had passed on to the higher life. We also remarked that others who have stood as in the front rank were physically failing. We felt saddened at a time with these evidences of change, but were cheered in observing so large a number of young men and women assembling to mingle with their friends. When gathered, there was a feeling of united exercise that seemed to spread over the entire meeting, that argued well for the future of our Society. We had several short communications before the shutters were closed, some voices that we have not been accustomed to hear, and they seemed to us to be very impressive. There was no business in the executive meeting other than usual, except a proposition to change the hour of meeting from 11 to 10 o'clock, A.M.; as it was generally thought that the present hour was the best, no change was made. The state of Society, as shown by the answers to the queries, was somewhat encouraging, except the oft repeated complaint of neglect in the attendance of meeting. Friends were incited to greater faithfulness

in this duty. Our feeling was that we had had a good meeting, and that the presence of the Divine Master was sensibly to be felt. Not the least interesting and important feature of these Quarterly Meetings, is the kind cheerfulness with which Friends provide carriages and home accommodations for those from a distance. Is it not evident that those who are indifferent to these minglings suffer loss?

THE will hath never more freedom than when it moves toward God. And heavenly duties and spiritual performances are to flow freely from the soul like those voluntary drops that come from the honeycomb of its own accord, without any pressing, without any crushing at all. It is only the dregs of obedience that come forth with squeezing and wringing. There should be no need now of binding the sacrifice with cords unto the altar, unless it be with the cords of love, those soft and silken knots of affection.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WEDDING OVERSEERS.

The subject of overseers at weddings, and the manner of their appointment, has long impressed me as one needing more careful thought.

Although several articles have recently appeared in the *Intelligencer*, and it may be said by some persons, "now let the matter rest," I feel it is a little work of mine to urge attention to a point mentioned in the paper of this week, (4th mo. 29th) wherein the writer desires, "that there should not even be the appearance of dissembling," &c.

I am not able to see that a reasonable objection can be made to parties choosing their overseers; but there is a departure from healthful simplicity in the manner of appointing them.

It is made to *appear* to be wholly a transaction *in* meeting; and in many places the *practice* has been so long established, that when proposals of marriage are before a Monthly Meeting, the meeting feels this part of its business has been so entirely arranged *outside*, that, although called upon to name Friends as overseers, such extended liberty is not really meant.

This is the point upon which I feel we are not true to our profession of *truth* and *simplicity*.

A case occurred in our Monthly Meeting a few years ago, which, to my view of the subject, presented a beautiful example of openness:

Following the statement of the time and place of the marriage, were the words "and — and — have been selected by

the family to attend as overseers, if approved by the meeting."

Here was no dissembling; and the whole arrangement for conducting the marriage could be truthfully understood by the most uninitiated in the meeting. And this truthfulness, I believe, is a strong point in our *simplicity*; one which our young members must see the necessity of carefully observing, long before they may feel it required of them to obey the "discipline" in regard to "simplicity of dress."

"We must be true ourselves,
If we the truth would teach."

New York, 4th mo. 30th.

S. H. B.

WHAT TO GIVE.

This is a charitable age. Appeals for charitable objects are frequently made and generally responded to. An actual case of want or suffering needs but be properly presented to any congregation, to meet immediate relief, so far as money goes. Even stingy people love to give something, and show their stinginess by giving less than they should, rather than in refusing to give anything. Benevolence characterizes our age. The men of our time most noted and most revered, are not those who wear crowns but those who give crowns,—the princely benefactors who have made whole communities opulent in the means of comfort and of culture by their splendid charities. The spirit of philanthropy is in the air, and whoever has any of the genius of the nineteenth century in his constitution prefers giving to hoarding, and would gather together only that he may grandly use for generous and general ends.

But we are very apt to imagine that the only thing worth giving, the only thing we have to give, is money or its equivalent in comfort or care; and we underrate the value of that personal notice, attention, and ministry which money cannot procure. When things go wrong with us, and we are prostrated with sadness and discouragement, it is not a present but a personal presence that we need, communicating stimulus and cheer from a sympathetic mind. In any of the troubles and crises of life, we value the companionship, the counsel, the magnetic helpfulness, the enlivening and uplifting faith of friends, a thousand times more than any check they could give. We all set a far higher value on persons than on purses, and feel nothing more keenly than a slight. The man who cheats us we can forgive more easily than the man who cuts us. This is because we all instinctively feel that persons are the most precious property this planet carries, and know from our own experience what comfort

and virtue, cheer and quickening, a kind heart and sympathetic mind can communicate.

And this fact indicates the character of the most useful and precious giving. Of course, the poor need money, medicine, food, clothes, and coal. They must have creature comforts, or they will suffer, if they do not perish. No amount of philanthropic commonplace, no number of the platitudes of charity, can ever take the place of food in a hungry stomach, or of clothes upon naked or shivering limbs. Ejaculations of sympathy pay no rent-bills. The poor and perishing classes want a Gospel in acts,—a Testament whose texts are translated into loaves and fishes, fuel and flannel; and without that material beneficence, they must die. But they want more than this; they want personal notice, sympathy, counsel, and cheer, a hundred times more than any gifts we can bestow upon them, and without these even the most generous gifts are unavailing. The chief reason that so much of our charity is wasted, if not worse; that the poor are confirmed in the very pauperism we would lift them out of, and in part by our own gifts; that wretchedness and want spread in spite of the growth of kind sentiments and the increase of charities;—is that our gifts are so exclusively material. We have given things, but not thoughts. We have bestowed money, but have not given ourselves.

It is an easy matter to give a little unneeded money, a few cast-off clothes, or an order on the grocer; and many people give these in order to get rid of troublesome applicants. But to give personal attention, interest, and direction to those in trouble and want, is a much harder thing to do. The difficulty with our modern charity is that it is so purely mechanical. Giver and receiver do not come into personal relations. There is no actual contact and communication between them. Their hearts do not touch each other. No virtue goes into the gift, and through that into the recipient's soul. We have the mechanics of charity without its mind. And what is wanted to make our charity blessed and a blessing, is just that personal quality we so crave for ourselves but are so reluctant to bestow; that interest, and sympathy for, and kindly direction of, the poor and unfortunate, which are a thousand times more valuable and precious to them than anything else possibly can be. It is not pleasant to lay down the book, to rouse from the dreamy luxury of an evening *te-te*, and visit some unventilated attic or noisome cellar to look after those whose vices are as bad as their environments are repulsive; but there is all the more merit

the sacrifice, and the personal visit communicates a positive pleasure and moral force which no gift could convey; it throws a restraint around the wayward will, while it infuses needed cheer into the heart. A young woman of our acquaintance goes every day to rub the limbs of a poor old paralytic, whose loneliness is so relieved, and whose heart is so soothed and irradiated by such personal kindness that even her body shares the renewal. Who can tell the virtue there is in a sympathetic touch? Who knows what healing lies latent in the heart, waiting to be evoked by the call of the right occasion? The voice kindly with hope, melting with tenderness, tremulous with love,—who has fathomed its miraculous power? The magnetism of a kind, thoughtful, sympathetic personality,—who can describe or define it? It is these that the poor and sorrowing need more than anything else. They want your mind more than your money. There is more help in a hand, with a warm heart beating in its palm, than in any goods that may be dropped at the door. The greatest gift, and the best, is the Giver of gifts. Almighty Love crowns all His other gifts with Himself.—*The Golden Age.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I do not know that it will do for me to say, as the poor debtor formerly did, "have patience with me, and I'll pay thee all." I am several letters in debt, and as in purse, so in mental coin, poor. My obligations are not only on the score of letters, but I feel that I have had many favors from thy hand. This much seems left me, and I sometimes hope it may be like the poor widow's "pot of oil," and I now recollect she was bidden to pour it into other vessels. This opens an instructive view for thee, as well as myself; the more she poured, obedient to the command, the more she had for her own living, as well as to pay the debt. The debt! "how much west thou unto my Lord?" may be asked of thee, dear friend, as well as of myself and many others. But how few are entirely willing to make frequent settlements with Him who has done so much for us, and given us so many gifts and favors, and loans and talents? to which we may add in the catalogue, mercies, and forgiveness, and numerous benefits. If this were more of our concern, our bills perhaps would not run on to a hundred measures of wheat, or oil, till they at least were adjusted with promises of

full and unreserved obedience to all the clear manifestations of His will.

I was going to say I had a little left of what the little child said, unacknowledged in the modern forms or arts of politeness. When asked what it had to say in return for a favor received, "I love thee," was the language of its heart. To feel that we *love* is a precious evidence of having a little life, provided that love is pure and not the effect of selfishness. Love is expansive, like its divine original; it wants room, and as the heart is filled with it, it overflows towards others. Long hast thou felt the anxious love of maternal tenderness towards thy children, naturally, and if the time now demands an enlargement of that feeling spiritually on account of the babes in the Father's family, be willing to let it flow in prayers, in exercises, and in vocal evidences for the gathering of the children to the fold of a quiet mental habitation in the blessed Truth. "Teaching, we learn," said Young, and so says experience. Be not anxious about what others may say or think, mind thy own business in deep attention to the gift or spring, and as it flows forth be willing as a little child to move with it and in it, and to close with it and in it. I am glad to find one point settled in thy mind, that is, thou cannot doubt the requisition without doubting all thou hast ever known. Now let me drop thee one word of caution, "Take no thought for the morrow," or for what may be thy lot, or what the present dispensation may be intended for, only mind every day the opening of duty. Keep in the state of a good girl employed in domestic concerns; when one little service is performed, wait to receive or hear what next thou art bidden to do.

It is good to receive a few lines from an absent friend. We sometimes need an evidence of remembrance, which comes as a cup of cold water to a thirsty traveler. Many of our dear side companions have left us, but some still remain and are united in gospel fellowship. These can bear up each others' hands and strengthen one another, even while we feel that the shades of evening are gathering around, telling us the work of the day must soon close.

To us who are approaching the time when we can no longer enter into active service, how encouraging it is to find one here, and another there, under the preparing Hand, for service in our church militant. May these keep humble and be patient under all the needful provings. It is true there are many depressing circumstances which cause sadness of heart and fearfulness lest the "Ark of the Testimony" be borne away

and landed among the Philistines, yet I have faith in silent travail, and full reliance on an Arm which is sufficient to sustain. In dark and cloudy seasons, let us remember, the dew of heaven descends in the night season and rests upon the earth, watering it and keeping alive every green thing.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 13, 1871.

SEASONS OF SILENCE.—While we have frequently in these columns advocated the obligation resting upon all to bring their faculties into exercise and to use their powers for the benefit of themselves and others, we know that none can labor availingly unless guided by Divine wisdom.

If the mind is permitted to enter into a continued succession of engagements without allowing sufficient time for rest and reflection, it is liable to become unhealthy and enfeebled. The law of repose pervades every department of life. The husbandman sows the seed and waits for its appearing. The overworked soil, after a time, fails to produce until its fertility is renewed by rest. The strongest muscle loses its power by continuous use: and if we would attain the true end of our being, we must not disregard the teachings thus conveyed, but learn not only to labor but to wait.

When associated in our religious meetings, we recognize the necessity of seeking to attain a state of introversion in which we wait to be instructed by the Great Counsellor, but how is it with us on other occasions? in our families and when together in social companies? Do we then in our deportment and conversation manifest a recognition of the Divine presence? Or, in our social interviews, are we not too much like the Athenians of old, who spent their time either in telling or hearing some new thing?

We remember in days past, how, during the times of our Yearly and Quarterly Meetings, the older Friends who were collected at private houses, would, after a time of social converse, settle into silence. The young would gather round them, and a precious solemnity often spread over the company, chastening the feelings and tendering the hearts. In this si-

lence, sometimes, a few words, uttered perhaps in tears and brokenness of spirit, were as seeds dropped in moistened ground. Some of these occasions are still fresh in remembrance, and the thought of them is always attended with a feeling of gratitude for the holy influence under which our minds were then gathered, believing it was one of the means by which we were brought to value seasons of solemn waiting before the Lord.

We have feared that of latter time this practice is almost lost sight of. The increased facilities of travel offer inducements to Friends attending neighboring meetings to confine the time of social and religious mingling almost exclusively to the meeting hour, depriving the visitor and the visited of the benefit that might result from meeting with Friends in their families and entering into fellow-feeling and sympathy with them.

The same effect is apparent during the week of our annual gathering. The day is devoted to business affairs, and the evenings to committees and other concerns connected with the welfare of our Society, and but little time is allowed for that kind of social religious intercourse which stimulates us to strive after that which is good, and tends to quicken our spiritual nature to renewed life when assembled for worship.

In consequence of this lack of opportunity to enter into feeling one with another more closely than can be done in a collective capacity, one means of our growth and strength as a religious body is, we believe, in danger of being overlooked.

Without wishing to censure any, we would ask all seriously to consider whether we do not sustain a loss by crowding too many things into the week allotted to the Yearly Meeting?

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.—We approach our subject with hesitation. Nevertheless, we venture, with the hope that our motive will be appreciated, and that what we say, though it may imply censure, will be so influenced by love that it will not wound any.

Our concern is that during the week of our approaching Yearly Meeting, when the several sessions close, the deportment of Friends may be fitting the occasion upon

which we have met. A gathering composed of several thousand men and women, met together to transact the business which pertains to the welfare of our Society, is doubtless an object of the notice and thought of others not of our religious organization, and the attention of the observer will naturally be turned to see what the result of such a meeting will be, and it would be well could we give evidence by a quiet sobriety of manner that we have been at a feast, where the spiritual life has been fed.

The Apostle Paul tells us all things are lawful, but all things are not expedient. This view has a direct bearing upon our concern. Most of us when returning to our homes for the night, are under the necessity of using the public street cars, where there may also be many who are not of our fold. We think it *inexpedient* when we are thus situated, to give expression to criticisms on what has been done during the meeting that has just closed, and it is even still more inexpedient that criticism on *character* be then indulged in, and names mentioned.

The loud talking and even boisterous manner that are sometimes witnessed on these occasions, pain a sensitive mind, and must greatly dissipate the feeling of serious thoughtfulness, which after having had a good meeting we would fain take home with us as our share of the gathered fragments. A quiet, laud deportment would be in better accord with the occasion. Some instances of the want of proper care in this respect, were the subject of public remark last year, and believing they may have proceeded from thoughtlessness, we offer these few words as a reminder of the fact that a seat in a crowded city car requires us to be much more guarded in what we say or do, than would be necessary were we with a few Friends in a private carriage.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — A Friend writes that he "considers the editorial in No. 1 of the present volume, on our Fundamental principle, very good as far as it goes," but links the article defective in explaining what this principle is.

The knowledge which will prove availing must be derived through a higher medium

than the pen, although the experience of others may be often helpful in directing attention to the true source of spiritual instruction—the Spirit of Truth. We fail to find in the remarks of our friend, anything that would more fully elucidate the views expressed in the editorial in question—the difference being in words which literally have the same meaning.

THE article on "Funeral Simplicity" was laid aside, because not so appropriate as some other contributions on the same subject received about the same time.

THE friendly hints of "Scrutator" have been received.

ERRATA.—Richmond, Ind., was incorrectly appended to the article, "They frame Iniquity by Law," in last week's paper.

ANSON LAPHAM REPOSITORY. — Books, manuscripts, &c., for the above, may be forwarded to Edward H. Magill, Swarthmore College, Delaware county, Pa., or, if more convenient (and the packages are small), to Dr. George Truman, No. 142 N. Seventh St., Philada., who will see that they are properly deposited. Donations should be accompanied by name and address.

DIED.

CONARD.—On Third month 2d, 1871, Phebe Conard, wife of Albert Conard, aged 51 years; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

SHARPLESS.—At her residence near Chester, Delaware Co., Pa., on the 3d of Fourth month, 1871, Eliza H., wife of John M. Sharpless, and daughter of Thomas and the late Eliith Jenkinson, in the 53d year of her age.

TURNPENNY.—On the 8th ult., Tabitha, widow of the late John Turnpenny, in the 88th year of her age; a beloved Elder and Overseer of Spruce Street Monthly Meeting, Phila. The following extracts from a private letter well portray the character of our dear Friend:

"There are many women as pious as she was still left upon the earth, but I know of no one who had such a pleasant way of manifesting that piety to the world. It seemed to do her good and to make her life richer, nobler and happier, and it did others good too. She did not, like many, lock up her consolations and joys and inflowings of spiritual life in her own bosom, but diffused them with ungrudging profusion. They spread around her like an atmosphere which did every one who came within it good, and made all feel when leaving her presence, that they had received a renewal of spiritual life.

* * * "She was no respecter of persons, nor worshipper of rank or wealth or intellect, but the sunshine of her presence gladdened the humble homes of the poor, and the saddened hearts of the

afflicted, far oftener than the palaces of the great or the mansions of the prosperous.

'Full many a poor one's blessing went
With her beneath the low green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings.'

"There was no narrowness in her creed, nor exclusiveness in her associations. She laughed, and laughed right heartily, too, when she was merry, and never felt that she was lowering her Christian character."

WALTON.—On the afternoon of the 10th instant, Charles M. Walton, aged 39 years; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, Race St.

INDIAN AID ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of this Association will be held on Second-day evening next, Fifth month 15th, in Race Street meeting-house, at 8 o'clock. A report and other interesting papers will be read. It is desirable there should be a general attendance of Friends.

SARAH R. WALTER, *Secretary*.

EDUCATION.

A meeting on the subject of Education in general, and particularly in reference to that of a higher grade amongst Friends, will be held in Race St. meeting-house on Third-day evening, Fifth month 16th, at 8 o'clock.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

5th mo. 14th Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.
" 21st Radnor, Pa., 3 P.M.
" Orange, N. J. 10½ A.M.
" Gunpowder, Md., (old mtg. house) 11 A.M.
" Collins, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" 28th. Cape May, N. J., 10 A.M.
6th mo. 4th. Reading, Pa., 3 P.M.
" Medford, N. J., 3 P.M.
" Middletown, Pa., 3 P.M.
" Mt. Vernon, N. Y., 3 P.M.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Annual meeting in school-room, first floor, Race St. meeting-house, on Fourth-day evening next, Fifth month 17th, at 8 o'clock.

THOMAS GARRIGUES, } *Clerks.*
PHEBE W. FOULKE, }

VITAL RELIGION.

A new edition of this excellent little work by S. M. Janney has just been issued by Friends' Publication Association, and may be had of the Agent, T. E. Chapman, 701 Arch St., where also may be obtained "Summary of Christian Doctrine," by the same author, and other works.

In press and will shortly be issued by this Association, "The Children's Gift," with embellishments, consisting of selected and original articles for youth.

GENERAL FIRST DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

This organization will meet at Friends' meeting-house, Rutherford Place, New York, on Second-day evening, Fifth month 29th, (Yearly Meeting week) at 8 o'clock. Reports from the several associations should be sent to the correspondent, Joseph M. Truman, Jr., 717 Willow St., Philadelphia, accompanied by a list of delegates appointed. Where no association has been formed the several schools will please report.

T. CLARKSON TAYLOR, } *Clerks.*
LYDIA C. STABLER, }

PHILADELPHIA ASSOCIATION.

The Association within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet by adjournment on Fifth day evening, Fifth month 18th, at Race St. meeting-house, at 8 o'clock. Schools which did not report at the Woodstown meeting are desired to do so at this.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, } *Clerks.*
EMMA WORRELL, }

The Executive Committee will meet for organization and other business same afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Central Building, 3d story.

CHILDREN'S MEETING.

A meeting of those connected with Green Street, Race Street, and West Philadelphia First-day schools, and such others as may incline to attend, will be held in Race St. meeting-house on First-day afternoon, Fifth month 14th, at 3½ o'clock; all are invited.

In publishing the subjoined extracts, we would call the attention of our readers particularly to the subject of which they treat, believing it to be one of special interest.—Eds.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA.

Ten years have elapsed since, amid the anxieties of commencing civil convulsions, steps were taken to found the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia. The necessity for such an Institution had long been pressing, and with only about two thousand dollars pledged as annual subscriptions, we rented the present Hospital buildings, and commenced work on a small scale. We were then without the prestige of experience and success, or the sympathy of the medical profession: but a generous and appreciative public, perceiving that our objects were practicable and right, gave means and influence to sustain them.

Our reports have shown how the number of patients has increased from year to year, how our buildings and grounds have been paid for, and how an endowment fund has been commenced and raised to its present amount. We are well aware that very much remains to be done towards improving as well as extending the work of the Institution, but as we review our small beginnings and our present condition, we feel that we have cause to thank God and take courage.

The Report of the Resident Physician shows that thirty five hundred patients have been treated in the different departments of the Hospital during the past year, and that the number received into the wards has been considerably greater than in any preceding year.

Our energetic matron has kept the domestic department in excellent order; and our efforts for training nurses have been more systematic and successful than heretofore.

A capable and intelligent woman occupies the position of head nurse, and assists in the training of the less experienced; and several promising nurses who have resided in the Hospital for some months, are almost, or altogether, ready for outside labor. Their places will be filled by fresh recruits, and we trust a few accomplished nurses from this institution will go out to bless the community from year to year. When we consider that the best medical skill is often entirely defeated by the ignorance or inefficiency of the nurse, and that, on the other hand, the nurse alone, who intelligently co-operates with the healing powers of nature, is, in certain stages of illness, more important and effective than the physician, we feel like honoring the calling, and inviting intelligent and benevolent women, who desire employment, and are adapted to this work, to train themselves for its responsible duties.

A reference to our Treasurer's Report will show, among the additions to the Endowment Fund, more than ten thousand dollars from the residuary estate of the late Isaac Barton. Mrs. J. P. Crozer, also, has given five thousand dollars towards the endowment of two beds, as well as funds for their purchase and furnishing. These we have named "the Crozer Beds" of the Woman's Hospital. Notwithstanding these additions to our funds, they are still inadequate to meet the growing necessities of the Institution, and we trust a generous public will continue to furnish the means for extending its operations.

More than half of the present Managers were active in the first organization of the Hospital, and they have continued to work for its success; and both they and others who have since given their energies to its welfare, testify that their interest increases, and their appreciation of its importance deepens, as they watch the practical results of its operations from year to year. Many sufferers for whom there had seemed no relief, here found the skill and care which have restored them to the enjoyment of life. Quite a number suffering from surgical difficulties have had them successfully removed by operations. A considerable portion of these were performed by ladies connected with the medical staff of the Hospital. Other patients, with ailments equally exhausting and requiring treatment less striking, but not less skilful, have also returned to their active duties, blessing the Institution to which they owed their recovery. Women, often sensitive, who had no luxuriant homes in which to be nursed back to health, and to whom the Almshouse was a terror,—mothers of families, hard-working widows and wives, hired girls, young girls from foreign countries,—some of them homesick and heartsick, as

well as persons whose means enabled them to pay for private rooms and special attendance, have alike shared the best medical skill and received the kindest attention.

It has been the earnest desire of the Managers that this Institution should be, not only eminent for medical skill, but a place in which the Christian virtues and graces should be illustrated and diffused;—a place in which every patient, of whatever name or nation, however lowly or unfortunate, should realize that her feelings and sensibilities are respected, and her comfort and welfare carefully guarded.

THE MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

As with the early Christians, so the Society of Friends has had a care to assist its members when in needy circumstances and to aid them in business; and a query whether this has been attended to is annually answered in each Monthly Meeting.

An unwillingness to be dependent on charity often deters really deserving members from seeking assistance of their fellow believers. When sickness overtakes them, and its expenses reduce their moderate incomes, they struggle on, depriving themselves even of necessities, without making known their wants.

Then, again, *permanent* aid is not usually extended unless the individual is entirely dependent, and any funds which by industry and economy they may have accumulated, must first be exhausted before the committee of the meeting takes charge of the case.

A valued friend in this city, who, for over thirty years, has been on the Committee on necessitous cases of his Monthly Meeting, felt a concern for some years that other arrangements might be devised for assisting each other, and mentioning the matter to his friends, it has finally resulted in the organization of "*The Mutual Aid Association of Friends*," to be composed of "members of the Religious Society of Friends or professors with them of good moral character, and not less than 18 years of age," both men and women being eligible for membership.

Its object "is the accumulation of a fund for the aid and relief of its members in case of sickness or accident, and of their interment. Also the establishment of a fund which may be loaned to such of its members as may need assistance in business, or be used to relieve those who from age are incapacitated from obtaining a livelihood."

Upon election to membership each one pays into the treasury a sum proportionate to age, and thereafter a small weekly charge, and in the event of sickness he is visited, and if unable to attend to his occupation, a uniform

weekly allowance is to be given, and when death ensues a fixed sum is paid towards the funeral expenses. This is done irrespective of the pecuniary condition of the individual—in other words this is *not a charity*,—but *all* having co-operated in the establishment of the fund for their *mutual* benefit, each one has a *right* to this aid, and there need be no hesitation in receiving it.

It will thus be seen that this is an *independent* way of securing aid in time of sickness or infirmity, and besides it is thought it will make our members better acquainted, and will interest them more in each other's welfare.

The Association meets every two weeks on Second-day evening, in the central building at Race St. meeting-house, up stairs. Any who feel interested are at liberty to attend.

The officers are

President—William Hawkins.

Vice-President—Jos. M. Truman, Jr.

Secretary—Alfred Moore, 28 N. 7th St.

Assistant Secretary—William P. Fogg.

Treasurer—James Gaskill.

Trustees—John Saunders,

Samuel S. Ash,

William Hawkins.

Philada., 5th mo., 1871.

J. M. T.

THOSE who look for faults find faults, and become fault-finders by profession; but those who look for truth and good find that.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY WHITTIER.

“O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee
bring

All the old virtues, whatsoever things
Are pure and honest and of good report;
But add thereto whatever bard has sung
Or seer has told of, when, in trance and dream,
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!
Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth decide
Between the right and wrong; but give the heart
The freedom of its fair inheritance;
Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so long,
At Nature's casket feast his ear and eye
With joy and wonder; let all harmonies
Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon
The princely guest, whether in soft attire
Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,
And, lending life to the dead form of faith,
Give human creature reverence for the sake
Of one who bore it, making it divine
With the ineffable tenderness of God;
Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,
The heirship of an unknown destiny,
The unsolved mystery round about us make
A man more precious than the gold of Ophir—
Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
Should minister, as outward types and signs
Of the eternal beauty which fulfils
The one great purpose of creation, Love!
The sole necessity of earth and heaven.”

LIFTED UP.

BY ISABELLA F. LEWES.

Little Willie, mild and patient,
Sunny-haired and azure-eyed,
In the twilight's mellow gleaming
Thoughtful sat, my chair beside.
On his knee a little Bible,
Grandma's gift to him that day;
He had read till daylight fading
Bade him put the Book away.
Then he nestled close beside me,
Laid in mine his little hand,
Gazing outward with expression
I could scarcely understand:
“Tell me,” said he, “mamma, will you,
What our Saviour meant when he
Said, “I, if I be lifted up,
Will then draw all men to me?”
And I said, that, by this symbol,
Christ, their Lord, would signify
That, upon the cross uplifted
He in agony must die;
And when in the coming future
All His sorrows should be heard,
Men would then be brought unto Him
By the tenderest feelings stirred.
One short month—again at night-fall
Clouds of crimson turned to gray!
Lonely sat I by the fireside
While my thoughts went far away.
Vacant was the chair beside me,
Hushed the voice so low and sweet,
Missed the gentle hand's soft pressure,
And the sound of little feet.
Upward reaching through the darkness,
Yearningly I sought my boy;
Earth seemed full of pain and sorrow,
Heaven alone held peace and joy.
Suddenly a ray of firelight,
As imbued with heavenly grace,
Fell upon a little picture,
Made alive my darling's face.
While I gazed as one enraptured,
Moving lips I seemed to see,
Heard his voice: “If I be lifted
Up, I will draw you to me.”
Now a new and richer meaning
Jesus' words for me possessed:
By our love for the departed
Upward lifted, find we rest.
Then before that picture bending,
Laid I all my burdens down;
Saw how tenderly the Father
Of my cross would weave a crown.
Through my soul this glad evangel
Surging like the rolling sea,
“Ever nearer, nearer heaven,
Darling Willie leadeath me.”

—Old and New.

I think Heaven will not shut forevermore,
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated wanderer should come,
Heart-broken, asking just to die at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking on His face that soul shall live.
I think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any, afar off, turn them to the light;
That He who loved us into life must be
A Father infinitely fatherly,
And, groping for Him, these shall find their way
From outer dark, through twilight, into day.

—Gerald Massey.

KINDERGARTEN CULTURE.

BY ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

*(From the Annual Report for 1870 of the National Commissioner of Education.)**(Concluded from page 159.)*

The seed of every plant has in miniature the form of its individual organization, enveloped in a case which is burst by the life force within it, so that the germ may come into communication with those elements, whose assimilation enables it to unfold, in one case a tree, in other cases other vegetable forms. In like manner the infant soul is a life force wrapped up in a material case, which is not, however, immediately deciduous; for, unlike the envelope of the seed, the human body is also an apparatus of communication with the nature around it, and especially with other souls, similarly limited and endowed, who shall meet its outburst of life, and help it to accomplish its destiny—or hinder! I beg attention to this point. We either educate or hinder. The help to be given by education, is an essential part of the Eternal providence, and we must accept our duty of embodying the divine love in our human providence, which we denominate education, on the penalty of *injuring*, which is the supreme evil. "Woe unto him who shall offend one of these little ones. It were better for him that a millstone were hung about his neck, and he were cast into the uttermost depths of the sea."

As the child gets knowledge and takes possession of his own body, by the exercise of his several organs of sense and the movement of his limbs, so he must gradually take possession of the universe, which is his larger body, on the same principle, by learning to use its vast magazine of materials, to embody his fancies, attain his desires, and by and by accomplish his duties; education being the mother to help him to examine these materials, and dispose them in order; keeping him steady in his aims, and giving him timely suggestions, and a clew to the laws of organization, by following which all his action will become artistic. For art is to man what he created universe is to God. I here use the word art in the most general sense, as the beautiful manifestation of the human spirit in every plan of expression, material, intellectual and moral.

Frœbel, therefore, instead of beginning the educating process by paralyzing play (keeping the child *still*, as the phrase is,) and superinducing the adult mind upon the child, he accepts him as he is. But he organizes the play in the order of nature's evolutions, making the first playthings, after the child's own hands and feet, the ground forms of nature. He has invented a series of play-

things, beginning with solids—the ball, the cube, and other forms, going on to planes, which embody the surfaces of solids, (squares and the various triangles); and thence to sticks of different lengths, embodying the lines which make the edges of the solids and planes; and, finally, to points, embodied in peas or balls of wax, into which can be inserted sharpened sticks, by means of which frames of things and symmetrical forms of beauty may be made, thus bringing the child to the very borders of abstraction without going over into it, which little children should never do, for abstract objects of thought strain the brain, as sensuous objects do not, however minutely they are considered. In building and laying forms of symmetrical beauty with these blocks, planes, sticks, and peas, not only is the intellect developed in order, but skilful manipulation, delicate neatness, and orderly process become habits as well as realized ideas. The tables that the children sit at as they work are painted in inch squares, and the blocks, planes, and sticks are not to be laid about in confused heaps, but taken one by one from the boxes and carefully adjusted to these inch squares. In going from one form to another the changes are made gradually and in order. No patterns are allowed. The teachers suggest how to lay the blocks, planes, sticks, also wire circles and arcs, in relation to each other severally, and to the squares of the table. For symmetrical forms they suggest to lay opposites till the pupils have learned the fundamental law—*union of opposites for all production and beauty*. A constant questioning, calling attention to every point of resemblance and contrast in all the objects within the range of sensuous observation, and also to their obvious connections, keeps the mind awake and in agreeable activity. Margin for spontaneous invention is always left, which the law of opposites conducts to beauty inevitably. In acting from suggested thoughts, instead of from imitation, they act from within outward, and soon will begin to *originate* thoughts, for Kindergarten has shown that invention is a universal talent.

But the time comes when children are no longer satisfied with making transient forms whose materials can be gathered back into boxes. They desire to do something which will remain fixed. Frœbel's method meets this instinct with materials for making permanent forms by drawing, sewing, modeling, &c.

The stick-laying is the best possible preparation for drawing, for it trains the eye, leaving the children to learn the manipulation of the pencil only, and this is again made easy by having the slates and paper

ruled in eighths or tenths of an inch, that the pencil of the child may be guided while the hand is yet unsteady, for Froebel would never have the child fail of doing *perfectly* whatever he undertakes, and this is effected by making him begin with something easy, and proceeding by a minute gradualism. He would also train the eye to symmetry by never allowing him to make a crooked line, just as the ear is trained in musical education by never making a false note. Beside the drawing, which is carried to quite a wonderful degree of beauty invented even by children under seven years old, pricking of symmetrical forms may be done by means of the same squared paper; and again, pricked cardboard may be sewed with colored threads, teaching harmonies of color. Also another variety of work is made by weaving into slitted paper of one color strips of other colors, involving not only the harmonizing of colors, but the counting and arrangement for symmetrical effect, which gives a great deal of mental arithmetic, while the folding of paper with great exactness in geometrical forms, and unfolding it to make little boats, chairs, tables, and what the children call flowers, gives concrete geometry and the habit of calculation.

A lady who traveled in Europe to study Froebel's Kindergartens brought home from Dresden the whole series of work done by a class of children who began at three years old and continued till seven; and no one has seen it without being convinced that it must have educated the children who did it, not only to an exquisite artistic manipulation, which it is very much harder to attain later, but to habits of attention that would make it a thing of a short time to learn to read, write, and cipher, and enable them to enter into scientific education, and use books with the greatest advantage, as early as eight years old.

Callisthenics, ball-plays, and plays symbolizing the motions of birds, beasts, pretty human fancies, mechanical and other labors, and exercising the whole body, are alternated with the quieter occupations, and give grace, agility, animal spirits and health, with quickness of eye and touch, together with an effect on the mind, their significance taking the rudeness out, and putting intelligence into the plays, without destroying the fun. The songs and music which direct these exercises are learned by rote, and help to gratify that demand for rhythm which is one of the mysteries of human nature, quickening casual power to its greatest energy, as has been proved, even in the education of idiots, by the almost miraculous effects upon them of the musical gymnastics, which are found to

wake to some self-consciousness and enjoyment even the saddest of these poor victims of malorganization. All Froebel's exercises are characterized by rhythm; for the law of combining opposites for symmetrical beauty makes a rhythm to the eye, which perhaps has even more penetrative effect on the intellectual life than music.

If true education, as Froebel claims, is this conscious process of development, bodily and mental, corresponding point by point with the unconscious evolutions of matter, making the human life an image of the divine creativeness, every generation owes to the next every opportunity for it. In this country, whose prodigious energies are running so wild into gambling trade and politics, threatening us with evils yet unheard of in history, it may be our national salvation to employ them in legitimate, attractive work for production of a beauty and benefit that also has been yet unheard of in history; and this can best be done by preventing that early intellectual perversion and demoralization, with waste of genius and moral power, entailed on us by the inadequate arbitrary modes of *primary* discipline which deteriorate all *subsequent* education.

But the indispensable preliminary of this new primary discipline are competent teachers, who can be had only by special training. What is at once delightful play and earnest work to the children, requires, in those who are superintending it, not only a knowledge of the laws and processes of vital growth, which are analogous if not identical in nature and art, but the science of infant psychology also. These things are not intrinsically difficult of attainment, and it is easier, if the teacher has been trained to it, to keep a Kindergarten, according to the strict principle of Froebel, than to keep an ordinary primary school in the ordinary manner, because nature helps the former with all her instincts and powers, while the latter is a perpetual antagonism and struggle with nature for the repression of a more or less chronic rebellion.

The best Kindergarten normal school in the world is that founded by the Baroness Marenholtz-Bulow, in Berlin, where she lectures gratuitously herself on the philosophy of the method, and its relations to "the regeneration of mankind," (to use her own phrase;) and the pupils have instruction from professors in many branches of science and art, while they go to observe and practice several times a week in Madam Vogler's Kindergarten. But Americans, who have had our usual normal or high school education, or its equivalent, if they are fairly gifted and educated, genial, sweet tempered, and candid, can obtain the special training in

six months' diligent course, and the more surely the more they have the grace of a wise humility. What it took Fröbel, with all his heart and genius, a half century of study and experimenting to elaborate, it would seem at first could not be learned in so short a time. But it must be remembered that the more profound and complete the truth, the more easily can it be comprehended, when once fairly stated. It took a Newton to discover the *principia nature*; and a Copernicus to replace the complicated Ptolemean by nature's solar system; but any child of twelve years can comprehend and learn them, now they are discovered. Fröbel's authority inheres in his being a self-denying interpreter of nature, the only absolute authority, (nature being God's word.) As Edgar Quinet said in 1865, in a letter to the Baroness Marenholtz Bulow, remarking that Fröbel "sees the tree in the germ; the infinitely great in the infinitely small; the sage and great man in the cooing babe;" "his method therefore is that of nature herself, which always has reference to the whole, and keeps the end in view in all the phases of development," comparing him to "the three wise men from the East who placed the treasures of nature in the hands of the heavenly Child"—and the statement is worthy of all attention—"It is certain that the results of this method can only be attained if it is applied according to the principles of the discoverer. Without this, the best conceptions of Fröbel must be falsified, and turned against his aim; mechanism alone would remain, and would bring back teacher and pupil into the old traces of routine." As yet there is but one Kindergarten normal school in America, which is a private one in Boston, kept by Mrs. Kriege and her daughter, pupils and missionaries of the Baroness Marenholtz-Bulow, who is the chief apostle of Fröbel in Europe. In another year these ladies will be connected with the public normal school of New York City, as I understand liberal offers are made to them by the public school authorities. Preparations are also making for model Kindergartens, and professorships therewith connected, at several of the normal institutions of the West. These are in place in every female college and high school for girls; the training not only insuring a delightful profession that must always be in demand, but making the best education for mothers, as all women are liable to become personally or virtually. Possibly the appreciation of Fröbel's science and art may prove the true solution of what is called the woman question. Teaching is the primal function of humanity, and women now feel it to be repugnant toil only

because the true art has never before been discovered. When it becomes a fine art it will become for the teacher, like any other fine art, self-development and the highest enjoyment; for it is nothing short of taking part in the creativeness of God.

But the immediate desideratum is a free national school to supply Kindergarten education to the schools of the District of Columbia, the Territories, and the South, to be located in the District, or perhaps in Richmond, Virginia, where some of the "ten thousand southern ladies," who signed the pathetic petition to Mr. Peabody to found for them an industrial school, might learn this beautiful art, and be made able to initiate in their beloved South a higher, more refined, and also complete system of education than has ever obtained in any country. It has been ascertained that an eminent Kindergarten in Europe, now in full employ, but willing to leave all to do this thing in the United States, may be secured for five years, finding all the apparatus and materials herself. Will not some one of our munificent public benefactors trustee in the hands of some persons wise in this matter, a sum of money yielding three or four thousand dollars a year to secure this absolutely necessary normal training? In this country every radical reform of education requires the action of private intelligence for its inception.

For Friends' Intelligencer.
 REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.,
The Hottest Fourth month on Record!
 FOURTH MONTH.

	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	8 days.	12 days.
Rain all or nearly all day.....	6 "	0 "
Snow, including very slight falls,.....	0 "	1 "
Cloudy, without storms.....	6 "	7 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	10 "	10 "
	30 "	30 "
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.		
	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 4th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	53.50 deg.	58.15 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	84.50 "	85.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	35.00 "	38.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	5.60 in.	1.82 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 5 current weeks for each year.....	1655	1365
Average of the mean temperature of 4th month for the past <i>eighty-two</i> years....		51.35 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (THIS YEAR, 1871).....		58.15 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1794-1798),.....		44.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.		1870.	1871.
First month,		4.07 inch.	3.46 inch
Second month,		2.53 "	3.08 "
Third month,		4.06 "	5.81 "
Fourth month,		5.60 "	1.82 "
Totals,		16.26 "	14.17 "

But little to remark about the temperature other than to ask attention to the caption of this article and the confirmatory figures of the statistical account, the nearest approach to which we have on our records, running back to 1790, occurred in 1865, when the mean for the corresponding month reached 54.50 degrees.

The continued decrease in the number of deaths was noted last month, and it is gratifying to be able to state that it still continues, viz:

For the first eighteen weeks of 1870 the number reached 5972

Do. do. 1871 it decreased to 5116

But to return to the heat above alluded to, the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th of the month, were excessively hot days, not confined to this city and vicinity. New York advices of the 8th stated, "The thermometer to-day marked 100 in the shade in some places, and 80 in others."

Further from home we find the following storm noted for the 25th, quite in contrast with our dotings down of the forepart of the month:

"The Yosemite is snowed up. A note from a traveller says that the rain storm which fell in Colorado was changed to a snow storm in that region, and the valley is so completely blocked up as to preclude the possibility of getting into it."

At the same time are items like the following floating through our own periodicals:

"Reports from all portions of the State leave no hope of the fruit crop. Nearly all the fruit throughout the State is destroyed," with accounts of like character from many points out west, though subsequent statements have reported these fears somewhat exaggerated. J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Fifth month 2d, 1871.

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any pretensions to an oppressive greatness; who loves life and understands the use of it; one who has a golden temper and is steadfast as an anchor. He is a much better companion than the most brilliant wit, or the most profound thinker.

ITEMS.

INFANT MORTALITY.—A meeting of the Social Science Association was held, 5th inst., in the lecture-room of the Mercantile Library, on Tenth street, above Chestnut.

A paper on "Infant Mortality," by Dr. John S. Parry, was read. Among other facts and figures cited in support of his proposition, Dr. Parry referred to the returns of the Board of Health, which showed that during the last five years there were born in this city 85,957 living, and 3,933 dead infants. During this period there was a mortality of 22.36 per cent. among infants under one year old, and 29.82 per cent. died before reaching two years of age. Under five years the mortality was 36.81. From this it appears that of those who died under five years of age, 60.73 per cent. died before reaching the first year. From the statistics of mortality it is ascertained that 63.61 per cent. of those dying under five years, died before the first year had been reached. He also affirmed

that the per centage of inquests on children under one week old has increased since 1863, having attained to 17½ per cent. in the first three months of 1871. In other words, nearly one-fifth of all the inquests made by the Coroner were upon infants under one week old.

SUFFERINGS OF BESIEGED PARISIANS.—The *Daily News Paris* correspondent (Dec. 29) says—"Out of twelve lower middle-class households which one may enter, nine or ten are wholly without fire, probably for the first time during such bitter weather. The loss of the empty stove is more felt than the empty larder; for a mother can live and feed her little ones on bread with a little wine, but how can she warm the poor shivering ill-fed bodies with the thermometer ten degrees below freezing point, and no fuel to be anywhere or anyhow obtained? We are assured by the Government that shortly wood will be more plentiful and cheap; but in the meanwhile the mortality among children is painfully high, more especially among those of very tender years; and milk is so scarce, so bad, and so dear, that in many cases, where the mother is unable to nourish her offspring, the new-born babe may be said to die literally of hunger. A walk along one of the roads leading to the principal cemeteries gives sufficient evidence of the terrible harvest death is reaping among those who are unfortunate enough to make their *delut* in the world during the siege of Paris. I have seldom witnessed a more touching spectacle than the long procession of *tiny white-covered coffins*, the little occupants of which have been as surely killed through the war as those who meet their death on the battle-field. The absence of the mothers amongst the mourners is a mute testimony to the fact that most of the early dead have succumbed during the first month of their existence.

RECENT German and Swedish Arctic explorations have led to an active seal and walrus fishing in the Kara Sea. Many of the vessels engaged make careful observations in the interest of science; and it has been definitely determined that the whole of this portion of the Arctic Sea is open through the Seventh and Eighth months. It averages a depth of only fifty fathoms, and it becomes rapidly shallower north of Nova Zembla.

THE institution of newspapers arose in Italy. In Venice the first newspaper was published, and monthly during the time that Venice was warring against Soliman the Second in Dalmatia. It was printed for the purpose of giving military and commercial information to the Venetians. The first newspaper published in England was in 1588, and called the *English Mercury*. Others were styled the *Weekly Discoverer*, the *Secret Owl*, *Heraclitus Rides*, etc., etc.

DR. WILLARD PARKER says that those who are much addicted to the use of tobacco, or who work in the manufacture of snuff or cigars, never recover soon or healthily from injury or fever. The Emperor Napoleon had his attention called in 1862 to the effect of tobacco on the mind, by a report which showed that the cases of paralysis and insanity had increased quite regularly with the increase of the revenue from the tobacco tax. This led him to order an examination of the effect of tobacco on the students in schools and colleges. It was found that those who did not use tobacco were stronger, better scholars, and had a higher moral record than those who used it. The result was that an edict was issued forbidding its use in the national institutions.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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 Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*
 Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*

From S. M. Janney's History of Friends.
MEMORIALS OF WILLIAM SAVERY AND RICHARD JORDAN.

(Continued from page 164.)

William Savery was born in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1750, and was educated in the principles of Christianity as possessed by the Society of Friends.* He was placed with a Friend in the country to learn the tanning business, and after the expiration of his apprenticeship returned to the city.

He then associated with those who were much inclined to vanity and folly, and seeking for pleasure in the gratification of his natural propensities, wandered far from the father's house. "I may acknowledge," he writes, "that, notwithstanding my revolt and turning aside from the paths of purity and peace, the Lord has been graciously near me all my life-long, and has watched over me as a tender Father for good, smitten me by His Spirit when I have been rebelling against His holy law written in my heart, making merry over the Divine witness there; and has reached to me and tendered me in the midst of mirth and jollity. He often followed me to my chamber, and upon my pillow has dawned tears of sorrow and contrition from me, when none had been privy to it but His all-seeing Eye; so that my days of joy and

laughter have often produced nights of sorrow and weeping."

In the year 1778, attending a meeting at Merion, held after an interment, he was on that solemn occasion deeply impressed with serious thoughtfulness. In the same year he was married, and having settled in business in Philadelphia, he endeavored to regulate his conduct and conversation, and be just in his dealings towards men, hoping to attain a fair standing in society, and to satisfy his conscience without a full surrender of his affections to the Divine government.

In relation to this stage of his experience he writes: "How can I sufficiently adore my great and good Master, for His continued regard and care over me, in that He did not suffer me to remain long in this state of delusion and error. He disturbed my false rest and made me at times exceedingly uneasy with it, and gave me at length to see that notwithstanding my regularity of behaviour and all my boasted attainments, I fell far short of that purity which all the vessels in the Lord's house must come to; and that I was yet under the law which cannot make the comers thereunto perfect; not having passed under the flaming sword, nor felt the day of the Lord to come, which burns as an oven." . . . "It pleased Him to lead me as into the wilderness, and to give me a sight of my former disobedience and folly. Oh! the bitterness and distress that covered me when I was alone or

*Journal of William Savery, Friends' Library, p. 1.

in meetings. I experienced but few pleasant draughts of His love; my meat was gall and wormwood, and my drink of the bitter waters of Marah."

After enduring for some months these trying baptisms, sometimes alleviated by gleams of comfort, and then again being plunged deeper in distress, he was at length visited with the dayspring from on high, and in the full assurance of Divine favor, cried aloud, "Oh! now I know that my Redeemer liveth."

In the year 1779, while accompanying a Friend on a religious visit in Virginia and Carolina, William Savery first opened his mouth in the gospel ministry. His gift as a minister was acknowledged by the Monthly Meeting in the year 1781, and he subsequently travelled much in the service of the gospel.

In 1781, he attended meetings in Maryland; in 1785, he was engaged in a gospel mission to New York and New England; and in 1791, he went on the same errand to the Southern States. In Charleston, South Carolina, he found the Meeting of Friends was reduced to about fifteen members; but he had crowded audiences in the Methodist and Baptist meeting-houses, where he was enabled to preach the gospel in the authority of Truth.

His soul was burdened with distress on account of slavery and its ruinous effects upon the people. After leaving Charleston, he writes: "On our road we met between thirty and forty negroes of both sexes almost naked, some of them lame and decrepit, travelling to Ashley bridge, a considerable distance off, there to be put up and sold at vendue. This made our hearts sad and caused the reflection, certainly there is a righteous and omniscient Judge that commiserates the poor and oppressed, and takes cognizance of the actions of hard-hearted and merciless oppressors, and by terrible things in righteousness will sooner or later plead the cause of the afflicted. It is sorrowful that because judgment against an evil work is not speedily executed, the hearts of men are set to do evil."

"We rode through many rice swamps, where the blacks were very numerous, great droves of these poor slaves working up to the middle in water, men and women nearly naked; a peck of corn is their miserable subsistence for a week. A gloomy sadness covered them, so as scarcely to admit of the interchange of a sentiment. O Christianity and humanity, how are ye disgraced! Where will such astonishing horrible conduct end?"

After visiting meetings in North Carolina and Virginia, he returned to his home with the reward of peace.

In the year 1793, William Savery, with other Friends of Philadelphia Meeting, being under a religious concern to visit the Indians,

and having received the approbation of their meetings, as well as the consent of the Federal Executive, attended a council at Sandusky, convened in order to make a treaty of peace. Much of the country through which they passed was a wilderness, and their journey, which occupied four months, was attended with great fatigue and exposure.

The following year he attended an Indian treaty at Canandaigua, in the State of New York. In both these journeys he found opportunities for religious service among the Indians and others, and preached the gospel with acceptance.

In the spring of 1795, he attended Virginia Yearly Meeting, and had appointed Meetings in Richmond, Manchester, and other places in that section of the State. The following year he embarked for Europe on a gospel mission, which occupied him about two years and a half.

He had for fellow-passengers in the ship *Sussex* bound for Liverpool, Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young, ministers from England then on their homeward voyage after performing a very acceptable visit to the Churches in America; also Samuel Emlen, Sarah Talbott, and Phebe Speakman, going to England on the same religious errand.

At that time there were in Europe an unusual number of ministering Friends from America; among them were Nicholas Walr Thomas Scattergood, David Sands, and Geo. Dillwyn.

William Savery, after attending meetings at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and London, went to Pymont, in Germany, and to Congeines, in the south of France, to visit a little flock at each of those places who professed the principles of Friends. Accompanied by George Dillwyn, David Sands, William Farer, and Benjamin Johnson, he went through many towns and villages in Germany seeking for religious people and preaching the gospel. Being able to speak German, he could readily make himself understood, and frequently interpreted for his companions.

In his travels through France, he was accompanied by David Sands and Benjamin Johnson. At Congeines they were lodged at the house of Louis Majolier, a minister, and the leading man in that little community of simple-hearted, affectionate Friends. William Savery writes in his diary: "I never was in a country where there was more unaffected simplicity than here. Shepherds and shepherdesses are scattered about, tending their flocks, and knitting or spinning at the same time; having very few cows or goats they milk the ewes, which afford them a sufficiency, and they think the milk richer than cows' milk."

"In the evening we had some conversation with them on their present state as to religion; and from the information of — Robinel, an ancient man, it appears that for sixty years at least, there has been a number of religious people in this neighborhood, who had separated from the common ways of worship; and were by some called Inspirants. Their attention was first turned to Friends by information in the public papers of a young man who came to Paris and advertised that the owners of a vessel and cargo, which were taken by the British in the war with America and France, were requested to come forward and claim their several proportions of the said vessel and cargo; and that his father, who was part-owner of the ship which took the French vessel, was a Quaker, and did not desire to hold their property, as it was inconsistent with his conscientious scruples. They then made inquiry respecting the principles of Friends, and found them much the same as their own. After this, being visited by Sarah Grubb and other Friends, and confirmed in their sentiments, they continued to profess the principles of our religious Society, and have passed through many trials lately, some having been imprisoned. They were truly glad to see us, believing we had come in an acceptable time."

On William Savery's return from the Continent, he spent much time in Great Britain and Ireland, finding great openness among the people to hear the truths of the gospel. He remarks, in his diary, that he seldom felt authorized to appear in the ministry among Friends; that is, where there were none others present. His mission appears to have been to the public at large, and wonderful were the effects of his earnest and impressive discourses among the multitudes of all persuasions who flocked to hear him.

On one occasion, however, when about to leave the city of London, he had a meeting appointed for Friends only. It proved to be very large, and was eminently crowned with divine favor.

Having discharged his religious duty to the people of Great Britain and Ireland, he returned to his family and friends in the tenth month, 1798.

He labored diligently in his temporal business for the support of his family, as well as for the relief of the poor, whose wants his liberal mind was ever ready to supply, according to his ability.

In 1802, the part of Philadelphia where he resided was visited with a pestilential disease, which carried off many in a very short time, when he, not being willing to desert his post, was much engaged in visiting the sick and afflicted, both Friends and others, admin-

istering counsel and consolation in the love of the gospel. In the following year, the city was again visited with the same awful scourge, and he devoted himself night and day to relieve the distressed.

In the spring of 1804, being mostly confined to the house by sickness, he expressed his resignation to the Divine will; and, notwithstanding his abundant and efficacious labors in the service of his Lord and Master, he entertained very humble views of himself, observing, "I thought I was once strong for the work, but now I am a child brought back to my horn-book, and have nothing to trust to but the mercy of God, through Christ my Saviour."

A short time before his death, under a sense of Divine favor, he exclaimed, "Glory to God!" He continued in great composure of mind, and departed this life the 19th of the Sixth month, 1804, in the 54th year of his age.

Richard Jordan was born in the county of Norfolk, State of Virginia, the 19th of the Twelfth month, 1756. His parents, who were members of the Society of Friends, endeavored to train him in the principles and practice of their religious persuasion.

When he was twelve years of age, the family removed to North Carolina, and became members of Richsquare Meeting. In early life he was deeply impressed by the tendering visitations of the Holy Spirit; but, not abiding under this religious exercise, he gradually gave way to the temptations that beset his path, until his mind became alienated from the source of all true comfort. In this condition, it pleased the Shepherd of Israel to bring him under a deep sense of judgment and condemnation. After a painful conflict of mind, which at times was experienced during several years, he was mercifully enabled to surrender himself to the Divine government, and to obtain the reward of peace.

When he married, his father offered him several slaves to assist in his agricultural labors; but he refused to receive them, being fully convinced that the practice of slaveholding is inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel and the precepts of Christ. While applying his hands to hard labor, he felt a peaceful conscience in the course he had taken, and became an advocate for the oppressed people of color, many of whom were then being liberated by members of the Society of Friends.

In the twenty-fifth year of his age, Richard Jordan, under a sense of religious duty, expressed a few words in a meeting for worship, which yielded to his oppressed and afflicted soul an indescribable sense of joy. His ap-

pearances in the ministry were for a long time brief and not frequent; but keeping to the root of Divine life, he grew in his gift, and became an acknowledged preacher of the gospel.

In the year 1797, he was engaged on a gospel mission to New York and New England; and in 1802, with the approbation of his friends, he embarked for Europe on the same religious service, which occupied him more than two years.

After his return he removed with his family to Hartford, Connecticut, being impressed with a sense of duty to labor as a minister in that vicinity. He remained there about five years, and then removed to New Jersey, and settled at Newton, within the limits of Haddonfield Monthly Meeting.

He departed this life the 14th of the Tenth month, 1826, in the seventieth year of his age.

In the memorial concerning him, issued by Haddonfield Monthly Meeting, he is described as an able minister of the gospel, devoted to the service of his heavenly Master.

EXTRACT.

Dr. Maudsley holds that science is less destructive than constructive, and from the ruins of every demolished superstition builds a nobler faith. For every pictured curtain it tears down, it leaves the glories of a landscape painted anew every morning, and it brushes away our cobweb fancies only to show the everlasting stars. One of the chapters in his recent book on the "Body and the Mind," closes with the following fine passage: "I know not why the Power which created matter and its properties should be thought not to have endowed it with the functions of reason, feeling, and will, seeing that, whether we discover it to be so endowed or not, the mystery is equally incomprehensible to us, equally simple and easy to the Power which created matter and its properties. To a right-thinking and right-feeling mind, the beauty, the grandeur, the mystery of Nature is augmented, not lessened, by each new glimpse into the secret recesses of her operations. The sun going forth from its chamber in the East to run its course is not less glorious in majesty because we have discovered the law of gravitation, and are able by spectral analysis to detect the metals which enter into its composition—because it is no longer Helios driving his golden chariot through the pathless spaces of the heavens. The mountains are not less imposing in their grandeur because the Oreads have deserted them, nor the groves less attractive, nor the streams more desolate, because science has banished the Dryads and the Naiads. No, science has not destroyed

poetry, nor expelled the divine from Nature, but has furnished the materials, and given the presages, of a higher poetry and a mightier philosophy than the world has yet seen. The grave of each superstition which it slays is the womb of a better birth. And if it come to pass—in its onward march—as it may well be it will come to pass, that other superstitions shall be dethroned as the sun-god has been dethroned, we may rest assured that this also will be a step in human progress, and in the beneficent evolution of the Power which ruleth alike the course of the stars and the ways of men."—*The Golden Age*.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

BY JESSE KERSEY.

In reflecting upon the doctrine of rewards and punishments, it has presented as a clear case that it never was consistent with the attributes of the Deity to impose suffering upon any of His creatures. But He has done all that could be done to make all parts of His creation happy; and therefore all the misery that we experience is the consequence of our own misconduct. In the formation of man it appears that it was consistent with the wisdom of his great Author to constitute him a being capable of devotion; and to this end he gave to him an amount of freedom agreeing with the capacity that he was endowed with. Hence he would think for himself, and make his own elections by following his passions and appetites, and indulging them, he would run into excesses, and those excesses would produce their own sufferings. Experience teaches us that every act has its consequence. Thus we find a motive for self-government, and as we learn on the one hand that every improper indulgence produces misery, so we find on the other that the more we become subject to the principle of self-government, the greater is our happiness. In those two cases of fact we have full proof that it is not the pleasure of the Creator that we should be sufferers, but that He has done all that could be done consistent with the nature of our being to render us completely happy. Had we been created without any portion of freedom, we could never have known or enjoyed devotional feelings, but must have moved along in life as mere machines. Having then a devotional capacity, it must follow that when all our experience proves the goodness of God to us in giving us the means of happiness, that this knowledge should excite the highest sense of obligation, and of course the most pure devotion and love to God. If we were obliged to contemplate Him in any other light, it would have the most melancholy effect upon us. Finding, then, that by regarding the light of Truth and walking in

it, we give energy and dominion to our more exalted and higher nature, and witnessing daily the consequence to be a complete quietude of the passions, and the most perfect possession of intellectual happiness, we are thus united to the great Fountain of spiritual good, and are one with our glorious Author. We cannot believe, while possessing this blessed state, that it ever was any part of the design or purpose of God to render any part of His creation miserable. Of course we must be convinced that all the miseries of mankind are the fruit of their own doings. According to those views it will appear that there is nothing in the attributes of God that ever can consist with dealing out penalties and afflictions upon His finite creatures. Hence we come to the belief that because it was necessary in order to our own preservation, that evil and folly should bring sufferings upon us as a consequence, or otherwise we should never be brought out of it; therefore those sufferings themselves are demonstrations of the goodness and mercy of God to man. The truth appears to be that in every case where we witness suffering, there is no more of it than seems necessary to promote their own good. In looking into the human composition, and considering it in agreement with the foregoing sentiments, we find an admirable proof of the sublimity and greatness of the Christian system. By this we are taught to believe that we have to control all our animal passions, in order to become acceptable to God; and by our own positive practical knowledge we are convinced that our happiness can never be completed by sensual indulgences. The obligations of Christianity and those that are found from the operation of the laws of our nature, both prove that they have the same origin; that is, the wisdom that dictated the Christian's path of duty, and that fixed the consequences of sensual excess is one and the same. Therefore, however the reputed philosopher, or the common sceptic may point the finger of derision at the humble and self-denying follower of the Son of God, it is impossible for himself to be happy in any other course of life than that which is adopted by the latter. But we are told that there must be some mistake on the part of those who would prohibit the indulgence of the passions and appetites of nature. Why, say they, were they given, if they must be kept in such strict subordination? The answer is not difficult, because it is easy to prove that the same wisdom and power that gave those dispositions, has set for them the requisite boundary, and no man can pass it without bringing upon himself consequences of a suffering kind. From which we might expect every enlight-

ened individual would surely be convinced that the precepts themselves that are taught by Christianity have flowed from the same fountain of perfect wisdom.

THE CHRISTIAN NAME.—A man may believe in Christ who does not believe in Christ's name, using that name simply in its superficial meaning. Do we mean by Christ simply the letters that spell out that name? Is not Christ merely a name for certain qualities—for love, for purity, for truth, for a holy faith in and obedience to the Saviour and God? Is it not a name that signifies not simple beliefs, but succor of love, and self-denial of love? Is it not a name filled full of the sweetest and richest fruit of divine being? A man may believe in the thing which that name covers, who yet, from the force of prejudice and education, is unwilling to take the name itself. There is many a man who believes in Christ, only he will not call him by that name. He believes in God as He was manifested in Christ. He does not know much about the historical part of Christianity. He believes in that part in which the heart is concerned. He may not believe in theology; he may not accept all the dogmas in regard to days, and incarnation, and mediation, and passion, as they are framed into theology; but he has taken the spirit of Christ. And, having taken that, he has taken Christ. If a man takes the spirit of Christ, it does not matter so much about the name. He takes Christ who takes his spirit.—*H. W. Beecher.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

“THE GIFT OF CONTINUANCE.”

Important principles, aptly expressed, are frequently to be found floating about as it were, almost unnoticed and unknown, and, of latter times, it appears to have been in a measure one of the missions of the writer, in respect to some of these, to “gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.”

In accordance with this feeling, he furnishes from No. 10 of a series of religious tracts published in Boston, entitled, “*Words for Wayfarers*,” the following extracts for republication, viz:—

“It was said of one man whose protracted remarks in social meetings probably resembled a mathematical line,—having ‘length without breadth or thickness,’ that ‘he had the gift of continuance, and that was about the only gift he did have.’

“This can hardly be regarded as one of the ‘best gifts;’ it is a sign of mental infirmity as well as of spiritual emptiness. * * * * “‘Covet earnestly the best gifts;’ but do not reckon ‘the gift of continuance’ among

them. Remember, there is a time to be silent. Try and find out when it is. Not every thought that comes to your mind in meeting, is to be told of at once. Sometimes the Holy Spirit bids you *learn*; be careful how you utter to others those things which the Lord designed you to know especially for yourself. Enquire continually, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' and then rest in the Lord and wait patiently for His direction, for 'the meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way.'

The *point* dwelt upon above is an important one. Who has not heard an otherwise instructive discourse, almost deprived of its vitality, by being spun out until scarce anything was perceptible but "length without breadth or thickness."

Although these extracts were originally intended to apply to a species of organization to which we *Friends* apply the term "outward," they are none the less true. To the writer's mind they are confirmatory of the growth in the religious community,—of an increase of dependence on Divine Power, and less and less faith in the works of man as such, in his own will and wisdom.

Notwithstanding the clergy of the present day are almost unceasing in their efforts to gather the multitude around them, and to urge a belief in an oral dispensation which *our* fold deems at variance with a "free gospel ministry," still we have no right to question motives, where a consistent Christian life is maintained; and it must certainly be admitted, that even with these, the potency of the "still small voice," the "light within," is becoming more and more recognized, and looked up to as the guide.

Else, why the concluding words, "*Then rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for his direction,*" for "*the meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach his way.*"

J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Fifth month, 1871.

LIVING BY THE MOMENT.—The grace of the present time, be it more or less, will not answer the claim of any future time. Our feelings, in order to be right feelings, must correspond to the facts and events of the present hour, the present moment. But every succeeding moment, bearing on its bosom new events and new facts, has a character of its own; and it demands a new life, a new experience corresponding to it. In order, therefore, to live as a holy person ought to live, we must regard the claims of the smallest periods of time, as they pass before us; and must act in accordance with those claims. This is what is termed *living by the moment*.—*Thomas C. Upham.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

COMMUNICATION.

This being one of those days in which the farmer is driven indoors by the blessed rain that descends to water the crops of his planting, my mind was led to review and reflect on some of the excellent communications that have of late appeared in the *Intelligencer*.

I will first revert to the labor of love offered to us in your paper of Fourth month 22d, by one whom I do not know, over the initials, L. J. R. We there find a germ which, if imbedded in a genial soil, and watered by love for our fellow-men, disinterested and pure, may be one of the means of making our Society "like a city set on a hill."

I certainly do not know why the Father of all has permitted our Society to exist, unless He sees in the future something it may accomplish. There is a vital spark which has lived with us for some purpose, and could not be extinguished by those who have striven to smother it. First-day schools are now an established fact, and mission schools are talked of; and my prayer is that there may arise those who are qualified to conduct them to the enlarging of the city of our God. There are some Friends who condemn and discourage those who strive to do good in that way, and believe that they are attempting to teach when they are not qualified to do it. All I can say to the sincere laborers in the vineyard is, when you hear such charges take them home, enter into your closet, and pray to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that He may give you the qualification to do that which you have undertaken. Rest assured He will give it to you, for He has promised it to His children in more texts than I can or need enumerate.

The time was when the advocates of emancipation were persecuted by some of the members of our Society, and pursued even to expulsion, for too strongly laboring to maintain one of our leading testimonies, and against the greatest evil then existing in our land.

Some Friends have been and are opposed to action on the temperance question, which is one of our excellent testimonies. Intemperance is now the greatest evil of the day; devastating the land, and laying waste the souls and bodies of men. I very much like the communication of E. H., in No. 6 of this volume. When I perused it, I felt a wish that all could see and ponder its contents; and those who have not noticed the article would do well to read and profit by it.

Again, there is the subject of war. The practice has been with some to discourage every practical effort put forth against the evil, as though our silent example were sufficient; and if a young man goes to war, thes

are the first to favor the issuing of a testimony of disownment against him. Is this the way to maintain our testimonies, enlarge our Zion, and inculcate the principles of meekness, forbearance and love?

When Darlington Hoopes was at Washington near the close of the last Congress, endeavoring every way, publicly and privately, to lay before the heads of government the importance of initiating a movement among nations for the adoption of arbitration instead of war, I heard a member of Congress say to him, "Move in your meetings in the matter. They have force here, and we will do what we can if they will petition." There is work for the body, and work for each individual, and work of many kinds. Let each take what promises best fruit. I am a believer in works as the fruits of religion. H. J.

Forest Hill, Md.

BEN SELIM found a golden coin one day,

Which he put out at interest with a Jew ;
Year after year awaiting him it lay,

Until his coin to twenty pieces grew,—
And these to thousands,—until people cried
"How rich Ben Selim is ;" and so he died.

Ben Adam had a golden coin that day,

Which to a beggar asking alms he gave,—
Who went rejoicing on his lonely way :

Ben Adam died—too poor to own a grave.
But when his soul reached heaven, the heavens
alone
Could hold the wealth to which his coin had grown.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

This morning, as I was viewing the beauties of creation around me—a luxuriant growth of wheat in one field, a beautiful rising crop of corn in another, a richly-painted purple clover field before me, and on either hand the meadows or hay fields about being housed in the barns, my heart glowed with gratitude to the bounteous Giver ; and I may add to these the blessings of health, of peace, and of harmony diffused through the neighborhood, and in my own family. Then on the other hand, I look around over the human family, and see tumult, strife, changes, schemes, and human contrivances, abounding. But

"Happy the mind that sees a God, employed
In all the good and ill that chequer life,
Resolving all events, with their effects,
And manifest results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme."

Thou canst trace the grand view of Cowper in reference to Divine superintendency over the affairs of mortals in this lower world ; and

independent of all these commotions, divisions, changes, and plans, Divine Truth may be carrying on this great work unseen by His worldly-wise reasoning creatures.

While yet from seeming evil He is educating good, and opening a way for His blessed Truth to spread and obtain dominion among the children of men.

Personal mingling in a social capacity with you, seems much precluded ; its substitute, epistolary correspondence, has often been desirable. In this, however, my powers of expression seem so feeble that when I would write the query arises, What shall I say ? My employ for a few days past, has been copying the account of Jacob Ritter, which, it is said, he had penned by an amanuensis some fifteen or more years since. The remembrance and near unity of spirit which I had with this devoted servant, is not only sweetly revived by this employment, but his well-known comprehensive impressions, when incapable of giving utterance to ideas and religious exercises, furnishes me with an example that as respects yourselves and the cause of Truth yet dear to my heart, I may adopt on the present occasion, "Oh ! the feeling—the feelings of my mind." Toward you, dear daughters, this inexpressible feeling always flows in my heart ; and though I seldom hear from you, either verbally or by written communication, yet I sometimes indulge the hope that I have a place in your best affections in the Truth. I also sometimes think I am a companion in silent suffering with those who often weep as between the porch and altar, on account of the state of many who do not appear to be worshippers in the inner temple, but rest too much in the outer court. My prayers are for your preservation, and that you may be obedient to every clearly manifested duty.

Thy welcome little letter was handed me by — before meeting. I am pleased that thy mind enjoys a pleasant retrospect of thy late journey. That it should be baptized under the weight of the work whereunto thou art called, I can readily understand. I can also feel with thee therein. But by keeping patient under exercise, there are seasons of refreshment and of brighter views sometimes mercifully dispensed to the humbled mind. Ever bear in remembrance this truth, We serve a good Master, who will feed us with food which He sees convenient for us. May thy mind be thereby strengthened to every work whereunto thou art called, and mayst thou be a willing and diligent handmaid in the Lord's house, to do whatever He may require of thee.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 20, 1871.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—On Seventh-day, the 13th inst., the meeting of ministers and elders connected with this body was held. During the solemn silence with which the meeting was favored upon assembling, it was evident that from many hearts a prayer ascended for preservation. A beloved brother extended a salutation of welcome to those assembled, and expressed the desire that all might be kept under divine government, so that each might accomplish his own work and service.

The spirit of supplication that had pervaded the assembly then found utterance through a faithful instrument from New York Yearly Meeting. The language of the apostle, "When thou wast young, thou girded thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not," was quoted by a friend, who applied it to those who, being old in the knowledge of the loving kindness of the great Head of the Church, were willing to be guided and led whithersoever the spirit might lead them.

Under this precious covering the business of the meeting was entered into. The representatives were present except six. Minutes were read for four ministers from other Yearly Meetings, who received a cordial welcome. Sympathy was feelingly expressed with Friends in some of our remote meetings, whose isolated situations excluded them from that sweet spiritual intercourse with those of their own household of faith, which is so strengthening and encouraging. During the sessions of this meeting there was abundant evidence of a living exercise for the advancement of the testimonies held by us as a people, and both ministers and elders were encouraged to faithfulness in their varied gifts, whereby harmony would be promoted and the health of the body preserved.

Excellent counsel was given in relation to the care necessary to be observed, that minister do not unprofitably extend their communica-

tions, so as to burden others and waste their own spiritual strength. Friends separated under the feeling that they had been blessed with that Presence which is the crown and diadem of all rightly gathered assemblies.

On First-day the meetings for public worship at different localities in and about the city were held, and so far as we have heard they were seasons of favor—in which those gathered were blessed with a ministration of the gospel, attended with the comforting evidence that it was "heard gladly," and we would fain hope that the effects thereof will not be as the vapor that vanisheth, but that fruit may be produced to the honor of the Great husbandman.

In the Race street house, in the afternoon, "the children's meeting" was held, at which a large number of both young and old were present. It was an impressive occasion. Many hearts were touched by seeing so many precious children gathered by those who feel an obligation to do the little in their power to turn their youthful minds into ways of virtue and peace. The exercise was a simple one, consisting of two pieces of poetry and a psalm repeated in concert, in the manner they were accustomed to in their First-day schools, interspersed by remarks from a few Friends.

On Second-day, the 15th inst., the sessions of the Yearly Meeting commenced. Both men's and women's meetings were interesting and solemn. Minutes for those from other Yearly Meetings were read: for Rachel Hicks, Westbury, Long Island; Stimasson Powell, from the same meeting; Alfred Moore and Clark Barmore, from Oswego, New York; and Ezekiel Roberts, Short Creek, Ohio. Epistles from the different Yearly Meetings in correspondence with us, were read to edification, and it was renewedly felt to be profitable and encouraging thus to salute one another by the way with words seasoned with life. Salutary counsel flowed freely, and encouragement was received to dwell so near the principle of life and of love that all may be drawn into near unison one with another.

In the women's meeting, the subject of the non-representation of women in the Meeting for Sufferings, which claimed attention last

year, was referred to in two of the reports, and was again considered. Much unity was expressed with the view that an advantage would arise from resuming the practice which obtained years ago and was discontinued, of associating men and women in the Representative Committee. On presenting the subject to the men's meeting, as it had also come up in one of their reports, they united in the appointment of a joint committee to consider it and report to a future sitting.

Our paper goes to press too early to admit of a more extended account.

MARRIED.

BONSAL—WRIGHT.—On the 4th of Fifth month, 1871, at the house of Joseph S. Jackson, near Winchester, Va., under the care of Hopewell Monthly Meeting, Va., William C. Bousal, of Cecil county, Md., to Rebecca M. Wright, of the former place.

DIED.

COOK.—At Havana, Cuba, on the 24th of Ninth month, 1870, of yellow fever, Lewis P. Cook, youngest son of Thomas Cook, of Point Pleasant, N. J., in the 37th year of his age; a member of Shrewsbury Monthly Meeting—

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the First-day School General Conference will be held at Rutherford Place Meeting-house, New York, on Seventh-day evening, the 27th inst., at 8 o'clock.

EDWIN CRAFT, Clerk.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

BY THOMAS FOULKE, OF NEW YORK.

The Yosemite Valley is situated on the Merced River, in the county of Mariposa, State of California, about 140 miles due east, or perhaps a little south of east, from San Francisco. It is on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and nearly mid-way between the northern and southern boundary of the State, and therefore very near its centre. It is a little valley or gorge, way up among the Sierras, about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea; and is only from 5 to 10 miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile and a half in breadth, and is surrounded by granite walls of varied forms and sizes, some of them with faces almost vertical and perpendicular, rising to the fearful height of from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the surface of the valley, or the waters of the Merced River, which name signifies River of Mercy, and which has several smaller tributaries flowing into it, the latter entering the valley by a series of waterfalls. It is said, in the spring of the year, or in May and early June, when the waters are high, from the melting of the snows among the Sierra moun-

tains, there are as many as 200 of these falls pouring their waters over towering rocky precipices into the valley below! The high mountain peaks which surround and look down upon this wonderful valley, are from 7,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea level, and are dizzy and often frowning summits. On the whole, it may justly be considered, that the Yosemite Valley, with its mighty walls and towering mountain peaks, and its numerous and beautiful waterfalls of such vast and unparalleled height, is the most wonderful and impressive feature of our American Continent! European tourists and writers now generally acknowledge that trans-Atlantic scenery has nothing anywhere that can equal, or even approach it. Unless there be something in the great unknown, or unexplored, that has never yet been revealed to man, there is no spot anywhere in the wide, wide world of such wild and varied beauty, and such vast magnificence. I will not, therefore, attempt a full and complete description of the Yosemite Valley, for the grandest, mightiest scenery of the world cannot be described. These descriptions, however accurately defined, and carefully drawn they may be, can only convey to the mind a very faint idea of the wonders of the scene. It must be viewed to be appreciated, and even then it will take time for contemplation and reflection to bring the mind to a realization of its vastness and solemn immensity. I will content myself, therefore, with the effort to give some idea of this amazing temple of nature which has now become one of such vast general interest and world-wide celebrity, and which will, doubtless, in the near future be visited by multitudes of tourists from different parts of the globe.

You leave the Central Pacific Railroad at Stockton, and take stage coach and the horse trail for the Yosemite Valley. There are at present three routes, one by way of Murphy's Camp and the Calaveras grove of big trees; another via the renowned Mariposa grove of big trees, and Clarke's Ranch; and a third by way of Chinese Camp and Harden's Mill, taking the Coulterville trail, and leaving out altogether both the Mammoth Tree Groves. It would seem a pity to do this, when you are so near and almost in the immediate vicinity of these giants of the forest, which are, without any reasonable doubt, the oldest, the most wonderful, and most stupendous vegetable products of the globe. The stage ride by either route is dusty in the extreme, there being no rain in California during the summer months, and the roads being much traveled over are deep with dust, and it becomes very fine like ashes,

and when the wind blows in the direction you are going, you are enveloped in a cloud of fine dust which is very suffocating. When you add to this the intense heat of the summer's sun at noon-day, the thermometer standing say at 90 degrees of Fahrenheit, and the fatigue incident to stage riding when the passengers are closely and tightly packed, you get a little idea of what the tourist to the Yosemite has to encounter. Nor is this all, for when the journey on the saddle train commences, which is some twenty-five miles into the valley and over a mountain path, much of the way rugged, difficult, and perilous, the discomfort and hazard are by many considered still worse, and by some even unendurable. Women often find it quite difficult to keep on their saddles, lest they should be thrown over their horses' heads going down steep declivities—a catastrophe which sometimes happens; and in order to prevent this, they often prefer riding man fashion. But even in this emergency they are sometimes thrown off. Timid, nervous, delicate persons should not undertake the journey, as it is altogether too much for their nervous systems to endure. It is said, however, that the means of access into the valley are to be much improved every year, and the difficulties and dangers attending the journey are gradually disappearing. In fact, we did hear some hints that they would yet have a railroad there. The time which it will occupy in making the round trip from Stockton and back, should not be less than ten days, and if the tourist should visit both the famed groves of mammoth trees, not less than two weeks. We made the necessary detour from the main road to pay our respects to, and view and study these wonderful and mighty productions of the vegetable kingdom. Their ages are variously estimated at from 1,200 to 4,000 years. Professor Torrey, of Columbia College, places the oldest and largest of these trees at the latter figure. It seems almost incredible, and yet his calculation is not mere conjecture. It is based on good authority, and I do not see but he may be pretty nearly correct. At all events, I would not venture to dispute his theory. One evidence may be given of their great age. It is this. One of these old giants, or monarchs of the forests, having fallen centuries and centuries ago, was some years since discovered by some workmen deep down in the earth. In digging a trench they discovered some of the wood and a portion of the trunk of this enormous old tree in a perfect state of preservation! It was the well-known red wood of the *Sequoi Giganta*, and has lain there for many, many centuries, for the earth and the debris have gone on through a long

line of ages, and accumulated around and over its fallen trunk. Seeds have fallen into the soil thus formed, and new trees have grown directly over the path or track where the old monarch had fallen, and there today are standing and growing. These young trees, as they are called, are known to be from six to eight hundred years old. What, then, must be the age of that old patriarch! In the Mariposa grove there are scattered among 1,280 acres, 600 of these enormous trees. The Grizzly Giant is the largest standing tree. If it were cut off smooth fifty horses could stand on the stump easily! If the trunk were hollow to a shell it would hold more freight than a first class ocean steamer 250 feet long. In this grove there are two hundred trees more than twelve feet in diameter, fifty more than sixteen feet in diameter, and six more than thirty feet in diameter. In the Calaveras south grove, according to the authority of I. M. Hutchings, there are 1,380 trees, some of which are the largest in the world. This grove contains the greatest number of large trees in the world. According to Whitney, the State Geologist, there are trees in the Mariposa grove larger in circumference than any in the Calaveras grove, and there are taller trees in the Calaveras grove than any that have yet been measured in the Mariposa grove. The diameter of the Grizzly Giant where the first large limb shoots out, ninety-five feet up from the roots, is twenty feet, the circumference being about sixty feet, and the limb itself at this wonderful height from the roots, is twenty feet in circumference and six and a half feet in diameter, by transit measurement. The "Father of the Forest," in the Calaveras grove, is a fallen tree, the top being broken away, and measures sixteen feet in diameter at 300 feet from the roots, which according to the usual taper would give about 450 feet for the entire height of the tree, this being the estimate. Its diameter is forty feet, and its circumference at the base one hundred and twelve feet. The scene in the forest at this point is impressive and beautiful beyond description. The head of this old monarch has long since been laid in the dust, but how stupendous in his fall, and even in his ruin! We rode through his hollow trunk for a hundred feet or more on horseback, and came out at a broken part; then entered again, and walked some distance further up from the roots, and passed up some twenty steps and got out at a knot-hole on the top, about two hundred feet from the roots.

The expenses of the journey are very considerable, if you include, which you should do, the price for ponies and guides and their fare also, in addition to all you require to

make you comfortable. On a rough estimate, ten dollars per day, or from one hundred to one hundred and forty dollars for the round trip from Stockton and back would be sufficient. The kind and amount of personal baggage you take along with you into the valley is a most important matter, and your clothing should be judiciously selected. Take nothing that is not absolutely necessary, as every article has to be taken into the valley on the backs of pack-mules or horses. It is safer and always prudent to be prepared for a change of climate, as the winds often come blowing in keenly from the Golden Gate. In a journey of this kind, the wearing apparel should be suited to the nature of the trip and the place you visit. It would be well to be prepared to rough it a little if need be, and be ready for an emergency should one arise. The hotels in the valley are plain, rustic, frame buildings, but the food is substantial and good and the fruit excellent and abundant. There is but one wagon for hauling timber and other purposes in the valley, and that was taken in on the backs of mules in sections, with one wheel on each side, or some other portion being lashed together over the back with withes or ropes. Our hotel proprietor, the somewhat celebrated J. M. Hutchings, we found to be always polite and attentive to the wants of his guests, which he seemed to know very well how to provide for. Our meals were greatly enjoyed as our appetites were sharpened by vigorous exercise and abundance of it. If you enter the valley by way of the Mariposa bridge path, by all means visit the Mariposa grove of big trees, from Clarke's ranch, about five miles distant, and when near the brink of the mighty gorge, make a short detour from the main path, and go out for a few steps on the bold precipice of rock or mountain known as "Inspiration Point," from which you have perhaps the most comprehensive view of the whole valley, but not of its separate features. The name of this point is indicative somewhat of the feelings of the beholder, as he looks out for the first time on the wonderful picture of nature which is here spread out before him. Other names in this remarkable region are also peculiarly appropriate. A tourist and writer for an Eastern journal, in depicting a little the view which met his eye from "Inspiration Point" says, "Suddenly as I rode along, I heard a shout. I knew the valley had revealed itself to those who were at the front of the line. I turned my head away. I could not look until I had tied my horse. Then I walked down to the ledge, and crawled out upon the overhanging rocks. I believe some men walk out there. It's a dull clod of a

soul who can do that. In all my life, let it lead me where it may, I think I shall see nothing else so grand, so awful, so sublime, so beautiful, beautiful with a beauty not of earth, as that vision of the valley. It was only yesterday evening: I cannot write of it yet. How long I sat there on the rock I never shall know. I brought the picture away with me. I have only to shut my eyes, and I see it as I saw it in that hour of hours. I think I shall see nothing else so sublime and beautiful till haply I stand within the gates of the Heavenly City." There are some who claim that a really finer view than this is obtained a short distance below, on "Mount Beatitude," from whence is obtained a more expanded view of the valley and its surroundings. If we exclude the scene from the summit of "Sentinel Dome" and "Glacial Point," which are now considered by tourists the crowning beauty, I had almost said glory, of this whole region, and which stand unrivalled in the pomp and magnificence of the masonry of nature which are here mapped out, and the grand sublimity and beauty which they present to human vision, there is nothing in all the world that does exceed, or even bear a just comparison to the grand panorama in the book of nature, which is presented from these stand-points or outlooks as you enter the valley. With these two single exceptions, perhaps there is to be found nothing to surpass the views from "Mount Beatitude" and "Inspiration Point." Charming views are to be obtained from "Pour-pour-pa-sus, or the Three Brothers," and from almost every turning point on your difficult and at times dangerous descent of several miles into the valley, from the summits above. One in particular is pointed out to tourists. It is the "Stand Point of Silence," and it is on or near the Coulterville trail, on the Harden's Mill route, as you enter the valley. At the foot of the mountains, after your journey down, you follow a good path or trail for several miles further to the hotels. You ride along sweetly and charmingly impressed by the side of the peaceful Merced River, across the Bridal Veil meadow, with the "Pohono Fall," which signifies Spirit of the Evil Wind, or the Bridal Veil Fall in full view, with rainbow tints toying and playing with its mists in the bright sunlight. It was our pleasure and privilege one bright afternoon to behold these brilliant colors forming a complete rainbow circle, and the high mountains around standing sentinel. I need not say it was beautiful. Any lover of nature and her works would know and appreciate the fact. The fall of the water at one bound is 940 feet, looking somewhat like a veil of lace. The high mountain peaks above

and beyond the Bridal Veil are the "Three Graces." Further up the valley, and opposite to Hutchings' Hotel, are the "Yosemite Falls," the name signifying large grizzly bear, and the water falling at three bounds to the amazing and astounding depth of 2,634 feet, being by far the loftiest waterfall on the globe. Think of it, nearly half a mile of cataract! Still further up the valley, on the main stream of the Merced, you approach the Py-wy-ack, or "Vernal Fall," the name signifying cataract of diamonds, and the unbroken fall of the water being 350 feet. Still further on, and up the valley, you meet a beautiful sheet of silvery whiteness, 130 feet in width, the "Nevada Fall," or Yo wi-ye, signifying meandering, and the height of the fall, at one bound, measuring 700 feet. The volume of the water being much greater at these two latter falls, renders them more impressively grand. In the summer, when the Bridal Veil, and the Yosemite, and the Ribbon Fall become dwarfed on account of the meagre supply of their waters, the Vernal still pours on and on its ample torrent, and the Nevada, always white as a snowdrift, and beautiful, rushes on and thunders down its ample sheet. The Yosemite may therefore be characterized for its height, the Vernal for its volume, the Bridal Veil for its softness, and the Nevada for height, softness and volume combined. The base of this great fall, as you look down into the waters, is spanned with rainbows. The South Fork cataract is the most inaccessible of all, and seldom visited. The Ribbon Fall, long and slender, we did not see, but it must be charmingly beautiful when the waters are high, and they fall like strings of pearls and diamonds, as they come pouring over the mountain precipice of such vast depth. In the spring time what an amazing sight is presented, when these two hundred cataracts, sparkling in the sunlight with the bright colors of the rainbow, and swollen with the melting snows, come pouring and rushing over high walled mountain precipices of granite, fresh from the Sierras, into the valley below! The Bridal Veil and the Yosemite flow into the valley from lateral creeks, but the Vernal and the Nevada into the full swelling torrent of the Merced. Rainbows of dazzling brightness shine at their base, and are sometimes seen by tourists, in the bright sunlight, not in bows and arches only, but in complete circles of violet and gold.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSEKEEPING PUZZLE.

A great deal is said just now of "coöperative labor;" and one might think from the

manner in which the theme is treated that it involves a new discovery. But the true principles of "coöperation" are seen notably on a farm, and generally in every well-regulated family, whether the family means be large or small. Every member has his or her appointed share in the labor of life, and from the joint stock of exertion all derive advantage. Much of the complaint which we hear of domestic discomfort arising from poor service, and the frequent change of domestics, grows out of the neglect of the proper division of family cares. A great part of the difficulty encountered by employers and employed in the domestic household is the result of circumstances which ought to be more in the control of housekeepers. The columns of the newspaper, or the agency of an employment office, brings a stranger into a household. In that household, so far as sympathy and cheerful welcome are considered, the domestic frequently remains a stranger during the whole term of service, whether short or long. The world is a weary one to her; and seldom in the house can she find any alleviation of her discontent. Her interests and amusements are all outside; and she cannot feel that interest in the family which a faithful domestic ought to feel.

The old-fashioned housekeeper of, say fifty years ago, considered every part of her establishment as worthy of her personal supervision. She was everywhere present, suggesting, directing, and not afraid to take things herself in hand; in a pleasant manner teaching and showing what she wanted done, and how. If the "help" looked worried about her personal belongings, the lady was not above receiving, if not actually inviting confidence. If sunshine instead of clouds was in the kitchen, the mistress could share in the pleasure of the good news whatever it might be. A few words of conversation, a little giving of advice, and a great deal of imparting of encouragement, taught the stranger that she had a judicious friend in her employer, and the great burthen of the feeling of loneliness was lifted off her heart. Without this relief she might have moped through a week or two of dissatisfied and unsatisfactory service, and then left her place to try the same weary experiment somewhere else, as many now do.

It is a rare accomplishment—and pity 'tis, 'tis rare—smoothly to direct a household. But it is not so difficult as it seems; and whoever undertakes it heartily, will find the trouble of "managing" sensibly diminish. Let all the female members of a household, the young by saving labor, the elder by well-timed assistance, unite, and the "co operative system" will be found to work admirably.

The kind treatment of dependants ought to form a part of every child's education; and the young girl who has been educated to be courteous without being rudely familiar, is better prepared to "come out" than she could be by any amount of time and money in a "finishing establishment." Parlor accomplishments are not to be despised; but kitchen accomplishments are quite as important. And every young woman should be so trained that even the fitting of all the servants in the house should not leave her quite in despair. She should not be at the mercy of strangers. Many of the wealthier families in our city are giving up housekeeping in disgust, and betaking themselves to hotels with suites of rooms, in which they are relieved from all the details of provision and management. Even if this were the most comfortable way of living, it is far above the means of most people. The more sensible plan is the plan of "co-operation," as we have tried to explain it, in the foregoing remarks, and under it, while fewer domestics are necessary, the housekeeper has her choice of those few; because she can dispense with all, or retain only one of whom great knowledge or experience is not demanded. In a store or counting room, if there are several partners, the business is managed with fewer salaried clerks. On a farm, while the sons and daughters are at home, there is less demand, as there is less room for "hired help." The more children a prudent farmer has, the richer he is—if they be well-trained children. They all "co-operate." In a family with daughters, sisters, or other female relatives, the same rule might be applied and everybody be the gainer—the daughters in instruction and experience, and the parents in comfort and heart service.—*Public Ledger.*

Among the pitfalls in our way
The best of us wald blindly;
So, men, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.
—*Alice Cary.*

OUR HEAVENLY CROWN.

BY E.

'Tis told
That grains of gold
God scattereth among
The sands of life, our path along;
And we these grains must gather, one by one,
To form our glorious, our own immortal crown.

Our crown
Hath richer grown,
For every little grain
Our willing, patient labors gain.
Gather them while life's swift moments wing.
Who fails to glean, will ne'er be crowned king.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream—
Where we were school-boys in old time
When manhood was a dream;
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away,
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees,
The wild rose by the window's side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John,
And, what is sadder now,
The broken grape-vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough.
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring—
That bubbled down the alder path
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot for many a day
It seems has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill—
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still;
The birds yet sing upon the boughs
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lives as in old time,
The same half panel in the path
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how, o'er the bars of life,
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on the spot
The faces that were gone.

—*Old Paper.*

A LIVING LILLIPUT IN LAPLAND.

Captain Hutchinson, of the British Artillery Service, has published in London a lively and charming book, under the title of "Try Lapland; a Fresh Field for Summer Tourists." The Captain and his wife, desiring a summer vacation out of the beaten track of English tourists, fled away to Lapland, and went to see the midnight sun at the extraordinary little hamlet of Quickjock. This picturesque and important town consists of four houses and a church, and may be accepted as the ultimate expression of Lapland. "Picture to yourself," says Capt. Hutchinson, "two Swiss valleys, united together at the head of a lake. The low ground covered with small birch and willow, of exquisitely vivid

green, a beautiful contrast to the dark forest of pine which rises immediately above it. The trees, already diminutive at the base, become more and more stunted as they approach the summit. Where the forest ceases, the shrubby willow, not more than two feet high, commence; and then we find a region where little is to be seen but mosses and lichens, close to the great fell running up to the Norwegian frontier; and, crowning all, a magnificent background of eternal snow. The village, with about thirty wooden houses (including barns and outhouses), all colored bright red, stands on a grassy slope reaching to the water's edge. The tiny church, also of bright red wood, is built on an isolated hillock. Two rivers help to form the lake; the first flows down one valley in quiet grandeur, while the second bursts over immense masses of granite in hurried fury, making three falls of excessive beauty, the roar of which can be heard for miles. Add to all this a clearness of atmosphere peculiar only to the Arctic Circle, and a dryness which never allows of a fog, and this is Quickjock."

Quickjock wore its gayest aspect at the time of this visit. The Lapps had come thither from all parts to attend the service in the little church. St. John's Day is their great festival, on which they commemorate the arrival of summer. The pastor had at least twenty mouths to supply with food, and every morning two boats set off with their nets to the lake for the day's supply. They would return about 11 A.M. with a large quantity of fish; but it was never too large for the consumers, who would each of them eat six pounds as easily as one pound, if set before them. Nothing was ever left for the morrow. They subsist entirely on fish, milk, and rye bread.

The harmless little people pleased the travelers immensely. "There was a nice little couple," says Captain Hutchinson, "we took a great fancy to, and after much consultation, decided to our satisfaction which was the boy and which the girl. As both men and women have long hair, and neither whiskers nor beard, and dress alike in high blue cloth billycock hats, and reindeer-skin coats and leggings, it is almost impossible to distinguish them. We asked them how old they were, and whether they belonged to the school. The laugh was against us, when we found the gentleman to be twenty-six, and the lady, his wife, to be twenty-four,—instead of fourteen and twelve, as we had settled them to be." In this lovely living Lilliput potatoes are the size of walnuts, lamb steaks as big as larks, and a calf about the dimensions of a large cat. No doctor is within a hundred miles, for the Lapps are never ill

until just before they die; and the one doctor even at Lulea is in despair at the want of patients. The effects of the climate are very curious to watch. The summer had set in, and everything seemed to be growing by steam; though Quickjock lies at such an altitude that an hour's walk up any of the mountains round would bring one to perpetual snow. With the warmth come the mosquitoes, which are as troublesome to the natives as to the visitors, and are prepared against by covering the tops of the chimney with sods of earth, and kept out by never opening the windows at all, and the doors only for the indispensable moment of ingress and egress.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HOW A POET LIVES.

W. C. Bryant, in a letter to the *Herald of Health*, thus describes his mode of life:

I rise early—at this time of the year about 5.30; in summer, half an hour, or even an hour earlier. Immediately, with very little incumbrance of clothing, I begin a series of exercises, for the most part designed to expand the chest, and at the same time call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed with dumb-bells, the very lightest, covered with flannel; with a pole, a horizontal bar, and a light chair swung around my head. After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country, I sometimes shorten my exercises in the chamber, and, going out, occupy myself for half an hour or more in some work which requires brisk exercise. After my bath, if breakfast be not ready, I sit down to my studies until I am called.

My breakfast is a simple one—hominy and milk, or, in place of hominy, brown bread, or oat meal, or wheaten grits, and in the season baked sweet apples. Buckwheat cakes I do not decline, nor any other article of vegetable food, but animal food I never take at breakfast. Tea and coffee I never touch at any time. Sometimes I take a cup of chocolate, which has no narcotic effect, and agrees with me very well. At breakfast I often take fruit, either in its natural state or freshly stewed.

After breakfast I occupy myself for a while with my studies, and then, when in town, I walk down to the office of the *Evening Post*, nearly three miles distant, and after about three hours return, always walking, whatever be the weather or the state of the streets. In the country I am engaged in my literary tasks, till a feeling of weariness drives me out into the open air, and I go upon my farm or into the garden, and prune the trees, or perform some other work about them which they need,

and then go back to my books. I do not often drive out, preferring to walk.

In the country I dine early, and it is only at that meal that I take either meat or fish, and of these but a moderate quantity, making my dinner mostly of vegetables. At the meal which is called tea I take only a little bread and butter, with fruit, if it be on the table. In town, where I dine later, I make but two meals a day. Fruit makes a considerable part of my diet, and I eat it at almost any hour of the day without inconvenience. My drink is water, yet I sometimes, though rarely, take a glass of wine. I am a natural temperance man, finding myself rather confused than exhilarated by wine. I never meddle with tobacco, except to quarrel with its use.

That I may rise early, I of course go to bed early—in town, as early as ten; in the country, somewhat earlier. For many years I have avoided in the evening every kind of literary occupation which tasks the faculties, such as composition, even to the writing of letters, for the reason that it excites the nervous system and prevents sound sleep.

My brother told me, not long since, that he had seen in a Chicago newspaper, and several other Western journals, a paragraph in which it was said I am in the habit of taking quinine as a stimulant; that I have depended upon the excitement it produces in writing my verses, and that, in consequence of using it in that way, I had become as deaf as a post. As to my deafness, you know that to be false, and the rest of the story is equally so. I abominate all drugs and narcotics, and have always carefully avoided everything which spurs nature to exertions which it would not otherwise make. Even with my food I do not take the usual condiments, such as pepper and the like.

I am, sir, truly yours,
W. C. BRYANT.

—Exchange.

AN ESSAY ON WRITING.

To express our ideas in writing must evidently be a very difficult thing, seeing how rare an acquirement it is, and how few even of the best writers have acquired perfect facility in the art. Most of them will, I believe, tell you that, after long practice, they still find it nearly as difficult to write well as they did when they began to write.

Yet it seems that certain rules might be laid down for good writing; and at the risk of appearing presumptuous, I will venture to suggest some.

First. Let the subject that you write about be one that you really care about.

Second. Never throw away an adjective.

If you use an adjective that does not add any meaning to the substantive, it is a wicked waste of adjectival power.

Third. Take care that your relatives clearly and distinctly relate to your antecedents. In seven sentences out of ten that are obscure, you will find that the obscurity is caused by a doubt about the relatives.

Fourth. Do not fear repetition. This fear is a frequent cause of obscurity.

Fifth. Avoid parenthesis. A parenthesis can generally be made into a separate sentence.

Sixth. Do not attempt to abbreviate your general statements, or suppose that those general statements will be understood by your reader.

Seventh. Try to master what is the idea of a sentence—how it should be a thing of certain completeness in itself. If it is to consist of many clauses, let them be clauses having a reasonable dependence one upon another, and not sentences within sentences.

Eighth. Attend to method. That alone, if you commit all other faults, will make your writing readable. For example, if you have to treat a subject which is naturally divided into several branches, take them up one by one, and exhaust them. Do not deal with them by bits. Let us call these branches A, B and C. Do not begin by saying only half of what you mean about A, and then bringing in the rest of A after you have treated C, thus making B and C a long parenthesis. . . .

Ninth. Follow the nature of your subject, and let your choice of words, your length of sentences, and all the other delicacies of writing, be adapted to the nature of the subject. To use an admirable simile, which has been used before, let the writing fall over the subject like drapery over a beautiful statue of the human figure, adapting itself inevitably to all the outlines of the body that it clothes.

Tenth. While you are writing, do not think of any of these rules, or of any other rules. Whatever you learnt from rules, to be of service, must have entered into your habits of mind, and into your tastes, and must be a part of your power which you use, as you do the power of nerve or muscle, unconsciously.

—Arthur Helps.

LITTLE SINS.—In a Carolina forest of a thousand acres you can scarcely find a tree that is not dead and crumbling to decay. No fire has swept over it, no lightning scathed those naked, bleaching pines. This ruin was wrought by a little insect's larvæ, no larger than a grain of rice. What a hundred axemen could not accomplish by years of hard labor, this seemingly insignificant insect sent its feeble offspring to perform. One alone

could have little power, it is true, but millions were marshalled, and all the skill of man could not stay their course.

Such is the power of little sins.—*Young People's Helper.*

THE COST OF TRUTH.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,

Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of daily life,

Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market at the current price,

Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,

Nor pierces e'en the surface of the soul.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE WEATHER.

Our faithful correspondent at the Sante Indian Agency, Nebraska, (Geo. S. Truman,) has again forwarded us a detailed statement of the weather at that place, but received too late for our monthly review.

The same features of *extremes* characterize it as did his previous accounts. viz:

Maximum on the 6th of the month, 90 deg.

Minimum on the 11th of the month, 24 deg.

showing a range of 66 deg. through the month.

He also remarks:

"I would call attention to the unusual temperature of the 6th, and also the storms of the 10th and 14th, which were emphatically the storms of the year, being the *first of rain or snow to wet the ground for at least nine months.*

"We had almost come to the conclusion that it could not rain on our parched soil, but we now feel encouraged to hope for the coming harvest, as our spring grain has thus been enabled to get a good start."

In comparing their temperature with ours it will be seen we had *our* extreme height on the 9th of the month, when the mercury reached 80.55 at Pennsylvania Hospital, though in some localities it reached a higher point.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philada., Eighth month 12th, 1871.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was beauty;

I woke, and found that life was duty.

ITEMS.

DEAN STANLEY has published a volume on the Athanasian Creed, showing what various interpretations have been put upon it, and the disadvantages of having such an authoritative statement of belief; maintaining that its use should no longer be made compulsory.

O. F. WINCHESTER, of Hartford, Conn., has offered \$100,000 of land to Yale College, for the purpose of establishing an astronomical observatory in that city, and Walter Phelps has given \$1,200 in gold to the College Library for the purchase of books on Political Economy.

A RECENT number of the "*Saturday Review*" calls attention to a plan for the rescue of the vagrant children in large cities, which has lately been adopted in Scotland. Instead of placing the children in charity schools, or in the shoeblack brigade, they are sent into the country, and apprenticed to mechanics or farmers. This system of transplanting and "grafting" children—as the *Review* calls it—

has been in operation here for many years, and those who have been familiar with the excellent work accomplished among the juvenile street-Arabs of this city by Mr. Brace and his fellow-workers, will be surprised to find that a similar work on the other side of the Atlantic should be regarded by an intelligent English journal as a novelty and experiment.

THE USE of artificial stone is a revival of a lost art, as many of the solidest walls in the old world were built of manufactured material. Mr. Tall, of England, has discovered a process for making stones which are thoroughly impervious and gain solidity by exposure. One of the good deeds of the late Emperor of France, was the encouragement he gave to the manufacturers of artificial stone, of which material he had fifty model houses erected for the poor of Paris. To cheapen durable building material is to multiply homes and hasten the millenium.—*Ec. paper.*

WOMAN PROFESSORSHIP.—The Trustees of Howard University, Washington, D. C., have established a professorship of medicine in that institution to be filled by a woman, and have elected as the first incumbent Bella C. Barrows, who, it is stated, enjoys a high reputation as a surgeon, and is particularly skillful in the treatment of diseases of the eye.

ONE of the marked features of our time is the organization of labor, both in this country and Europe. In former times political, military, and monetary power controlled everything. Capital ruled over every department of life, and while capitalists kept the laborers in a state of poverty bordering on pauperism, the latter were brought into constant competition with each other, and like the pebbles on the beach, gradually ground each other into powder. The diffusion of knowledge and the beginning of culture by means of the press, has already totally changed the position of the two parties in England and Northern Europe and in some portions of America. Laborers begin to see the power of organization; and, moreover, that there is no sort of sense in butting each other's brains out for the pleasure of capitalists. They begin to see that they have interests and sympathies and rights in common, which nothing short of co operation can protect and advance. This is the meaning of the labor unions, which have almost imperceptibly arisen in the more intelligent sections of two continents, and are now rapidly affiliating with each other and forming a network of relations of the most compact and complicated order. If nothing occurs to check the spread of these Unions and Guilds of various sorts, and interrupt their relations with those of other countries, they will hold the governments of Europe and America in their hands, and shape the politics of the world in their own wise or wild way. There is something almost terrific in the spread of this silent revolution under our very feet, while we are absorbed in measures that are bubbles, and theories that are painted breath,—this steady uprising of a new stratum of society to a level which will alter the entire state of things in the world. We apprehend no difficulty from the cause. Of course there will be occasional excesses and indiscretions on the part of labor Unions, as there has been of late in the coal regions. But in time laborers will learn that the laws which govern society, like those of light and gravitation, are not of man's making, and will respect all natural rights, whether of individuals or of communities, as their own. Let them be as faithful in the performance of their duties as they are persistent in demanding their rights, and all will be well.—*Golden Age.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Strattan, Richmond, Ind.

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SOCRATES.

From the recent translation of the "Dialogues of Plato," by Jouett of Baliol College, Oxford, we extract a few pages—the close of the Apology of Socrates. His words of prophetic warning to his unjust judges, of comfort to his friends, of satisfaction at the prospect of death, and of trust in the guidance of his "familiar oracle," are so noble, and so entirely in accord with the experience of the children of the light in all ages, that we earnestly commend them to our readers.

Not much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name which you will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates, a wise man; for they will call me wise, even though I am not wise, when they want to reproach you. If you had waited but a little while, your desire would have been fulfilled in the course of nature. For I am far advanced in years, as you may perceive, and not far from death. I am speaking now only to those of you who have condemned me to death. And I have no other thing to say to them: You think that I was convicted through deficiency of words, —I mean, that if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid, I might have gained an acquittal. Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words—certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you, weeping and wailing and lament-

ing, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I say, are unworthy of me. But I thought that I ought not to do anything common or mean in the hour of danger; nor do I now repent of the manner of my defence, and I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live.

The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are quick and keen, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness, has overtaken them. And now I depart hence condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death, and they, too, go their ways condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villany and wrong; and I must abide by my reward, let them abide by theirs. I suppose that these things may be regarded as fated, and I think that they are well.

And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you, for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death, punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me, will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not give an account of your lives. But

that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained; and as they are younger they will be more severe with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure, to the judges who have condemned me.

Friends who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then awhile, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event that has happened to me. O, my judges—for you I may truly call judges—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has been constantly in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now, as you see, there has come upon me that which may be thought and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil.

But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing which I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those who think that death is an evil are in error.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is good, for one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now, if you suppose there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better

and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great King will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now, if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O, my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus, and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus, and Hesiod, and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge, as in this world, so also in that. I shall find out who is wise and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition, or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in this life or after death. He and his are neglected by the gods, nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me, and therefore, the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers and condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have trouble you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are

really nothing,—then reprove them as I have reprov'd you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

THE MOSS ROSE.—Krummacher illustrates simplicity by the following beautiful fable:

The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rose bush. When he awoke, he said, 'Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it!'

"Adorn me, then, with a new charm," said the spirit of the rose bush in a beseeching tone.

So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there, in its modest attire, the *moss rose*, the most beautiful of its kind.

So the costliest ornaments are often the simplest. There is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling pearl equal to the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

LETTER FROM JESSE KERSEY.

Respected Friend:—As by thy letter I am informed of the interest thou hast felt in the subject which has been lately agitated in your meeting, it has appeared to me that I might write in answer, that as to the subject itself there appears in my mind no difficulty; but I feel some concern lest my friends should too easily dispute upon it. The foundation upon which society must stand, if it stands at all, is the spirit of condescension and mutual forbearance—any degree of selfishness or opposition must be destructive of its very existence so far as it is permitted to take hold. On this general principle I have ever thought it safe to give my judgment to my friends, and having done so, passively to leave the subject; thou seest therefore that as it respects any question which may be agitated among Friends I can have no point to carry—my judgment being settled that all conclusions which take place in the harmony are right as respects the body which adopts them, though they may be defective as respects the question settled. In the order of Society there is a necessary subordination to be observed, and without which confusion must follow. No question can be finally settled by a Monthly Meeting which does not come

within the limits of its province, and all questions which relate to general practice must of consequence be settled by general consent. The general practice of Society in regard to marriage can never be settled by a Monthly Meeting, but must be guided by the harmonious conclusion of the Yearly Meeting. Let it be supposed that with a small exception in your Monthly Meeting, the Society are uniform in the marriage covenant, and enter into that solemn obligation by the same form of expression. Canst thou conceive that such uniformity should be changed in a Society professing to be led by the one Spirit and formed into the one body, especially where the act is the same, as is the fact in the case of marriage? If every Monthly Meeting within the limits of our Yearly Meeting were to take up the question and deviate in the same degree from each other that ——— appears to have done, what would be the consequence? Would it not produce very disagreeable impressions—and that they would be liable to deviate cannot be doubted by any one who is acquainted with the present state of Society—I therefore conclude that subjects of a general kind are wisely held within the control of the Yearly Meeting; therefore, without entering into the arguments which might be used on either side of the subject, I hold it safe for me to stand subordinate to the present custom of the Society; but should the objections rise in any to the present custom so high as that they might believe it proper to lay them before a Monthly Meeting, and thence to take their regular course to a Quarterly, and so if found of sufficient weight, to a Yearly Meeting, in that stage I should be willing to try the whole subject; at present I do not consider it open for discussion, and shall consequently avoid any specific sentiment upon it. I am satisfied with what has been the uniform practice of Society, and willing to remain so until the subject in the course of order and in the line of my duty shall come before me. If from what I have said thou should be in any manner benefited, thou art welcome to so much of the attention of thy affectionate friend,
J. K.

LOVE TO THE CREATOR.

This feeling, which lies at the foundation of all religion, may exist in two forms, as a sentiment and as a principle. When any impulse arises in the mind, the will must take action upon it; if it approves, and resolves to encourage it, and act according to its promptings, it then becomes a principle. But if the impulse be slighted, or indulged as a mere feeling, and not suffered to work itself out into action, then it dies out, or exists only as a vague and dreamy sentiment. Thus, we

often find persons who intellectually appear to possess this sentiment of love to the Creator, without its exhibiting any active power; and there are those who can speak touching and sublime expressions on the subject, while indulging in the most unworthy conduct. Just as in nature, though no rose could blossom without the vital energy that only the Author of Creation can impart, yet no garden can thoroughly please the eye, without the care of man to dress and to keep it; so the feeling of love to God implanted in the heart must be nourished, if its influence is to be maintained. The feeling of love within us is only available when used by our own free choice and will and determined energy of action. Socrates asked an atheistic friend, if he had not observed that man is never so well disposed to serve the Deity as in that part of life when reason bears the greatest sway, and the judgment is in its full strength and maturity, and that those kingdoms and commonwealths most renowned for their wisdom and antiquity are those whose piety and devotion have been the most observable. Every man must have some ruling principle; every character some ruling force. Goodness can never be negative, or simply innocent. It must be positive and earnest. We love innocence in a child, but strong, active, living virtue is necessary to goodness in a man, and this can only be obtained by the careful cultivation of the living principle of love to the Creator. It is this vital force that gives courage, wisdom and strength; that lightens the most wearisome duties and soothes the saddest sorrows. There are people rigid in battling against heresy, and denouncing opinions different from their own, who are yet utterly lacking in the deep foundation principle from which all such opinions ought to spring. The honorable lawyer ever keeps in view the fundamental principles of legal morality, in all his argument and practice, while the mere pettifogger will quibble about petty technicalities, mistaking them for the essence of the law. Many persons mistake the love of a sect for the love of God. But far above all sects, and all parties, is the love of truth, to which our allegiance should ever be supreme. To cultivate most successfully this principle we must cease to cherish whatever is inconsistent with it. It is a law of our physical nature that the vital force, directed to one function, is by so much absorbed from the others. The *supreme* love of business or pleasure, or honor, will be sufficient of itself to stifle and eradicate this principle, which if cherished and trained, will rise above all other affections, and develop the entire character. The careful regulation of the body, the training of the mind, and the discipline of the

moral faculties, all conduce to this end. The power of habit cannot be overrated, and religious habits are, like the pressure of the atmosphere, silent and uniform, but all-pervading. This love of the Creator, cherished and cultivated as the supreme and ruling principle of life, is the secret of all true happiness. He who possesses it need not fear calamities or reverses, for they will come to him as the wise dispensation of a kind and loving Father who cannot err; and all his joys will be enhanced by the filial gratitude that will pervade his breast.—*Public Ledger*.

IN regard to prayer, Isaac Pennington says "he that utters a word beyond the sense that God begets in his spirit, takes God's name in vain, and provokes him to jealousy against his soul. '*God is in heaven, thou art on earth therefore let thy words be few.*' The few word which the Spirit speaks, or the few still, soft gentle breathings which the Spirit begets, are pleasing to God and profitable to the soul but the many words which man's wisdom affects *hurt* the precious life, and thicken the veil of death over the soul; keeping that parasite which separates from God; which parasite must die, ere the soul can live."

THE DISPERSION OF PLANTS UPON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

BY LEO HARTLEY GRINDON.

Travellers, on their return from the exploration of distant countries, tell us of every conceivable diversity of climate and of terrestrial surface. Those who have penetrated the Arctic circle describe snows almost perennial, and a region so inhospitable that everything necessary to support human life must be carried thither; those who bring home the browned faces that show the intensity of Indian sunshine tell of arid and sandy plains from which every particle of moisture appears to have been evaporated long ages ago. Some give us accounts of huge mountains where, at mid-summer, the white mantle of mid-winter still lingers undissolved, though at the base it is fervid summer, all latitudes being represented in miniature during the course of a few thousand feet of vertical ascent; others again, tell us of countries where rain does not fall for a dozen years at a time, and when the surface of the ground is covered with crystallized salts. Wonderful is this, whatever the associations under which it is regarded; more wonderful yet is the fact that every spot of earth, hot or cold, high or low, is supplied with vegetation at once appropriate and ornamental. No place is incapable of supporting vegetable life of *some* kind; and though there are districts where grass and trees are never seen, and perpetual desol

tion gives the idea of their being worn out and effete, as happens in the great deserts in the interior of northern Africa—even there it is not so much an absolute incapacity to sustain life, as the want of springs of water that causes the absence of it. In those sweet spots which have become a metaphor for all happy and blessed breaks in the history of trouble and sorrow,—the “oases” of the desert,—water is present, and vegetation is triumphant. Such an “oasis” was Elim, where “there were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees.”

How marvellous, then, in our eyes, does that Divine power and wisdom again become, which provides a fitting vesture of plant and flower for every spot of earth, yea, and a vegetable population for every stream and pond of water, for every lake and every sea, whether salt or tasteless. Hot springs have their vegetable inhabitants no less than cold rivers and chilly cascades. The driest acres of Arabia have plants congenial to them, no less than the broad plains of happy islands like our own, where in spring we may watch “from field to field the vivid verdure run.” It does but carry out beautifully and intelligibly before our very eyes that the Creator not only formed and created the earth, but formed it “to be inhabited.” The idea of “habitation” may seem to signify families of *rank*, and no doubt it does so in the first and inmost meaning, but a large and philosophical and reverent reading of the text, will connect with it the families also of the humbler portion of living nature, or animals in all their variety, and not animals only, but the families of trees and plants. All these as HE created “for His pleasure,” and though we may not understand the mode and the degree of their ministrations, still may we be assured that the flourishing existence of crowds of happy animals—happy, that is, in the enjoyment of their peculiar life—and of myriads of blooming and lovely plants, is an integral part of that Divine pleasure; and thus that the races, in all their diversity of quadrupeds and birds, fishes, and all the little denizens of earth and sea, together with those of all plants, are essentially included in the general term of inhabitants of our planet, and were given to it in order that they might dwell upon it and decorate it. In the present paper we shall endeavor to show that the connection of plants with the surface of our earth is in no respect a less admirable fact than that of their existence, and that the laws and arrangements by which the connection is maintained, rank with the most striking in any department of the science of nature.

The great physical stimuli of vegetable

growth are light and heat—a noteworthy fact when regarded in relation to the correspondence that light and heat bear to the exciting and sustaining physical forces of which we every day feel the glory as Divine wisdom and Divine love. Where there are most heat and light, trees and flowers of all kinds are most plentiful and most splendid—always provided that there is an adequate supply of moisture; where heat and light are deficient, there we see poverty and dwarfishness. In the tropics the forests are more majestic than any one accustomed only to the woods of northern Europe can possibly conceive, many of the trees clothing themselves with leaves as large as dinner-tables; while the flowers that are poured forth from every branch and twig are finer than lilies. By people coming from the extreme north, on the other hand, our English lilacs and laburnums are regarded as miracles of size and loveliness; for in the frigid zone, although there are “flowering plants” with hard and woody stems, answering so far to the idea of shrubs, they never rise more than a few inches above the ground. Dr. Clarke brought from Scandinavia six full-grown birch-trees in his pocket-book; and the greater part of the Arctic willow is to be found, not in the air, but below the surface of the soil! It is much the same at the extreme south of the great American continent. Near Cape Horn, trees which in latitudes a little warmer allow of the traveller walking *underneath* them, become so diminutive, and stand so thick together, as he ascends the mountain higher and higher, that at last he may walk upon their tops!

It is very important to observe here that it is the *combined* agency of light and heat that produces the wonderful results seen in the tropics, again inviting our minds to the contemplation of the grand correspondence above alluded to. Clear and brilliant light often brings out exquisite colors, as happens among the Alps and also in the north frigid zone, where the humble little plants called lichens and mosses are in many cases dyed of the most brilliant hues, purple and gold predominating. Warmth, in like manner, will stimulate vegetable growth in the most astonishing manner, but it is growth not necessarily accompanied by the secretion of valuable substances, such as give quality and real importance to the plant. In English hot-houses, for example, we have abundance of spice trees, those generous plants that yield cinnamon and cassia, the nutmeg and the clove; but although healthy and blossoming freely, they never mature their aromatic secretions. Though they have artificial heat equal to that of their native islands, which burn beneath the sun of the Indian Ocean,

we cannot supply them with similar and proportionate solar *light*. Our cloudy skies shut us in from the full and direct radiance of the sunshine, and wanting this, heat alone will not avail.

Next to be considered, as greatly influencing the distribution of plants over the surface of the earth, is the varying height of its different portions above the level of the sea. It is a very interesting fact, and one familiar to those who travel much, even within the area of the British Islands, that the plants of lofty mountains are, to a considerable extent, quite different from those which enamel the fields that lie at their feet; the cold, the damp, caused by their frequent immersion in the clouds, and the rarer atmosphere, being congenial to different kinds. Mounting the steep slopes of Snowdon or Helvellyn, we soon come to vegetable forms that are never seen in the lands below; and in Scotland the number of such new forms is again greatly augmented. In warm countries, on the other hand, it is very curious to observe how close is the agreement between a certain number of yards of vertical elevation, with the departure so many degrees north or south from the equator. On the mountain-chain of which Mount Ararat is the most important geographical point, all the varieties of vegetation between Syria and the North Pole may be observed by any one patient enough to ascend from base to summit. At the foot of Mount Ararat there are the vine, the olive and the fig, the palm also, and the orange. A little way up, these fruits cease to ripen, and their place is taken by the trees and plants of central Europe; a little further, again, those of Russia and Norway make their appearance; by-and-by the vegetation of Scandinavia becomes predominant, and the crown of the mountain is lost in unmelting snow—a North Pole reached by vertical ascent instead of by a long journey through seventy degrees of latitude. The analogy of a great snow-capped mountain in any tropical country with either the northern or southern hemisphere is most complete. The base answers to the equatorial zone; the middle portion answers to the temperate; and the summit answers to the frigid. In a word, our planet is like two vast tropical mountains sliced off at the base, and so conjoined as to let their summits be the two poles, the arctic and the antarctic respectively.

Soil, and the geological composition of the ground below, have also great influence upon the vegetation of a district; for plants, like animals, have their appropriate food. True, to the great mass of plants, it is a question of little moment. They grow freely in every kind of soil, and hence the colored fantasy of

the fields, in which plants grow inextricably mingled. It remains true, nevertheless, that many kinds require certain mineral constituents in the soil, in order that they may attain perfection; while others prefer certain geological formations, on account of the greater retentiveness of water. It is interesting to see how the plants of widely-separated districts often agree, when the soil is the same, or nearly so. Many of the wild-flowers, for example, of St. Vincent's Rocks, at Clifton, are seen but sparingly, or not at all, after we quit Gloucestershire on our way northwards, until we come close upon the sea-margin of North Wales. Then they are found again, and save for the new landscape, we might almost fancy ourselves breathing the soft sweet air of Durdham Down. The rocks and soil of these two districts are in many respects closely similar, and their products illustrate the harmony that so often subsists between the earth and vegetation. It is no small part of Divine Benevolence thus to distribute and marshal the substances and objects of nature; for to the exiled and expatriated there are sweet and fond sights produced as a consequence of it, that oftentimes make amends for the severance, and, by association, import the distant into the present. What an inducement, moreover, to the study of nature! If the sound of a national melody heard in a far-distant land awakens all tender recollections of the dear fields so many leagues away, no less so does the spectacle of the trees and flowers that were the delight of our youth, when we behold them in the remote spot of our adoption. Anything whatever that animates the soul with a secret pleasure, whether it come through the medium of sight or of sound, of poetry, or science, or philosophy, of thought or of reading, or of intercourse with our fellow-men, or, though last not least, of the little wild-flowers, is a fine expression and result of the Divine Benevolence in little things, in which we should rejoice and for which we should be grateful. One of the most beautiful and ennobling of all joys and satisfactions is the joy of being grateful to God; and nothing makes us more truly human than the accustoming ourselves to find reason for and inducements to such joy in the little and miscalled "insignificant" and trifling things of nature. All are made for our personal enjoyment, and to help us onwards into manliness and humanity of spirit, and they will effect that result if we will open our hearts to their influence.

(To be continued.)

PERSEVERANCE.—Mere courage, even if it be heroic after the human standard, often evaporates under slow discouragement. But

perseverance *under* discouragement, the steady struggling onwards through hours of weakness, the rising upwards still above all doubt and fear, the eye fixed on the coming light in the midst of darkness and perplexity, the hard work continued notwithstanding opposition, distrust, disappointment, failing health, and all this made harder by the bitter consciousness of sin, and by inward temptations which no one can fully understand but the tempted man himself—this holy tenacity of purpose is what we need, in this life of cloud and conflict, as much as anything in the world; and of this holy tenacity the Apostle Paul is an eminent example.—*Dr. Howson.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I consider it an unspeakable privilege to converse on paper, when we can pour forth the tender feelings which constitute the blessed *realities* of our being. During my late indisposition, I have been employed in tracing some of the operations of *imagination* that are almost continually passing in the human mind. We form images of absent and distant things, by comparison with something once known or previously imagined, and taken for granted. But as Edward Stabler said, "Nothing gives a true revelation of a thing, but the thing itself." All imaginations are all of giving a knowledge like the presence of the object. I am induced to believe that much of the disquietude and unhappiness of human life arises from the improper indulgence of the powers of imagination. Having arrived at this conclusion, I began to enquire what constituted realities, substance, actual enjoyment and certain knowledge. After tracing the operations of our animal senses, and the evidences of the knowledge of natural objects, a further enquiry presented itself in relation to the *realities* and the *certain knowledge* of mental or spiritual things. This enquiry resulted or led, in the first place, to the testimony of our mental feelings. We *know*, we *are sure* we *love one another*. We are certain of the feelings of humility, of sympathy, of mercy, of gentleness, and a multitude of other qualities, which we know are good. Their evidence is in the feelings themselves, when present, and when supplanted by admitting others of an opposite character, we have a certain ground for comparison within ourselves. Here, if the powers of imagination operate, the images found in the mind of what constitutes substantial good or evil will, under the radiance of Divine Light, be likely to be

correct; but it is only as this Light makes manifest what is good, that we have a knowledge of goodness, and this is thus spiritually discerned by the exercise of mental vision or spiritual perception. We are conscious that we *sometimes*, at least, have these evidences of good *in ourselves*, and therein a degree of the *reality* of happiness or present enjoyment. But at other seasons we are conscious of a lack—a blank—or the actual existence of very different feelings—gloom, anxiety, fear, care, depression, leading toward despondency, fretfulness, impatience or murmuring. We are ready to conclude these are realities also, and that we are left to ourselves—"tossed and not comforted." Now suppose we carefully examine the operations of the powers of imagination in ourselves. We believe the sun *always shines*, though we do not always see and enjoy its light. We account for this from well-known causes of obstruction to his rays falling on us—and do we not also believe, from undeniable evidences of the feelings and perceptions of goodness once known, in ourselves, that the Fountain of divine light, life, goodness, power and love, is always flowing, and flowing towards us, as recipients of itself? Let the busy, active powers of imagination *now* be quiet—or let them centre to this inexhaustible Fountain, and the mind exercise itself in patient *waiting* and *hoping* for the enjoyment of the realities of goodness. In these seasons of trial, when darkness and doubt, and gloom and fretfulness, seem ready to swallow us up, as amidst the billows and waves that "come in, even unto the soul," how excellent is the watchword of caution, not to indulge the powers of imagination to our disquietude and loss—"Take no thought for the morrow." Again: "In your patience possess ye your souls." Again, look at David's experiment, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit," &c. May calmness and confidence in the Divine Arm be the clothing of thy meek and patient spirit. Perform thy duties towards thy precious children faithfully, and leave the rest to Him, whose blessing upon thy care and concern I have seen to my comfort. This is thy province, to watch over His own seed in the garden of their sweet innocent hearts. Yes, in the delightful work of counting up good things possessed, we may reckon His image remaining as undefiled in your lovely offspring. I hear from the city nearly every day. Indeed, the state of it, and the cholera, seem the topics of general interest and converse. My prayers centre in the desire that the ears of the people may be open to Divine instruction, intended to be deeply impressed

by this awful voice "that crieth to the city," and oh that there may be "men" and women "of wisdom," in city and country, "that may see His name," that may "hear the rod and Him that hath appointed it." And I verily believe many ears are opening to hear, and many hearts are brought into deep searching and examination. Oh, that it may be effectual; that this awful visitation may humble the stout hearts of those who have been soaring above the pure Witness. The day surely calls for mourning, fasting and prayer.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 27, 1871.

In our last issue we gave a short abstract of the proceedings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting up to the evening of Second-day. We are unable this week to present a detail of the very interesting proceedings, but the solemnity and harmony which characterized both branches, was cause of gratitude to many hearts, and the gathering was thought to be larger than at any former period since the opening of the house on Race St.

An account of the labors of the Representative Committee with the Legislatures of several States on the subjects of intemperance and military requisitions, and the report of the Committee appointed to the charge of Indian tribes in Nebraska, added to the interest of the proceedings. We understand that 7000 copies of the extracts of men's meeting, and 4000 of the women's meeting will be published this week, and when received we shall give some further account.

DIED.

PARRY.—At Richmond, Ind., on the 1st of Ninth month, 1870, Joseph Parry, aged 81 years and 9 months; a member of White Water Monthly Meeting, formerly of Montgomery county, Pa.

FIELD.—On the evening of Third month 18th, at his residence at Purchase, N. Y., Thomas C. Field, aged 65 years; a member of Purchase Monthly Meeting. His last illness brought with it no fear. He requested all to be quiet, and in that serene state of mind passed away.

TWINING.—In Baltimore county, Md., on the 16th of Fourth month, 1871, Horace B., son of D. H. and Alice P. Twining, and grandson of J. P. and Sarah Baynes, in his 3d year.

DIXON.—On the 23d of Fourth month, Elizabeth S., wife of Isaac F. Dixon, in the 62d year of her age; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting. This dear Friend had suffered many bereavements, but through them all there shone forth a resignation

that was beautiful and instructive to witness. In the valley of affliction, her chastened spirit had drunk deeply of the fountain of Divine instruction, until the inward spiritual life seemed to have swallowed up in a large measure the frailties of the flesh, shedding a gentle refreshing influence upon those with whom she mingled. Life's journey thus performed, its close was peace and calm assurance.

EWER.—In Mendon, on the 4th of Fifth month, 1871, Hannah P., daughter of Isaac G. and Lydia Ann Ewer, in the 21st year of her age; a member of Rochester Monthly and Mendon Particular Meeting. This dear young Friend was suddenly called to her final home. Her quiet solid deportment, and her light estimation of the vanities which so oft captivate the young mind, have given us a well-grounded hope that she has entered into the rest prepared for the righteous.

JANNEY.—At his residence in Warren county, Ohio, on the 4th of Fifth month, 1871, Aaron Janney, in the 88th year of his age; a member of Springboro' Monthly Meeting, Warren Co., O., and formerly a member of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting, Virginia.

LUKENS.—On the 11th of Second month, 1871, Esther, widow of the late George Lukens, in the 84th year of her age; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

WALTERS.—Near Fredericktown, Knox county, Ohio, on the 14th of Second month, 1871, Elizabeth, widow of the late Mahlon Walters, in the 76th year of her age.

WILLITS.—Of typhoid fever, on the 3d of Fifth month, 1871, Esther, widow of William Willits, late of Maidenecreeke township, Berks Co., Pa., in the 81st year of her age. She was a daughter of Thomas and Hannah Lightfoot, and was a member of Exeter Monthly Meeting, held at Maidenecreeke.

As the General Conference meets in New York on Second-day evening, the time of holding the Annual Meeting of "The First-day School Association of Friends of New York Yearly Meeting," is changed from 4th-day evening to 1st-day evening, Fifth mo. 28th. The meeting will be held in the meeting-house on 15th St., commencing at 8 o'clock. All interested in the cause of First-day Schools are cordially invited to attend.

The Board of Managers will meet at the same place on Seventh-day evening, at 7½ o'clock.

JOHN L. GRIFFEN, *Clerk of Exec. Com.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL GENERAL CONFERENCE.

This organization will meet at Friends' Meeting-house, Rutherford Place, New York, on Second-day evening next, 29th inst., at 8 o'clock. All interested are invited to attend.

T. CLARKSON TAYLOR, } *Clerks.*
LYDIA C. STABLER, }

P.S.—If fifty or more Friends notify T. H. Speakman, 26 N. 7th St., Philada., not later than Sixth-day, 26th inst., of their intention of attending New York Yearly Meeting, excursion tickets can be procured for four dollars the round trip.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the First-day School General Conference will be held at Rutherford Place Meeting-house, New York, on Seventh-day evening, the 27th inst., at 8 o'clock.

EDWIN CRAFT, *Clerk.*

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The list of students in this Institution for the coming year is already filling up, and it is the de

sire of the Board to give the preference to the children of Friends and stockholders. In order to secure this end, application should be made as soon as possible.

EDWARD H. MAGILL, *Principal*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

BY THOMAS FOULKE, OF NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 188.)

Above Hutching's hotel the valley breaks into three cañons, and the Merced river into three forks. The North Fork passes through Mirror Lake, which is the very embodiment of transparency. It reflects trees, rocks, mountains and sky with almost perfect exactness. One can hardly believe these reflections to be images and shadows. On looking into this natural mirror, one might feel almost ready to shrink back from the lake, lest he should fall over the edge into the inverted dome of the blue sky. On the middle or main fork of the river are the Vernal and Nevada Falls, and the trail in reaching them is often difficult and perhaps dangerous of ascent, along dizzy shelves, and up sharp rocks and declivities, and along the brow or edge of giddy precipices rising one thousand feet to the mile. It is much more fearful and dangerous than anything which I have ever seen or travelled over in the Alpine regions of Switzerland. At the upper end of the vast gorge you see a half dome of mountain, called the South Dome, or Tis-sa-ack, signifying "Goddess of the Valley," towering up six thousand feet, or more than a mile, at a single stretch. It was originally one vast granite mountain, and geologists perhaps would say was riven from top to bottom by some ancient convulsion of nature, and one half of it went on the other side of the chasm and disappeared. With feeble and limited sense of Divine Power, and deeply and solemnly impressed with human littleness, one could only gaze in silence, reverence and awe, occasionally turning away to rest from the oppressive magnitude of the scene. In winter, the sun rises in the valley at 1½ P.M., and sets at 3½ P.M., giving to the then inhabitants of this wonderful gorge the delightful luxury of only two hours day. Mails and news from the outside world they receive only once a week in this inclement season; they are brought in by faithful Indians. The beauty of the valley was marvellously lovely by moonlight, and it was our privilege to see it thus. Boulders from above, in the winter months, breaking from the summits, roll down thundering and crashing and filling the valley with their reverberations. The granite rocks and mountains which surround this wonderful gorge or valley are its most striking feature. The nine granite walls, which range in altitude from three to six thousand feet, are the

most striking examples on the globe of the masonry of nature. Their dimensions are so vast that they utterly outrun our ordinary standards of comparison. Immense mountain walls, upright and nearly perpendicular, tower up to the astounding height of nearly two-thirds of a mile. These stupendous works of nature almost painfully impress the mind with their vastness. The Cathedral Rocks have two huge turrets, which are about 3000 feet high. Their Indian name is "Large Acorn Cach." "Sentinel" towers alone, grand, solemn and hoary, rearing its mighty dome four thousand feet upwards towards the blue arch of heaven. The gigantic "North Dome" is almost as round and perfect as that of the cupola of the National Capitol, or of Saint Paul's at London. It is nearly four thousand feet high, and its Indian name is To-coy-ae, which signifies "Shade to Indian Baby Basket." The "Three Brothers," Pom-pom pa-sus, is a three-pointed mass of solid granite, four thousand two hundred feet in height, with corresponding dimensions. Hardy cedars and pines, thrusting their roots into the crevices, are apparently growing out of its unbroken stone. El Capitan, the mighty, is the greatest and grandest of all. No mosses or fringes are on its closely shaven face. No tenacious vine can fasten its tendrils to, or climb that stupendous wall. There it stands, as for ages it has stood; and there it will stand, solemn, grand, measureless, indestructible, until the "heavens shall pass away, with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." Its Indian name is Tu-toch-ab-nu-lah, which signifies "Great Chief of the Valley." It is three thousand three hundred feet high, and presents a broad mass of bare, solid, perpendicular granite more than half a mile in dimensions, or two-thirds of a mile in height, and corresponding in magnitude. Surely it must be the most marvellous pile of granite in the world. Next we come to speak of the "Cap of Liberty," cone-shaped and symmetrical, and peering up four thousand six hundred feet heavenward. "Mahta" is its Indian name, signifying martyr mountain. Mount "Starr King" looms up grandly five thousand six hundred feet. And lastly the "Clouds' Rest," as its name imports, is away up towards the blue arch of heaven, among the clouds, the crown of all this cluster of the Sierras, sitting queenly as upon a throne, at the astounding and bewildering height of six thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the valley, and ten thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea.

Yosemite signifies "Large Grizzly Bear." This was the name of a tribe of Indians who inhabited the valley. In 1851 they were hostile, and the whites pursuing them into the

valley to their home and stronghold, discovered this crowning wonder of the world. Finding in one of the lodges a very aged squaw, they inquired how old she was. The Indians replied that when she was a girl, "these mountains were hills." Before this stronghold was brought to light, the Indians would laugh, and say they had many places to flee to where no white man could come. Now they exclaim, "Where can we go that Americans do not follow us?" A few of the tribe only remain inhabitants of the valley. They are docile and peaceful.

The forests present long and everchanging vistas for the eye to penetrate, on the heights above as you approach the valley, and are composed mostly of yellow pine, white pine, sugar-pine, silver pine, arborvita and cedar; and they surpass in loveliness and beauty anything of the kind to be found in any other part of the globe. These forests, on elevated table-lands, are not exceeded for timber by any other portion of the State. Those near Clark's Ranch are four thousand one hundred and eighty feet above the sea level, and the Mariposa Grove of Mammoth Trees is fifteen hundred feet higher. As you ride along, glimpses of the distant Sierras meet the view, upon whose lofty peaks, and in whose shadowy gorges, snows lie eternally slumbering. You are now seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, the highest portions of the trail being seven thousand five hundred feet. Presently you come to the "Hermitage," a hollow sugar-pine tree, which was the home of a solitary woodsman for nearly three months. One night he vacated suddenly in a storm, fearing his singular house might blow over, and its somewhat romantic tenant be buried beneath its ruins. On the route to the valley by the "Big Oak Flat," and "Hirder's Mill," you see growing on an immense rock the largest oak tree in the world. The forests which meet the eye, as you pass along, are gems of beauty, and to my fancy the silver pines are the most charming of all. The woodpeckers have been busily engaged at work, and have bored an innumerable quantity of holes in the bodies of the yellow pine trees, with the precision almost of an auger, and have deposited in each hole an acorn nicely fitted in. I brought one away with me, which I took from one of the apertures, as a curiosity. Whether this is a winter's store of food, or what it is placed there by the bird for, is a question for naturalists to determine. It is certainly a very curious thing, and a very remarkable phenomena.

A few years since, this whole region, the Yosemite Valley and the Groves of Mammoth Trees, was granted by the United States Government to the State of California, and it will

be preserved inviolate forever, for the use of the public. It is fast becoming an object of exceeding interest to the tourist and pleasure and health seeker alike; and as its curious and amazing wonders become better known, and its health-giving properties appreciated; and as the means of access into the valley are improved, the interest the public will take will be greatly increased. The most interesting period to visit the valley would be in Fifth or Sixth month, before the roads become very dusty, and when the streams flowing into it, are filled from the melting of the snows of the Sierras, and the numerous falls, like cataracts from the clouds, produce their grandest effects. Before reaching the immediate brink of the mighty gorge, and its walled precipices of such vast and wondrous perpendicular heights, the tourist by making a short detour from the main trail, between Hodgden and Tamarack Flat, will find a small grove of big trees, called the Tuolumne South Grove. It will well repay a visit by the traveller, for the extra time and exertion it will cost him. This grove, though small, is interesting. Two of the trees, named the "Siamese Twins," growing from the same root, measure one hundred and fourteen feet in circumference, with corresponding height and proportions. We saw a stump of one of these big trees, the trunk having been broken away, which had probably been before the removal of the bark, from thirty-five to forty feet in diameter. The height of the trees in this grove is not equal to that of the trees in the Calaveras Grove, several of which measure over three hundred feet; and one that has long since fallen, called "The Father of the Forest," has an estimated height of four hundred and fifty feet. As you approach the brink of the mighty basin, the scenery becomes bold and grand in the extreme, and you seem transfixed in awe as you stand upon the "Stand-point of Silence," and view the sublime and awful majesty of nature's panorama spread out before your admiring and wondering gaze. The feelings awakened and called into exercise are such as are beyond the power of expression. From such feelings arose the name the point bears. And in view of it one might fittingly exclaim with the poet: "Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise." On the opposite side is the point or path of entrance by the Mariposa route, and a feeling akin to that which named this point, has given the latter the name of "Inspiration Point." From the summit or stand-point in question to the valley below, is a distance of seven miles, by a precipitous trail or bridle path, descending four thousand feet. This trail has already been described, and is by many persons who have travelled it con-

sidered a hard road to travel. When you get into the valley, and come calmly to meditate upon its sublime grandeur, and its enchanting richness of beauty, you must acknowledge that it surpasses expression. You are almost dumb with astonishment. You can scarcely realize what your eyes behold. The mind cannot take it all within its grasp at once, or fully comprehend and appreciate it. Several eminent writers have attempted descriptions, but all have despaired of giving expression to the awe-inspiring feeling which fills the mind of the beholder of the mighty chasm. Bierstadt and Hill have painted it with master touches of the pencil, and their works adorn the choicest galleries of the fine arts. Watkins and other photographers have photographed it with remarkable accuracy and artistic skill; and these, as writers all agree, give perhaps the nearest idea of the majesty of the scene that can be presented, and yet they fall immensely short, and convey but a faint conception of this wonderful picture of nature; in fact, they are dwarfed into littleness in comparison with the great reality itself. The greatest artists have almost invariably failed in conveying depth from a high stand-point. It may be earnestly wished that this defect, in the near future may, in some measure at least, be remedied. But until that period shall arrive, we must be as contented as we can with the present condition of the art.

From the summit of "Glacial Point" is a projecting or overhanging rock, which, seen from the valley below, looking upward, apparently extends out three or four feet, but which we find, when standing by it, is over thirty feet beyond the nearly vertical wall. From this point Watkins, the photographer, once went out near to the brink, and from it took one of the finest views of the "South Dome" and the country beyond, ever obtained. On the margin of this projecting rock, you go out and look down and into the awful abyss below. Large trees are dwarfed into comparative insignificance. A little spot, as it appears to be from the great distance, or clump of trees in the valley, is Lemon's apple orchard, of four acres, containing five hundred trees, twenty feet apart. The bright spot or speck away among the far-off mountains, which throws out its silvery splendor in a little cañon just discernable, is "Mirror Lake," with the picturesque grandeur of its mountain walls, much of its beauty consisting in the reflections of its glorious surroundings in the calm of its glassy bosom. "Mirror Lake," or as it is sometimes called, Hiawatha, is nearly perfect as a mirror, and at evening time, when there is no ripple on its fair bosom, it reflects rock, mountain, sky and tree most

charmingly. The South Dome, always pre-eminently conspicuous in any scene near to or within the valley, overshadows and eclipses other objects, and claims a monopolizing share of admiration from the beholder. The great North Dome and the Colossal Arch, or the Royal Arches on its northern perpendicular side; the Washington Column or the Watching Eye looking down on the lake; the Clouds' Rest; the Cap of Liberty; Mount Starr King, and the great Yosemite itself, are all conspicuous objects here visible. On the right, in the deep gorge of the mountains, are to be seen the magnificent and grand Nevada Fall, and a little further on the bright and sparkling Vernal Fall, flashing out their silvery brilliancy beneath your feet, whilst mountains piled on mountains, peaks on peaks, and crags on crags, of every shape, towering up to frowning and dizzy heights, stand guard and sentinel on every side. The scenery is grand and mighty beyond all description, and far transcending all praise, almost baffles and bewilders the senses. The vast ranges and high prominent mountain peaks in the far off distance are the Sierra Nevadas, and they extend as far as the eye can reach, looming and peering up towards the blue arch above them, to the amazing height of twelve and even thirteen thousand feet above the sea level. Sentinel Dome is near to Glacial Point, and is bare of vegetation, except perhaps one or two stunted pines, which are growing there, on the top of one of which, standing as it does on the very topmost part of the dome as a sort of crown, the writer with a young friend climbed up and left their cards there, and had a superb and glorious view of the mighty chasm and its amazing surroundings, together with the far-off and snow-crowned Sierras, which view is altogether different from that at Glacial Point, only a short mile distant. Before the admiring and wondering beholder now lies the backbone of the Sierra Nevada mountains, some thirty miles distant, and every prominent peak of them distinctly visible in a clear atmosphere for fifty miles or more. The great Yosemite Fall, with the country above it, through which it runs before making its wonderful leap; its singular groups of rocks, and forest-clad banks and ravines, are all spread out beneath your feet; and stretching the vision far, far away, you can look upon the broad, rich and beautiful valleys of the San Joaquin, and Sacramento, and plainly discern, through the dry atmosphere, the Coast Range mountains, one hundred and forty miles away, and near the Golden Gate. Time should be taken to realize its almost infinite glories and wonders. In order to do this, some tourists form camping out parties, and provide themselves with

suitable outfits for the purpose. The glorious scenes which might be witnessed on such excursions, may yet rank among the greatest charms of visiting the Yosemite Valley.

(To be continued.)

THE most dangerous animal among wild beasts is the slanderer—among tame animals, the flatterer.—*Diogenes.*

A MOMENT AT A TIME.

It is said by a celebrated modern writer, "take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable hint, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well doing" from the thought of having a great deal to do. The *present* is all we have to manage: the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still need set but one step at a time, and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins and is always increased by calculating in a minute the exertions of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if *one* could be sustained, so can another, and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of all the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never err. But the common error is, to resolve to act right *to-morrow* or *next time*; but *now*, just this once, we must go on the same as ever.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future which the present never fulfils.

It is not thus with those, who "by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality;" day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned: and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their "works follow them."

Let us, then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and the accepted time."—*Jane Taylor.*

A NEW LUTHER.

Dr. Dollinger has boldly thrown down the gauntlet at the foot of the Pope, and we expect to see stirring times among the German Roman Catholics. Some are even so sanguine as to predict a new reformation on broader principles than those of Luther. Be this as it may, it is certain that the Roman Catholic church will have a shaking in Germany such as it has not had since the bold protests of the Erfurt monk. The leader of this new reform is a man of unimpeachable integrity, eminent learning and firmness of will. Dr. Dollinger is one of the foremost scholars of his age, and is equally distinguished for his clear, strong intellect as for the extent and variety of his learning. For some time he has been known as the open champion of a liberalized Roman Catholicism, and his weighty words have commanded the respect, while they have roused the anger, of the Vatican. He has made no secret of his rejection of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, and even the decree of the General Council failed either to convince or silence him.

The ecclesiastical authorities have resolved to bring the heretic to terms, so the Archbishop of his diocese called him to account. He delayed a short time his reply, and the faithful saw in this signs of faltering. But they mistook their man. He used the interval to prepare a reply which is a crusher. Unlike many others, he has no idea of eating his words, but has sent forth a letter which will have a deep influence among German Roman Catholics.

He offers to prove before the German bishops, who are expected to meet at Fulda, that the dogma of Papal Infallibility is neither Scriptural nor known to the church of the first thousand years; that the majority of the Council was misled by garbled quotations; that in the fifteenth century two General Councils and several Popes decided the matter the other way, and that their decision was promulgated formally by the Councils and confirmed by the Popes; and finally, that obedience to the new dogma is inconsistent with obedience to the laws of States that are both European and Catholic.

He also writes as a German patriot as well as a Romish disciple, and says that if this dogma were accepted it would sow the seeds of incurable disease in the body of the modern German State.

Dr. Dollinger is no hot-brained preacher,

guided by the excitement of popular enthusiasm. He is the greatest living historian of the church, and occupies one of the chief University chairs. His present conclusions are the result of careful thought and long study. If summoned before the German bishops at Fulda, or a conference of German theologians at Munich, he will confront them as did Luther at the Diet of Worms. In breadth of learning and depth of intellect he is superior to Luther, but with not a jot less of firmness or boldness of purpose. The storm is surely gathering, but he is preparing for it. At the close of his letter to the Archbishop he uses these words: "As a christian, as a theologian, as an historian, as a citizen, I cannot accept this doctrine. Not as a christian, for it is irreconcilable with the spirit of the gospel, and with the plain words of Christ and of the Apostles. It purposes just that establishment of the kingdom of this world which Christ rejected; it claims that rule over all communions which Peter forbids to all and to himself. Not as a theologian, for the whole true tradition of the church is in irreconcilable opposition to it. Not as historian can I accept it, for as such I know that the persistent endeavor to realize this theory of a kingdom of the world has cost Europe rivers of blood, has confounded and degraded whole countries, has shaken the beautiful organic architecture of the elder Church, and has begotten, fed and sustained the worst abuses in the Church.

'Finally, as a citizen, I must put it away from me, because by its claims on the submission of States and monarchs, and of the whole political order under the Papal power, and by the exceptional position which it claims for the clergy, it lays the foundation of endless, ruinous dispute between State and Church, between clergy and laity. For I cannot conceal from myself that this doctrine, the results of which were the ruin of the old German kingdom, would, if governing the Catholic part of the German nation, at once lay the seed of incurable decay in the new kingdom which has just been built up."

Of course the church will use every means to crush him. He will not only be expelled from the Catholic fold, but no stone will be left unturned to oust him from his professorship. Fortunately the civil authorities refuse to dismiss him. The Minister of Public Worship has already been entreated to expel him, and all others who reject the dogma of Papal Infallibility. But he very plainly gives the ecclesiastics to understand that they must not interfere and encroach on the civil authority. The King of Bavaria has written a letter to Dr. Dollinger, deploring

the sentence of excommunication against him. It is even rumored that he intends to appoint Dr. Dollinger Minister of Public Worship. There is no doubt the larger proportion of German civilians sympathize with him, so far, at least, as to deprecate any ecclesiastical action against him. They favor free discussion.

Thus the matter stands.—*Christian Register*.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears there is a liar in the house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered—when there must be reserve in talk and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any one. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is a chance of its cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help, as if he were suffering under some bodily disorder. If he can be cured, he will become duly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fail, means must of course be taken to prevent his example from doing harm; and then, as I said, the family peace is broken up, because the family confidence is gone. I fear that, for some cause or another, there are but few large families where every member is altogether truthful. But where all are so organized and so trained as to be wholly reliable in act and word, they are a light to all eyes and a joy to all hearts. They are public benefits, for they are a point of general reliance; and they are privately blessed within and without. Without, their life is made easy by universal trust; and within their home and their hearts, they have the security of rectitude and the gladness of innocence.—*Harriet Martineau*.

MISERIES OF WAR.—If three men were to have their legs and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the whole country would be in a state of the most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale deaths on the field of battle, ten acres covered with dead, and half dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more of misery inflicted on mankind by one year of war than by all the civil peculations and aggressions of a century. Yet it is a state into which the mass of mankind rush with

the greatest avidity, hailing official murderers in scarlet and gold and cock's feathers as the greatest and most glorious of human creatures. It is the business of every wise and good man to set himself against this passion for military glory, which really seems the most fruitful source of human misery.—
Advocate of Peace.

“A CHILD never learns to day's lessons better for fretting over the neglected task of yesterday.”

EXTRACT FROM “BY THE RIVER.”

BY M. E. ATKINSON.

How calm and smooth the river's tide. The sails
Glide slowly down as slow the daylight fails.

Far must they roam.

They all are outward-bound—but I, to-night,
Behold my spirit's haven just in sight,
My soul's sweet home.

See! just beyond the harbor's outer bar,
The beacon light is burning like a star

With steady beam;

And as my soul looks forth, with deep delight,
It sees hope's blessed beacon shining bright,
Across death's stream.

And, gazing thus, my thoughts have wandered back,
With sad and joyful memories, o'er the track
Of many years;

Not all their bitter sorrows to renew,
Nor all their hours of gladness to review,—
Their hopes and fears,

But to retrace my spirit's inner life—
Born amid grief, grown strong through toil and strife,
And calm through pain—

From its first well-springs, trickling cool and clear
To these calm depths, whose placid currents near
The boundless main.

The voices of the Past which call to me,
The solemn echoes from the Unknown Sea,
All whisper “Peace!”

This heavenly peace, which like a river flows,
And bathes my soul in its Divine repose
Till all cares cease.

It is the Saviour's gift; His words were true,
“Not as the world gives, give I unto you!”
In early life

My soul went begging at its churlish gate:
It flung me wealth and fame, and gilded state,
With care and strife.

But still my hungry heart implored for aught
To satisfy its longing; “There is naught,”
I cried, “in these

Of medicine for secret ache—of rest
For weariness—of balm for wounded breast
That prays for ease!”

Thus at the world's broad gate my spirit cried,
And waited drearily, but none replied,
Nor gave to me.

I found it had no power to heal or bless,
And thus I learned its utter hollowness
And vanity.

Then came an angel to me in disguise,
Whose name was Sorrow. Tender were his eyes,
Though harsh his hand;

And slowly my reluctant soul he led
Within the hearing of a Voice which said,
With sweet command,

“Come unto me, and I will give you rest!”

How could I but obey the kind behest?

And as I turned,

Some door of heaven unbarred to flood my way
With glimpses of the everlasting day,
Such glory burned.

Then in my gladness, “This is peace,” I cried,
But Life replied, ere many days had sped,

“Not peace, but hope!”

For while I looked, the transient gleam was gone,
As clouds across blue rifts are drifted on
In heaven's dark cope.

Ah! then I felt the galling chains of sin,
Ah! then I found that peace is hard to win

With such a foe;

But as I strove with evil, strength was given,
And still my steady feet were turned toward heaven,
Though faint and slow.

And thus I struggled on from day to day,
Until I felt the hostile hosts give way;

The pressure yield;

And then I knew a victory was won,
And I had conquered peace at last upon
Life's battle-field.

Not that the strife was wholly ended yet,
Nor triumph perfect. Death alone can set
On mortal brow

The victor's radiant crown. Yet peace within
Is won by conquest over self and sin,
E'en here and now.

LET parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings as it goes to bed. Let all banish business and every worldly care at bed-time, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.

THE CAVE OF BELLAMAR, IN CUBA.

Whatever advantage, as to extent, other caves may possess over Bellamar, surely none in the world can surpass its wondrous wealth of rare and exquisitely beautiful crystallizations. Nature seems to have exhausted her fancy in producing these myriads of quaint forms and curious combinations. The stalactites are singularly capricious and beautiful. From the gigantic “Mantle of Columbus” to the newly formed delicate tubes and cones, scarcely an inch in length, there exists every intermediate variety of size. Some are flat and transparent, and will vibrate when struck, with a sound as clear and melodious as a silver bell. Others are tube-like, hollow, twisted or curved, sometimes branching like coral, at others hanging like hooks, or darting sharply upward. According to the accidents of their position, they assume at times entirely different forms. Now they are frozen dribblets along the yellow surface of the rock; again they have worked themselves into grotesque fringes, or are scalloped into delicate frills; now they are like glittering serpents flashing wildly in the

torchlight; then the rock is coated as if with a heavy frost; and again, the shapes take the form of crucibles, of cornucopiæ, or of flowers tinged with delicate colors and resembling dahlias and roses.

In the complex web which they form it is difficult at times to separate the stalactites from the stalagmites. The latter form, in some places, rich curtains of the whitest and most quaintly patterned lace; they hang like the rich drapery of silken robes; or like motionless cascades of glittering diamonds, they extend, wave after wave, and fold after fold, from the ceiling to the floor. Sometimes they assume the most grotesque forms and resemblances; here and there we see them about the floor like devotees kneeling before fantastic idols, in silent and eternal adoration; again they seem like weary travelers stretched out to rest at noon on the cool grass by the wayside; or, perhaps again, like plumed and naked savages gathered in dread circles around the council fire to plot the war-path, or to plan the chase.

And all this is accomplished simply by the combination of water with lime! A feeble stream of water permeates the limestone above, and filters through it, carrying along some minute particles of lime in solution. As this water drops from the roof of the cave, or dribbles along the surface of its walls, it leaves behind it these calcareous particles, which, in the form of carbonate of lime, harden and are crystallized, forming a thousand capricious figures. If the drops fall from the roof, the form is generally that of a pendant tube or elongated cone, terminating in a keen point, to which every additional drop from above naturally runs. Each drop remains there suspended for a moment, contributing its infinitesimal quota of lime toward the lengthening of the stalactite downward; it then falls to the ground, carrying with it the residue of the lime, which is here deposited and crystallizes, contributing to the growth of the stalagmite upward. Thus every drop tends to increase the two formations.

If the dribble of water, however, flows along the surface of a rock, then it leaves the lime behind it to mark its devious path in the form of delicate tracery and fringes. If the quantity of water is large, then the ascades and curtains and snow-drifts are formed. The roof of the cave, its walls, and its floor, are thus all, at the same time, being ornamented through the agency above described. Considering the extreme slowness of the process, how many ages it must have required to agglomerate gigantic masses of crystallization like that called the "Mantle of Columbus!" And yet this, necessarily, is not so old as the cave itself.

Caves such as Ballamar are to be met with on a smaller scale in all the calcareous formations of the island, where natural bridges, tunnels, and subterranean rivers are likewise found. The origin of the Cave of Bellamar may be due to volcanic action; but it is more probably owing to the more gradual erosion of yielding strata by the action of water. The wonderful tunnel bored by the Cuzco river, in the eastern part of the island, might suggest the origin of a cave like this of Ballamar. The Cuzco is an insignificant and shallow stream, which, however, in the rainy season, becomes a powerful torrent. A lofty ridge barred the course of its ancient channel, and through the heart of this ridge it has carved a tunnel large enough to admit of the passage of huge trunks of palms and eriodendrons. After disappearing at the base of the hill, several feet below the crest, it does not appear again until it comes out at the other side of the ridge, a distance of nearly three miles. Any volcanic action tending to alter the level or bed of the stream might divert its waters into a different channel; the former one would be soon covered with a dense vegetation, and all distinct traces of it be lost. The tunnel, or cavern, itself probably disturbed from its original horizontal position, would remain to puzzle future geologists.—*Maj.-General Frederick Cavada, in Harper's Magazine.*

—♦—
If human affairs are controlled by Almighty Rectitude and Impartial Goodness, then to hope for happiness from wrong-doing is as insane as to seek health and prosperity by rebelling against the laws of nature, by sowing our seed on the ocean, or making poison our common food.—*Channing.*

—♦—
STRINGENT MEASURES AGAINST BOB.

One of the wisest and best women of *The Golden Age's* acquaintance has a family of sons and daughters, among whom one son, by the name of Bob, gives more than a dueshare of an urchin's provocations to his two sisters, named Maggie and Hattie. Whereupon this motherly mother, taking the part of each against the other, with a view to reconcile both, one day wrote on a slip of paper, and pinned on the window curtain of the girls' room, the following bit of good advice:

"Young ladies, be kind and patient with your little brother. Consider yourselves a kind of missionary to this little heathen, and with a religious earnestness labor for his salvation. Do not kick him out of your room, but kiss him and treat him with a sisterly love and tenderness. He was once a sweet little baby like the one in the picture, and I

wish to say to you "that he sleeps!" Now you perceive he is awake, and does the best he can to keep the rest of us awake also. You must regard Bob as a means of grace."

The effect of the above manifesto was equally happy on the girls and the boy. "Robert le Diable" became "Bob the means of grace." Not that the young rebel surrendered immediately. He fought it out on the same old line for awhile, hoping to get put out of the room, or his ears nipped, or a pin stuck in his leg, or some other reasonable excuse for barricading the chamber door with twelve chairs, or for wheeling the pet goat up into the girls' closet, or for cutting the bed cords and letting down the mattress, or for executing several other ingenious tricks of his fertile mind; but he was so respectfully treated by the humane enemy that he had not the heart to make war against the spirit of peace. The rebellion within him gradually surrendered, and the latest bulletin from the orderly household is that universal amnesty prevails.

This policy suggested by Bob's mother, and carried out by Bob's sisters, of making Bob a means of grace to the rest of the house, has had its chief gracious effect on Bob himself. We commend the case to the home circle of *The Golden Age* as a specimen of the true statesmanship of family government.—*The Golden Age*.

A HINT TO GRUBLERS.

"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of a pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers, they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?"

"Oh, they're happy because they can't help it," said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears, compared with the constant croaking of a frog."

ITEMS.

NEWS has been received in England of the discovery, by the colonial government geologists, Messrs. Sawkins and Brown, of magnificent waterfalls far exceeding those of Niagara, which exist in

Demerara, British Guiana. They are on the upper part of Potaro River, three days' journey from the colonial penal settlement, and within one hundred miles of the capital of the colony. Although so near, comparatively, to European settlements, they have hitherto remained unknown to civilized men, and are but rarely visited by the Indians, who have not appreciated their marvellous character. The fall consists of two leaps, one being a perpendicular fall of seven hundred and seventy feet, and the second over fifty feet. The volume of water measured in the dry season is twenty-eight feet in depth, and nearly one hundred yards broad. The government of the colony have undertaken to open up the neighborhood and give facilities to visitors. The Niagara Falls are one hundred and sixty feet high.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—The actual receipts of the Suez Canal, during 1870, according to the official report of the directors, amounted to \$1,277,441, or only to about one fourth of De Lessep's estimates, and this sum, it is stated, includes considerable sums arising from the sales of material, vessels and machinery used in constructing the canal. The income, it is believed, would have been much larger had the British Lloyds agreed to insure sailing vessels navigating the Red Sea. A new Russian steamship company has been organized to trade between Hankow, one of the Chinese treaty ports, and Odessa via the Suez Canal. Two iron screw steamers have already been constructed and together can carry about four million pounds of tea. There are, it is stated, about seventy Russian firms engaged in the tea trade, and the consumption of tea in Russia, in Europe, it is estimated, amounts to fifty million pounds a year.

THE aquarium of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham seems to give the English public great satisfaction. There are sixty tanks of varying dimensions—from 75 to 4,000 gallons capacity—to suit the various habits of the animals. Beneath all is a reservoir, holding 150,000 gallons of sea-water. This water is pumped up continuously, at the rate of from 5,000 to 10,000 gallons an hour, flowing through the various tanks and then returning to the reservoir. Thus the supply may be kept undiminished for years, care being taken to replace loss by evaporation by adding distilled water.

THE *N. Y. Evening Post* says: There has lately been introduced in the city a new building material in the Frear artificial stone, which is likely to come into general use not only for dwellings and stores, but for fences, sidewalks, culverts and dockages. The stone is a Western invention, and is brought here from Chicago, where more than three hundred of the finest buildings in the city have been constructed wholly or in part of it. The materials used in its composition are sand, gravel, and Portland cement, fastened together firmly with chemicals, which form a solid, insoluble stone, and is pressed in moulds of any desired pattern or form, such as bricks of various sizes, ashlers, key-stones, corner blocks, water tables, door and window caps, sills and cornices. In fact, it is claimed the most beautiful architectural designs may be executed in it with a finish and perfection which the most skillful workmen with the chisel would find it impossible to attain.

The great strength and solidity of the stone, its imperviousness to atmospheric influences, the fact that it can be adapted to all purposes to which natural stone is now applied, together with its cheapness, will doubtless bring it into general use as a staple building material in this city.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*

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A Memorial of JOHN HUNT, a Minister in the Society of Friends.

He was the son of John and Rachel Hunt, of Darby, in the State of Pennsylvania, worthy members of the religious Society of Friends, who endeavored to train him in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; but yielding to his strong natural passions, he was in early life hurried beyond the safe inclosures of parental restraint and holy Christian discipline.

He took of the inheritance that was given him, and departed afar off, spent his substance, lost his right of membership with Friends, and sought to make up for the enjoyments of an innocent life by an indulgence in the pleasures of sin.

From manuscripts he has left, and frequent acknowledgments in his public testimonies, it appears that during this disconsolate and forlorn state, Divine Mercy continued near, and by chastisements in love, would often remind him of his father's house that he had left, where there was bread enough and to spare, when aspirations would be raised for deliverance.

One of the many evidences of this is found in a short manuscript of his, which appears to have been penned during his prodigal career, as follows:

“Thou great, eternal Source of light,
Who rules creation by thy might,
And governs by thy power;

Who fills all heaven, earth, air, sea;
And sees through all eternity,
Be pleased to hear my prayer.
Oh God! Most Holy, just and true,
My heart, my soul aspires anew,
And breathes to Thee above;
Oh! come, pronounce my darkness light,
And fashion me to please thy sight,
Most honored God of love.
Thy presence sweetens all my woes,
Thy grace can conquer all thy foes
That rage within my heart;
Thy power is over death and hell,
With all their offspring which rebel,
And from thy law depart.
Then, Oh! Supreme, Eternal Lord,
Vouchsafe thy all-creative word
That framed the Heavens above;
Spare not adversity's keen rod,
Till all doth bow to Thee, Oh! God,
In reverence, fear, and love.”

The prayer thus breathed was not without a merciful response.

Visitations of grace and of adversity were vouchsafed from time to time, until, in his own language, he could say, “Every bone in his body had been broken.”

And thus yielding himself as clay in the hands of the potter, to be moulded and fashioned according to the Divine will, he was prepared for service in the ministry of the everlasting Gospel.

He was reconciled to his friends, and again received into membership, and soon after appeared in public testimony at Salem Quarterly Meeting, held at Woodbury, in the

50th year of his age. And at a proper time his gift in the Ministry was acknowledged by Darby Monthly Meeting.

Having wasted of his temporal as well as spiritual substance in early life, and having a large family of children looking to him for support, he had much to humble him, and prove his faith in the Divine Power.

It was to this he was accustomed to look, having confidence in the declaration that "the name of the Lord is a strong tower, whereunto the righteous flee and are safe."

He soon found himself called beyond his own particular neighborhood to declare the glad tidings of the Gospel to others; and in this service he made visits, with the approval of his friends, to parts of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and other States.

In the year 1850, he removed with his family on a farm he had purchased, on the north bank of the Rancocas River, became a member of Burlington Monthly and Rancocas Preparative Meetings, steadily attending them as they came in course, when at home and in health.

His mission often extended to those of other principles and professions of religion than Friends—and especially to the laboring and seafaring classes—towards whom his labors of love were frequent, and attended with marked appreciation.

He was endowed with ready utterance and much earnestness of manner, in the delivery of his messages to the people; and oftentimes Truth, through him, would be in eminent dominion to the humbling admiration of himself and his hearers.

The doctrine he preached was the Free Grace of God; its sufficiency and universality; its adaptation to the conditions of all; bringing them, as they yielded to its teachings, into fellowship and harmony with itself; making all who are obedient, members of the one true Church; breaking down partition walls and removing sectarianism; maintaining there was no sect nor division in Christ; but that the Church, in the language of Scripture, is verily made up of all nations, kindred, tongues, and people.

He continued faithful in his public ministrations, both at home and abroad, to the comfort and edification of many, until his physical strength was prostrated by a cancerous affection, at times excruciatingly painful, and occasioning the loss of an eye, but leaving the mind in possession of its faculties, and which, perhaps, helped to make him, in his last days, a fit subject to magnify that power which had plucked him as a brand from the burning, and from the miry clay, and placed his feet upon a rock.

It is not known that a murmur ever escaped him because of his afflictions, but he appeared to receive all as visitations of Divine Mercy, for his further purification and refinement.

To some Friends, being with him, he took a somewhat extended retrospect of his life, more particularly of his latter years, bringing in remembrance the gracious dealings of the Almighty in his many trials, and in his preservation; rejoiced in the power vouchsafed to discharge the mission assigned him, and in the glorious assurance of the reward of "well done" which he believed awaited him.

During his sufferings he continued in a state of entire resignation to the Divine disposal, saying that "his enjoyments in this world were done, but that he had a joy which the world knew not of, the blessed presence of his Maker."

On another occasion he said, "I feel the presence of my dear Saviour daily; and what are all the sufferings compared with the joy that is meted out to me day by day?"

In an address to his children, among other things, he said: "Keep God always in your hearts, dear children." To one of them who came to his bedside, he said: "Ah, thee sees me in my last conquest!"

At another time he said: "Dear children, pray for me, that my patience may hold out to the end, and my faith fail not," and shortly after, "I feel nothing but sweet peace."

To his wife he exclaimed, "Oh, what would this bed of sickness be if it were not for my blessed Saviour! He is around me; I feel his presence."

In reply to the question, whether anything could be done for him, he answered, "You, dear ones, have done all for me that can be done; I desire nothing but peace with God, and that I have."

To a Friend who remarked, thou finds thy God to be a kind and merciful Master, he replied, "Yes, kind, merciful, and gracious."

Speaking of his intense sufferings, he said: "I deserve it all, and would not turn my hand to have it otherwise."

When near his end, and offered something to take to promote his strength, he replied, "I want no strength but that which God gives."

These, with many other like expressions, with a meek and quiet spirit, and state of resignation, proved that his rule of life had not been "a cunningly devised fable," but ordered of the Lord; and great was his peace.

In this state he continued, gradually declining, until the Fourth day of the Tenth month last, when he said: "I perceive my

breath to be failing me," and desired the windows to be opened to give him air, saying, "The end is near;" took his hands from that of his wife, laid them on his breast, composed his body, with a smile upon his countenance, and a look of recognition upon each of his family who surrounded him, closed his eyes and mouth, and his departure was so quiet as scarcely to be perceived.

Thus closed the life of this devoted servant of God in the 79th year of his age.

Read and united with, by Burlington Monthly Meeting, held at Old Springfield, Second month 6th, 1871, and signed, by direction thereof, by

DAVID FERRIS, }
CAROLINE G. STOKES, } *Clerks.*

At Burlington Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held at Mount Holly, N. J., Second month 28th, 1871, the foregoing memorial was read and united with, and directed to be forwarded to the Representative Committee.

BARCLAY WHITE, }
JANE D. SATTERTHWAIT, } *Clerks.*

JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

J. G. Whittier has rendered few services to the country that will in the end sink deeper or tell more than in lending his name and the beautiful Introduction he furnishes to the saintly journal of that sweetest of American mystics and purest of practical philanthropists, John Woolman, the New Jersey Quaker of 1720-1772. It is hardly too much to say that we have nowhere on record, out of sacred Scripture, a life and character of so utterly stainless and lamb-like a sort as John Woolman's. He half persuades one that the sinlessness of Jesus might have been only human—made divine by its perfect fidelity to the inner light. He had a prophet's illumination. His prediction of the misery which negro slavery would finally bring upon our country has as much clearness as the prophecies of Jeremiah. It is truly wonderful what vision of events owes to simple moral sincerity! Straining out of his own mind and heart all self-seeking ends, not wishing or even willing to be conspicuous or great, preferring obscurity, poverty with independence, and cultivating humility as most people cultivate pride, he attained to such a positive faith and such a satisfying knowledge of God's will that his words have an almost New Testament authority in their unpretending, impersonal simplicity and self-proving truth. He is so profoundly in sympathy with God and his Master that what men call theology never once appears in his account of religion. People in love with each other do not write treatises on their affections. People who know and love God, forget Trinities and God-heads. God is

in them, the spirit of their spirits, and all their theology is merged and lost in the joy and fulness of their sweet experience of Divine love and truth. Would that "the concern" that seemed ever resting on John Woolman's mind, to labor and serve in the cause of the divine kingdom, might take the place of the fussy, self-important, physiological "experiences" of religion which have degraded the mere emotional and mechanistic churches.

We have only to pray that this book may become the most read of all religious biographies. Dr. Channing thought it the best. There is not a word to be deducted from it; not a thought one could wish omitted. It should be upon one's table with the Bible and the hymn-book, and be read in secret moments when one wishes to throw off "the cumber" of the world and to draw nearer to God, or when one's faith is cold and weak in the strength of prayer and reliance on God. We were so fortunate, fifteen years ago, as to come into possession of Charles Lamb's own copy of John Woolman's journal. He valued no book more, and his few notes in it give it a very rare preciousness. We always wondered how it was permitted to pass out of England, but Mr. Putnam bought it at the sale of his library. Perhaps it had been forgotten what a store he set by it himself. We had not forgotten it, nor is there any finer evidence of his own essential piety than his full and profound appreciation of this work. Shall we add the painful fact that it is now missing from our library, and that we cannot trace its disappearance?—*Liberal Christian.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.

There are few things which are less understood than the nature of presence of mind. It has been supposed by some to be mainly the result of a cool and lymphatic temperament. By others it has been supposed to be mainly the result of fearlessness. * * * But if there is one predominant cause, it is hopefulness. There are also minor causes of much importance. Men differ much in the swiftness of their thinking. Men differ still more in their habits of concentrating thought, and relieving their attention from extraneous matters. But great proficiency in swiftness of thinking, and in concentrating thought, would not give presence of mind, unless there were hopefulness. For a man to have presence of mind he must be sure of these three things: that in any difficulty or emergency there is always something to be done, that this something may be made the best thing to be done, and, lastly, that there is nearly always time in which to do it. I will give a singular illustration of this—one which I

have used before, but which I cannot do without on the present occasion. To all those who have studied the way of serpents, it is known that these reptiles cannot spring at you when they are in a state of coil; they must uncoil themselves before they can make their spring upon you. Now, a man who knows this fact in natural history, if he should come upon a coiled serpent which raises its head, and as the man sees, means battle, this man will have presence of mind, because he has reason for hope that there is time for him to do something. Accordingly it is worth his while to think; and, so inconceivably rapid are the processes of thought, that he has time to think that it is worth his while to think. Shall he move to the right, or to the left? Shall he endeavor to get to that tree? Shall he fire his revolver? If the man did not know that he had time to think, he would give himself up to despair; and, like a frog or a rabbit, stupidly await the spring of his enemy. In this particular case the hope is born of knowledge; but in any man who is concerned in great affairs, and who requires much presence of mind, there should be a hopefulness, not depending upon knowledge—a *habit* of hopefulness arising from the fact that hopefulness generally carries the day. He should look upon all dangers and difficulties as coiled serpents, which, by their nature, must uncoil, and give him some time before they can spring upon him. At least, there is something comforting in the foregoing view, because, if true, it shows that presence of mind is a thing which may, to a certain extent, be acquired. We have been led a long way out of the usual road when we have come to the conclusion that presence of mind mainly depends upon hopefulness—in fact, upon a sanguine temperament, but perhaps it may not be a wrong way.—*Good Words.*

THE DISPERSION OF PLANTS UPON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

BY LEO HARTLEY GRINDON.

(Concluded from page 198.)

Very curious indeed are the special arrangements by which the *seeds* of plants are conveyed from place to place, thus providing for the permanency of the green carpet. Many kinds are provided with delicate feathery wings, which the wind soon seizes upon, carrying them for miles over the country. Every one in the heavenly era of early youth has blown the little ships from the dandelion into the aerial sea, curious merely to learn the time of day, and unconscious that by this little pastime the great purposes of nature were being assisted. It is true that in many of the plants which have these winged seeds, we do not recognize any special usefulness to man;

and the means provided for their wide dispersion may look like good labor bestowed to little genuine purpose of benevolence; but we are not to judge of the usefulness of a thing by what it yields directly and immediately to *man*. The population of the earth includes millions of creatures besides ourselves, and anything that seems useless to *us* is no doubt invaluable to some other race. Here it may be remarked too, in passing, that the existence of so called "useless things" is one of the grand proofs of another and nobler state of being. They are outbirths of a nobler world, and have a destiny and purpose of their own; if they are useless in *our* eyes, they may be of great use in the eyes of *other* creatures of God—if not in this outer world, yet in the inner one where their spiritual forms exist, and whence they operate. Birds and insects carry seeds about almost as busily as the wind. The rough and hairy coats of quadrupeds often come in contact with and capture the burrs of certain plants, which thus get conveyed unintentionally for thousands of miles, or even half round the globe. Rivers and all running waters perform a similar use; multitudes of plants are found growing upon their banks, the seeds of which have been brought by the current from distant localities; and being stranded when the water is low, they find at once an anchorage and abiding place for growth. There are even plants that can jerk and dart out their seeds like shots from tiny guns, for the purpose of their wider dispersion! Touch-me-nots and cardamines form quite a miniature artillery when ripe, discharging their little batteries with a vigor that is quite facetious. All these things, let us never forget, are special arrangements for promoting the beauty of the world, for clothing it with green and graceful life, and for thus carrying out the designs of Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love.

The water, like the land, is filled with vegetation,—that is, everywhere except in the open sea, and even there may often be found abundance of the strange marine plants called Algae. Half-way across the Atlantic there is an enormous submerged forest of one kind in particular, called "gulf weed," from its connection with the great "gulf-stream" that makes its way from the Gulf of Mexico. This mass of weeds is so dense as sometimes to impede the progress of ships; and when encountered by Columbus, in that wonderful exploring voyage westward which was rewarded by the discovery of the sentinel-islands of America, it was thought by the superstitious sailors to be a barrier specially placed there by an angry Providence, to prevent their further passage, or at all events to warn them from prosecuting the attempt to cross the sea.

Similarly, in the remotest portions of the antarctic ocean, there are prodigious sea-weeds with stems of the girth of a man's body, and branches that extend through the water to an almost indefinite distance. Our English coasts show two classes of these curious and interesting plants. First, there are the dark leathery weeds which form tapestry for the sea-washed cliffs, and float so beautifully in the foamy water when the tide comes up to salute them. Secondly, there are the lovely green and rose-colored weeds that are seldom more than a few inches in length, and which we may see lying about on the sands like fragments of roses, or in exquisite arabesque of pink fibres. Were we to seek them in their native habitats, or while growing, we should find them erect and displayed, forming a parterre for the sea, in its way no less lovely than are the flower-gardens of the land. Every portion of the shore is inhabited by its peculiar species of these delicate algæ. At high-water mark we see the great black thongs of the bladder-wrack, and the pea-green layer; at low-water mark and in the tide-pools, we have the pink and roseate kinds, for these latter die, like so many fishes, if removed from the incessant contact of the water, and soon bleach into melancholy films. Ponds, rivers, even ditches, have their special vegetable inhabitants. Where the water is clear and still, there are water-lilies anchored far from the land, and often with beautiful spires and campaniles of other plants rising among them, like a floral Venice. No timorous hand reaches these. To secure them, it is of no use to stand on the brink and sigh. Ingenuity and perseverance will, nevertheless, bring them to land, and then how lovely and pure a form! The white water-lily is closely allied, both in form and nature, to that mystic Lotus of the Nile, representatives of which, carved in stone, are still preserved upon the monuments of Egypt, where the plant was regarded as a sacred and natural hieroglyph, and where, doubtless, its purity and lustre conveyed their right and ample meaning.

The water-lilies never grow in foul water, and always prefer that which is in steady though slow movement, loving especially the little bays along the edges, where they can spread their broad leaves upon the surface undisturbed, and expand their argent cups, brimming with golden stamens, to the light of the sun. Towards evening they close their petals in a kind of sleep, and during the period of their highest life, which is that of the preparation of the seed that is to renew the plant, they not only close, but sink below the surface of the stream. In many kinds the odor is rich and delicate, and some sorts yield eatable seeds. The Egyptian Lotus bore a

rose-colored flower: but that does not interfere with the beautiful concordance of these plants with the ideas of truth and chastity—rather does it confirm the correspondence. Clear and moving water, broad and elegant leaves, pure white or rose-colored flowers, odor, modesty of life, and withdrawal in times of darkness—how beautifully all these characteristics of the water-lily and the lotus combine to show us what they signify in the language of nature!

What a contrast with the sea-weeds is found in trees! Here in the north all our trees are much branched, and, when full grown, form grand umbrageous sun-shades, to which we can retire for shelter when the summer heats fall fiercely upon our cheeks; their boughs in many cases decline elegantly towards the ground, so that we can reach their nuts and acorns; and in winter, when they have cast aside their foliage for a while, we see a wonderful diversity in their styles of architecture; some are massive, and seem to belong to the heroic ages, as the oak and the chestnut; others, like the birch and the acacia, are graceful and delicate, and seem feminine companions of the manly ones. In the tropics, on the other hand, there are not only branching trees such as those of the north, though enormously greater in their development, but trees that are wholly devoid of branches, rising like tall pillars of wood, perfectly erect, and to a prodigious height, with a crown of immense leaves upon the very summit. These are the palm-trees, the princes of the equatorial zone, as the pine and cedar trees are the princes of the temperate zones. In England we only see them in conservatories, as at Kew and Chatsworth. They want much more light and natural atmospheric warmth than are ever rendered to them in Britain, and thus form a peculiar and magnificent characteristic of the tropics, filling the traveller with admiration, and awakening all his sense of tropical grandeur of vegetation.

“Yet who in Indian bower hath stood,
But thought on England's good green wood;
And breathed a sigh, how oft in vain,
To gaze upon her oaks again!”

In the extreme north of Europe, and in the northern parts of America, there are forests consisting exclusively of pines and firs, and of such vast area that many days' travel is required to traverse them. They are ever-green; the animals and birds inhabiting them are very few; human habitations are scarcely known, except upon their borders, where they adjoin cultivated or pasture land; and hence they form at once the most monotonous of woods and the sublimest of solitudes. It is here, as during the darkness of night, in solitary places down by the sea, when we have

wandered away from the sound of men and the view of lamps, that we feel the littleness of ourselves and the brevity of this temporal life. Everything around is grand, solemn, and perennial; we are driven inwards upon ourselves, and live for the time in that little secret chamber which we all have in the inmost of our hearts, into which only God and ourselves can enter, and where we meet face to face. Even our English woods, in their green depths and inexpressible seclusion, give much of this feeling when we enter them alone; and it is good to do so, and to receive their healthy and happy influences. Our English woods differ greatly from those silent pine-woods in the abundance of their living creatures, and equally so in the plenty of their flowers and ferns. Hence there is much to attract the eyes and thoughts; but, over and above all, there is the inexpressible feeling of the isolation, and the nearness of Him who made them all. It is well to visit these great solitudes, for no places more powerfully awaken us to the Divine appeal, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?"

Thus do we find in all countries of the world, upon land and in water, plants appropriate to their several stations, and every place being rendered cheerful and beautiful by their presence. What would have been the case had plants all required an equal amount of warmth and protection, or an equal amount of moisture? Many spots would have been barren, and the enjoyments of man have been reduced in proportion. But go where we will, we meet with new illustrations of Divine Benevolence—the true idea of the omnipresence of God is that in every place we find the manifestations of His providence.

From the Christian Register.

DISAPPOINTMENT OFTEN A BLESSING.

There are two things on which our highest success in life must depend. One, and indeed the great thing, is to use our opportunities while we have them. The next thing is to give them up gracefully and cheerfully when their time is ended. Instead of mourning over what is going from us, we should turn ourselves to the new opportunities which take its place, and get from them all that we can. The change is not necessarily a sad one. It may be just the allotment which is best fitted to carry us on, to teach us new lessons, to open before us new fields of usefulness and enjoyment, to exercise new faculties, to strengthen our faith, to deepen our experience of God's love, to refine and subdue our hearts, and bring us into more perfect sympathy with the Divine will.

A change has come. We must give up,

perhaps, a cherished occupation. It has been very dear to us. Our life has been bound up in it. We found it a privilege, a comfort, a joy to us, and we had hoped so to use it as to make it also a comfort and a joy to others. But our time for it is past. What then? Is everything gone from us? By no means. This withdrawal of one privilege may be only an opening into another and richer field. There may be a momentary pang as we turn away from beloved walks, and look forward into new scenes and labors. But we accept the new attitude of things. We adjust our thoughts and our conduct to it. We find new food for our minds, new interests for our hearts to expand in, new sources of usefulness and happiness. And then we begin to see how beneficent the plan is that reaches through all things, and makes each separate incident, each separate moment, an instrument connected with all the rest, for the orderly and harmonious advancement of whatever should be most precious to us.

I remember being very indignant, many years ago, when, by some political management, Nathaniel Hawthorne was turned out of a small government office by which he had been able to earn a scanty support for his family. "What," we asked, "will become of this poor man now? What is to save him and them from severe want? What is there that he can do?" So we asked, and could give no hopeful answer to our question. But God, who had endowed that man with such a wonderful gift of genius, had something better for him to do than could be found in a subordinate department of the Salem Custom House. He therefore drove him out from that place which could only cramp and impoverish his soul. And, being driven out from it, he was thrown back upon himself, and in the marvellous creations of his imagination he found other ways of earning his bread, while at the same time he furnished other and better supplies to hundreds of thousands who had learned that man cannot live by bread alone. Had it not been for the fearful disappointment to which he was subjected, he might never have known what capabilities there were bound up within him, and the world would never have known the loss which it sustained.

Here is an illustration which may apply in some degree to every one of us. We have not his intellectual powers. But we all of us have moral and spiritual faculties capable of an expansion beyond all that even his imagination could conceive of. And often it is only by being forced away from one after another of our chosen haunts where we are quietly earning our bread, that we are enabled to come to ourselves, and to find the in-

finite resources of Christian faith and love with which God has endowed us, and which He is waiting by these new and better methods to unfold within us, that so they may be made a blessing to ourselves and to all around us. How many a self-denying act has thus been awakened into being! How many a homely virtue has thus been cherished in the heart till it came forth to shine with a celestial purity and radiance! How many thoughts, warmed and illuminated by a heavenly spirit, have thus been called from within us, and made to shed their joy and hope in our daily paths! How many souls have thus been born into a loftier experience, so as to throw a diviner light around them in their passage through the world! * * * *

The secret of success, in the best meaning of that sadly abused word, lies in the devotion of ourselves to the highest ends, engaging in our life's work with all our hearts, using all our faculties, taking advantage of all the opportunities that are offered, with a perfect trust in God, doing each day the most and the best that we can. When the time has come for leaving any particular work, then we are to submit willingly and gracefully, giving up that which is no longer ours, accepting the new situation, the new condition which God offers, with grateful and affectionate trust. He who has labored earnestly through the heat of the day may perhaps be pardoned if he should seek to bear a lessening burden, or even to rest a little amid calmer studies and meditations, before the lengthening shadows which tell him that his day is far spent are quite lost in the night in which no man can work. If he cannot put forth his strength as he once did, perhaps his mission now may better be accomplished by the exercise of a needed patience. If he may not influence or control events by active efforts, perhaps he may do something by a wise forbearance, a gentle tolerance, a greater charity to others, a more loving submission to a higher and better will than his. If, in the days of our strength, we have really sought to act in concert with the divine mind, we must have acquired, to some extent, the habit not only of doing what we could do, but of leaving cheerfully and trustingly with him what we could not do,—the habit of seeing His hand everywhere, in the wise ordering, the kindly succession, the wonderful adjustment,—everywhere change, and yet everywhere beautiful in His time.

VIRTUE is more to man than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue.
—Confucius.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

* * * I must hasten to a close, having nothing of importance further to say, and when people have nothing to say, it is good to be silent; yet this is a lesson in which I am not yet proficient. How often, when reflecting on the amount of idle conversation on worldly affairs, has a pensive sadness overspread my mind; yet social converse seems to be the medium of enjoyment, and in some sort the food of friendship. But we profess to feel a friendship that feeds on higher food—a friendship that in *silence* and even in *absence* grows, increases, enlarges, and we humbly hope will forever glow in the pure and purified state to which we aspire, towards which we press, and watch, and wait, and pray. Oh! for this permanent, unfading, ecstatic enjoyment, begun in time and perpetuated in the eternal world.

Many seem to be gliding along too much as though this earth was their abiding home, and they were always to inhabit these tabernacles of clay! yet we know not what is secretly and silently felt by them in relation to things which to us appear of eternal consequence. Perhaps Omniscience may often view the minds of those whom our imagination paints as worldlings, as being engaged in acceptable acts of devotion.

Amidst the vast variety of characters we meet with, could we accustom ourselves to the practice of looking on their virtues or good qualities with an eye of complacency and satisfaction, it might add to our own happiness and peace, and the moral world would oftener be considered as the natural one sometimes is—a “beautiful world.”

This morning I feel as if I could talk a little with thee; for I have been thinking of a subject that to my view involves the welfare of the community, and particularly of that part of it called the Society of Friends. It is the subject of *discipline*; not written or printed rules of discipline, but that spirit of discipline emanating from Truth; a concern for promoting self-denial, order, submission.

Discipline in families is wanting—restrictive discipline, the discipline of self-denial in parents, who, as the vicegerents of heaven, are the guardians and law givers to their families. But alas! where are the fruits of the law of love, combined with the law of self-denial? Where is the submission and humility of the children of Friends? Where the restraints upon animal inclination to fol-

low the vain fashions and customs of the age and neighborhood? Do not young mothers introduce their innocent little infants into a fondness for finery?—"the lust of the eye" and the "pride of life?" What a field is open for women Friends with the rights they possess, but do not sufficiently and properly use, to arrest the habits and manners of a licentious age. What a load of expense and toil and anxiety do undisciplined wives bring on their husbands, in order to keep pace with the inventions and fancied improvements of the day! Perhaps all-gracious Heaven may teach some who are yet teachable. Adverse circumstances seem to be multiplying in the land in various ways. Divine Goodness and Mercy has a voice in these things, but men hear it not. Friends, too, are dull of hearing the public and secret reproofs of instruction. I sometimes feel as if I should be glad the trumpet was sounded throughout our Society, as one of the prophets of old said, "Blow the trumpet in Zion; sanctify a fast; call a solemn assembly; gather the people," &c.

I am persuaded if our Society cannot be brought to submit to and uphold a purer system of restrictive discipline, it will more and more amalgamate with the friendship, policies, maxims, manners and spirit of the world, till it becomes lost in the vortex. If I had a voice that could be heard in women's Monthly Meetings (for there is the beginning place) I would call my dear female friends to engage in a thorough search of the camp, and they might soon, if honest, discover the "goodly Babylonish garment," the "shekles of silver," and the "wedge of gold," though snugly "hid in the earth in the midst of the tents" of our members. "There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel." And a strict and impartial administration of *Christian discipline*, in the church and in families, is the only way to have it sought out and removed, that I see in the present state of things.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 3, 1871.

NOTE.—Several original articles sent us are necessarily laid over, owing to the press of business last week.

DIED.

BROWN.—On the 28th of Third month, 1871, at the residence of Levi K. Brown, Goshen, Lancaster Co., Pa., after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation, Sarah Brown, of Baltimore, aged 75 years; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

KING.—On the 28th of Third month, 1871, Amos King, in the 52d year of his age; a member of Little Britain Monthly Meeting.

JACKSON.—On the 27th of Fourth month, 1871, Mary P., daughter of Deborah and the late Isaac Jackson, members of Little Britain Monthly Meeting, in the 12th year of her age.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

From the extracts of men's meeting just received, we give the following:

At the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in Philadelphia by adjournments from the 15th day of Fifth month to the 19th of the same, inclusive, 1871:

Reports were received from all our constituent branches, by which it appears that one hundred and thirty-four Friends have been appointed representatives to attend the service of this meeting, who on being called were all present except nine. For the absence of one a reason was assigned.

Minutes of Friends in attendance with us from within the limits of other Yearly Meetings, were produced.

Epistles from our brethren at their Yearly Meetings of New York, Baltimore, Ohio, Indiana, and Genesee were received, and read to edification.

Dillwyn Parrish was appointed Clerk, and Barclay White Assistant Clerk.

Fishing Creek Half-Year's Meeting in their report inquire whether it would be proper to appoint women Friends to serve on the Representative Committee, and the subject being now introduced by women Friends, a Committee was appointed to confer with a committee of their Meeting on the subject, and report their judgment to a future sitting.

The report from Salem Quarterly Meeting contains a proposition for an alteration of discipline, in relation to "Convinced Persons." To unite with women Friends in its consideration, and report to a future sitting, a Committee was appointed.

Third-day.—The Meeting was occupied in the consideration of the first query, with the answers from our subordinate meetings. An exercise pervaded the assembly, under which salutary counsel was extended, inciting to a faithful performance of the requisitions of this query.

The second and third queries with the answers claimed the serious consideration of the Meeting.

Fourth day.—The fourth and fifth queries occupied the attention of the Meeting, and a profitable exercise prevailed while the important subjects embraced therein were under consideration.

The remaining queries with the answers, to the ninth, inclusive, and the three annua

queries with their answers were read and considered.

During the progress of the meeting, our Friends Lydia H. Price and Mary E. Smith made an acceptable visit.

Fifth day.—Soon after the opening of the sitting an acceptable visit was received from Rachel Hicks and Mary Levis.

The minutes of the Representative Committee or Meeting for Sufferings were read, and their labors appreciated and approved.

Sixth day.—In recurring to the consideration of the Indian report,* the committee were continued to have charge of this interesting subject as heretofore, to act as way may open, and to use the funds of the Yearly Meeting for such purposes as their best judgment may approve.

The Joint Committee appointed to answer the inquiry contained in the report from Fishing Creek Half-Year's Meeting made the following report, which was united with:

"The Joint Committee of men and women Friends to consider the subject from Fishing Creek Half-Year's Meeting, generally met, and after a free expression in favor of women Friends having a joint representation, it was the mind of some that alterations of the Discipline would be required previous to the adoption of the measure. Way did not therefore open for present action.

Philadelphia, 5th mo. 16th, 1871."

The Joint Committee on the proposed change of the fourth query made the following report, which was united with.

The Committee on the proposed change of the Fourth Query, as follows:

"Are Friends clear of the use as a beverage, and of the manufacture and sale for that purpose, of any spirituous or malt liquors, wine, or anything that can intoxicate? and is due caution observed in the use thereof as medicine?

Are they careful to discourage the attending of places of diversion, and the unnecessary frequenting of taverns? and do they keep to true moderation and temperance on account of marriages, burials and other occasions?"

Report. That the subject claimed their earnest and deliberate consideration; that way did not open to recommend the change at the present time, but the Committee propose that this report shall go down in the Extracts, and that the subject shall claim the attention of the Yearly Meeting next year.

The Joint Committee of Men and Women Friends, to whom was referred the proposition from Salem Quarterly Meeting, made the following report which was united with.

The Joint Committee of Men and Women Friends to whom was referred the subject brought up from Salem Quarterly Meeting, mostly met, and were united in reporting to the Yearly Meeting, that in their judgment there should be no change in the Discipline as proposed.

William P. Sharpless was appointed Treasurer for the ensuing year.

A memorial of our deceased Friend Joshua Noble, prepared by Northwest Fork Monthly Meeting, and approved by Southern Quarterly Meeting, introduced by the Representative Committee, was read, approved, and directed to be recorded.

A memorial of our deceased Friend John Hunt, prepared by Burlington Monthly Meeting, and approved by Burlington Quarterly Meeting, introduced by the Representative Committee, was read, approved, and directed to be recorded.

It was further directed that the memorials just read be published with the Extracts.

The Committee appointed to prepare Epistles to other Yearly Meetings with which we are in correspondence, produced an essay which was read, adopted, and directed to be signed by the Clerk and forwarded.

The following minute, embracing some of the exercises of the meeting, was adopted:

The various important subjects which have claimed the attention of this Meeting have called forth much valuable counsel, and we are encouraged to hope that many among us will be qualified to spread some of the general exercise which has prevailed in their smaller Meetings.

Among the important duties connected with our organization is the attendance of our religious Meetings. Believing that God is the teacher of His people Himself, we sit together in silence, and there are many who can bear testimony that as their minds have been reverently turned to the true Minister of the sanctuary in the inner chamber of the soul, they have known a renewal of spiritual strength, and a qualification to worship the Father of spirits in spirit and in truth. Though our numbers are small, we should ever remember that we have a testimony to bear to silent spiritual worship, and we would affectionately urge upon our members, particularly those in the smaller meetings, to persevere in maintaining it, even though it be under many discouragements. We are living in a time of ease and indulgence, and have need to be on the watch lest we become careless and indifferent in the performance of the obligation of assembling ourselves for Divine worship. Sympathy was expressed for those of our members in isolated situations, far removed from any established meetings of

* This report will appear in our next number.

Friends, and encouragement was extended to such to seek opportunities to sit together, though it be in silence, with their families and neighbors, at stated times, for the renewal of their spiritual strength.

We are thankful in believing that love and unity increasingly prevail throughout our borders, and that there has been a harmony of action and an ability to encourage one another in every good word and work. Earnest are our desires that this heavenly influence may more and more abound. When possessed of this, it is a well-spring in the soul, and leads us to seek out those in suffering and sorrow, to aid and advise with the widow and the orphan, to take our young friends by the hand during the struggles of their early manhood, and to exhibit fruits which will attract to our religious Meetings.

The value of a membership in our religious Society—obedience to the wholesome restrictions of concerned parents or guardians—the excellent advices contained in our Discipline—the avoidance of pernicious books calculated to vitiate the purity of the mind by suggesting impure thoughts—the reading of the New Testament—and the example of the blessed Jesus—were all impressively presented to the view of our dear young friends who are entering on the duties and responsibilities of life.

The allurements of fashion, the trials and temptations to which the young are exposed, were forcibly portrayed by those who had learned from bitter experience that the way of the transgressor is hard.

The importance of selecting as companions for life those whose religious views correspond with our own was presented. This will aid us to walk together in harmony and mutual confidence in all the concerns of life, bearing together its trials and temptations. The folly and extravagance of the age are equally chargeable upon all who fail to bring themselves under the circumscribing influence of the Truth. A departure from a pure and chaste life has its origin in the undue indulgence of the animal propensities, and experience has abundantly proved that every such indulgence weakens the power to control those sensual appetites, which when rightly used are intended for our good, but which when perverted from their lawful purposes lead down to the chambers of death.

The fearful ravages of intemperance in our land called forth much exercise on the indulgence of stimulants and the use of tobacco, which are sapping the physical, intellectual, and spiritual strength of many gifted and superior minds.

The unalterable terms as laid down by our Divine Lawgiver continue in full force: "If any man will come after me, let him deny

himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me."

As the testimonies recited in the sixth query were severally presented for consideration, evidence was furnished that their value was appreciated, and every individual member of the Society was called upon faithfully to uphold them both by precept and example, and thus be instrumental in promoting the Redeemer's kingdom on earth.

In the treatment of offenders, let it ever be remembered that the spirit of restoring love is the only means by which they can be brought back to the fold.

To assist the Clerks in transcribing and forwarding the Epistles, preparing, publishing, and distributing the Extracts, a Committee was appointed.

Having concluded the business which has brought us together, we can, as we are about to close our labors, gratefully acknowledge the continued loving kindness of our Heavenly Father in watching over and strengthening us in the performance thereof.

With grateful hearts, and with desires for each other's welfare, we conclude to meet again in the Fifth month of next year, if so permitted.

A SUNBEAM.

The greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly or more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary—not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would set it in tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and blesses the useful light. Yet a few of those rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely knit particles to separate, and will remove the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snows upon the hills or in fattening showers upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and out of it springs the tem-

pest or the hurricane which desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and so unpretentious a guise.—*British Quarterly Review.*

WHATEVER you would not wish your neighbor to do to you, do it not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is merely the exposition of it.—*Rabbi Hillel.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

BY THOMAS FOULKE, OF NEW YORK.

(Concluded from page 204.)

"One of the most wonderful things about an excursion to the Yosemite Valley," writes Charles Bruce in his valuable work, "The New West," "which will hereafter draw many an invalid here from distant lands, is its divine atmosphere! The nights are cool, but mid-day would be too warm were it not for the delicious sea breezes, which every day at eleven, come blowing in from the Golden Gate, a hundred and fifty miles away! The gorge is fortunately east and west, just opposite to San Francisco, and about midway between the two flanks of the Sierras, here some seventy miles in width! Were it a north and south valley, even in its altitude of four thousand feet, it would be almost intolerable. Now nothing can surpass its mild invigorating climate, and harmonious atmosphere. Life seems to have a new spring and hope under it. The charm of the wonderful valley is its cheerfulness and joy. Even the awe-inspiring grandeur and majesty of its features, do not overwhelm the sense of its exquisite beauty, its wonderful delicacy and color, and life and joy."

"I have been thinking much of scenes in Norway, Tyrol and Switzerland, with which to compare this. Switzerland, as a whole, is much superior in combinations and variety of features to the Sierra region. But there is no one scene in Switzerland, or the other parts of mountainous Europe, which can at all equal the Californian valley. The Swiss scene has the advantage in the superb glaciers which flow into the upper end of the valley; but it is inferior in grandeur, and even in life, to the Californian. The latter having immensely grander precipices, and instead of one waterfall,—the Stanbach—a dozen on a much grander scale."

An English gentleman, who spent seven-teen days in the Yosemite, thus writes: "I never left a place with so much pleasurable regret in my life. I have several times visited all the noted places in Europe, and many that are out of the ordinary tourist's round.

I have crossed the Andes in three different places, and been conducted to the sights considered most remarkable. I have been among the charming scenery of the Sandwich Islands, and the mountain districts of Australia, but never have I seen so much sublime grandeur, relieved by so much beauty, as that which I have witnessed in Yosemite."

In the comparison between the Yosemite Valley and some parts of Switzerland, another somewhat celebrated writer and extensive traveller has remarked: "The loftiest of these mountain centres is Mount Blanc, in Savoy, the height of which is 15,744 feet; the next in height is Monta Rosa, 15,200 feet high, and the third is the Bernese Alps, the culminating point of which is the Finsteraarhorn, 14,100 feet high. These three grand centres are about sixty miles apart, and each has a scenery peculiar to itself. They are alike vast, rugged mountain masses, towering 6000 feet into the region of perpetual snow; but Mount Blanc has its 'aiguilles' or needles; Monta Rosa its wonderful neighbor 'Mount Cervin;' and the Bernese Alps have their beautiful valley of misty waterfalls, leaping over perpendicular cliffs. The traveller who visits the Yosemite Valley after seeing the Alps, will be reminded of each of these three grand centres. He will see the aiguilles of Mount Blanc in the "Sentinel" or Castle Rock, rising as straight as a needle to the height of 3200 feet above the valley, and in several other pointed rocks of the same kind. He will be reminded of the sublimest object in the vicinity of Monta Rosa, the Materhorn, or Mount Cervin, the summit of which is a dark obelisk of porphyry, rising from a sea of snow to the height of 4500 feet. The south Dome at Yosemite is a similar obelisk 4593 feet in height. But above all, the general shape, the size, and the waterfalls of Yosemite Valley, give it the closest resemblance to the famous valley of Santer-brunen, at the base of the Jungfrau, in the Bernese Alps.

"No part of Switzerland is more admired and visited. To me, its chief charm is not so much its sublime precipices, and its lofty waterfalls, which give the valley its name—'Lauterbrunnen,' meaning 'Sounding Brooks,'—as the magnificent mountain summits, towering up beyond the precipices, and the unearthly beauty and purity of its glistening snows on the bosom of the Jungfrau, and the mountains at the head of the valley! But these summits are not the peculiar characteristic features of the Lauter-brunen valley. These are the waterfalls, the perpendicular precipices, and the beautiful grassy and vine-clad vale between. And these are the grand features of the Yosemite Valley. But look

now at the waterfalls; only one of them in the Swiss valley has a European celebrity—the Stanbach, or 'Dust Brook'—known as the highest cascade in Europe. It falls at one leap, 925 feet. Long before it reaches the ground, it becomes a veil of vapor, beclouding acres of fertile soil at its feet. It is worthy of all the admiration and enthusiasm it excites in the beholder. But the Bridal Veil—Pohono Fall—in Yosemite Valley is higher, being 940 feet in altitude, leaps over a smoother channel in a clear symmetrical arch of indescribable beauty; has a larger body of water, and is surrounded by far loftier and grander precipices.

"When we come to Yosemite Falls proper, we behold an object which has no parallel anywhere in the Alps! The upper part is the highest waterfall in the world as yet discovered, being 1500 feet in height. (Later and better measurements make it 1600 feet.) It reminds me of nothing in the Alps but the avalanches seen falling at intervals down the precipices of the Jungfrau. It is indeed a perpetual avalanche of water, spreading as it descends into a transparent veil, like the train of the great comet of 1858. As you look at it from the valley beneath, a thousand feet below, it is not unlike a snowy comet, perpetually climbing, not the heavens, but the glorious cliffs which tower up three thousand feet into the zenith."

The following is an Indian tradition, in regard to "Pohono River and Fall:" "The river has its origin in a lake at the foot of a bold crescent-shaped perpendicular rock, about thirteen miles above the edge of the Pohono Fall. On this lake a strong wind is said to be continually blowing, and as several Indians have lost their lives there, and in the stream, their exceedingly superstitious imaginations have made it bewitched! An Indian woman was out gathering seeds a short distance above these falls, when, by some mishap, she lost her balance and fell into the stream, and the force of the current carried her down with such velocity, that before any assistance could be rendered, she was swept over the precipice, and was never seen afterwards. Pohono, from whom the stream and the waterfall received their musical Indian name, is an evil spirit, whose breath is a blighting and fatal wind, and consequently is to be dreaded and shunned. On this account, whenever from necessity the Indians have to pass it, a feeling of distress steals over them, and they fear it as much as the wandering Arab does the Simoons of the African desert; they hurry past it at the height of their speed. To point at the waterfall, when travelling in the valley, to their minds is certain death! No inducement

could be offered sufficiently large to tempt them to sleep near it. In fact, they believe that they hear the voices of those that have been doomed there, perpetually warning them to shun 'Pohono.' The name Bridal Veil is appropriate, yet many would prefer the euphonious Indian name, 'Pohono.'"

I will here introduce a very interesting and thrilling Indian legend of Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah or El Capitan, and Tis-sa-ack or South Dome, representing the part which each has taken in the history of the Yosemite Valley. The Lake referred to is Mirror Lake, and the River the Merced River. The legend is touchingly eloquent, and some of its comparisons are unsurpassed in beauty by anything which I have ever seen. It was told by one signing himself "Iota," who received it from the lips of an old Indian:

"It was in the unremembered past, that the children of the sun first dwelt in Yosemite. Then all was happiness; for Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah sat on high in his rocky home, and cared for the people whom he loved. Leaping over the upper plains, he herded the wild deer, that the people might choose the fattest for the feast. He roused the bear from his cavern in the mountain, that the brave might hunt. From his lofty rock, he prayed to the 'Great Spirit,' and brought the soft rain upon the corn in the valley. The smoke of his pipe curled into the air, and the golden sun breathed warmly through the blue haze, and ripened the crops, that the women might gather them in. When he laughed, the face of the winding river was rippled with smiles; when he sighed, the wind swept sadly through the singing pines; if he spoke, the sound was like the deep voice of the cataract, and when he smote the far-striding bear, his whoop of triumph rang from crag to gorge—echoed from mountain to mountain. His form was straight like the arrow, and elastic like the bow. His foot was swifter than the red deer, and his eye was strong and bright like the rising sun!

"But one morning, as he roamed, a bright vision came before him, and then the soft colors of the west were in his lustrous eye. A maiden sat upon the Southern Granite Dome that raises its gray head among the highest peaks. She was not like the dark maidens of the tribe below, for the yellow hair rolled over her dazzling form, as golden waters over silver rocks; her brow beamed with the pale beauty of the moonlight, and her blue eyes were as the far-off hills before the sun goes down. Her little foot shone like the snow-tufts on the wintry pines, and its arch was like the spring of a bow. Two cloud-like wings wavered upon her dimpled shoulders, and her voice was as the sweet, sac-

tone of the night bird of the woods. 'Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah,' she softly whispered, then gliding up the rocky dome, she vanished over its rounded top. Keen was the eye, quick was the ear, swift was the foot of the noble youth, as he sped up the rugged path in pursuit; but the soft down from her snowy wings was wafted into his eyes, and he saw her no more.

"Every morning now did the enamored Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah leap the strong barriers, and wander over the mountains to meet the lovely Tis-sa-ack. Each day he laid sweet acorns and wild flowers upon her dome. His ear caught her footstep, though it was light as the falling leaf; his eye gazed upon her beautiful form, and into her gentle eyes; but never did he speak before her, and never again did her sweet-toned voice fall upon his ear. Thus did he love the fair maid, and so strong was his thought of her that he forgot the crops of Yosemite, and they without rain, wanting his tender care, quickly drooped their heads and shrunk. The wind whistled mournfully through the wild corn, the wild bee stored no more honey in the hollow-tree, or the flowers had lost their freshness, and the green leaves became brown. Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah saw none of this, for his eyes were dazzled by the shining wings of the fair maiden. But Tis-sa-ack looked with sorrowing eyes over the neglected valley, when early in the morning she stood upon the gray dome of the mountain. So, kneeling on the smooth, hard rock, the maiden besought the 'Great Spirit' to bring again the bright flowers and delicate grasses, green trees and nodding corns. Then with an awful sound the dome of granite opened beneath her feet, and the mountain was riven asunder, while the melting snows from the Nevada gushed through the wonderful gorge. Quickly they formed a lake between the perpendicular walls of the cleft mountain, and sent a sweet, murmuring river through the valley. All men was changed. The birds dashed their little bodies into the pretty pools among the grasses, and fluttering out again sang for delight! The moisture crept silently through the parched soil; the flowers sent up a fragrant incense of thanks; the corn gracefully raised its drooping head, and the sap, with velvet foot-fall, ran up into the trees, giving life and energy to all. But the maiden for whom the valley had suffered, and through whom it had been again clothed with beauty, had disappeared as strangely as she came; but that all might hold her memory in their hearts, she left the quiet lake, the winding river, and yonder half-dome, which still bears her name—Tis-sa-ack. It is said to be 4500 feet high, and every evening it catches the

last rosy rays that are reflected from the snowy peaks above. As she flew away, small downy feathers were wafted from her wings, and where they fell—on the margin of the lake—you will now see thousands of little white violets.

"When Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah knew that she was gone, he left his rocky castle and wandered away in search of his lost love. But that the Yosemite might never forget him, with the hunting-knife in his bold hand, he carved the outlines of his noble head upon the face of the rock that bears his name. And there they still remain, 3000 feet in the air, guarding the entrance to the beautiful valley which had received his loving care."

Deep down in a little ravine, called the little Yosemite valley, in a grassy meadow, back of the "Cap of Liberty," meanders the Merced River, before it enters the Yosemite proper. Tall pines are everywhere abundant, being about the size of ordinary walking-sticks in appearance, from the great distance which the observer is from them. In the southeastern corner of this little valley is the Nevada Fall. The mountains on both sides are in some respects more singular than those of the great Yosemite, their formations being entirely different. You may see deer trail deeply worn and full of recent imprints of their feet; also the marks of the grizzly bear. Huge boulders and masses of granite lie scattered here and there in all directions. The river above, for some distance, before making its wonderful leap, forms a series of rapids. The Hatchie valley, in the opposite direction from the little Yosemite, and on the other side of the great Yosemite, is reached from Hodgdens, being about 15 miles distant on a tolerably good trail. It is more accessible than the Yosemite, but not so large nor so grand. If it were in any other part of the world, however, it would be regarded as a great natural wonder, and resorted to by travellers from all lands. The mountains around it are nearly as high, and the waterfalls in some instances are higher than some of those of Yosemite. At present the valley affords good pasture lands for large flocks of sheep, and is occasionally visited by pedestrian parties.

In conclusion, should any ask, does it pay to visit the Yosemite? I would reply that it paid me a thousand times over! Such scenes of loveliness and beauty, of grandeur and sublimity, spread a charm over one's life, and the impressions made are not to be effaced by the finger of time, so long as memory lasts. And when at last you turn away from this—the sublimest page in all the book of nature—you realize in its fulness

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

I believe "few can come from its study, without hearts more humble and reverential, and lives more worthy and loyal to truth and right."

THE most fatal idleness is that of the heart. And the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought.—*Leckey.*

HIGHER AND NEARER.

A little higher yet—until we're lifted
Above the obscuring clouds that dim our sight ;
Untill our souls have through the darkness drifted
Into God's marvellous light.

A little nearer—till earth's joys and sorrow
Far, far beneath us in the shadows lie,
And we have glimpses of the bright to-morrow
That waits us in the sky.

A little higher yet—a little nearer,
Until at last a glorious crown is won,
Whilst, as we soar, sounds sweeter still, and clearer,
"Servant of God, well done !"

DEW DROPS.

The dew drops on the grass,
Stay but their little hour—
Soon from our sight they pass ;
But leaf and opening flower
Have greener, brighter grown,
For every vanished bead,
Each glistening, short-lived drop,
Hath filled some pressing need.

Some little, growing bud,
Some reddening berry's core,
Some drooping blade or leaf
The sun had smitten sore,
Hath felt the gentle touch
Which strength or healing brought,
So that no tiniest drop
Hath ever been for naught.

Each little word we speak,
Each little deed we do,
If but the heart be pure,
Hath mission just and true.
Be words sincere and kind,
Be deeds without a stain,
Then word and deed and life
Shall not have been in vain.

—*Luella Clark.*

THE WORKER.

My face is wrinkled and swart ;
My hands are hard and brown ;
I work for my daily bread
In the midst of the noisy town :
But just outside the line,
Where meadows slope to the west,
Among the blossoms and trees
I've built me a cosy nest.
I cheerily work all the day—
Work for the birdies three ;
And the heart that beats in my breast
Is stout as a heart can be ;
For the thought keeps singing in tune
To the engine's ceaseless hum,
That Jack, and Fanny, and May,
Are waiting for papa to come.

And I know when the setting sun
Shall glow in the western skies,
That the cars will be closely watched
By six of the brightest eyes ;
And, better than all, in the porch
A sweet little woman will wait,
Saying, down in her tender heart,
"Oh, dear! what can make him so la'e !"
—*Christian Union.*

"THAT'S THEE, JEM !"

BY ROBERT MAGUIRE, A. M.

A band or "troupe" of young men, with hands and faces blackened, and dressed in very grotesque costumes, arranged themselves one day for an exhibition of their peculiar "performances," before the door of an earnest Christian merchant whom we will call Mr. Carr, who resided in a noted English watering place. After they had sung some comic and some plaintive melodies, with their own peculiar accompaniments of gestures and grimaces, one of the party, a tall and interesting young man, who had the "look" of one who was beneath his proper station, stepped up to the door, tambourine in hand, to ask for a few "dropping pennies" of the people. Mr. Carr, taking a Bible, which he kept for sale, out of his window, addressed the youth:—

"See here, young man, I will give you a shilling and this Book besides, if you will read a portion of it among your comrades there, and in the hearing of the bystanders."

"Here's a shilling for an easy job!" he chuckled out to his mates; "I'm going to give you a 'public reading.'"

Mr. Carr opened at the fifteenth of Luke, and pointing to the eleventh verse, requested him to commence there.

"Now, Jem, speak up!" said one of the party, "and earn your shilling like a man!"

Jem took the Book, and read, "And he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living."

There was something in the voice of the reader that lulled all to silence; while an air of seriousness took possession of the youth, and commanded the rapt attention of the crowd.

He read on—"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living."

"That's thee, Jem!" ejaculated one of his comrades—"it's just like what you told me of yourself and your father!"

Jem continued, "And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want."

"Why, that's thee again, Jem," said the voice—"Go on!"

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him."

"That's like us all!" said the voice, once more interrupting, "we are all *beggars*; and might be better than we are! Go on; let's hear what came of it!"

The young man read on with a trembling voice, "And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father."

At this point he fairly broke down, and could read no more. All were impressed and moved. The whole reality of the past rose up to view; and, in the clear story of the Gospel, a ray of hope dawned upon him for his future. His father—his father's house—and his mother too; and the plenty and the love ever bestowed upon him there; and the hired servants, all having enough; and then *himself*, his father's son; and his present state, his companionship, his habits, his sins, his poverty, his outcast condition, all these came limbing, like an invading force into the citadel of his mind, and fairly overcame him.

That day—that scene—proved the turning-point of that young prodigal's life. He sought the advice of Mr. Carr, communications were made to his parents, and the longest and dearly-loved child returned to the familiar earthly home; and still better, to his Heavenly Father! He found the promises of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, true both for time and for eternity.

"Yes, there is One who will not chide nor scoff,
But beckons us to homes of heavenly bliss;
Beholds the prodigal a great way off,
And flies to meet him with a father's kiss!"

—*Words for Wayfarers, No. 18.*

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT.—Dio Lewis, in his book on "Our Girls," says: "The time will soon come when people of really fine culture will not think of giving their guest a late supper; indeed, of the twenty most intellectual and refined homes to which I have been invited in America and Europe, not one gave any refreshments at an evening party, with, perhaps, the exception of wine in France, and lemonade in this country."

EXTRACT.

I do not think we ever get half the sweetness out of life that there is in it.

Very many of us are like greedy children. You give them a bit of candy, and they chew it up, and swallow it quickly; whereas, if

they had been slower and quieter about it, they would have got much more sweetness out of it. And there are greedy natures that do not get half the enjoyment out of life that they might. We are all avaricious of joys not yet experienced, and careless of the sources of enjoyment that are present with us.

Suppose that bees should imitate the folly of men! I notice that the bees never disdain white clover, though it is one of the smallest of flowers; and that they never touch the daisy, though it is many times as large; nor the sunflower, though it is a hundred times as large. They resort to these little flowers, and they find in each some sweetness, though it is little and homely; and when they come home to the hive, they come laden with honey.

We do not get much honey out of common things. We want larger experiences. We want great shocks of joy. So we fly over the homely flowers by the wayside of life, and do not make half as much out of them for the household as we might. What we need is contentment, humility, and a sense of God in everything.—*H. W. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

THE FRUIT OF THOUGHT.—Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

SICK-ROOMS: DECISION AND QUIETNESS.

Consult your patient's wants, but consult him as little as possible. Your decision need not be very obvious and positive; you will be most decisive if no one suspects that you are so at all. It is the triumph of supremacy to become unconsciously supreme. Nowhere is this decision more blessed than in a sick-room. Where it exists in its genuineness, the sufferer is never contradicted, never coerced; all little victories are assumed. The decisive nurse is never peremptory, never loud. She is distinct, it is true—there is nothing more aggravating to a sick person than a whisper—but she is not loud. Though quiet, however, she never walks tip-toe; she never makes gestures; all is open and above-board. She knows no diplomacy or *finesse*, and of course her shoes never creak. Her touch is steady and encouraging. She does not potter. She never looks at you sideways. You never catch her watching. She never slams the door, of course, but she never shuts it slowly, as if she were cracking a nut in

the hinge. She never talks behind it. She never peeps. She pokes the fire skilfully, with firm judicious penetration. She caresses one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if he were well. She is never in a hurry. She is worth her weight in gold, and has a healthy prejudice against physic, which, however, she knows at the right time how to conceal.

OBSTINACY OVERCOME.

A gentleman related in my presence a little incident, which I give as I heard it:

A wagon was passing, heavily laden with slates. The horse stopped, refusing to be urged or cajoled into starting. Of course I expected, as usual, to see the driver use his whip, or perhaps his heavy boots, with an accompaniment of shouts and oaths, to remind the animal of his neglect of duty. He went to the wagon, and commenced fumbling in its depths. Now, thought I, that poor horse will receive a most tremendous beating; and I waited the issue with bated breath. But instead of the stake which I anticipated, he drew out an old wooden bucket, the outside covered with meal, the remains of former lunches, ran along the road for some distance before the horse, and set it down. The animal, true to his instincts, forgetting his former obstinacy and whims, hurried towards the well-remembered receptacle of former enjoyments, and the battle was won by a little quiet management, saving pain and trouble for both man and beast. Now, thought I, as I went on my way rejoicing, here is a lesson for educators. Don't drive and push and scold, but accomplish your object, whether it be with child or "dumb animal," by means of some incentive to the performance of duty, which shall recall pleasures past, or be an earnest of joys to come.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

SUGGESTIVE.—"Is such a man a Christian?" was asked of Whitefield. "How should I know?" was the impressive reply; "I never lived with him."

ITEMS.

THE Treaty of Washington has been ratified by the American Senate. It does not require the consent of the English Parliament, and yet the Opposition there are insisting that it shall be thoroughly discussed in Parliament before being signed by the government. Upon no other basis than that of frank and friendly concession in a spirit of justice and forbearance can difficulties between great nations be settled. Even if the treaty is not equitable in its minor provisions, we advocate its adoption as settling very grave questions, and as tending to establish the great principle of neutral arbitration. It is one step toward the abolition of war.

THE new territorial government of the District—

now territory—of Columbia was inaugurated on the 15th ult.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.—Expert operators are able to transmit from 15 to 20 words per minute through the Atlantic cable. The velocity with which a current or impulse will pass through the cable has been ascertained to be between 7,000 and 8,000 miles per second; the former being the velocity when the earth forms a part of the circuit, and the latter when it does not.

AN interesting object is the chronopher, or instrument from which all England is supplied with the correct time. Sixteen of the most important cities in the kingdom are in direct communication with this instrument, which is in itself in direct communication with the Observatory at Greenwich. At 9:58 o'clock every morning all other work is suspended, in order that there may be no interference with what is called the "time current," which, precisely at the striking of the clock, flashes the intelligence to the sixteen stations with which it is in communication. And not merely at these large towns, but at every post-office throughout the kingdom, the clerks, at 9:58 o'clock, are on the lookout for the signal which is being passed along their line, and the clocks are adjusted accordingly. Messrs. Dent, Benson, and all the principal watch-makers in London, receive the time every hour from this chronopher. Time-guns at Newcastle and at Shields are also fired at 1 P. M., by batteries connected with the chronopher, the clock attached to which is regulated for accuracy to the twentieth part of a second.

WATER-PROOFING WALLS.—One of the most recent of the many uses to which Frederick Ransome's process of manufacturing artificial stone has been applied, is in protecting the outer walls of buildings, so as to enable them to resist the action of the weather by making them water-proof. Through well-built and substantial walls, moisture will make its way, and the ordinary type of dwelling houses is very pervious to wind-driven rain.

The external surfaces of the walls to be protected are first washed with a silicate of soda or solution of flint, which is applied again and again, until the bricks are saturated, and the silicate ceases to be absorbed. The strength of the solution is regulated by the character of the bricks upon which it is to be applied, a heavier mixture being used upon porous walls, and a lighter one on those of denser texture. After the silicate has become thoroughly absorbed, and none is visible upon the surface, a solution of chloride of calcium is applied, which, immediately combining with the silicate of soda, forms a perfectly insoluble compound, which completely fills up all the interstices in the brick or stone, without in any way altering its original appearance. By this operation the wall is rendered perfectly water-tight, and as the pores of the bricks are thoroughly filled for a considerable depth from the surface with the insoluble compound, which is entirely unaffected by atmospheric influences, no subsequent process is necessary.

Already F. Ransome has successfully applied this process to a large number of buildings, several of which were previously almost uninhabitable from the constant dampness, and a lengthened experience has proved that it is not only thoroughly effective, but, from the comparative insignificance of its original cost, and the fact that renewals are never required, the system recommends itself for general adoption in preference to all other methods of water-proofing.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

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A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF TAULERUS.

A POPULAR PREACHER OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Translated from the German by Peter Lossing.

It has been generally acknowledged among Christian professors that, agreeably to what was foretold by the apostles, there has been a grievous falling away from the primitive power, simplicity, and dignity which rendered the Christian name so celebrated in Europe and Asia during the first and second centuries.

It is also upon good grounds admitted that, even during the course of the overspreading of a dark night of apostacy, in which, according to what John in the vision of Light saw on the Isle of Patmos, viz., the woman with the man-child having fled to the wilderness, here to be nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, faithful witnesses were raised up and supported. And it is a matter of consolation to feeling minds, to find that even during the several centuries previous to the dawning of the reformation, although the man-child was, in a great measure, sequestered from public view, and obscured in the wilderness of superstition and the subtle intentions of a mercenary priesthood, he still existed—and that sincere-hearted individuals were nourished with the same spiritual food, and drank of the same spiritual fountain, issuing from the same spiritual rock—even Christ Jesus, the eternal light of the world. These were strengthened from time to time,

evinced a true experimental knowledge of the humbling, purifying operation of the spirit of the Gospel, enabling them to stand as burning and shining lights in their day and generation. And it is to be seen that Christianity in its genuine purity, even during the eclipsed state of the church, had its faithful witnesses.

The translator of the following abridged sketch of Taulerus, being favored with the perusal of the German translation of the life of Taulerus, never having understood that it has been published in English, from a desire that pious minds might enjoy similar satisfaction with himself in its perusal, who have no opportunity of reading the account in their native language, has been made willing to attempt a summary abridgment of the work in English; and if it should prove an encouraging and consolatory hint to any pious mind or minds, he will think himself well rewarded. The original account having been written in the darkest age of Popery some evidently superstitious remarks, owing to the darkness which then prevailed, in the original, as appendages introduced by his biographer of that age, nor, strictly speaking, necessarily belonging to the narrative of this truly great man, are omitted in this abridgment. I am not conscious of any variation made from the original account as a connected narration of facts. As such I present it to the friendly reader, trusting that the want of a thorough knowledge of grammatical acquire-

ments will plead an excuse for inaccuracies, when the difficulties arising from the great difference between the idiom of the German language and the English tongue are considered.

Taulerus was born about the year 1290; and his remarkable conversion took place about the year 1340, being then fifty years of age. He had been a very celebrated and popular preacher, for many years, of an honest disposition, joined with great natural and acquired endowments and strong powers of oratory.

After having thus with great applause filled the station of a clergyman of the highest approved order of St. Dominick, and having become the topic of adulation far and near, part of the time residing at *Coln*, and the latter part of his time in the city of Strasburg, Germany, he lived to a great age, and died in 1379. A tombstone was erected upon his grave agreeably to the custom of that age, with the representation thereon of a Lamb with a hand and finger pointing thereto, as an emblem of his faithful adherence to, and labors in directing the attention of the people to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

It appears by the account given, that before his conversion, like Cornelius of old, although a stranger to the heart-cleansing, powerful operation of the baptism of Christ, as distinguished from that of John; yet in the sincerity of his heart his prayers and alms came up for a memorial before God. For it so happened that a certain layman of great piety and deep experimental knowledge of the purifying efficacy of the religion of Christ, who lived about thirty German miles (one hundred and twenty English miles) from Taulerus, who had heard much of the fame of Taulerus's piety and celebrity as a very popular preacher, was warned in three successive nights in his sleep by a dream, to go and hear for himself this celebrated Dr. Taulerus. He accordingly set out, concluding within himself that he would there wait and see what the Lord would require of him. He accordingly went, and continued there until he heard him deliver five Lectures or Sermons, in the course of which his mind became divinely impressed with a sense of the state of the Doctor's mind, viz., that he was naturally of a sweet disposition, a tender, well-disposed, good-hearted man, and possessed a general knowledge of the Scriptures; that he nevertheless was in a state of darkness in respect to the experimental operation and work of Divine Grace—which wrought powerfully on the mind of this pious layman, in the line of compassion and solicitude for his spiritual welfare. He then called on the Doctor, and said, "Dear Doctor, I have come upwards of

thirty miles on thy account, in order that I might be a partaker of the benefit of thy doctrine; and having heard five discourses, I desire thee to favor me with thy gifts as my confessor;" which request being granted, he made auricular confession in great simplicity. He remained in the city twelve weeks, having occasional interviews with the Doctor, when at last, in respectful language, he earnestly entreated the Doctor that he would, through the assistance of Divine Grace, preach a sermon on the following subject, viz. :—"How man in his natural fallen state may gain the possession of his highest and best remedy, viz., complete redemption, while here in this probationary state of existence, so as to experience a happy assurance of his acceptance before God in Christ Jesus." The Doctor hesitated to express himself, as though he supposed the subject involved such deep and sublime matter that he (the layman) would not be able to comprehend the explanation, were he to indulge him in his request. The layman still importuned, saying, although it should be so, yet if only one seeking mind among the multitude who heard him should understand and receive benefit from such an exposition, it would be well worth his trouble and labor. At length the Doctor assented, promising that he would study the subject, and endeavor to compose a sermon accordingly. This being at the close of the next service, he mentioned that he had been requested thus and so—which he had complied with, and that at the next meeting he would endeavor to elucidate this weighty and important subject. This drew together a vast concourse of people. The Doctor commenced with this text, John i. 47: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

The introductory part of his communication comprised a number of remarks, going to show that ever so close an application to what is commonly termed religious exercises and duties performed in the strength and will of man, by his powers of imitation of the wise and good, amounts to no more than *form* and *imagery*, and consequently falls infinitely short of promoting man's greatest, highest, and most essential good. That the first ground-work towards the attainment of the all-important object of the present discourse is deep self-abasement—not only a sense of the creature's unworthiness, but such an utter despondency as to its ability to do anything to promote the important work of the soul's salvation as to become willing to sink into the greatest possible state of insignificance, submitting and resigning itself wholly into the Divine hand to work in him, both to will and to do according to his own good pleasure. For as long as the creature places any dependence

on its own powers of exertion to conciliate Divine favor, the busy forward actings of the selfish part will shut out the free and uninterrupted work of the spirit of God upon the soul; and will incessantly lead into dead lifeless form, ceremony, and offensive imagery. He expressed his apprehensions and fears that many of the zealous professors of religion in that day—not only the laity, but even among the great and learned Doctors of Divinity (so called)—for want of this foundation being well laid in them, were in danger of passing through life with all their zeal and labors, in propagating what they call Christianity, depending on their natural powers, and reasoning and comparing faculties, passing in the world for great and good men; and yet remain in total darkness as it respects the efficacious influence of Divine good—and in imminent danger of at last landing in disappointment, and being ranked with those fallen angels, who, through pride and self-sufficiency kept not their first estate. Wherefore, in order to our happy attainment of the desirable end, the object of the present discourse, he called the attention of the audience to the weighty consideration of the following heads, with an earnest expostulation that those who prized their souls' welfare would compare and examine their own hearts and experiences, in order that they might make just and righteous discoveries respecting their own states and conditions, as they really were in the sight of Omniscience.

He then proceeded to show—1st. That a real Christian exhibits practically the characteristic mark of discipleship by his pure disinterested love to God and man—for without this all knowledge, and even the greatest attainments of past religious experience, amount to nothing. For Balaam, although he had such a sense of the Divine will, and was able prophetically to point out future events, failed in his acceptance before God for want of this genuine love of God and man.

2. That it is indispensably necessary in order to become an honest real Christian, to deny self—to become released from the dominion of selfish propensities: and continue his warfare against self—not as one who has already attained the victory, but as one engaged more and more to turn his back upon all his fallen selfish inclinations.

3. He must resign himself wholly to the Divine will, and submit himself as clay in the hands of the potter, so that there be nothing in the way to hinder the operation of the power of God's spirit forming, and fashioning, and working in him both to will and to do of his own good pleasure; and conceive himself still behind in the important work of resignation, as one who has not yet attained.

4. He must at all times, under every vicissitude and trial, wait for releasement the Lord's time, in patience—and know His will concerning Him, and to be content under every dispensation of His will: and at all times neither willing nor running in his own strength—desiring simply that the Lord's will be done in all things.

5. He must receive all things as being in wisdom dispensed from the Divine hand, although it may be through the instrumentality of the creature, for God oftentimes, for wise purposes, worketh through instrumental means. Therefore, whether good or evil we receive at the hands of our fellow-creatures, it should be accepted as coming for some good end, by Divine permission.

6. He must receive the good creatures of God for his bodily sustenance and support, and not for the gratification of his pride, or sensual and sinful appetite.

7. He must not, through favor or affection, or any other selfish motive, suffer himself to be drawn aside from simple truth in the honesty and integrity of his heart.

8. He must not be drawn aside by a respect of persons, nor any false light which may be presented, but quietly and submissively meet all presentations with care and caution, and draw good and wholesome inferences for his own good, and not to his own stumbling or offense. Whoever observes this rule has a certain witness within himself that he is governed by the spirit of truth.

9. He must at all times remain in readiness to be clad with the armor of God, shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, faithfully to maintain the warfare against all unrighteousness.

10. He must confess and acknowledge simple truth, and keep a steady eye thereto, for its own sake, agreeably to the will of God—his words few and savory, so as to abound in the inward life of God in the soul.

11. He must follow on to perfection in righteousness and true holiness—but continue guarded against conceiving himself righteous, or flattering himself with the idea of perfection in his own attainments.

12. He must be a preacher of righteousness to those round about him, by his example more than by words.

13. He must not assume the judgment-seat in censuring others, always remembering his own frailty and incompetence.

14. He must place no dependence on his own abilities and acquirements—but walk in faith, and not by sight; constantly depending on Divine aid and direction.

15. He must seek to honor God in all his doings, regardless of what others may say or think of him.

16. He must at all times keep an eye single to the example set by the Son of Righteousness in his precious personal life, as a looking-glass, and honestly compare and examine wherein he falls short of the pattern set before him.

17. Let him at all times consider himself as a beginner, a little child in the school of Christ, bearing His cross and despising the shame, glorying in being accounted worthy to suffer reproach for His name's sake, who hath taught him to see and behold the beauty there is in the truth.

Whoever does not possess the above marks of discipleship, however high and exalted his profession may be, he ought not to esteem himself, nor ought to be esteemed by others, as such. Now that we may become acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus, in perfect humility and self-abasement let us look for help from the source and fountain of all truth, viz., Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

After this sermon was ended, the pious layman retired immediately to his lodgings, and penned down the whole of the sermon preached by Taulerus on this weighty subject. He then went to the Doctor and said to him, "I have committed thy sermon to writing, and if not displeasing to thee I will read it." The Doctor readily assented. He then read it, and when done he asked him whether it were correct, or whether there was a word in the manuscript which varied from what was delivered, that so he might correct what was amiss. The Doctor admired, and said, "Dear son, thou hast penned it down so correctly, word for word, that I doubt whether I could by recollection pen it so correctly myself, though I were ever so richly rewarded. I am astonished that thou hast been so long concealed from me, for although I have had many interviews with thee as thy confessor, these gifts and acquirements in thee have been hidden from me."

The layman then intimated as though he was about to go away, and said, "If it please God I will now retire homeward." The Doctor said to him, "Whereas thou hast neither wife nor children at home requiring thy care, why canst thou not as well remain here awhile longer?—I have it in view to preach several more sermons on the weighty subject of Christian perfection."

The layman replied, "I did not come here merely on account of thy preaching, but from an apprehension that through Divine aid I might be a means of doing some good." The Doctor answered, "What good couldst thou expect to do, being a layman, and not understanding the Scriptures? It is not consistent for thee to attempt to preach; but remain

here, and through Divine aid I may preach another sermon to thy liking and benefit." The layman then said, "There is a subject so impressive on my mind that I would gladly unfold it to thee, but fear it will give offense, and not be borne with." The Doctor said, "Say what thou hast in thine heart to say: I am willing to hear it."

Then the layman said to him, "Thou occupiest a very high station as a spiritual guide, and hast, in this sermon, declared good and sound doctrine; but thy life does not correspond therewith. Thou hast urged me to remain here to hear another discourse. I must therefore let thee know that thy preaching and the outward declarations that can be delivered by man, are productive of no substantial benefit to me. Thou hast conveyed the idea in thy communication that when the Author of all wisdom instructs us, it is necessary that we should become emptied of everything that obstructs the Divine work; and I may now tell thee, that one hour's tuition under this heavenly instructor is of more value to me than all the instruction I can gain from man to the end of time. For under the teachings of man my mind frequently becomes impressed with ideas very unpleasant, and which I cannot easily eradicate. Now, as thou has pressed me to continue here awhile longer, if in obedience to the Divine will I remain and converse further with thee, I desire it may be by thee received as my confessor, and by no means to be divulged to any one." The Doctor said, "That I will do." Then the layman continued, "In the course of thy delivering the foregoing excellent sermon my mind became impressed with an idea as follows:—A man takes clear, pure, and excellent wine and mixes it with lees until it becomes turbid." The Doctor said, "What understandest thou by this simile?" The layman answered, "Thy vessel is still unclean, and there is much unwholesome lees sticking about thee, and consequently thy preaching sound truths in the letter, thou experiencest that the letter killeth, and that from day to day. It is written, 'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' Now that which condemneth thee in the letter is able to make thee alive in the spirit if thou honestly desirest it. But in thy present state of mind thou hast not the light of truth for thy guide; but thou dwellest in darkness wherein thou canst work in the oldness of the letter. But the sweet influence of the spirit of God thou art a stranger to. Besides this thou art as yet a Pharisee." The Doctor said, "I must tell thee that having arrived to my present age, no one has ever addressed me in such a manner, or charged me as thou hast." The layman answered, "Behold thy sermon—be-

hold how thy state is discovered. Thou apprehendest that I have gone too far in the description I have given thee; but be it known unto thee that I will convince thee of its propriety by thy own feelings and experience." The Doctor said, "I wish thee to do so, for I desire to be no Pharisee."

(To be continued.)

4 *Memorial of Northwest Fork Monthly Meeting, concerning our deceased Friend*
JOSHUA NOBLE.

As the memory of the just is blessed, and believing that the life and bright example of our friend has left good impressions upon the minds of many of his survivors, which we hope may be profitable to them, we have thought it right to offer the following testimony concerning him.

He was the son of Mark and Esther Noble, and was born near Federalsburg, Caroline County, Maryland, on the 6th of the Eighth month, 1809.

His parents were consistent members of the religious Society of Friends. His mother died in his infancy, so that he never knew the tender care of a kind mother. His father was an upright and exemplary man, and endeavored to bring up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The subject of our memorial has left nothing upon record from which we can give an account of his experience in his youth, but we have good reason to believe that he had seasons of close trial and proving. He was a man of lively disposition and great resolution.

In his youthful days the ways and fashions of the world were very fascinating to him, and he thought that his father's restraints were hard to bear. He has been heard to say that when under his father's care he would generally take him to meetings, but these were irksome to him, and he would often make up his mind that if he ever grew to manhood, he would never be a Quaker.

When in his 23d year, his father died, leaving him the homestead, upon which he resided the remainder of his days.

Soon after this event, he was married to a person, not a member of our religious Society, but retained his right amongst us.

We have but little account of him for ten years subsequent to this period, except that during several severe attacks of sickness, he manifested much concern for his soul's welfare, and frequently sent for an esteemed Friend to converse and sympathize with him. From this time he grew more serious, and yielding to his sense of duty became a regular attender of religious meetings, and continued the practice during the remainder of

his life, when his health admitted of it. He has been heard to say that previous to this, his convictions of duty to go to midweek Meetings were so strong, and his natural inclination so opposed to it, that he would make excuses to go to the back part of his farm at such times, to keep out of the sight of his friends, as they passed on their way to meeting, thinking that he would thereby avoid the remorse of conscience he might feel, should he see them. But the Lord followed him, and finally yielding to manifested duty, in the year 1842 he appeared in the ministry with a few words occasionally. He frequently said that it was greatly in the cross for him to break the solemnity of a silent meeting.

He was recommended as an approved minister of our Society in the year 1847. He continued to improve in his ministry, dividing the word aright, and his communications were well received by persons of all denominations. He was no sectarian, but believed that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteously, is accepted with him. He would often say to his hearers, that it was not his mission to call them to any Society, but to call them from the *Lo heres!* and *Lo theres!* to the Light within them. He frequently attended funerals of those not in membership with Friends, and his communications on such occasions were well received.

By his industry and frugality he accumulated considerable wealth, of which the poor around him would often share, but he kept very close to the injunction of Christ, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." We believe he endeavored to be honest and upright in all his dealings with his fellow men. In public testimony, his communications were close and searching.

In the year 1865 he was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs. In the autumn of 1869 he grew worse, and continued gradually to fail. A few days previous to his death, he remarked that he dreaded death, but as regarded the future, he had no doubt of his acceptance with his Heavenly Father, and felt that all would be well with him. On the morning of the day of his decease, a Friend on bidding him farewell observed that he appeared better. He replied, "I do not know; I am very weak," and late in the afternoon he quietly passed away, we doubt not, to the mansions of eternal rest. He died on the 18th of Eighth month, 1870, aged 61 years and 12 days.

His remains were interred in the family burial-ground, on one of his farms. His funeral was largely attended by his friends and neighbors, and several testimonies were

borne by ministers of our Society, and also by those of other denominations, concerning his usefulness amongst all classes, and especially the poor of his neighborhood.

Read in, and approved by Northwest Fork Monthly Meeting, held at Snow Hill, Second month 22d, 1871, and signed by direction thereof, by
WILLIS CORKRAN,
Clerk.

Read and approved by Southern Quarterly Meeting, held at Camden, Third month, 1st, 1871, and directed to be forwarded to the Representative Committee.

ROBERT B. DIXON,
Clerk.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WAR.

War is one of the greatest evils that has ever afflicted the human family. The prophet Isaiah in his day, when under the influence of prophetic vision, clearly saw its nature when he said: "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire." He saw that the coming of Christ was to establish his righteous government of universal peace, upon the immutable basis of supreme love to God, and love unto one another; that nation should no longer lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more. That which was foretold by the prophet, was in due season fully verified and confirmed by the testimony of Jesus, when he said, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." Hence it follows that none have a just claim of being the followers of Christ, and heirs of his kingdom, so long as they are actively engaged in the cruel and bitter spirit of war, and the shedding of human blood. My sincere desire is, that all who have become convinced of the unlawfulness and unrighteousness of war (and especially those professing to be followers of the Prince of Peace), may, from a sense of Christian duty, bear an uncompromising testimony against it, in order that its devastating ravages may forever cease to afflict the human family. It would seem as if an increase of faithful testimony-bearers against the barbarous custom of war should be called forth, when we consider its bitter fruits at home and abroad, in the past and down to the present time. Millions and tens of millions of human beings have been hurried to premature and untimely graves, prepared or unprepared, and many of these in the very prime of life. Truly a solemn reflection! Who can number the widows and orphans made such by war; brought to poverty and want, and left to mourn over their bereavements? We have abundant reason for believing that they who

have, from a sense of duty, become faithful laborers in the noble, righteous cause of universal peace, will in no wise lose their reward. But, alas! what shall we say of those who, neglecting the proper business of life, are spending their precious time in military schools, in order to become thoroughly qualified to carry out the system of war with the greatest success, involving, as it does, the destruction of human life and property? When hundreds and thousands are killed and wounded on the field of battle, and houses are pillaged, and cities laid waste, under the shield of the unrighteous law of nations, it is either made the occasion of a passing notice in the public papers, or lauded as a splendid achievement, a glorious victory, &c. This is one of the means of perpetuating the popularity of war. Why do men choose darkness rather than light? Would it not be more in agreement with the tenor and spirit of the Gospel, instead of eulogizing these sanguinary struggles, to portray to the people at large the degrading ravages of war in their true light, and thus convince the public mind of the unparalleled evils that have so long stained the pages of history? It is mournful to contemplate the delusions attendant on this system. When two armies are about to engage in the deadly combat, both call upon their chaplain to pray to the same God of love to aid the success of their arms, and in the destruction of each other. Can there be greater presumption? It is an unchangeable truth that the weapons of the Christian "are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down the strongholds of sin and Satan."

The Christian's armor is of God,
Of Him who calls from war and strife,
Whose flaming sword turns every way
To guard the sacred tree of life.
It is a firm and matchless shield,
That wins, when worn, a heavenly field,

And enables all to become valiant in the Lamb's warfare, fruitful in the field of offering, and joyful in the house of prayer.

D. E. GEROW.

Fairfield Co., Conn., 5th mo., 1871.

WHO THE TUNKERS (DUNKERS) ARE.

The Tunkers have no book of forms or faith. They have and use only the Bible and the hymn-book. In cases of offences committed by members, the accused is tried by the Bible, and such punishment meted out as is suggested by the New Testament for the offence named.

We have no idea, says the Rockingham (Vt.) Register, of the number of members connected with the Tunker Church. In the valley of Virginia they are among the most

numerous of the religious denominations. Their ministers labor without remuneration. They have no paid officers in the church. Churches are erected and other necessary expenses are met by the voluntary contributions of the members. They have no paupers. Whenever a member becomes helpless and infirm, and unable to take care of himself, the church maintains him. Thus a Tunker pauper has never been known.

The Tunkers are almost universally agriculturists. They are generally good farmers, and are noted for their frugality and industry. As a matter of course, they are successful farmers. Their children are brought up under the most stringent rules of morality. Hence the Tunker boys and girls, as a general thing, are examples of sound morality and propriety. It would be a wonder to see a young Tunker drunk, or to record a violation of the proprieties by the daughters of a Tunker.

They are opposed to litigation and lawsuits. Controversies between the brethren are settled among themselves without referring them to the Gentile world.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

"As life advances, a more modest, a calmer, sweeter, more tolerant spirit begins to infuse itself into a man's mind. He begins to attach less and less importance to the points which divide sects and churches from each other, to think that few of them are worth a breach of charity—at any rate, to be convinced that it is not on these that the relation of the soul to God and eternity depends. Seeing in all churches men whose sweet and saintly lives breathe the very spirit of Christ, and of whom it is impossible to doubt that to Christ they are dear, shall he refuse to recognize those whom his Lord has received, or turn away with unchristian hardness and exclusiveness from men whom he may soon meet in heaven? No! whenever in the heat of party feeling, amid the weary strifes and rivalries of sects and churches, we are tempted to indulge the spirit of theological or ecclesiastical exclusiveness, or to feel for intellectual error the indignation and hostility that should be reserved for sin, there is one thought that may well bring us a better mind. Let us recall to mind the good and holy men of different sects and churches who once were with us and are now in the presence of Christ, and ask whether the points which divided them here, and about which, it may be, they contended and wrangled so hotly, can keep them asunder here, in that deeper, diviner life into which they have entered. Let us think, too, if it be ours to join one day their blissful society,

whether we shall carry with us much of our ecclesiastical partnerships or our theological jealousies into the still, sweet rest of heaven.

"Travelers as we are amidst the mists and shades of life, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that in its dim and deceptive light, we should sometimes mistake a friend for a foe, or turn away from a brother as if he were a stranger or an alien. But the night is far spent, the day is at hand, not distant is the hour when the sun of our souls shall rise full-orbed on our waiting eyes, and the mists shall disperse and the shadows flee away for ever; and then—then at last, if not now, we shall recognize in every soul that has ever loved and lived for Christ, the face of a brother and a friend."—*Dr. Caird, in the Moravian.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

1839.

Thine was duly received and was acceptable. I notice thy "valley dwelling" has been interrupted, but by what cause I am left to conjecture. I rest, however, in the conclusion that thou art in safe hands, and that both "sunshine" and "storms" will be so received and so *managed*, as to keep the balance even. But this seems peculiarly *our* part of the work. Had we something that might be called a mento-metre, graduated somewhat like a thermometer; and could we ascertain with equal precision the rise and fall of the mental powers, as operated on by external or internal causes; could we also note these on the tablet of memory, for future occasion, it might be of use to some. Suppose we make the temperature of "a meek and quiet spirit" the standard, or graduating point. But I will leave the further pursuit of the simile; for perhaps the taste for philosophizing may be turned from the *shape* of the *head* to the *mental* operations that are, as it is said, passing within the cranium. This interesting work has engaged so much of my attention from my youthful days, that I am less disposed to be diverted from it to mere outside observations than some of the children of the present knowing age.

I am unwilling to forego the idea, that men and women are as capable now as formerly, of coming to the point of decision, which is represented as the language of the spirit to those who fasted and prayed, when under a like engagement, saying, "*Separate unto me* Barnabas and Paul for the work unto which I have called them." That there are Friends *called* to the *work* or service of elders in the church, I fully believe. If it were not so,

I should be for dispensing with the order of discipline, as likely to be of more disadvantage to the ministry than otherwise. The great danger is a mixture of human policy in the nominating committee, and the Monthly Meeting.

I have been thinking much on the subject of *silent spiritual* and *social worship*, as one of the most exalted testimonies given to Friends to hold up to the view of rational intelligent beings. I believe very many are preparing for a better understanding of its sublime nature and practical utility. Oh! that there were more of a living concern for the spreading and exaltation of this pure spiritual worship, and the public, practical testimony to its efficacy. Why may not Monthly Meetings, by means of committees, hold meetings in numerous places among the people? Silent meetings, if no vocal communication should arise in the life. If Monthly Meetings could so feel the travail on this subject, as to bring forth children, little silent companies here and there on First-day afternoons, in some of the outskirts, among the people, I think it would have a tendency to gather those who are preparing to appreciate silent, spiritual worship, and be to their great advantage and encouragement; and I believe I should often feel a strong attraction toward them.

I feel at times a little rebellious at being deprived of an opportunity for daily intercourse, but I trust our spiritual greetings are not less frequent than formerly. I have need of the "fervent, effectual prayers" of such as have near access to the Divine footstool, that in the ups and downs of life's journey, I may not "become a castaway." Sometimes I am discouraged when I find how easily my faith is shaken, even when I had thought it the strongest. I know safety is dependent upon a state of watchfulness, and that upon ourselves and not upon our friends, rests the necessity of continual care and effort, that we fail not; but sympathy is very sweet to the worn traveller, and we are designed to be one another's helpers. Then let none of us withhold the out-flowings of the spirit of love and cheer. The "solitary in families" may thereby discover they are not alone in their secret exercises, and may be encouraged to press on in the path that opens before them.

WE must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!

—A. Cary.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 10, 1871.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE.—In recurring to our late Yearly Meeting we find much to encourage us. There were many evidences of life, and among the strongest, was the feeling of love which pervaded the assembly from day to day, producing a harmony that was surely allied to the "Spirit of unity which is the bond of peace." As we silently observed the movements of the body, there was a feeling which could adopt the Scripture testimony, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." An occasional difference of sentiment in regard to subjects under consideration, as it brought out individual character, enhanced rather than destroyed the interest; no one appeared to have "a point to carry," but all seemed to be aiming for the same blessed end,—the advancement of Truth upon its own basis. There have been periods in the history of the Society when mutual forbearance did not attend the deliberations of those upon whom rested the responsibility of acting for the whole, and sad results followed. A remembrance of those unhappy days has, no doubt, a tendency to guard us against a repetition of them. They proved the danger of leaning upon human understanding, and not seeking wisdom of Him who giveth liberally to every humble, sincere petitioner.

May we ever continue to regard liberty of conscience as a precious boon, not to be trifled with.

The apostle Paul appears to have appreciated the importance of "each being fully persuaded in his own mind," and in the largeness of his spirit he could testify that charity should be the crowning virtue in the life of all men. We can rejoice in believing that the influence of this Divine principle is extending, not only within the narrow bounds of our own sect, but its Christianizing effects are being seen in a much more extended area. We regard the exercise of individual conviction respecting truth and error, as consonant with the doctrine of the inner Light, or "Light within," which was the rallying point of G. Fox and his cotemporaries.

The calming influence of this faith, where it is operative, proves conclusively that "Christ is not divided." During the long sittings, which were very fatiguing to those not physically strong, we were impressed with the interest manifested by the general deportment of the young people. The concern for them as expressed by several Friends from different sections, who had been drawn in gospel love "to partake of the passover" with those who might gather, as at Jerusalem,—"the city of God,"—we trust will be remembered to profit.

The simplicity of the Christian pathway was forcibly illustrated through the language of experience, and assurances were given that within the heavenly enclosure were found enjoyments which far surpassed the evanescent pleasures that too often not only impair physical health, but enervate both body and mind. Our dear young friends were also feelingly reminded of the influence they could exert on the circle of their young companions, by discouraging intoxicating beverages, and they were tenderly counselled to withhold the "tempting cup, red with wine," even when they might be thought by a few, whose approbation they valued, to be deficient in the rites of hospitality. The importance of suitable marriage connections claimed serious attention. Attachments formed under circumstances that might involve the parties in difficulties in the religious training of families, should be guarded against.

Unity of purpose is ever essential to the effecting of any great good, and nothing, perhaps, contributes more to the happiness of individuals than domestic harmony.

PROTESTANTISM IS A FAILURE.—This proposition, boldly asserted, fell upon our ear with an unwelcome sound, and was resisted with a feeling that it was a mistake—it *could* not be true! But calm reflection brought us to view the distracted condition of nearly every sect in its constituency; and slowly, but convincingly, it came to be regarded as a fact. Not that Christianity is a failure, but that too many professing the Christian name wear not the distinguishing badge of discipleship. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples

if ye have *love one to another*. John xiii. 35. Neither do they exhibit that harmony of spirit alluded to by the blessed Jesus, when He prayed that His followers might be *one*, even as He and the Father are one. "I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

Have not the Christians of modern times committed the two evils attributed to ancient Israel? Have they not forsaken the *Fountain* of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water? Jer. ii. 13.

In their degeneracy they have allied themselves to idols—not always to those of silver or gold, but to that which is equally the work of men. This has led to the hewing of cisterns. Accepting the Jewish tradition that there can be no remission of sins without the shedding of blood, and that it was "expedient that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not,"—with this as the basis of faith, each sect has "hewn out" a vessel or cistern in accordance with its own ideal of perfection, which it has consecrated as holy, but alas! it holds no water, and because of its dryness it falls to pieces. Its constructors, in their trouble and distress, would fain unite the broken fragments, but their cement proves no better than "untempered mortar." The *failure* cannot be concealed, and the unbeliever exclaims, "Where is their God!" We believe *the* remedy for the evil will be found in a compliance with the pathetic appeal of the Great I AM, through His prophets, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Ezek. xxxiii. 11. "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." Jer. xxxiii. 3.

Jesus Christ testified, "My mother and my brethren are these who hear the word of God, and do it." Luke viii. 21.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF TAULERUS, a popular preacher of the fourteenth century.—A Friend sent us an old copy of this little work a week or two since, in order for its publication in our columns. We carefully perused it, and arranged it for our three coming numbers.

Since that time we have received a reprint in pamphlet form from J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, of this city, and can confidently recommend it as most interesting and valuable. We consider it particularly appropriate to our paper, the spiritual experience of Taulerus having corresponded so nearly with that of the founders of our own religious Society.

DIED.

HAVILAND.—On the evening of the 20th of Fifth month, 1871, at the residence of her daughter, in Milan, Dutchess County, N. Y., Sarah, widow of Henry Haviland, in the 95th year of her age; a consistent member of Stanford Monthly Meeting.

BARNARD.—On the 25th of Fourth month, 1871, Vincent Barnard, of Kennett Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in the 46th year of his age; a member of Kennett Monthly Meeting. He was very useful in the community in which he lived, and was much loved and respected. By nature he had an aptitude for mechanical operations, and was also a man of science, devoting many of his spare hours to the study of natural history. Botany, ornithology and entomology were favorite pursuits with him, and as a taxidermist he acquired great skill. His cabinet of natural history contained over 3000 specimens, of his own collecting and preparing. In his death a loss has been sustained which will be felt for a long time.

BUNTING.—On the 30th of Fifth month, 1871, Joseph Morgan Bunting, in the 65th year of his age; a member of Darby Monthly Meeting.

CLEAVER.—On the 16th ult., Martha L. Cleaver, widow of Ezekiel Cleaver, in the 83d year of her age; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 6th mo. 18. Valley, Pa., 3 P.M.
 “ Manhasset, N. Y., 11 A.M.
 “ Port Washington, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
 “ Gunpowder, Md. (old house), 10 A.M.
 “ No meeting in the other house.
 “ Junius, N. Y., 11 A.M.
 7th mo. 2. Frankford, Pa., 3 P.M.
 “ Evesham, N. J., 3 P.M.
 “ Jericho, L. I., 11 A.M.
 “ Oyster Bay, L. I., 3½ P.M.
 “ 9. Boston, N. Y., 11 A.M.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarter will meet at Race St. on Sixth-day afternoon, 6th mo. 16th, at 4 o'clock. *WM. EYRE, Clerk.*

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, 6th mo. 14th, at 8 o'clock.

J. M. ELLIS, Clerk.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Executive Committee will meet at Race Street on Sixth-day afternoon, Sixth month 16th, at 3 o'clock.

W. M. LEVICK, Clerk.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

A conference with Friends of Norristown in reference to this subject will be held at the meeting-house on First day (to-morrow) afternoon, 6th mo. 11th, at 3 o'clock. All interested are invited. Cars leave 9th and Green Sts., Philada., at 9 A.M. and 1.30 P.M.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS.

As the subjects which came before this meeting were the same as those which claimed the attention of Men's Meeting, we give only the minute of exercises:

We humbly acknowledge that we have been favored during this Yearly Meeting with evidences of our Heavenly Father's love; and earnest desires were expressed that we may be enabled to perform all the services of the church under this cementing influence.

Comforting and encouraging have been the labors of those who, in obedience to the Master, are with us bearing the burden of His word, and we have desired that in this Gospel service their own strength may be increased.

The response in our hearts to the stream of love in epistles received, was as "deep answering unto deep," and we believe that in this feeling such salutations ever will unite and strengthen.

As the various requirements embraced in the queries have been presented by reading the answers from our constituent meetings, we have been impressively reminded of the ground of our profession, and earnestly exhorted to more faithfulness in maintaining the testimonies we are called upon to support, especially that of a free Gospel ministry. Deep concern prevailed in relation thereto. It was clearly shown that the diligent attendance of our religious meetings was a demonstration of our faith in the sufficiency of the teachings of the Holy Spirit, without instrumental aid.

Much concern was expressed in regard to extravagance and superfluity in dress and manner of living; the evil results from which can scarcely be estimated. Affectionate appeals were made to mothers and daughters that they should seriously reflect upon their responsibilities, and when tempted to expend the means in their possession for ornamental display, consider the greater good they might accomplish by aiding the needy, and relieving those less favored than themselves. We have it in our power to embarrass or assist our fathers and husbands in financial matters; and therefore are verily guilty, if in order to gratify an unwarrantable desire for luxuries, we cause trouble and distress by inducing them to enter into speculations, often resulting in monetary ruin.

The effect of individual influence regarding the use of intoxicating liquors was forcibly presented; and earnest counsel was given for all to do what is in their power to arrest the tide of intemperance which is spreading over the land. We were admonished to avoid the use in food of stimulating articles, which

might produce or cultivate a taste for a greater indulgence in that which intoxicates.

Mothers were cautioned to avoid administering to their young children medicines intended to produce temporary relief from suffering, but which, in consequence of containing alcohol, are calculated to impair the delicate tissues of the digestive organs, and create a desire for stimulants in future life. It was believed to be our duty to seek to know the laws of our physical being, and that whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do, may be done to the glory of God.

The importance of the proper selection of associates was introduced for the reflection of our youthful members. They were advised not to allow their affections to become entangled with those of other religious professions, in order for marriage.

When those who have been educated in the simplicity of our profession are thus invited, and come to feel the responsibilities of future life, they are often not satisfied with the forms of other religious denominations, and in consequence of the conflicting views of their parents, the children suffer for want of religious care and teaching.

We were introduced into an exercise on account of the First day schools, conducted by Friends, belonging to our Yearly Meeting; and a concern has prevailed that those who believe themselves called into this service, may feel the responsibility connected therewith; that they may be watchful over their own spirits, and when called upon by the children for explanations of portions of Scripture, there may not be a reliance upon mere intellectual acquirements, but a centering to that Divine Power, whereby a qualification will be received to impart that which will be wholesome food.

A lively interest is manifested for the Indians, and believing our labors among them have been blessed, we are encouraged to continue our efforts for the advancement of their civilization.

Deep concern was expressed that we may show an abiding in the True Vine; that all our acts, comparable to the fruit, may bring honor to our Heavenly Father; and that in our desire to labor in His service, we may not overlook the small duties in our path, remember that these, if performed in humility, are unto Him equally acceptable with our service.

Under a solemn covering of reverential prayer, we conclude, to meet again next year, if permitted.

Extracted from the minutes by

PHEBE W. FOULKE, *Clerk.*

THE mistake many people make is in re-

garding life as a theorem—something to be proved; instead of a problem—something to be done.

As most of the matter contained in the Report of the Indian Committee to our late Yearly Meeting has previously appeared in our paper, we give only the part contained in S. M. Janney's letter.

LETTER FROM S. M. JANNEY, SUPERINTENDENT.

To the Joint Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs having charge of the Northern Superintendency.

DEAR FRIENDS: Feeling assured that you will be desirous to receive information concerning the condition and prospects of the Indians under our care, I submit the following report.

I have recently visited the Santee, Winnebago, and Omaha reservations, my chief object being to make a contract for supplying the Santee Sioux Indians with beef and flour during the remainder of this fiscal year, which ends on the 30th of the Sixth month.

The contract was made to the satisfaction of the agent and myself.

Last year the crop of wheat, corn, and garden vegetables at that agency, owing to the long-continued drought, was almost an entire failure.

This spring there were seeded on the agency farm one hundred and fifty acres in wheat which looked well, and will be brought forward rapidly by the rain and snow which fell last month.

It is probable half enough wheat will be raised on the reservation to supply the Indians with bread, and a considerable area of land will be planted with corn.

The flouring mill on Bazille Creek is nearly completed; and the steam saw mill near the agency has supplied a large amount of lumber for the buildings in progress. The Indians are building houses for themselves on their allotments of land. They are generally built of logs; the doors, windows, and flooring boards being furnished by the agent. Many of them have bedsteads, tables and chairs, or benches, being no longer willing to sit and sleep upon the floor as they did two years ago.

The Indian women have made a large number of bed-quilts from materials furnished by Friends. It was said one hundred and fifty quilts were made, or in progress, and the sewing neatly done.

There are two mission schools; that of the Presbyterians was not in session while I was there, but I visited the Episcopal mission school. It did not appear to me to be con-

ducted with much success, as I had reason to believe that the pupils did not understand what they were reading from books in the English language. I suggested that a system of object teaching might be advantageously adopted.

The Indians at this agency write and receive a great many letters in the Dakota language, but very few of them speak or write English.

An industrial school is much needed, but funds for it have not been supplied.

On my way home I stopped two days at the Winnebago Agency, but the weather was so stormy that I could not visit the Indians, nor examine their improvements. I was informed that an election of chiefs took place on the first of the Fourth month and was conducted in an orderly manner, all the men being permitted to vote. Each chief, twelve in number, selected a policeman from his own band.

Annual elections of officers have not heretofore been known among the Indians of this Superintendency, and the Winnebagoes are the only ones who have tried the experiment. I think it is a step in the right direction. Agent White informed me that he had sown a considerable area of land in wheat, which, together with that sown by a few of the Indians, would probably amount to four hundred acres. If it yields well, there will be a sufficiency to supply the tribe with bread. Some of the Indians are raising young cattle and hogs, and many of them have chickens. We hope they will be self-supporting in a year or two, but during the last year, as well as many years previous, a large proportion of their income has been expended for subsistence. Their allotments of land will be occupied by many of them this year, and houses are now being built by them, with the aid of the carpenter and six apprentices, who are all Indians.

There are three day-schools, and two First-day schools which I could not visit. An industrial school is greatly needed, for which application has been made to the department.

I spent one day at the Omaha Agency, and visited the schools taught by Theodore and Elizabeth Gillingham. Both these schools are well attended by Indian boys and girls, who manifest great interest in their studies, and the reading classes, being questioned by the teachers, gave evidence that they understood what they were reading. Examples in arithmetic were worked out on the blackboard with readiness. Cards with object lessons were used in teaching the younger classes. These schools are well conducted, and highly prized by the Indians.

There is another school on the reservation taught by Joel Warner, which I had no time to visit. The Omahas have lately received from the Indian Bureau certificate for their allotments of land, which have been anxiously looked for and are highly prized. A large quantity of lumber for their houses has been sawed; part of it is hauled to the allotments, and comfortable houses are being built by the carpenter and his Indian apprentices. The Omahas have corn to sell from their last year's crop, and about one hundred acres have been seeded in wheat. They receive no rations of meat or flour.

After my return from the Omaha Agency I spent two days at home, and then proceeded to Lincoln to attend the trial of the four Pawnee Indians who have been imprisoned here about twenty-two months on the charge of murder. To my great regret the trial was again postponed, on the ground that the record transmitted from Butler to Lancaster county on a change of venue was not complete. Our counsel and witnesses have always been ready, and we have applied for special term of the court to be held next month for their trial, which I hope will be granted.

I have not been at the Pawnee Agency for some months; but have received satisfactory accounts from the agent and others. The chiefs and head men of the tribe have at some time manifested a desire to make peace with the Sioux, who have, for generations, been their enemies, and who frequently commit depredations, stealing their horses and killing and scalping their men and women. When Red Cloud passed through this city, I had an interview with him, and expressed my desire that he would make peace with the Pawnees. He said he had not time to stop then for the purpose, and could not do it without consulting his people.

By authority of Commissioner Parker, afterwards corresponded with J. M. Washburn, United States Indian Agent at White Stone, who has charge of the bands of Sioux commanded by Spotted Tail, in order to bring about a treaty between him and the chiefs of the Pawnees. Spotted Tail expressed his willingness to make a treaty to keep it, and for some time, I expected to meet with the representatives of the tribes at the Santee Agency in the early part of last month; but I received while at the Santee Agency, a letter from Agent Washburn, stating that Spotted Tail and his subordinate chiefs, though willing to make a proposed treaty and to keep it, were unanimously of the opinion that such a treaty made by them without the concurrence of the other bands of Sioux, would not be s-

it would be considered a declaration of war by all the Sioux not concerned in it. I regret the failure of this cherished measure, but the overture made by the Pawnees and the willingness manifested by Spotted Tail to accept, will, I think, promote a better state of feeling between them.

Many of the Pawnees are exceedingly desirous to open farms and to be provided with good houses, instead of the mud-lodges they now live in. Arrangements are being made to carry into effect their wishes, by dividing among them a portion of their lands, and aiding them to build cottages. Last year they set apart seven thousand dollars of their annuity money to improve their mill, and to purchase live stock and implements of agriculture. This year they are willing to appropriate a still larger sum for purposes of improvement.

Their manual labor school continues to be very satisfactory, and a commodious house for a day-school has just been erected.

Within the last three months I have visited the Great Nemaha Agency twice, and was well satisfied with the progress of the Iya tribe.

The store established by Friends of Philadelphia continues to be a complete success, and all arrangements are now being made by Agent Lightfoot to establish an Industrial Home for Orphans.

I think the funds applicable to this purpose will board about fifteen orphans, and they will attend the school taught by Mary Lightfoot, which is well conducted. She has added a sewing department, which has been a great benefit to the Indian women.

The reports I received from the Otoe Agency are very satisfactory. The school is very successful, and Agent Green hopes to establish another very soon. The Indians of that tribe are overcoming their old habits of idleness, and many of them are now desirous to open farms and build houses, in which work they are assisted by the agent to the utmost of his ability. I expect to visit the Otoe Agency next week. I am informed that the store established there by Friends of Philadelphia gives great satisfaction, and I should be glad to see one of the same kind at each of our agencies.

We shall be glad to welcome here any invitation Friends may appoint to visit the agencies.

SAMUEL M. JANNEY,

Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

Nemaha, Neb., 5th month 3d, 1871.

A HINT.

In the annual report of the Women's Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Presi-

dent instanced a case of thoughtlessness which she had herself witnessed, in which a lady had stopped a car thirty yards from a crossing where it had stopped but two or three minutes before for the purpose of putting down a passenger. This, too, was on a clear day, when there was no inconvenience in walking that distance, but by this thoughtlessness the horses had been obliged to exert themselves twice in stopping and starting the car, when once would have been sufficient.

Thoughtfulness in matters as small as that above alluded to, trains the mind in the virtues of humanity and tenderness.

THE CRY OF THE SUFFERING CREATURES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Oh that they had pity, the men we serve so truly!
Oh that they had kindness, the men we love so well!

They call us dull and brutish and vicious and unruly,

And think not we can suffer, but only would rebel.

They brand us and they beat us! They spill our blood like water,

We die that they may live ten thousand in a day!
Oh that they had mercy! for in their dens of slaughter,

They afflict us and affright us and do far worse than slay.

We were made to be their servants. We know it and complain not;

We bow our necks with meekness, the galling yoke to bear;

Their heaviest toil we lighten; the meanest we disdain not;

In all their sweat and labor we take a willing share.

We know that God intended for us but servile stations,

To wit, to bear man's burdens, to watch beside his door:

They of the earth are masters, we are their poor relations,

We grudge them not their greatness, but help to make it more.

And in return we ask but that they would kindly use us,

For purposes of service, for that which we were made;

That they would teach their children to love and not abuse us,

So each might face the other and neither be afraid.

We have a sense they know not or else have dulled by learning;

They call it instinct only, a thing of rule and plan;
But oft when reason fails him, our clear, direct, discerning

And the love that is within us have saved the drunken man.

If they would but love us, would learn our strength and weakness;

If only with our sufferings their hearts could sympathize,

Then would they see what truth is, what patience is and meekness;

And read our hearts' devotion in the softness of our eyes.

If they would but teach their children to treat the
subject creatures
As humble friends and servants who strive their
love to win,
Then would they see how joyous and kindly are
our natures,
And a second day of Eden would on the earth begin.
Written at Rome, April, 1871.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Late at night I saw the shepherd
Toiling slow along the hill,
With a smile of joy and patience,
Facing night winds strong and chill.
In his arms, and in his bosom,
Lay the lambs, content and still.

When the day broke, from the valley,
I looked up and saw no more
Of the patient, smiling shepherd
I had seen the night before ;
But new mounds along the hill-side
Lay in sunshine, frozen hoar !

H. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

I read with interest Schuyler Colfax's article on "How to be Happy." Even in the supplementary remarks, those who are aspiring for public honors may be instructed.

He writes of what his own hands have handled, and it carries with it an evidence of truthfulness that must be impressive to all who are disposed to candid reflection. I think there are many young men scattered through the country, who read our paper, that may be profited by it. The subject and style being rather different from the general tone of the paper, may recommend it to the young. T.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,

Vice-President of the United States.

I take as the text of this article the sayings of two of the ablest of British writers. Dr. Johnson once remarked that "a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds per year." But Hume rated the money value of cheerfulness far higher; for he said "he would rather possess a cheerful disposition, inclined always to look at the bright side of things, than with a gloomy mind to be the master of an estate of ten thousand a year." These strong expressions refer, however, to the particular individual only. When the effects of good-nature, happy dispositions, sunny temperament, are measured in their relation to the family, or the wider circle of friends, or the still wider circle of the community in which we dwell, they become still more incapable of computation as to their financial value. If all needless unhappiness, all ill nature, all acrimonious words, all unkind retorts, all manifestations of temper, all moroseness of disposition, could be extirpated from our

daily lives, what an increased wealth of joy should we all garner up! How full of sunshine the world would seem to be! To develop, therefore, and to cultivate the happy side of our nature is one of the paramount duties of life. And, believing that much of personal unhappiness results from unwise habits of thought or speech, from carelessness from failure to realize the exquisite happiness of cheerfulness, I venture to day upon a few random and desultory suggestions.

Don't borrow trouble. It is safe to estimate that fully three-quarters of all anticipated troubles are never realized. And yet how prone are thousands to worry and torment themselves over their possible future—to cultivate imaginings of evil that they fear are in store for them. Do they start on a journey. Its happiness is marred by forebodings of shipwreck, or collision, or accident. Is a loved one sick? They are sure it will be unto death. Are they in business? Disaster is uppermost in their thoughts. Do children cluster around their hearthstone? Evil, they are sure, will come to them. Is he a farmer? Seed-time and harvest, he fears, will fail in his case. Has he investments? Fraud, he imagines, will impoverish him at last. And so they go through life, keeping the skeleton of misfortune ever in their sight, impairing their happiness, and constantly cultivating misery and depression. How many lives are thus clouded, with their gloomy shadows falling on all around them. What they need more than all things else is education unto cheerfulness. It is to faithfully perform every duty of life, leaving results to Him who doeth all things well. It is to educate the natures to turn ever toward the light, as of the trees of the forest and the flowers of the field. It is to carry sunshine with them wherever they go, in and out the circle of their households, in the busy work-shop and the crowded street. It is to indulge in no self-forebodings till trouble really comes, and not to make themselves melancholy by its anticipation. It is to borrow joy and hope and happiness from the cheerful and buoyant performance of every daily duty—a loan whose investment is sure and whose dividends are certain.

Study patience and forbearance. It do not need inspiration to teach us that "tongue is an unruly member." The quick, the sharp, the unkind, the cutting reply, instantly conceived, instantly spoken, and often long regretted—how much unhappiness it has created, to the speaker as well as to the one addressed? A soft answer turneth away wrath; but a harsh answer often destroys both love and friendship. The adage teach our children—that, as we have two ea

and but one tongue, we should hear twice and think twice before we speak once, is even more worthy of practice by children of a larger growth, especially if quick in temper or hasty in words. Temper, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master. It needs a curb, like a spirited horse; and, to follow out the simile, if it becomes your master, woe to you! And patience and forbearance affect by their healthful contagion all within the circle of their influence. Go into a family where this law of kindness is obeyed by the parents, and you will see it happily reflected in their children. But look into one where anger is allowed to prompt the unkind report, and you will find the sad results upon the young of the daily example of strife and discord before them. Go into a factory, or workshop, where the foreman is ill-natured, impatient, exacting, insolent, and harsh, and the workmen would be more than human if they did not find discontent and alienation growing up in their hearts too. In every sphere of life goodness of heart, kindness of language, cheerfulness of manner cause happiness to grow up all around them; and those who cultivate patience and forbearance have their abundant reward, not only in their own increased joy, but in that which fills their households, from hearthstone to roof tree.

Lay up the treasure of good deeds. The essential principle of Christianity is love. Theaviour summed up all the commandments in a single sentence—Love to God, love to man. Paul, in that striking eulogy of Charity, which all commentators concede should be more properly rendered Love, placed it above and beyond all earthly things. And that glimpse of the Last Day, given to us by the Saviour in Matt. 25th, tells us unmistakably how every result of this love for our fellow-man is recorded ineffaceably in the Book of Life, "Come ye blessed of my Father . . . for I was an hungered, and ye gave me food; I thirst, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me; in prison, and ye came unto me; . . . for, inasmuch as ye did this to one of the least of these my children, ye did it unto me."

(Conclusion next week.)

MANY a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after a day's done nothing, although she has not spent a idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had to see one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe," when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge

of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother, you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.—*Exchange.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.,

The Hottest Spring on Record!

FIFTH MONTH.		
	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	13 days.	8 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	6 "	1 "
Cloudy, without storms	5 "	6 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	7 "	16 "
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	31 "	31 "
	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 5th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	65.25 deg.	66.02 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	87.00 "	91.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	52.50 "	48.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	6.28 in.	3.38 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year	1352	977
Deaths during the first 22 weeks of 1870.....	7324	
Deaths during the first 22 weeks of 1871, only.....		6093
Average of the mean temperature of 5th month for the past eighty-two years....		51.00 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1802, 1826).....		71.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1848),.....		51.75 "
SPRING TEMPERATURES.		
Mean temperature of the three spring months of 1870.....	52.21 "	
Mean do do do 1871.....	57.62 "	
Average of the spring temperatures for the past eighty-two years.....		51.00 "
Highest spring mean occurring during that entire period, THIS YEAR		57.62 "
Lowest do do 1799, 1843.....		46.00 "
COMPARISON OF RAIN.		
	1870.	1871.
First month,	4.07 inch.	3.46 inch
Second month,	2.53 "	3.08 "
Third month,	4.06 "	5.81 "
Fourth month,	5.60 "	1.82 "
Fifth month,	6.28 "	3.38 "

Totals, for the first 5 months of each year, 22.54 " 17.55 "
 Showing by the above comparison thus far a decrease in the quantity of five inches. The average of the quantity for the month under review for a series of years past has been about four and a half inches.
 In reference to temperature, warm as the month has been, the mean has been exceeded nine times during the past eighty-two years, viz; in 1795, 1799, 1800, 1802, 1806, 1808, 1822, 1826.
 And yet we doubt whether four consecutive days in the Fifth month can be found during that long period to have equalled in height of temperature

what was experienced on 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of the month the present year.

The writer has compiled a table from the "*Meteorological Record*" forwarded daily from Washington, in confirmation of the above suggestions as well as for the purpose of showing that the intense heat so early in the season was not confined to Philadelphia and its locality, but appeared to exist in almost every section of the United States.*

The *lowest* point reported from any of the principal cities having been Duluth, Minnesota, on the 27th, 52 degrees; Cheyenne, on the 28th, 58 degrees.

Another noticeable feature of our review is—that the three spring months of this year constitute the *hottest spring on record*.

One striking peculiarity of the weather during the latter part of the month under review, was the regular "*dog days*" feature of damp, semi-crudry mornings, followed by intense heat, certainly very unusual for the season.

Once more calling attention to the continued *decrease* of deaths as noted above, we close.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Sixth month 2d, 1871.

HIDDEN GROWTH.—When once the seed has been sown, no painstaking or anxiety on our part can compel its growth, or hasten the stages through which it has to pass. How gladly we would do this if we could! How anxious we are when the seed sown grows not with the speed nor in the manner we desire! How soon we are discouraged by delay! But, on the other hand, how often do we meet with success where we have least expected it; nay, where we had determined it could not be! God's ways are not our ways. Let us leave results in His hands. As we look back upon the past, let us indeed mourn our shortcomings, but believe that faithful labor has not been in vain in the Lord.

I AM now able to see that my sorest disappointments at the time they happened, and my heaviest misfortunes, have always turned out to be my greatest blessings whenever they have been taken as admonitions and warnings, and turned wisely to account.—*John Neal*.

ITEMS.

THE COAL STRIKE.—The cost of the recent coal strike, which lasted for five months and a half, or one hundred and thirty-eight days, it is calculated, has amounted in actual loss of wages to the working people of over twenty millions of dollars. Thus the thirty thousand miners who have been idle could have earned \$2.50 a day, making an aggregate of \$75,000 for each day, or \$10,350,000 for the whole strike. Again, it is estimated that forty thousand working people, including railroad men, drivers, coal handlers and iron workers were thrown out of employment, who, at wages of \$2 a day, could have earned an aggregate of \$80,000 a day, or \$11,040,000 during the period of idleness caused by the want of coal. Adding these two sums together, we have \$21,390,000 as the actual loss in money to the working people in the coal and iron regions.

* This table, too lengthy for insertion here, can be found in the *North American* of 3d instant.

THE great telegraphic feat of direct communication between England and India, without any retransmission, has just been accomplished. For the first time, such communication was established by the transmission of a message from Kurrachee to London, which was really the first message from India to England instantaneously. Subsequently communication was opened to Bombay London and Bombay interchanged signals, perfectly and a commercial message was sent from London to Bombay direct and answered instantaneously. The distance by the Indo-European line is 6000 miles.

THE ravages of the yellow fever in the city of Buenos Ayres are said to be terrible. The city before the plague contained about 200,000 inhabitants; it now contains less than 40,000. Over 25,000 have fallen victims to the scourge, and the remainder have fled in every direction to avoid the contagion. Those still remaining are the extremely poor, unable to get away; and of these 15,000 are down with the disease. The mortality has reached the frightful number of 749 in a single day. It was found impossible to keep pace with the demand for graves, and in some houses five or six bodies lie uninterred. A tramway was constructed to the cemetery on which to convey the corpses, and they were piled on the vehicles, uncoffined, like parcels of freight. Numerous physicians from that and other cities are battling heroically with the plague and many have fallen martyrs to their noble endeavors. Great distress and suffering exist, and there is no knowing when it will end. This sad case makes a strong appeal to the philanthropy of the wealthy of every land.

THE manufacture of paper collars has become very important interest, and requires quite an outlay of capital. A machine costs from \$600 to \$10,000, and to fit up a factory costs at least 15,000, according to the character of the machinery employed. A good machine will turn out 120 collars per minute, or 7200 an hour, all in a suitable condition for wearing. About 1300 persons are employed in the collar factories of New England. The first patent collar, in 1854, was for a combination of cloth and paper, but it had never been successfully perfected until about two years ago, when the cloth lined, and cloth or linen outside, came into immediate general use. The amount of capital invested by the eleven New England manufacturers, is about 3,000,000, varying in individual cases from \$30,000 to \$500,000.

THE production of first-class lead pencils is an art of great nicety. The *Technologist* gives something of a history of it: Half a century ago a Jew named Cohen, of Dublin, acquired a knowledge of it which gave his name a pre-eminence among artists, warranting a perfect article. He kept his method jealously a secret even from his sons, and died without revealing it to any one. The famous Cohen pencil at once ceased to be a desirable article. Numerous attempts were made to take its place—the estimation of artists, without success; until Faber, by common consent, took the championship and maintains it. Different kinds of pencils are marked by figures or letters; and while manufacturers are often successful in producing a fine article of some one number, few are able to produce all the grades of equal excellence. The French have not been able to distinguish themselves in the line. Germans have done better, and now Americans are endeavoring to establish a national reputation for good lead pencils. It is still a great question whether the art has reached its best estate.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF TAULERUS. POPULAR PREACHER OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Translated from the German by Peter Lossing.
 (Continued from page 229.)

Then the layman said, "I will now, in the first place, show thee, my dear friend, how it is with thee in that the letter killeth. Thou knowest very well that about the time that thou began to distinguish good from evil, thou didst begin at school in the letter; and herein thou soughtest thine own interest, and to this day thou continuest in this same state of mind, seeking thy own emolument and advantage—and thou dependest on what thou hast thus acquired in the letter—availing thyself of thy exalted station as Doctor of Divinity. To love, honor, and obey God is not the ruling principle in thee; thou art seeking thine own honor and not the honor that cometh from God only.

"My suggesting that thou art an unclean vessel is true; thou keepest not an eye single to the will of God in all things; in doing and forbearing thou art not influenced by His love, in consequence of which thou art a vessel full of unsavory lees. When the pure wine of the heavenly kingdom passes through an unclean vessel or conduit, those pure, quickened souls who follow the Lord and live in His love, cannot relish its taste—therefore gospel truths delivered through such a medium are incapable of conveying grace to the hearer.

"My saying that thou art in a state of

darkness is evident, because thy exhortations and preaching are not productive of good to those who hear. It does not produce the supernatural work of Divine grace to the enlightening of their minds. Lastly, my charging thee with being a Pharisee is also true; though I am far from suggesting the idea that thou art a wickedly disposed, hypocritical Pharisee. Now, my beloved friend, was it not the case with the Pharisees of old that they loved and served themselves in all things, and sought not purely the honor of God? Now examine thyself, and see whether in the eye of an all-seeing God thou art not a Pharisee, and not one of the minor grade neither. For be it known unto thee, that in this day there are many Pharisees, some greater and others less, as their lives plainly show forth."

When the layman concluded these remarks, the Doctor fell upon his neck and kissed him, and said, "O my dear son, it seems to me that I am like unto the woman of Samaria, at Jacob's well; for verily thou hast opened to me my hidden frailties and imperfections. I can therefore have no scruple in believing that it is by Divine manifestation that thou hast become so fully acquainted with my state and condition, wherefore I beseech thee that thou wilt suffer me to look up to thee as a father in spiritual things, and receive me as a son and an unworthy sinner."

The layman then said, "If thou thus inclinest to reverse thy station, and mine also, I shall feel no freedom to continue with thee, but must withdraw and go to my own home."

The Doctor begged of him not to leave him; said he would endeavor to be more guarded in future in his expressions. "I have made up my mind," said he, "by and through the grace of God, to amend my life, and I crave thy company and counsel."

The layman then said, "Verily, it is highly necessary for thee to do so, for in the *letter*, extensive literature and metaphysical knowledge and acquirements have deceived many, who are in great danger of bringing upon themselves grievous suffering and anguish of spirit whenever they come under the purifying operation of the fire of God's visitation upon them, and others, it is to be feared, will land at last in utter perdition. Believe me, verily, it is not a trifling matter that God endoweth his creature man with reason and understanding, and a portion of wisdom, whereby he is enabled to comprehend much of the weighty truths recorded in the Holy Scriptures, and experiences of wise and good men, set forth and opened to his view, if he neglects his own soul, and remains a stranger to a due conformity to the Divine will."

The Doctor then requested that the layman would open to him his religious experience, from the commencement of the work of reformation in him, and, from step to step, the way in which he had been led into such a thorough knowledge of a truly godly life.

The layman declined giving a detailed account; saying, "that mankind are so variously circumstanced, the complexion and temperament of their bodies and minds are so widely diversified, and the Searcher of hearts extends the visitations of His holy spirit, as the apostle expresses, by 'diversity of operations;' bringing them into conviction, various conflicts and trials proportionate to their several states, conditions, wants, and abilities to bear. Wherefore if a person should undertake upon another's experience, or expect such a description might serve as a model for him to rely on as a guide, he will deceive himself, bring himself into painful embarrassment, and land in disappointment, for he leadeth the blind in a way they have not known."

He, however, expressed a freedom to open to him some of the principal outlines of what he had experienced in the work of regeneration. He told him that the first effective help he was favored with in the important work was extended after the Lord had brought him into a state of deep humility and abasedness of self, submitting his own will to the Divine will: he observed to

him that previous to this, having read some accounts of the ancient fathers, who obtained this pearl of great price through intense bodily mortifications, severe abstemiousness, and putting themselves under rigid discipline, he adopted this plan, and continued it until it almost cost him his life. In a weak, debilitated state of body, one morning about break of day, having passed the night in sore conflicts, he dropped into a slight sleep, when he dreamed he heard a voice saying to him, "Ah, thou foolish, self-willed man, if thou shouldst by thy rigid severe bodily mortifications shorten thy days, thou wilt have to answer for it as an act of suicide. But if thou wilt submit thyself to God, to move and direct thy steps, thou wilt succeed far better than thus to follow Satan's devices." He awoke in great fear—immediately arose and concluded he would retire into the next forest, and advise with a hermit or recluse who resided in this forest. He did so, called on the recluse and related his dream, desiring his counsel. The recluse inquired of him to know how he had conducted himself previous to this dream. He related the circumstances of his severe mortifications, abstemiousness, and voluntary self-denial, and the motives he had therein. The recluse then asked him of whom he took counsel in his adopting these measures. He answered, "Of my own will and good intentions." The recluse then answered, "Be it known unto thee, it has been the devil's counsel; as thou prizest thy life, follow it no longer, but submit thyself wholly to God, who is a safe leader, and infinitely better guide than thy own will or the counsel of an enemy."

"I then submitted myself with my whole heart unto God in all my ways."

The layman then gave him some further account of his religious experience: the manner in which temptations were presented to his mind, tending to lead him into exalted ideas of his gifts and powers of mind, with strong insinuation that if he would exercise the strength of his genius he would become able to comprehend deep and sublime things; and how he was favored to see that these suggestions sprang from the devices of the grand enemy of his happiness, calculated to lead him into unprofitable speculative researches after deep and hidden mysteries, leading him to draw conclusions from uncertain premises, into doubts about substantial truths, to inflate his mind with self-exalted notions; and finally, to ruin in regard to his religious welfare and happiness.

And further, how he felt himself reproved by the heavenly gift of light in his conscience at a certain time, for earnestly entreating

and beseeching the Almighty that He would be pleased to favor him with some ocular and demonstrative evidence of supernatural power and interposition, beyond the ordinary dispensations of his providence in the manifestations of His will, for his own private confirmation. The humbling effect of this season of reproof, acknowledging his unjustifiable presumption, an unworthy worm of the dust, who had wandered far and wide from the path of obedience, neither loving nor seeking his Creator; yea, for one who was unworthy to tread on the Lord's footstool, to indulge so presumptuous a desire; and as he thus centered into the depth of humiliation and abasement of soul, continuing under the mortifying consideration of the offense he had committed, until the following morning, when unexpectedly light broke forth in his soul, and for some time he seemed to be on the mount of glorification with Jesus; and he was ready to say with Peter, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." "Be it known unto thee, dear Doctor, that I received more light, more clear and distinct discriminating knowledge in Divine things, in this short space of time (which to me seemed very short), than thou and all the teachers in the world could administer to the end of time." After this, he gave him some account of his having been instrumental in bringing a noted heathen in a distant land into the Christian faith, in a marvelous manner.

When he closed this account, which for the sake of brevity I have omitted, he expressed a fear that he had trespassed upon the Doctor's time and patience, and further said, "I cannot divest myself of an impression that some of my expressions in our former interviews have left some unpleasant or painful feelings in thy mind, on the ground of my being a poor layman, and using such an entire freedom in expressing myself to so great and learned a Doctor of Divinity." Pauler then said, "If thou wilt not take it amiss, I will open to thee how it is with me, and wherein I have felt straitened, in regard to what thou hast alleged."

The layman desired him cheerfully and freely to open his mind, without any apprehensions of his taking offense. The Doctor said, "I confess it has been sorely against my prepossessions and inclination to give up to be instructed by a layman, who have been so long accustomed to be accounted by others, and to consider myself a teacher and Doctor of Divinity; besides, it has produced no small degree of chagrin and concern in me, in that thou hast roundly denominated me a Pharisee." The layman said, "Is there anything else which has given thee uneasiness?" The Doctor said, "I know of nothing else in

particular." The layman then said, "Shall I explain those two points more fully and explicitly to thee?" The Doctor said, "Yes, my dear son, I pray thee do so." The layman then said to him, "Well, Doctor, through what power, or how came it to pass, that the young maiden *Catherine*, not quite eighteen years old, in the time of the ten persecutions, overpowered and convinced fifty learned philosophers—as she was instrumental in producing a willingness in them to suffer martyrdom for Christ's sake? What dost thou conceive influenced so young and tender a maiden, and enabled her to speak so clearly, and reason so powerfully, as to overcome these great and wise men?" The Doctor then said, "This was unquestionably the work of the Holy Spirit, through her as an instrument." The layman then said, "Dost thou not believe the same Holy Spirit has power down to this day to produce similar effects?" The Doctor answered, "Yes, I have no doubt of it." The layman then said, "Why shouldst thou remain doubtful, but that the same spirit may convey weighty truths unto thee, through me, an unworthy sinner? He spoke truth formerly through Caiaphas, the high priest, John xi. 45, 50, who was a sinner. Now, in regard to my having denominated thee a Pharisee, and the straitened feelings it has produced in thy mind, I conceive I did at the time of my using the expression explain the subject with sufficient clearness.

"But as this is not the case, I must explain that subject still more explicitly, and evince that this appellation, however unpleasant, is truly applicable to thee. Thou knowest, dear Doctor, that our blessed Lord said to His followers, Matt. xxiii. 4, Beware of the Pharisees, for they bind upon your shoulders heavy burdens, when at the same time they do not touch them with one of their fingers. Now, dear Doctor, examine thyself carefully, and compare thy state and condition to the various points of doctrine exhibited in that excellent sermon delivered at my request, wherein thou didst exhort the people to the strict observance thereof, and yet thou art far, very far from a state of practical obedience thereto thyself. And Jesus further said, 'Whatsoever they say unto you, that do, but do not like unto them, for they say and do not.' Now, dear Doctor, what our Lord said in that day He saith still. Now view thyself, and behold how thy life corresponds with thy weighty doctrine. God knoweth, and thou also knowest, how it is with thee. I feel willing to observe thy doctrine, but I am entirely unwilling to imitate or follow thy life and example. Wherefore behold thy real state and condition, as it is in the sight

of God, and see whether thou art not a real Pharisee, though by no means a false, deceitful, evil-intending Pharisee."

The Doctor answered, "I know not what to say. I, however, confess and acknowledge that I am an unworthy sinner; and from this time on I am determined to amend my ways and lead a better life. And now, my dear son, I beg of thee for the Lord's sake, to counsel me in what I must do, and instruct me how I may obtain that blessed state of mind which is attainable through Divine mercy in this life." The layman then said, "Dear Doctor, do not be angry with me; it is a delicate and difficult thing to advise and counsel thee, because truly the manner of life which thou hast led hitherto, being about fifty years, through long-wonted and established custom, has become so habitual and so deep rooted, as it were second nature. A thorough change and conversion (which is indispensable) cannot be effected without a course of very painful conflicts and trials: it will be very difficult to become thoroughly weaned from such a long course of indulgence." The Doctor said, "It is so—I am about fifty years old; but he who came at the eleventh hour also received his penny, the same as those who came at an early hour. I am therefore fully given up with all my heart through the grace of God to become a converted man, and to bid adieu to all my old deceptive calculations, arising from the wit, understanding, and reasoning powers of the natural man."

The layman then pointed out to him from time to time (they having many interviews with each other) the necessity of resigning himself wholly to God in all his ways; yet earnestly wrestling for the blessing of an entire death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness. At length the Doctor pressed him to give him further specific counsel. The layman then told him that as a man he had nothing more to say to him, yet if the Lord should see fit through him as an instrument to administer further counsel, he was willing readily, in the love he felt towards him, to do what he should be enabled to do. "But," said he, "if it should fare with thee as it did with the young man in the Gospel, when he was told, 'Go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor,' and he went away sorrowful, I say if this should become thy case, the blame must not lie at my door."

The Doctor requested he would rest easy on that account, and said, "I have considered the subject maturely; and through Divine help I will journey forward." The layman then said, "If thou continuest steadfast in pursuit of the important object, let me tell thee thou wilt have a scene of

tribulation to pass through, thou wilt have to bear oppression, nay, persecution, and, what will be the most trying, it will be from thy brethren; and in the course of these painful exercises there will be strong inducements presented to thy mind to flinch from the cross. But thou wilt have to learn to submit thyself and surrender thy will under every besetment and trial, let it come from whatsoever source it may. For be it known unto thee, thou must submit to the injunction laid on the young man. Thou must take up thy cross and follow the Lord Jesus in truth, humility, and patience. Thou must turn thy back upon all those self-pleasing, inventive researches which so abundantly engrossed thy attention and nursed the spirit of pride in thee. Thou must avoid studying, and lay aside preaching, and abide in great simplicity." Thus he advised him to continue in a childlike, simple, dependent state, saying, "This will lead thee into an habitual acquaintance with the path of humility; and thou wilt become weaned from thy old long-standing habits, so that in the Lord's time thou wilt become sufficiently reduced from all self-dependence, and be favored with the new birth unto righteousness, becoming a new man in Christ. For before this can take place *thou must sell all that thou hast*, and surrender all unto God; all thy proud wisdom, inventions, and exalted anticipations, which were once the prime objects of thy desires; yea, whatever thou so inordinately delighted in, as a natural man, and with Mary sit down at Jesus' feet. If thou continuest here, humbly waiting for the Lord's help, the Prince of Peace will not be unmindful of his own work. He will preserve thee, He will purify thee as gold is purified in the furnace of probation. Then thy old acquaintance will conclude that thou hast lost thy senses. Thy brethren in the monastery will accost thee as one that has got into a strange way, and has almost become insane. Wherefore, if these things happen to thee, be not dismayed, but rather rejoice in hope, for the day of thy redemption draweth nigh. No doubt this will be very trying to nature, but hold fast thy confidence in the Lord, for He will not forsake thee. Account thyself, at all times, unworthy of the least of all the Lord's mercies; this will keep down all aspiring notions of great attainments. Ah, my beloved Doctor! if thou abidest here in the faith and patience, and offerest up all, submitting to drink the cup allotted for thee, whetlier it be sweet or bitter, pleasant or painful, so as to be able to say in humble aspiration of soul, 'O my Lord and my God, if it be according to Thy will that I endure these privations and suf

ferings to the 'end of my days, I will not forsake thee, the only rock of my salvation.' Thus, agreeably to thy request, I have pointed out the way, and the only sure and safe way, to obtain thy highest and best remedy. I wish thee to consider thyself well and move cautiously; and as the Lord is pleased to reveal to thee what He requireth of thee by the inward operation of His grace, this obey, and thou wilt move along in safety."

The Doctor then said, "This will I endeavor to do, and follow thy counsel, and see whether I may, through Divine help, become strengthened to overcome my evil propensities." The layman then retired to his home.

(To be continued.)

OCCASIONALLY some singular trial of faith and fealty comes, like that of the command of God to His servant, to go and offer up the dearest idol, the best beloved, the only son; then, when the sacrifice is made—really made in heart, whether consummated in the act or not—then comes a flood of light, and love, and joy in God from God, as only such a perfect self-sacrifice can prepare the way for.—*Dr. Boardman's "He that Overcometh."*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST. NO. 1.

ON THE WING, 5th mo. 29th,
Via Penna. Central, Fort Wayne and
Chicago R. R. }

Dear Intelligencer:—The last farewells were made an hour ago. An apartment in the "Melrose" has just been assigned me, and I dare affirm that in all the spacious chambers and lofty halls of the renowned old abbey whose name it bears, were not to be found half the comforts and conveniences contained in this miniature palace, which is to be my home for the next twenty-eight hours. I have a whole section to myself; the car is not crowded, is elegantly fitted up, and as comfortable as need be. At each end there are wash-stands with all necessary accommodations, and drinking-fountains well supplied with ice-water; one end is designed exclusively for ladies. The platforms are surrounded with ornamental iron railing, and several camp-stools on each invite the traveller to a seat outside, where a much better view of the country through which the cars pass can be obtained. The road is dusty, owing to the very dry weather; besides, the fast line goes flying along at so rapid a rate that trees, towns and mountains mingle in one chromatic whirl, that tires the eyes and confuses the senses. As we rush past Paoli, I wave my handkerchief to a friend, waiting for the signal; it is responded to, and I am out on the broad sea of humanity, with no promise of a

friendly recognition again until I reach the outposts of civilization.

Alone in all this hurry and rush and tumult! Alone, in that no outward voice of friend or loved one answers to thoughts and feelings which struggle for utterance! but not alone in spirit, while I have such a companion in my journey as F. W. Robertson, and can chat with thee, dear *Intelligencer*.

We stop a few moments at Parksburg, then fly along through the heat and dust, past all the thriving towns that lie along the road, not stopping to pay our respects to any, even giving old Lancaster the go-by, until we arrive at Harrisburg, where we are informed twenty minutes will be allowed for refreshments. I turn to my basket, and with its contents, am refreshed,—wash and feel clean again.

The grain fields look well, corn is quite forward—most of it is being weeded with the horse cultivator, and the straight rows that have been through that operation, exhibit a mathematical precision pleasant to look upon. If the thirsty ground should soon be favored with genial showers, I see no reason why plenty of everything that grows may not crown the labor of the husbandman. The pastures look short and thin, and it is not probable that rain will materially increase the hay-harvest, which all conclude will be light.

I stand out upon the platform watching the train as it glides along up, up the mountains, with no sign of weariness and no slackening of speed. I wonder, as I look at the achievements and triumphs of human skill and ingenuity. The darkness gathers. One by one, the lamps of night flash out their tiny flames. The train halts at Altoona, where I know from experience a generous supper awaits the hungry. But I am not one of those; so while my fellow-travellers go to partake of the sumptuous fare, I will seek that sweet restorer of nature—balmy sleep.

To lay the "outward garments by," to wrap "the drapery of the couch" around one, and lie down to pleasant (?) dreams, on a railroad train running twenty-five miles per hour, may sound like an improbable fiction to those who have never tried it. I find it a refreshing verity, though disturbed somewhat by the constant whirl and rattle of the machinery.

Something awakens me. I draw the curtains aside, and look out into the silvery moonlight. We are nearing Pittsburg. We pass those altar-fires where science and art keep perpetual vigil over toil, forging out fulfilments of the old prophetic utterances.

What are all the fragrant odors wafted from the golden censers of the most costly fane offered to the Universal Father, when

compared to the incense arising from these shrines of human labor? The old legends are full of germs of truth, which the roll of ages is vitalizing, and which will yet bud and blossom for the golden harvest of the future.

Labor! twin sister to liberty! though grimed with the furnace soot, and the soil of the plough and the anvil, thou art the priestess at whose homely altar civilization must bow the knee.

Toil on, ye sturdy sons, through this midnight of your lives. The day-spring *will* arise; the man who, by the sweat of his face, earns a right to the ground on which he stands, is the *coming man!* It is his right arm that even now holds the destinies of our race.

Visions of Delphic oracles, Memnon's shrine, rolling mills and blast furnaces, mingle in strange admixture, and I am again forgetful of the passing hour. L. J. R.

THE troubles of life are like the sticks in a bundle of faggots. It is easy to take one at a time; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—*John Newton.*

COURAGE IN WORK.

In any undertaking, courage or confidence is of great importance. It is the same whatever the nature of the task, whether painting a fresco or shoeing a horse, teaching a child or writing a prescription. If one does not know how to do the thing, courage is of little use except to help in learning how; but if one does know how, he may often fail for want of confidence in the doing.

Knowledge shows the way, confidence gives force and momentum in advancing along the way. In every department of affairs much excellent ability is wasted for want of courage or confidence. Timid blows do not tell on the work.

In this respect the Christian, if he appreciates his privileges, has a great advantage. He need undertake nothing which he does not believe his Infinite and Almighty Father approves his undertaking, and intends his success in, unless indeed his failure should, for inscrutable reasons, be more useful. Every duty, with him, has relation to the Divine will; and while he cannot tell what a day may bring forth, he is sure, as no one else can be, of the beneficent results which will follow from duty faithfully performed.

Timidity, faltering and misgivings, should have no place in Christian work. When the Infinite Spirit of Truth and Power promises to make His abode in our hearts, and to di-

rect us in wisdom and love, he who sincerely studies His will, and faithfully offers himself to carry it out, may surely go forward without distrust or fear.

All great works are accomplished in this spirit of courage and confidence in truth and fidelity. It is the source of boldness in conception, and vigor in execution. Without it labor is dull and spiritless.

We are entitled to bring every scheme and every task to this test: Is this for me the path of duty? Do I honestly bring to this the best powers and guidance I have?

If so, we may go forward with assurance; and we need move in nothing which we cannot undertake with this support.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE HEART OF THE HOME.

All really useful and happy homes have a heart centre, towards which every member gravitates, drawn by attractions resistless, because unfelt. The house-band that surrounds, strengthens and protects, is usually the husband and father. The house-heart is usually the wife and mother.

More than several times have we known the weak, the sick, the needy one of the family, to become the house heart, to and from which the activities of every member were in steady circulation. For her room the best in the house was chosen. The stately parlor gave up its best chair and picture. To that room came the first flower, the first berries, the first fruit of orchard and vineyard. The newspaper came into that room first of all. There the father "reported" when returning, and left his good-by when going. Thither the sons have come thrice a day, fresh with the last excitement and stories from the street.

For her the lecture and the sermon have been listened to, and a story of them brought home. Her need has wrought a gentleness and unity in the whole family. Her tranquil judgment has tempered hasty speeches, and taught the way of impartial thought. Around the chair, or couch, or bed, as around an altar thrice consecrated, have come the daily worshippers with Scripture, song and prayer. And so, through years of chastened enjoyment and trembling hope, this family has found training in a life of unity, purity and love. The house has had a heart. The passers-by said, "afflicted." But the dwellers knew that the affliction was working out fruits most peaceable and rewards eternal.

The heart ceased to beat. The room was empty. The errands and the services of love ended. And the stricken ones stood together, and with voices low and earnest, vowed and prayed: By the memory of the past, by the ache and emptiness of this hour, and by te

hope of the future, we vow a holy living in the Lord; and we beseech Him, that in His house of many homes we may have one, and may she be the heart of it.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but, by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere. As I have heard suggested, it is by adding to our good purposes, and nourishing the affections which are rightly placed, that we shall best be able to combat the bad ones. By adopting such a course you will not have yielded to your enemy, but will have gone, in all humility, to form new alliances. You will then resist an evil habit with the strength which you have gained in carrying out a good one. You will find, too, that when you set your heart upon the things that are worthy of it, the small selfish ends which used to be so dear to it will appear almost disgusting. You will wonder that they could have had such hold upon you.—*Arthur Helps.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

1845.

To "mingle feeling with feeling" is a privilege; and even when feelings are tinged with the deepest gloom, it cements kindred minds to be permitted to mingle thus together. For thee and with thee, I can deeply feel in the love of the Gospel. It seems the cloud is yet resting on thy tabernacle. It is therefore a time to be still, according to the ancient figure of the Israelitish church when in the wilderness. For whether the cloud tarried on the tabernacle two days or a month, or even a year, the children of Israel were to rest in their tents, and not to journey, either forward or backward. As this circumstance has occurred to my recollection, I simply note it, in fellow-feeling with thee. But, my dear child, is there not instruction in it? It seems to me, all thou hast to do now is to abide in thy tent, patiently, quietly, and resignedly, and to keep fast hold of the faith, though but as a grain of mustard seed. "Take no thought for the morrow" is an excellent lesson, and wise caution, in relation to spirituals. Try to abide in holy, calm, confiding patience, for thou art not forgotten, nor cast off. He who holds the helm in times of tempests and

storms, as well as prosperous gales, is mindful of thy frail bark, even though clouds and darkness may seem to surround thee, and "neither sun nor stars, for many days, appear." I thought of thee to-day as I sat in an exercising meeting, and was permitted to ask of Heaven for the sustaining arm to be underneath, to support and bear up thy mind until this cloudy season shall be over past, and that the blessing of preservation might rest upon thee. I said, an exercising meeting; yes, it was so, and there is much suffering exercise to be borne by those who travail for the Church, and for the cause, the precious cause of Truth in these days. Canst thou, my dear child, understand in some degree what is meant by "filling up that which remains of the sufferings of Christ for his body's sake, which is the church?" Yes; surely thou canst—for if I mistake not my impressions on thy account, this season of deep and close trial, that has so long and as thou says "sadly bowed" thy mind, is not so much on thy own account, as it is a portion of the sufferings of the seed on behalf of the state of the church. As I sat in sympathy with thee, and with the suffering seed in the minds of others, I remembered John Woolman's case, when he said, "The horrors of darkness were gathered around me, and covered me all over; and I saw no way to go forth. I lifted up my hand, and stretched out my arm, but there was none to help me. I felt the depth of the miseries of my fellow-creatures, separated from the Divine Harmony, and it was heavier than I could bear, and I was crushed down under it. I looked round about, and was amazed. In the depths of suffering, O Lord, I remembered Thee, that thou art omnipotent, and that I had called Thee Father; and I felt that I loved Thee; and I was made quiet in Thy will,—I saw that meekness under suffering was showed to us in the most affecting example of Thy Son, and that Thou wast teaching me to follow him, and I said, 'Thy will, O Father, be done.'" Now, dearly beloved and nearly sympathized with, stand fast, and be not moved. Abide in the tent of quietude, and humble confiding patience. Go not forth into reasonings nor doubtings. I feel a care and concern for thee, lest in this winter season thou mayst be induced to take thy flight, in order to gain a little ease, or to please others. Oh! my dear, cast thy burden on the Lord who cares for thee, and patiently endure this wintry season, for lo! thy deliverance draweth nigh, and thou shalt yet again behold the light of the Divine countenance. Hope thou in God, who has done great things for thee, and He will yet bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day. I do not marvel in this day of

shaking and of scattering that many of the little ones are tried and discouraged.

But "Father yet holds the helm," and the ark of the covenant will not be shipwrecked in this storm of winds and waves. I believe He is about to arise, for the sighing of the poor, and the crying of the needy,—and will make bare His arm of power for the deliverance of His suffering seed. Thus have I written in much freedom, according to the flowings of Gospel love towards thee. My sympathy and my prayers are feelingly alive for thy preservation, and firm abiding in that which has been hitherto thy safety and peace.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 17, 1871.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.—It is much easier to see what is needed to be done, than to take wise and efficient means to supply that need. A correspondent alludes to the want of zeal in our Society for spreading a knowledge of our principles and testimonies, and contrasts this with the earnestness and devotion manifested by Primitive Friends.

As one remedy for this lukewarmness, he suggests the holding of Circular Meetings in places where they are not already held, and that the interest of our younger members should be enlisted by asking them to assume part of the responsibility of these meetings. That the Circular Meetings now held in different parts of our Yearly Meeting have their usefulness, we do not doubt, though the testimony in some places is, that they have not perceptibly increased the attendance of the regular meetings. In every movement of the kind, however, a *religious concern* originating in the mind of an individual must be the basis.

From this source, however small the beginning, may be expected to flow results which shall really and permanently benefit the body at large.

The habit of contrasting our Society at its rise, with its present state, while it may have some tendency to quicken individual zeal, is, we believe, more fruitful in producing discouragement and despondency. There are extraordinary emergencies in religious history and in individual experience, when the spiritual sensibilities are aroused, and powers of mind called forth adequate to meet them.

But these occasions are comparatively rare, and are not at our command. We cannot now stimulate ourselves into the *same* zeal, which characterized our early Friends, because we cannot go back again to the state in which they found the world and the church. Yet, although we have not like these noble pioneers the task assigned us of hewing out a path in the face of persecution and obloquy, we have none the less duties incident to our *present* condition. In discovering these, and in cheerfully performing them, waiting patiently for light when gloom and discouragement surround us, we shall be doing all that is now required. Indeed, when we see the hurry, the activity, the unrest, religiously and socially, which characterize the present age, we might almost infer that the opposite of all this is called for from some as a counterpoise. We would not, however, dictate to any their particular line of duty, but end as we began: that it is much easier to see what is needed to be done, than it is to take wise and efficient means to supply that need.

THE REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of Friends' Publication Association was read at a meeting of the contributors on Fifth-day evening of the week of our late Yearly Meeting. An abstract of the Report has been handed us for publication, in the hope of increasing the interest in the objects of the Association, now in the fifth year of its existence.

"Although little has been done during the past year, there has been a manifestation of interest by many Friends, and from the increased demand for our publications, we are encouraged to persevere in our labors.

When it is considered that the press is teeming with pernicious publications, and that the discipline of our Society cautions against such reading, and encourages the publication and circulation of works illustrative of our principles, and tending to promote the cause of Truth, we cherish the hope that the minds of Friends will be more impressed with the importance of such an Association.

We are satisfied, that if appropriate extracts from standard works and original articles that may be approved, were extensively published and circulated in leaflets or small pamphlets, it would meet a want which has long been felt in the Society; and we regret

that the limited means at our disposal has prevented more extended effort.

During the past year about 4000 copies of Friends' Almanac for 1871 have been published. There has also been distributed a considerable number of "Christian doctrines as held by the Society of Friends," prepared for the Association by Samuel M. Janney; also "Vital Religion," by the same Author.

Both of these valuable works have been stereotyped, and a second edition of 1000 copies of the latter has been issued. At the request of the Representative Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, we have printed from the stereotype plates in our possession, 250 copies of "Penn's Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers."

A small book, entitled, "Children's Gift," consisting of selected and original articles for children and youth, by a young Friend, is now in press, and will soon be issued.

We have found the treatise on "Christian doctrine as held by Friends" has met a want, not only among our own members, but in the community, and if funds are placed at the disposal of the Association, we would recommend to the Executive Board, to be appointed this evening, that 5000 copies be printed.

At the last Annual Meeting there was in the hands of the Treasurer	\$ 93.60
and which there has been received from sale of books	767.08
	860.68

and there has been expended for publications, &c.	607.12
	253.56

leaving a balance due the Assoc. \$253.56

We understand the balance now in the treasury is appropriated to the publication of the "Children's Gift." At the Annual Meeting eighty dollars was contributed towards the publication of Janney's "Christian Doctrines," a large number of these being intended for gratuitous distribution.

Orders for books, or contributions in money, will be received by Joseph M. Truman, Jr., Treasurer, No. 717 Willow St., Philadelphia.

NOTE.—It has been suggested to us that some of our readers would be interested in knowing that many of the "Scraps from Unpublished Letters," lately offered them, are from the pen of our valued Friend John Comly, late of Byberry. We have not appended his name because we opened this column with the understanding that there was to be a name given, so that none might feel that

the privacy of friendship was invaded by our thus making public any scrap containing a valuable sentiment, even though the letter written was designed only for the one addressed.

DIED.

BORDEN.—Suddenly, of paralysis of the heart, on the 25th of Fifth month, 1871, at the residence of her brother Abner Allen, Deal, N. J., Miriam T., widow of the late John L. Borden, in the 78th year of her age; an elder of Shrewsbury Monthly Meeting, N. J.

MERRITT.—At his residence near Green Plain, Clark Co., Ohio, on the 5th of Twelfth month, 1867, Thomas Merritt, in the 80th year of his age; formerly of Burlington Co., N. J.

At the same place, on the 16th of Fifth month, 1871, of consumption, Jane Merritt, widow of the late Thomas Merritt, in the 78th year of her age.

They removed with their family from Burlington County, N. J., to the neighborhood of Green Plain, Ohio, in 1831, where they resided until their death. They were both members of Green Plain Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

THOMAS.—At Philadelphia, on the 30th of Fifth month, 1871, William, youngest son of William John and Rebecca M. Thomas, in the 23d year of his age; a member of Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting, Montgomery Co., Md. This dear young man was a bright example in the home circle, where he was tenderly beloved; with a willing mind and cheerful spirit yielding obedience to the wishes of his parents. In the few brief years allotted him, we believe he was prepared to enjoy eternal blessedness.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING

Convened Fifth month 29th, and was thought to be more largely attended than usual—many strangers, both with and without minutes, were in attendance. Those with minutes were John and Mary B. Needles, from Baltimore; Deborah F. Wharton, Wm. Dorsey and George Truman, from Philadelphia; Sarah Hunt and Isaac Lippincott, from Moorestown, N.J.; Martha Dodgson, from Darby, Pa.; James W. Haines and Jonas Janney, from Ohio; Mark and Louisa A. Wright, from Falls, Pa.; Martha E. Travilla, and Thomas and Eliza Hoopes, from Westchester; T. Clarkson Taylor, from Wilmington, Del.; and Joseph Thorne, from Rochester, N. Y.

On First-day both houses at Fifteenth street were well filled, and the meetings at Twenty-seventh street and at Brooklyn, and also those on Fourth-day, were satisfactory seasons.

Westbury Quarterly Meeting reported two schools, with an attendance of 237 scholars; Purchase, one boarding school with 68; Easton one, averaging 65. Saratoga Quarterly Meeting is united with Easton, under the title of Easton and Saratoga Quarterly Meeting, to be held at Saratoga in the Eleventh month, and at other times as Easton Quarter has heretofore been held. Stanford Quarter

is held at Ghent in the Eighth month, and other changes were reported in some of the meetings. The change first above mentioned called forth much expression. Saratoga Quarter formerly consisted of seven Monthly Meetings, but being now reduced to one Particular Meeting necessitates its union with the neighboring one of Easton. The causes of such decline were variously considered, and different suggestions for their remedy interestingly presented.

On another occasion, instances of the dilapidated condition of some of our meeting-houses were mentioned, and Friends urged to give attention to keeping them in proper order, and to make them comfortable for the attendance of Friends, even as we make our dwellings so for the benefit of our families; the reverse is an evidence of a low state of religious interest.

The Representative Committee have given some attention to the subject of bringing about a settlement of national disputes without a resort to the sword, and more recently received a communication from Indiana Representative Committee, inviting a co operation in this matter. Their proceedings were approved, and women Friends invited to appoint members of this committee, which was accepted, so that Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is now the only one in which men and women do not stand on the same footing in this respect. An appropriation was made to this committee for the publication or purchase and distribution of articles and works in relation to Friends, in which direction comparatively little has been done for a number of years. The subject of protesting against the incorporation of a creed into the United States Constitution being introduced, it was left for the Friend to open the subject to the Representative Committee of which he is a member.

In the consideration of the state of Society, deficiencies were reported and much counsel given.

In dealing with offenders, Friends were urged to look more to the reclamation of the individual than to the mere fulfilment of discipline. The object should be to restore and not to cut off. Overseers should visit offenders not as officers merely, but from a concern for the good of the individual.

An instance was given of an individual who had violated our non-resistant testimony, and was labored with by the overseers and Monthly Meeting's committee, without the desired effect; and when all hope of his reclamation seemed at an end, some of the younger members felt a concern to visit him, and had a heart-tendering opportunity with him, under which his spirit yielded, and he was willing

to make an acknowledgment, and thus became restored to the Society. Another Friend mentioned the case of a Friend who was labored with patiently for three years, and then made an acknowledgment, which two and a half years before he would not have done.

On the subject of temperance, Friends were cautioned against the use of medicines, &c., under the name of bitters, which might lead into the habitual use of ardent spirits. Care in the use of the article for medicinal purposes was also urged.

On the subject of tobacco a concern was manifested. One Friend stated that from the use of it, his system had been so affected that he could hardly write his name, and that to this day he was suffering from its effects. Another aged Friend, with much emotion, expressed his regret at having been addicted to it, and now beholding his children and grandchildren in the use thereof.

Fifth-day morning was for the greater part occupied in joint session in reading the minutes of the Indian Committee, showing that much has been accomplished in this interesting field of labor. A memorial concerning Mary C. Baker was also read, and remarks made in reference to the example of the departed.

In view of the deficiencies among us, that from time to time are apparent, it was proposed that a committee be appointed on the state of Society, to consider not only these deficiencies but also such means as may be regarded as remedies. Among others the establishment of First day schools, which many valued Friends feel interested in. It was thought by some that if these are a means of good they should be encouraged, and be under the care of the Society. Although there seemed much unity with the proposition, yet a number deemed it indefinite, and that it was better to leave the subject for the individual action of concerned Friends: it was therefore so decided.

A Friend remarked in substance that we should not expect to remain indifferent to the subjects agitated in the world around us, and that it would be well for us to examine and see whether the cause of many of our members having been led off from us in time past by the anti-slavery and temperance movements was not owing to our Society not having sufficiently advanced in the promotion of these testimonies.

The meeting closed on Sixth day at noon and the general opinion was that we had had an excellent Yearly Meeting.

The First day School Conference met on Second and Third-day evenings. Delegates were in attendance from Baltimore, Indian New York and Philadelphia Association

Written reports from three of these and also from Ohio Association, were received, and verbal reports by the Indiana delegates. A report from the mission sewing-school at Baltimore, and an account of the mission First-day school for colored persons at Wilmington were read; likewise a letter from our valued friend S. M. Janney. Letters were also received from some of the Indian agents, giving accounts of the First-day schools among the Indians. The company of several of our aged ministering Friends (some of them over 80 years of age), and their loving words of cheer as well as counsel, were truly acceptable, and whilst it encourages the laborer in this field, may it also stimulate to watchfulness to maintain this concern on the right foundation.

The New York Association met on First-day evening, and on Fifth-day a conversational meeting was held, closing with a social commingling of the interested co-workers.

From the reports received the following items are gleaned:

Baltimore reports 17 First-day schools with 70 teachers, 619 children, 116 adults. Six of these schools report libraries—total vols. 100. There are also two reading associations and Bible classes, and a mission sewing-school with 18 teachers, and averaging 120 scholars.

Indiana has 13 schools, of which 5 have been opened within the past year.

New York reports 10 schools, of which 3 are new ones; about 325 children, 100 to 150 adults. Four schools report 775 volumes in libraries.

Ohio has 3 schools with 137 children, averaging 93; also one Union school. A part of the teachers and pupils belong to the other branch of the Society.

Philadelphia reports 10 new First-day schools, 1 mission First-day school for colored persons, and 1 reading association organized within the year. Two schools were not reopened last season, but there have been in operation the past year 32 First-day schools, reading associations and Bible classes, and sewing-schools for poor children; number of officers and teachers about 300; children, over 1800; adults about 600; volumes in libraries as far as reported, 4545.

No report from Genessee, owing to the absence of the Friend addressed, till too late to procure the information; but we learn that there is considerable opposition from prominent Friends who feel a fear in regard to the movement, and out of deference to this, two flourishing schools have been closed, but considerable interest in the cause still exists.

Among the Indians. Two First-day schools

with an average of 60 are held among the Winnebagoes; a third one has been suspended by reason of the sickness of the teacher; 1 school of from 90 to 110 is held among the Pawnees—a few of the children are white. These schools are taught by the white employees, and consequently the teachers are not all Friends.

The new Executive Committee have appointed the following committees, viz.: To examine books—Anne Caley, 1618 Summer St., Philada., Deborah Comly, Lydia C. Stabler, Clementine A. Jennings, Elizabeth W. Smith, Josiah T. Tubby, Effingham Cock, Samuel B. Haines, Lydia H. Yardley, Isaac Eyre, Benjamin Strattan, Lizzie Bailey, Joseph S. Hartley, Benjamin Chase. This committee will be much aided if Friends will report to them any books which they find to be objectionable for the perusal of the children or adult classes.

As a Publication Committee, Charles A. Dixon (care of J. B. Lippincott & Co.), 717 Market St., Philada., Eli M. Lamb, Jacob Capron, Lydia H. Hall, Letitia S. Cadwallader, Ann S. Paschall, William Dorsey, Louisa J. Roberts, Anna M. Starr, Phebe W. Cornell, Mercy J. Griffith were appointed. They are expected to publish original or selected matter in cards, leaflets or small pamphlet form. Before publication all matter is to be reported to the Executive Committee, and such as has reference to the religious views of Friends is to be submitted to the Book Committee of the Representative Committee.

The next Conference will meet in Baltimore in Tenth month, 1872, and the Executive Committee at Richmond, Ind., Ninth month 25th, 1871. J. M. T.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Lecture by Rabbi Lielienthal, of Cincinnati.

. . . It is true beyond any doubt that we are living in a progressive age. But it is not less true that this age is also a momentous and critical one, big with the solution of the most important problems. No sooner is one question settled than another is pushed forward on the public arena, awaiting the proper and satisfactory answer. No matter whether we look at our domestic, social, political, or religious relations, we find everywhere the same uneasiness and restlessness—the same state of trembling uncertainty—the same pressing demands for changes and reforms. The reverence for the past is vanishing, only here and there yet supported by the ignorant and thoughtless masses. All compromises are only so many temporary concessions to the past, not meant in good faith, only effecting a temporary lull, but foreboding the com-

ing storm. Everything tends to the future, everything points to new developments, and only those institutions which will try to adapt themselves to this spirit of the future will be entitled to life and a continuous influence on the whole range of human affairs.

Of all the questions which demand our serious consideration, none is of more importance than the one, "Shall the State or the Church rule supreme?" All over Europe this question is mooted at present, and threatens to assume quite formidable proportions. There is but one empire across the ocean in which this problem, so far, has been definitely settled by virtue of autocratic might and power. It is Russia. When, in the seventeenth century, the Patriarch of Moscow had died, and the Metropolitans and Archbishops of the Greek Church met for the purpose of filling the vacancy, Peter the Great rushed with drawn sword into their meeting, and, throwing the same on the table, exclaimed, "Here is your Patriarch." Since that time the Czar is Emperor and Pope at once; and, very significantly, the "Holy Synod," or the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court of Russia, is presided over by a general, the representative of the Czar. And hence the Emperor Nicholas used to say: State and Church are represented in me; and the motto ruling the Russian Government was, Autocracy, Russian Nationality, and the Greek Church.

But everywhere else in Europe this question agitates the Old Continent. In Great Britain Gladstone works for the enfranchisement of the Church; the Thirty-nine Articles, so renowned at Oxford and Cambridge, are going to be abolished, and High Churchmen and Dissenters prepare themselves for the final struggle. Italy, so long priest-ridden, has inscribed on her national banner the glorious words, "Religious liberty," and means to carry them out to the fullest extent, in spite of all anathemas and excommunications. Spain, though still timid and wavering, has adopted the same policy. Austria has thrown off her Concordat, and inserted in her new constitution the same modern principle; and the German Empire has fully recognized the equality of all citizens, without difference of creed or denomination, before the courts and tribunals of resurrected and united Germany.

But daily we hear of the demands of the clergy, made in the interests of their church. Since the last Ecumenical Council has proclaimed the new dogma of Papal infallibility, the bishops want to discharge all teachers and professors, both at the theological seminaries and universities, who are unwilling to subscribe to this new tenet of the Roman Church. The archbish-

op of Gnesen and Posen even asked for the names of all those men who at the last election of members for the German Parliament did not vote for those men he had proposed as candidates. The Government is now bound to interfere, but nobody can tell how this coming conflict between Church and State will be decided.

This is the aspect of the Old Continent. What is the prospect in America, in our glorious and God-blessed country? Of course religious liberty, in the fullest sense of the word, is the supreme law of the land. It is the most precious gem in the diadem of our Republic. It is warranted and secured by our Constitution.

The immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence; those modern prophets and apostles of humanity; those statesmen who thoroughly appreciated the bloody lessons of past history, knew but too well what they were doing when they entirely separate Church and State, and ignored all sectarian sentiments in the inspired documents they bequeathed to their descendants. The denominated national peace that heretofore characterized the mighty and unequalled growth of the young republic bears testimony to their wisdom, foresight, and statesmanship.

But, alas! our horizon, too, begins to be clouded. The harmony that heretofore prevailed between the various churches and denominations begins to be disturbed. Then we had in the last two years the conventions at Pittsburg and Philadelphia. The men united there meant to insert God in our Constitution, as we have Him already on our coins by the inscription, "In God we trust." They intend to Christianize our country, against the clear and emphatic spirit and letter of the Constitution. And I must leave it to the learned judge of the Supreme Court of the United States who presided over those meetings, to decide whether this future Christian country hereafter shall be a Catholic or Protestant country.

The Roman Catholic press and pulpit are not slow in answering this question. With praiseworthy frankness and manliness they declare the intentions of their Church. Father Hecker says: "In fifteen years we will take this country and build our institutions on the grave of Protestantism. . . . There ere long, to be a State religion in this country, and that State religion is to be Roman Catholic." Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg says: "Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into effect without peril to the Catholic world." The Archbishop of St. Louis says: "If the Catholics ever gain, which they surely will, an immense numerical majority, religious freed

n this country will be at an end." And the Pope speaks of the "delirium of toleration, and asserts the right to punish criminals in the order of ideas."

This language is plain, unequivocal, and cannot be misinterpreted. Still, I am not an alarmist. I have too much faith in the sound common sense of the American people, that they should barter away their political birthright for any theological or clerical controversy. They are too much addicted to the policy of "a second sober thought," that after having first of all taught the human race the invaluable blessings of religious liberty, they should discard them just now, when the whole civilized world is imitating the glorious example set by our great and noble sires.

But, "vigilance being the price of liberty," in the face of this assertion, it is not only right, but an imperative duty, to enlighten ourselves on this all-important subject, so that we may take our choice, and perform our duties as true, loyal citizens and true, loyal Americans.

We cannot accomplish this serious task any better than by comparing the difference between State and Church. But here, at the very outset, let us first state the difference between religion and theology. Religion is universal; theology is exclusive. Religion is humanitarian; theology is sectarian. Religion unites mankind; theology divides it. Religion is love, broad and all-comprising as God's love; theology preaches love and practices bigotry. Religion looks to the moral worth of man; theology to his creed and domination. Religion teaches us, as Vice-president Colfax so beautifully expresses it, "The common fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man;" theology predestination, eternal damnation, and that we should rather fear the anger of God than to trust to His paternal love and mercy. Religion, therefore, is light and love, and virtue and peace, unadulterated and immaculate; but theology is the apple of discord, which unites and estranges one from another. And the sorrowful fact is, that we all have too much of narrow-minded and narrow-hearted theology, and too little of the spirit of true, genuine religion.

The same difference now exists between the modern State and Church. The State is humanitarian; the Church sectarian. The State, in conformity with the continuous advancement of the human race, must be progressive; the Church, in accordance with its creed, must remain stationary. The State looks after and watches over the interests of all its members; the Church as history teaches us, looks first of all to its own interests and those of its communicants. The State advances

and progresses as far as man is able to advance; the Church must discourage any criticism that may sap the foundation of its doctrinal structure.

It is quite an erroneous impression, a complete misrepresentation of facts, as some men assert, that the State is nothing but a national police system, organized for the protection of person and property. I was startled when, but a few weeks ago, a Western statesman, a prominent lawyer and a powerful orator, gave such a definition of the State in a lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association. This definition is the mediæval one, and reminds us of those times in which the Church assumed the government of all the political and spiritual interests of the world, and the State was nothing but the obedient executive of the Church.

But the modern State is quite another organization than that of a mere police force. It is that organization in which mankind, conscious of all the rights and titles with which an all-kind Providence has endowed man, tries to realize those rights and titles for the practical purposes of life, and the common good of all.

The modern State says, all men are created equal, and hence, it breaks down all castes and privileges; erases all titles "by divine right," be they of an aristocratic or hierarchical nature, and recognizes but the one government, established by the people and for the people. The modern State says, man is entitled to liberty, and therefore, it grants him freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press. The modern State says, all men are entitled to happiness, and, therefore, abolishes serfdom and slavery, and grants to every one the free exercise of all his powers and rights, as long as they do not interfere with the rights of his fellow-men. The modern State says, every one has a right to worship his Creator according to his best knowledge and the dictates of his own conscience, and, therefore, it does not meddle with religious affairs at all, and leaves them entirely to the care and discretion of the individual. Civil and religious liberty, in all their various ramifications, are the children of the modern State. These blessings, which are considered the greatest boon of mankind, and the glory of human civilization, were bestowed on the present generation by the State, and not by the Church. For, wherever the Church rules supreme, as in the South American Republics, civil, and especially religious, liberty are unknown, and the word republic is there as little understood as liberty. The modern State, therefore, is not a national police force, but the noble representative of all those glorious ideas, which distinguish our

age and our civilization from that of past centuries.

The Church treats its votaries always as minors ; the State wants free and independent men. Sectarian schools educate sectarian pupils : free schools educate freemen, citizens ; and hence the State is better fitted to advance the interests of humanity at large than the Church, and every true and marked progress has only been achieved since the State had emancipated itself from the Church and had become entirely separated and divorced from it.

Hence, already in the middle ages, the motto of the merchant princes of Venice was, "first Venice, then Rome;" and in our days, as long as the modern State remains true to its liberal and ennobling mission, our motto and our first duty must be—*first the State, and then the Church.*

And which State, so far, has laid down these humanitarian principles more clearly, more emphatically, more unequivocally, than the United States of our God-blessed country? Where on the globe is there a Constitution and a Declaration of Independence like that framed by the immortal men of 1776? Where is there a nation, which now for nearly a century has faithfully and loyally clung to the letter and spirit of these precious documents, like the American nation? O! we feel it, we are deeply impressed with the solemn truth that humanity, hunted down for centuries by all kinds of privileged classes, has at last found a home, a sweet home, indeed, in which it will be able to realize its noblest thoughts and aspirations ; in which man will be able to be man in the noblest sense of the word ; and hence, while we reiterate our motto, "first the State, and then the Church," we fervently pray and cheerfully exclaim, God bless America and the Americans!

Do not point to vile politicians and tricky agitators. There are sinners in the State, no less than in the Church. With all their vices and egotistical corruptions, they cannot detract any from the merit and the sublimity of the modern progressive State. They will flourish but for a while. They are only the excrescences of society ; their days are numbered, and when the people, tired of them and disgusted with them, will be aroused in their sovereign majesty, they will be scattered and vanish like chaff before the whirlwind.

But, after all, what will the Church say to these inferences and conclusions? Will she submit to the charges made against her by history? Will she forever remain in opposition to the doctrines of the modern State and the spirit of our progressive age? Or will she thus reform her own tenets and doctrines that, mighty as her influence is, she might

coöperate with the State and assist in advancing the highest interests of humanity?

We all hope so, we all wish for this reform; but it is not my province here to speak for other Churches and denominations. I have only to speak as an Israelite, and for my own Church and denomination, and Heaven be thanked that I can proudly and conscientiously assert, Judaism can adapt itself to all the progressive ideas of our age, and our religion is fully able to come up to all just demands of the modern, liberal State.

For, while we firmly and unflinchingly adhere to the doctrine of the unity of God, we do not claim Him as the God of the Jews No ; we revere and worship Him as the Father of all His creatures, no matter what their creed or race may be. Our supreme motto is Have we not all one God? Has not one Father created us all? Why should we become faithless one to the other, to defile the covenant of our forefathers?—(Malachi. Yes, with Vice-President Colfax, we cheerfully proclaim the common fatherland of God and the common brotherhood of man.

And because we firmly believe in this sublime truth, therefore do we also believe in the equality of man, not only in this, but also in after life. While here we proudly assert with the inspired words of the Declaration of Independence, that every man is entitled to life, liberty—both civil and religious—and happiness, we also proudly assert, with our old Rabbis, "that the good ones of all denominations will participate in the future bliss of Heaven." We seize with one hand that of our Catholic brother, and with the other that of our Protestant brother, and say we are a God's children, all the heirs of His mercy. For God, the fountain-head of all that is good, true, just, and holy, looks only to the moral worth of man, and Jew and Gentile, Mahometan and Pagan, are all His children and entitled to the enjoyment of the same rights and blessings.

And we assert this, because we believe with Moses and Jesus, that the supreme command of all religion is: "Love thy fellow-man as thyself," without distinction of either race, color or creed. These words comprise all the law and the prophets, and this must be the corner-stone of all future religion. Hence, it is our duty to see that justice be meted out to all ; that liberty be granted to all ; that the inalienable rights with which the Creator has endowed man, be enjoyed by all, and that the old golden rule be observed by all: Do unto others as you wish to be done by.

This is the relation which modern Judaism assumes toward the modern State, and especially toward the laws of our beloved country. Hence, we have given up all idea

ever returning to Palestine, and establishing there an independent nationality. All our affections belong to this country, which we love and revere as our home and the home of our children. Hence, we have given up our sectarian schools, and send our children to the free schools; for we wish to educate them as thorough Americans, and wish them from their childhood to fraternize with their future fellow-citizens.

Let us conclude with the pertinent remarks of our President: "Let us have peace;" not only political, but also denominational peace! Let the dead past of fanaticism and bigotry bury its dead! Let ignorance and superstition be dispelled by universal and free education. And, "with malice to none, with charity for all," with love and justice, as God understands it, let us lift higher and higher our star-spangled banner, that it may float in all its heaven-born glory, bringing to mankind as the glorious greeting of modern redemption the blessings of civil and religious liberty!

WORK.

BY ALICE CARY.

Down and up, and up and down,

Over and over and over;

Turn in the little seed, dry and brown;

Turn out the bright red clover.

Work, and the sun your work will share,

And the rain in its time will fall;

For Nature, she worketh everywhere,

And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,

Dress the ground and till it:

Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;

Turn out the golden millet.

Work, and your house shall be duly fed;

Work, and rest shall be won;

I hold that a man had better be dead,

Than alive, when his work is done.

Down and up, and up and down,

On the hill-top, low in the valley;

Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,

Turn out the rose and lily.

Work with a plan, or without a plan,

And your ends they shall be shaped true;

Work, and learn at first hand, like a man—

The best way to know is to do!

Down and up till life shall close,

Ceasing not your praises;

Turn in the will white winter snows,

Turn out the sweet spring daisies.

Work, and the sun your work will share,

And the rain in its time will fall;

For Nature, she worketh everywhere,

And the grace of God through all.

FALSE happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.—*Montesquie.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,

Vice-President of the United States.

(Concluded from page 239.)

I allude to this Scriptural record, in passing, only to prove that this treasure of good deeds has its value hereafter. But it has its abundant dividends in this life of which I speak, as well. Whoever ministers to the sorrowing and suffering around him actually ministers to his own happiness. Whoever helps the helpless, befriends the friendless, gives food to the destitute and sympathy to the miserable, finds the resulting influx of joy in his own heart. Loved affectionately while living, he will be mourned sincerely when dead. The millionaire may rejoice as he adds house to house, and revels in his increase in wealth. But the truer happiness is his who feels that he has made the children of woe around him happier by his presence and his benevolence, and has laid up for himself that treasure of good deeds which reverses in business life can never destroy, and which thieves cannot break through nor steal.

Avoid idleness. If an empty brain is indeed "the Devil's workshop," an aimless, idle, unoccupied life is also unhealthy to the mind and joyless to the heart. Unless sickness chains you to a bed of pain, find something for your hands to do, something in which mind and body can co-operate. A French philosopher laid down three rules for the attainment of happiness. The first was occupation; the second, *occupation*; and the third and last was still *OCCUPATION*. It develops your mental and physical powers. You were created for it. Brain and judgment, sinew and muscle, bone and blood, were all given you to be thus used. Unused, they rust, and wither, and shrivel, and decay. Brought into active, healthful exercise, they bring happiness to you of which the idle, listless man knows not. Even the sleep of the toiler has a joy and rest that others can imagine but never realize.

Establish hours of rest and relaxation. To the hardest worker comes the blessed day of rest, interleaved amongst the seven days of the week. This, at least, the law allows him to command for his own; and the happy tendency of our times is to give him other hours of rest besides, to enjoy with the loved ones at home. But those who work with the mind, as well as the body, should have even more hours of rest and relaxation with their family, unharrassed by the wearing business toils of life, free from its corroding and cankering cares, and dedicated to happiness and recuperation. Visiting recently one of the busiest men in the United States, I found

that he had laid down as the law of his daily life that, when he turned his back on his office, he left all its thousand details behind him till the morrow; shut out absolutely his multiplied business cares when he closed the door of his dwelling; and there, in the fullness of enjoyment with his family, renewed his youth daily by mingling with the amusements of the household. To such, life has a daily zest never realized by him who carries his business, at home as well as at his counting-room, like a clanking chain, always hanging upon his limbs.

I have been tempted to supplement this article with another, on the question where real happiness is *not* to be found. But I will only allude to one point under that head.

There are but few who have ever tested public life, with all its excitements, to its full, who have not realized that a truer happiness is to be found in private or business life. With all its fascinating and opportunities for usefulness, it is always a pathway filled with thorns, even to the most successful. Envy, and malice, and all uncharitableness are always around them. Injustice is the daily draught they drink, and the bitter herbs of misrepresentation their daily food. I do not allude now to the malignant falsehoods of paid libelers, who mistake scurrility for wit, and invective for argument; for their malice is so transparent they deceive but few whose good opinions are of any worth. But I refer to the general fact that the millions of our citizens are apt to look with the eyes of prejudice and aversion on those who, in conspicuous positions, differ ever so honestly from their convictions. It is only when "the last of earth" has come, that public men can hope for the justice to their memories which is denied them in life. To those who remember how the storm of obloquy spent itself on Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson while living, great chieftains as they were of great parties; and how now, less than half a century after, all parties acknowledge their honest purposes and patriotic endeavors, I need no argument to attest the correctness of this statement.

But, apart from misrepresentation, injustice, and invective—the alienation of friends whose desires you may have disappointed, or the malice of those whose schemes you may have thwarted—whoever is in public life feels that he must inevitably be misconstrued and misunderstood by numbers whose good opinions he does value. If he fails, from lack of ability, to contribute to all benevolent, church-building, missionary enterprises, etc., etc., whose appeals reach him daily, he is regarded as uncharitable and ungenerous; but, if he does, he is suspected by many as

doing it only from political or personal considerations. If he suffers to pass unnoticed all kinds of untruths, he finds them at last treated as facts, which being undenied are held to be undeniable; but, if he takes occasion to expose their falsity publicly, he is sneered at for having been at so much pains to contradict them. If he declines to leave a post of duty to speak at all kinds of public meetings through the country, he is suspected of a lack of sympathy with them; but, if he goes, he is charged with abandoning official duties for the purpose of appearing prominently before the public. I might expand this record of the experience of hundreds of men in public life; but this is sufficient to illustrate my position that, whatever they do or decline to do, they are sure to be misunderstood by thousands—and, of course, or purely political questions this misunderstanding and prejudice extends to millions.

I come back, therefore, in conclusion, to my premises at the outset—that cheerfulness can be and ought to be cultivated by all that kindness is most beneficently contagious that to carry good-nature and a wisely curbed temper with you is to bring sunshine wherever you go; that patience and forbearance in your intercourse with family, friend and community, will always bring forth the richest of social fruits; that the treasure of good deeds achieved and sufferings assuaged is worth infinitely more than political honors; that the creation of joy is inestimably better than that besetting sin of borrowing trouble; and (even if some ascetic critic rebukes me for the sentiment) that I believe, with Charles Lamb, that "a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market."—*The Independent*.

IN moderating, not in satisfying desires lies peace.—*Heber*.

ITEMS.

THE submarine cable between Singapore and Hong Kong has been successfully completed. London is now in direct telegraphic communication with China.

THE St. Charles iron bridge, built across the Missouri river, twenty miles north of St. Louis, for the use of the North Missouri Railroad, is the first high bridge that has been completed over either the Missouri or the Mississippi rivers. The work of construction was commenced in 1868, and the bridge was completed in two years and ten months. The bridge is composed of seven iron spans, varying from 308 to 321½ feet each, and resting upon stone piers. It was tested by placing six heavy locomotives and tenders on each span, and the compression in the centre was generally between three and four inches. The entire cost amounted to ten millions of dollars, and the bridge is to be leased to the North Missouri Railroad at a yearly rental of \$150,000, which may, according to the business done, be increased to \$200,000.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*

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A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF TAULERUS. A POPULAR PREACHER OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Translated from the German by Peter Lossing.

(Concluded from page 245.)

After this, Taulerus passed through deep conflicts and painful inward exercise of mind before he experienced any conquest over his inward corruptions; but his confidence at length became more and more strengthened, although he experienced that the natural man struggled hard to retain a seat in his heart, which strove against a submission to Divine prerogative in him. He, however, continued steadfast in the work of reformation, and sought diligently after a thorough renovation of soul. In the course of the year he became neglected and despised in the monastery; his former friends forsook him, and generally became estranged from him as though they had never known him. This proved so great a trial to his feeling mind that it wore upon his constitution; his health declined, and he particularly suffered great pain in his head. He sent for the layman and opened to him his case. The layman encouraged him to put his trust humbly in God, having no doubt he would recover, and his life would be spared; that his life was now well-pleasing to his Divine Master, and he doubted not he would daily experience amendment, not only in his corporeal capacity, but that of adding strength to strength mentally. He told him that whosoever will

walk in the straight and narrow way of life and salvation, must become a partaker with his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in a state of suffering, before he can reign with Him; wherefore not to despond, but rely on Him who had begun a good work in him. "And," said he, "I have had to pass through similar trials and exercises. It will now be very proper to nurse the body by suitable nourishing diet, and do all in thy power to strengthen thy bodily system. I have brought with me some roots, which I will prepare for thee to take, which I believe will relieve thee in regard to the pain in the head." The doctor reminded him of his having recommended an abstemious regimen in time past. The layman said, "I did so; but circumstances alter cases. There is a difference between abundance of bread and idleness and a reduced debilitated state of the body. The one needs reducing, but the other that is weak, and honestly disposed to obey the dictates of the spirit, it becomes a duty to strengthen and build up the system. A contrary course would be presumptuously opposing the Divine will, yet it is necessary to guard against making a disorderly use of the good creatures designed for the sustenance of our mortal bodies—so then, dear doctor, look to God for thine Helper, and go thy way joyfully; submit thyself to the boundless mercy of God, and wait for the influence of His grace, that so thou mayest be enabled to do His will, whether it

be sweet or bitter to the natural man. And now, as there is an important matter which requires my attention at home, I hope my leaving thee will not be taken amiss by thee, for truly, from this time forward, it will be far better for thee to look for and obtain help without the medium of any instrumental means."

The doctor said, "Dear son, do not talk so, for it seems to me as though I could not long bear thy absence, and I fear it would be too hard for me to bear a separation from thee; for except thee, I have no comforter in this world." The layman said, "Dear doctor, I must recommend thy attention to a much better comforter, namely, the Holy Spirit of truth, which has thus far directed and drawn thee from evil. I am a poor creature, the work in thee is wholly the Lord's, and I have been no more than His instrument, which I have done willingly, to the honor of God and the furtherance of thy soul's salvation." The doctor said, "I trust the Lord will be thy eternal reward; I hope to submit to the privation of thy company, and to bear up under it as well as I can." The layman then said to him, "Inasmuch as thou hast surrendered thyself to a spiritual line of obedience to God, therefore it is necessary in outward concerns to live prudently and wisely, keeping a consistent course, and matter not that thou art very much forsaken by creaturely aid and consolation; and if it so fall out that thou failest in pecuniary means, for thy comfortable support I would advise thee to put in pledge some of thy books for a loan of money, but by no means sell them, for the time will come when these books will again be serviceable to thee." He then took his leave of the Doctor, and left him bathed in tears.

Thus he continued about two years, under various trials, despised by his friends, and reduced to great poverty; so that he pawned a number of his books. At length he was brought very low by sickness, so that he became humbled as in the dust, when on a certain evening his conflicts became inexpressibly great, so that he was not able to leave his cell, resigning all hope and dependence on creaturely comfort; the bitter sufferings of our Saviour were brought to his remembrance, and the love He bore towards us, and he took a retrospective view of his past life, and saw how wretchedly miserable it had been, in comparison with the life of Christ. After this, he was smitten with great sorrow of heart; all his sins, all his lost and misspent time, were brought before the view of his mind; he broke forth with heart and mouth, "O merciful God, compassionate me, a poor sinner, through Thy boundless long-suffering

and adorable mercy, for I am not worthy that the earth should bear me up!" After this, he heard a voice saying, "Stand fast in peace, trust in God, for he it known unto thee, that when the Son incarnate was upon earth, in His fleshly nature, those whom He healed of their outward diseases He also healed of their inward maladies." Immediately after this he became insensible of anything for some time; but when he came to himself he felt in his mental and bodily capacity a new power and might; he saw a clear and manifest distinction in things that were before to him strange and mysterious, and he marvelled greatly, and wondered from whence these things came; feeling himself at a loss, he sent again for his friend, and related to him all that had happened to him. The layman rejoiced greatly and said to him, "Thou hast now for the first found experimentally the true efficiency of the grace of God; this is none other than a touch and moving from the Highest, and whereas the letter killeth, so now the Spirit hath made and will make thee alive. Now thou wilt become taught by the Holy Spirit, instead of being taught as heretofore in the flesh. Thou art favored with the Light and Grace of God, and the substance of the Scriptures of the Truth are in thee. The Scriptures will become an unsealed book to thee, and thou wilt more and more understand their spiritual meaning, beyond what thou ever didst before. Those parts of the Scriptures which, to speculative minds, seem to contradict each other, now as thou dependest on that influence of the Spirit which dictated the penman thereof, thou wilt clearly discover a harmony throughout, one part corroborating and confirming the other. Now it may be right for thee to begin to publish the Gospel of life and salvation, and point out to others the way to eternal life; now the time has come wherein good books may become again useful to thee, and thy preaching will be productive of fruit unto holiness in them that hear and believe, and in proportion as thou hast been lightly esteemed amongst the people, thou wilt become prized and beloved. But henceforth remember the necessity of humility, for thou knowest that the man who openly carries with him great and precious treasure has need to beware of thieves. For thou wilt become tried by many wiles and stratagems of an unwearied enemy, and I know of nothing so well calculated to prevent inroads of the enemy as to abide in a state of true humility." The layman further observed, "There is henceforth no need of my counseling thee, seeing thou hast the best of Teachers nigh thee." The Doctor then informed him that he had parted with a large portion

of his books, to the amount of thirty pieces of gold. The layman readily offered to redeem them for him, which he did; and suffered notice to be given that after three days he would attend a public meeting. This caused great surprise and excitement among the people, he having been so long silent, and almost forgotten; the consequence was that it brought a very great concourse of people together. When Taulerus saw such a multitude assembled, he ascended the lecturium, or high pulpit, in order that they might all have the better opportunity of hearing: he drew his cap over his eyes, and expressed the following short ejaculation: "Merciful and eternal God, if it be consistent with Thy will, enable me to speak to this people, to the praise of Thy holy Name and to their benefit." In closing these words, he burst into such a flood of tears that he could not utter a word to the people: he continued weeping so long that the people began to be impatient, and one among the crowd called out, "How long will we sit and stand here? It is already late in the day; if thou art not going to preach, dismiss us, that we may go home." The Doctor then spoke under a weighty sense of submission, in brokenness of spirit, "O my Lord and my God, if consistent with Thy will, remove from me this weeping, that so I may communicate a sermon to the people to thy honor and praise; if not, I will receive this as a token or sign that Thou knowest that I have not yet been sufficiently brought into subjection and derision: if so, fulfil Thy Divine will to Thy praise, and according to what I may stand in need of." This weeping incessantly continued: he then submitted believing it to be the will of God. He then so far recovered that, with many tears, he said to the people, "It is painful to my heart that I have so long detained you, for at this time I cannot speak to you for weeping; therefore pray to God for me, that He may be pleased to help me, so that through His grace I may at some future time do better." The people then withdrew, and this singular occurrence spread everywhere, and poor, pus-hearted Taulerus became an object of ridicule, and was everywhere despised; and it became a common saying among the people, "Now we are convinced that he has become a perfect fool:" and his brethren of the monastery utterly forbade his ever attempting to preach again; and told him he had injured the cause of Truth, and disgraced the order, by the silly notions he had imbibed, for it had crazed his head and made a fool of him. After this, the Doctor sent again for the layman, and told him what had happened to him. The layman said, "Dear Doctor, be not alarmed, it is no new thing that the

Bridegroom of souls deals thus with His dependents for their good: wherefore retire inward, and avoid company and conversation for a few days, and after this, suggest to the prior to permit thee to deliver a discourse in Latin; if he declines giving consent, then propose his assent to thy composing a lecture, and reading it in the seminary." The latter proposal was assented to, which he accordingly performed very distinctly, which contained such deep, weighty, and important doctrine, beyond what they had ever heard before, which so far opened his way in the minds of the heads of the monastery, that they consented that he might make another attempt to preach. After which, at the close of a lecture delivered by one of the brethren of the monastery, he gave notice that he was desired to publish Dr. Taulerus's prospect of a meeting on the morrow, but added, "If it should happen with him as it did before, I will take none of the blame on myself. But in truth I can say that he read in our seminary a lecture containing such interesting, weighty matter, as was beyond what we have for a long time heard; but how he will, in this undertaking, conduct himself, I know not; the Lord knoweth." Accordingly the next day the Doctor came into the monastery, and began to preach from this Scripture, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him." Matt. xxv. 6.

In this memorable sermon he opened, in a most luminous and clear manner, the true spiritual sense of the Bridegroom being the head of the church—the manner of His coming by His spiritual manifestations to its individual members, by the inshinings of His light, which is the "true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," John i., and that the Church of Christ is his bride; the way and manner in which a docile, teachable, submissive deportment on the part of the bride, increases and strengthens the bond of union; the manner in which the bridegroom proves her fidelity to the marriage covenant, and her sense of obligation to Him for His love and regard, in having passed through great trials and sufferings for her sake, until she becomes willing to endure any privations for His sake, becoming wholly absorbed in love, resignation, and entire submission to His will; the reward of the smiles of His heavenly countenance, His sweet heart solacing converse with her, encouraging and strengthening her from one degree of heavenly grace to another. He also pointed out very explicitly how perfectly incomprehensible this precious union, divine and spiritual intercourse, is to the carnally minded, which, if they were permitted to be eye and ear witnesses thereto, would consider

them fools or drunken. As he was speaking, one man exclaimed, "That is true," and swooned. Some alarm took place, and one desired him to stop, or this man would die in their hands. Soon after this, he closed his communication and withdrew to read mass: when he returned, about forty of those persons who had sat under the influence of the foregoing sermon remained still on their seats, deeply affected, and to the number of twelve were carried to their separate cells. The Doctor ordered them some warm nourishing drink, as they appeared to revive; and from this time on the fame of this wonderful occurrence spreading far and wide, he continued his public labors to the worldly class of people, as well as to the monks and nuns, utterly declining the use of Latin, in his public communications, from a sense of duty, except when he delivered his sentiments to the learned. Thus he labored in the Gospel faithfully till toward the close of his days: many, very many were the instances of repentance and amendment of life among the people under his ministry. When taken sick, after about five months' painful illness of body, supposing his end to be drawing near, he sent for his friend the layman, who immediately gave his attendance, when the following interview took place: "Dear Doctor, how is it with thee?" The Doctor answered, "I believe the hour has come in which God will remove me from the things of time to Himself; wherefore, dear son, it is a great comfort to me that thou art here to see my end." After which, he desired the layman that he would take possession of those books which lay there, saying, "Therein thou wilt find in manuscript all thy communications to me from the first of our interviews, together with my answers, including some brief sketches of my life, showing what God has done for me, a poor, unworthy man, and brought about through His poor, weak instrument. Dear son, if consistent with the Divine will, and should appear agreeable to thy mind, to digest and prepare the manuscript for the press, in the form of a small book, it will accord with my mind." The layman answered that he had five of his discourses in manuscript, which, if agreeable to him, he would add thereunto, and for his sake comprise the whole into a small volume. The Doctor then remarked with earnestness, "Dear son, I pray thee in the strongest manner I possibly can, that thou wilt not take into view the regard thou hast for me in this matter, and that thou wholly omit mentioning my name, for thou must know for a certainty that the life, words, and works which God has wrought in and through me, an unworthy sinner, are not mine; but

the praise belongs wholly to Him the merciful Giver. But if thou dost publish it, let it be solely for the benefit of our fellow-men. Thou canst say in the narrative of our intercourse the Doctor and the man, without pointing at either of our names: neither show the manuscript to any person in this city, lest it should become known or suspected. But take it with thee into thy country, that it may not become known as mine."

After this he died. The death of this great and good man was very generally lamented. Many of those who observed that this layman was Taulerus's confidential and particular friend, and treated as such by Taulerus, began to honor him with their kind attention, inviting him to partake of their hospitality and friendship. As soon as the layman observed this, he withdrew from the city, and retired to his own home.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

GRATITUDE.

Believing, as I do, that nothing but that which proceeds from good can reach to the good in others, a care is felt lest, in committing my thoughts to paper, there should be an expression of words without life.

But the subject above alluded to has impressed my mind, as one not always enough regarded, for to withhold praise justly due has, I think, a discouraging tendency, especially to the feelings of the young. I have been the recipient of many favors, not only from our all-bountiful Preserver, but from my fellow-probationers, and as it is right to feel, it is sometimes right to express our gratitude. It may have a tendency to stir up the minds of others "by way of remembrance." We read that during the mission of Christ on earth there were ten lepers, standing afar off but desirous to be healed; they cried, "Jesus Master, have mercy on us!" He directed them to "show themselves to the Priest, and offer the sacrifice that Moses commanded" but as they went on their way, they felt they were cleansed by an invisible power, and "one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice gave glory to God, and fell at the feet of Jesus, giving him thanks." Here was a disposition to give glory to God, and gratitude to the humanity through which the healing virtue was dispensed. The holy Jesus rebuked the lack of gratitude in the others when he said: "Were there not ten cleansed?—where are the nine? They are not found to return to give glory to God, save this stranger," and he was a Samaritan, "one of whom the Jew had no dealings.

A sorrowful instance of ingratitude is recorded of the good King Hezekiah,

when he was sick unto death, had this warning sent him by the prophet: "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live;" and he prayed earnestly to his Heavenly Father with this excellent appeal: "I beseech thee, O Lord, remember now how I have walked before Thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good and right in Thy sight;" and Hezekiah wept sore. The prophet was then bidden to return with this consoling message: "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears, and will add unto thy days fifteen years!" But it is stated "Hezekiah rendered not again according to the benefit received," but by a vain display of the precious treasures with which he was entrusted, and which had been dedicated to the Lord, a door was opened which led to the captivity of Israel.

I often feel the necessity of being more careful to fulfil my part of the covenant, with "covenant keeping God." He extends to us in the hour of adversity this soul sustaining invitation: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Perhaps few doubt the fulfilment of the promise on His part, but are ye careful to comply with our part of the conditions,—endeavoring by our life and conversation to "glorify Him on earth, and to finish the work He has given us to do?" A grateful heart is a blessing to its possessor; like the widow's oil, it flows while there is a vessel to receive it, enabling us to pay our debts and live of the same, for it has not only redeeming, but a sustaining virtue in it.

"There is that giveth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. R. HILL.
Sixth month, 1871.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INDIANS.

The letters from our Friends among the Indians, contained in the *Intelligencer* lately, have been very acceptable to me; and trusting that it is so with all readers of that periodical, I take the liberty of making some extracts from a letter recently received from a friend at the Great Nemaha Agency, Neb., though not written for publication. Our Friends make sacrifices which we who remain at home, enjoying a life of ease, cannot fully appreciate, but it is to be hoped *all* will aid every way possible those who, by their new life among the uncivilized, are deprived of some comforts, and the social mingling with Friends. This friend remarks that their hands have received strength to labor, and their hearts have been cheered, and encouraged to go on, not only by kind words, but by the deeds of their friends in the East. All goods

sent are very acceptable, but the last box sent them from Philadelphia was particularly so, as with clothing, &c. (all valuable), it contained several dozen of the "Children's Friend," and engravings of William Penn, donations of E. K. Smedley, which were highly prized,—the subject of the engravings making them particularly appropriate, as the Indians revere even the *name* of William Penn. M. thinks the full value of the clothing has never been known, as it does not merely protect the body from the elements, but assists in breaking the old habits of savage life, by encouraging them to dress like their "white brethren," when, even if they had money sufficient at their command, they would not spend it for citizens' dress. Most of the Iowa tribe have houses, and although some are made of bark, they are quite comfortable. Those of that tribe who do not work *at all* are by far the less number; nearly every man has his own field or enclosure, in which he raises corn; some have sowed wheat, and it is thought many more would if the land were sectionized; and ere long they would be self-supporting. Until they are, the work of Friends should not cease. The store at the Great Nemaha Agency has thus far been a success; from the surplus arising therefrom they have been enabled to encourage agriculture, by distributing wheat, oats, potatoes, fruit-trees and grape vines. By the work which has been, and is being done for them, the scales of prejudice are falling from the eyes of the people, and they see the enormity of the frauds which have been practiced on the red man. We have grounds for great encouragement. Let us not weary, and when we as a Society retire, may we feel individually that we have done what we could for them. R.

Sixth month 14th, 1871.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST. NO. 2.

ON THE WING, 5th mo. 30th,
Via Penna. Central, Fort Wayne and
Chicago R. R. }

As the golden hues of morning were tinting the horizon, I dressed and looked out upon our flying pathway. We had passed the good old Keystone State, and were rushing through the busy towns and thriving trade centres of Ohio. It is positively wonderful to see the amount of agricultural implements that are manufactured in this State. We pass immense factories, giving employment to hundreds of men, and sending out car-load after car-load of machinery to make farming easy. One cannot help querying where it all goes. We reach Crestline at 9 A.M., where we breakfast. A slight shower is falling;

but it is soon over, and the day wears on warm and sultry. There is little along the line of travel to invite attention. No wild flowers are in bloom; the fields are green and rich in promise, the trees luxuriant in their summer drapery, but there is a monotony which I turn from to find a rich field of variegated beauty in the life and correspondence of F. W. Robertson. It is impossible to fix attention sufficiently to gather up and make my own all the gems of thought that glitter on these pages, so I will lay them aside and seek the platform, if so be a better impression of what is passing may be mine.

A half-hour at Fort Wayne for dinner is announced. It is raining again. "We are in Indiana," said the conductor; "there will be rain plenty now,"—and the country looks as if there really had been quite enough. While most of the passengers left the cars for dinner, I left also for a stroll up the main street. The shower was over directly, and I had a pleasant little saunter; read the name and date of an unfinished church edifice, which has some pretensions to style, but is pitiful in its incompleteness; commenced in 1866, finished—in the dim, uncertain future. How much of what we undertake individually may be disposed of in the same manner! We do not sit down and count the cost, but we rush on, taking impulse for right direction, and find out our mistake when our better judgment asserts its dominion, very often to our humiliation and loss.

We do not travel so fast since leaving Pennsylvania. By a statute of the State of Ohio, all the trains are obliged to stop at every town which numbers three thousand or more inhabitants. I think the same requirement must be in force in all these western States. Doubtless the effect is calculated to advance the interests of these small towns, and, giving an easy access to the markets, offers ready and remunerative sale for all the products of the farm.

There is one feature of all this country through which we are passing, that affects me unpleasantly. It is the careless manner in which most of the clearings are made; charred logs, half-consumed trees, and decaying timber, are prominent objects in every settlement; very many of the fields under cultivation are so covered with high stumps, as to lead one to wonder how the plow and the harrow find their way between them. I see, too, what becomes of a large proportion of the farming implements manufactured; they lie about, exposed to the weather, without care as if they were of no more account than the unsightly logs that disfigure the surroundings of the homestead. I am aware of the scarcity of labor and all the disadvantages of pioneer

settlers, but it is better, in my judgment, to undertake less and do it more thoroughly. I should never be content with a home like most of these we are passing, much as I enjoy "rural sights" and rural life. I am free to write this for the *Intelligencer*, without fear of wounding the feelings of any of *its* readers. Friends, as a people, love order and neatness, and believe in economy in the use of whatever a wise Providence has blessed them with.

Said one, idleness and intemperance are the blighting influences that retard a healthy growth in this section of our country. The soil is rich, yielding to the most careless labor a generous harvest. The men are not obliged to exert themselves, and the women, borne down with household duties and the care of their children, lose heart, and settle into a drudging, slavish life. No favoring circumstances of soil or climate make the wife's toil less, or lighten the burthen of her cares; and I am not surprised to see so many prematurely old and sad-looking women in every settlement through which the iron road passes. Billiard saloons and drinking houses flaunt their painted insignia, and invite to their destroying embrace the idle and dissolute men.

We are not far from Chicago. Glimpses of Lake Michigan are caught through the low shrubbery on that side of the road. We make our toilets, gather up books, papers, &c., and prepare to leave our pleasant palace car.

The approach to Chicago is not prepossessing; the land is low, subject to inundation, and the houses are of all sizes and descriptions. One could scarcely believe that in the short time it has been settled, there could have congregated enough of the odds and ends of humanity to constitute so large a suburb of evident poverty and possible want. There are many comfortable looking houses among these, but the poorer sort predominate. The immense grain warehouses are objects of special interest; perhaps no city on the continent has so large a grain trade. With fields of from fifty to five hundred acres to collect from, there seems to be no limit to the supply that must ultimately flow into Chicago.

But here we are, at the terminus of this portion of the journey, and I pass out into this living, surging sea of humanity, "unknown and unknown." The omnibuses are across the street, in waiting, and I am taken in charge of the one for the Chicago & Northwestern R. R., and we are soon *en route* for the depot; but we are brought to a full stop. The draw is open, a tug going this way and one going that puff through the opening; the ponderous section moves back to its place, and the long train of vehicles of every description and of foot-passengers cross the

bridge. We hurry through the business portion of the city, and are again brought to a stand-still at another bridge; the same scene is enacted, with like results, only this time drays, wagons and carriages so block up the streets that cross each other just at the bridge, that one is tempted to fear a catastrophe. But we pass over without danger, and are landed in safety at a hotel adjoining the depot. It is six o'clock, P.M.; the train leaves at nine. I take supper, make the acquaintance of a lady merchant from one of the towns through which I am to pass, and we agree to take a berth together for the night. I find her society pleasant. We spend the intervening time in conversation, and at the proper hour get our ticket for the sleeping-car, and go on the train.

L. J. R.

For Friends' Intelligencer,

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

On the 3d of this month, about ten o'clock in the evening, the moon being low in the south-east, and shining brightly on a moderate shower which was coming up from north-west, and into favorable position, a beautiful rainbow was formed. Though there was but little except the light gray under the arch, similar to a fog rainbow in the morning, and a dark brown above, still I could discover a little of the blue and orange tints of the bright rainbow at the southern extremity, where it was brightest. It lasted perhaps five minutes, until the cloud extended over, and hid the light of the moon. ENOS HEACOCK.

Ohio, 6th mo., 1871.

WITH WHAT BODY DO THEY RISE?

We do not know what satisfactory answer to give to a query addressed to us in these words: "What is your opinion as to the resurrection of the body?" It is easy to refer our inquirer to St. Paul's views. But what are St. Paul's views? He thought a human body in the grave was like a seed of wheat in the ground. There is a sense in which this view, which was meant to be theological, is also scientific. The body, once buried, shall rise again. That is, it shall decompose in the earth; it shall mingle with the soil; it shall become part of nature's mould; it shall receive the rain from heaven; it shall quicken and revive, atom by atom; it shall struggle up re-germinant to the surface; and finally it shall appear again to human eyes—here in a blade of grass, there in a head of clover—here in a trailing vine, there in a spreading oak. This is the only resurrection of the body in which we have any faith. Now, this explanation may not satisfy the spiritual yearnings of our inquiring friend; but after all, rightly looked at, there is something very

beautiful and satisfying in that eternal round of nature's transmutation, which brings death and mortality to light.—*The Golden Age.*



FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

1844.

The acceptable letter of my dear friend — came safely to hand. I view thee still "sitting at home," and hope thou canst say with the poet,

"'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world,—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance."

Cowper says,

"Oh! blest seclusion from a jarring world."

The wish of my heart for my dear friend to whom I am writing is, that the evening of life may be serene and tranquil—that all clouds may vanish, and the mind repose in confidence in the mercy and goodness of the God that has led and fed the immortal mind through this present life. There is something soothing and precious in the account of Joseph's going to see his father Jacob when he was sick; and he took his children with him. This circumstance gave a double interest to the visit, for the children took the old patriarch's attention, and he felt them and claimed them (though born in Egypt) as his own. What ample proof he gave of his paternal affection and interest in these children, when he said, Bring them unto me that I may bless them. Although the eyes of Israel were dim with age, so that he could not see, yet his spiritual vision was clear and unclouded. He embraced the youth, and, recalling his pilgrimage through time, and the favor, the unexpected privilege of again not only seeing his beloved son Joseph, but also his seed, he delivered a most impressive testimony to the preserving power and sustaining goodness of the God before whom his fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk. On him he called to bless the lads, and, said he, "let my name, and the name of my fathers Abraham and Isaac, be named on them, and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth." I almost marvel that among the lovers of historical paintings, that this deeply interesting interview has never been chosen. But such imaginary representations are very low and insignificant, when we attain to a feeling and spiritual perception of the concern of the pious patriarch for those whom he was about to leave behind him.

How consoling his hope, when he said, "Behold, I die: but God will be with you, and bring you again unto the land of your fathers." Ah! my dear friend, when "the distracted state of our Society" is seen or felt, and we are bowed down at the hearing of it, and sometimes dismayed at the seeing of it,—when "there is much to exercise our patience," and when we can do nothing actively to bring, or help to bring the people out of Egypt, it is indeed "a comfort to trust in a superintending gracious Providence." I think Jacob came to this state, after all his afflictions, and then his confidence reposed on the evidence, that after he was gone, God would still be with the children, and bring them again into the land of their fathers. So it may yet be with the professors of Truth. For this return may the prayers and travail of the hidden seed be availing.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 24, 1871.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—The struggles and achievements that attended the introduction of this wonderful art, are of historical interest. Future generations will probably regard it, as it is now looked upon, as one of the greatest enterprises of the nineteenth century.

The occasion of the unveiling of a bronze statue of Prof. Morse, which has been placed in the New York Central Park, was made the subject of an editorial in the *Philadelphia Ledger* of the 13th inst., from which we take the following account.

The position of the Professor on that day was contrasted with the period of doubt and gloom through which he passed in 1843. The two positions were considered to be as wide "apart as the wires which connect the batteries of our telegraphic offices with those in Hong Kong among the antipodes." Now in 1871, in the 80th year of his age, he is surrounded by thousands ready to do him honor—the guest of those who wielded a mighty influence in society. He is "in the centre of seven hundred thousand miles of telegraph wires communicating with twenty thousand stations in America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, and nearly encircling the world."

In 1843, he stood pleading with incredulous

members of Congress in the outer halls of the Capital at Washington, as well as with men in private life, who looked upon his discovery as chimerical. To the bill asking for an appropriation of \$30,000 to enable him to construct the short line of forty miles from Washington to Baltimore, insulting amendments were offered. "One member proposed that half of the sum be devoted to mesmerism, and another, that part be disbursed in favor of millerism."

On the last day of the session, the appropriation for which he had been struggling for five years, was granted. His troubles, however, did not end here. "The first attempt to construct the line was a mortifying failure. Nine or ten miles of insulated wire were placed in leaden pipes and buried in the earth between Baltimore and the 'Relay House,' and then it was discovered that the 'earth currents' of electricity prevented the line from working. Scarcely a single mile of the wire could be made to respond to the battery. The work had to be commenced anew, and this time by carrying the wires on poles, as at present, though with far inferior appliances for insuring 'insulation' to those which now exist. The line was completed and ready for operation on the 25th of Fifth month, 1844, and on the morning of that day messages were interchanged, in the presence of a few spectators, between the Capitol at Washington and the old Pratt street depot of the Washington railway in Baltimore.

"The first 'press message' was sent to the *Baltimore Patriot* at 1 P.M. of the same day, and was published as follows: 'One o'clock. There has just been made a motion in the House to go into Committee of the Whole on the Oregon question. Rejected—ayes 79, nays 86.' This is the first public despatch by magnetic telegraph of which we can find any record."

The line between Baltimore and Philadelphia was not completed for more than two years after this time. It was opened for business on the 2d of Sixth month, 1846.

"Now the wires are being extended throughout the world, at the rate of one hundred thousand miles a year. At the beginning of the present year, there were 150,843

miles of wires in operation in the United States, supplying 5914 offices, and employing about 10,000 persons. In America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, there are now about 650,000 miles of wires and about 20,000 telegraphic stations. All this vast result Prof. Morse has lived to see, as the result of his labors and those of his co-laborers, among whom we are glad to see that in his interesting address he mentioned with honor Prof. Joseph Henry, without whose electro magnet of insulated wires around an iron bar the telegraphic instrument would be bereft of half its life."

We clip from the same paper an anecdote said to be told by Prof. Morse:—

"When he was in Washington, employing all his energies to obtain an appropriation from the Government to erect a line from Baltimore to Washington, he had his instruments at each end of the Capitol to demonstrate to the members of Congress the feasibility of the plan. He says: 'I talked to them, explained the working of the instrument hour after hour. I gained many adherents; still I saw that many were yet incredulous, and many even scouted at the idea as preposterous, and pronounced my instrument as the toy of a crack-brained enthusiast. It was towards the close of the session, and there were still about two or three hundred bills yet to be passed before they came to mine. It was late at night, and finally I gave up in absolute despair, and left the Capitol building with a sad heart. I was bankrupt, having expended all that I had on my discovery. I walked down the Capitol steps with exactly fifty cents, all I had in the world, and a more disconsolate individual it would have been hard to find. After a wakeful night I arose in the morning to find my bill passed, and a new era in the history of science commenced.'"

On the evening of the 10th inst., the day upon which the statue was unveiled, a meeting was held in the Academy of Music, New York, for Prof. Morse and his friends. About 9 o'clock "a telegraphic instrument, one of those which was used on the line between Baltimore and Washington, was laid on the table in front of the platform, and the lines

having been connected with all the principal cities and towns in the United States, the following message was transmitted:

"'Greeting and thanks to the telegraphic fraternity throughout the world! Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men.'

"Professor Morse manipulated his signature to the message.

"Mr. Orton remarked, 'Thus the father of telegraphy sends his benediction to his children.'"

DIED.

BROTHERTON.—At Randolph, Morris Co., N. J., on the 30th ult., Mary, widow of the late Richard Brotherton, in the 83d year of her age.

DELL.—At Randolph, on the 10th of Fourth month, 1871, Silas Dell, in the 83d year of his age.

The above Friends were members of Randolph Meeting, which is now attached to Rahway and Plainfield Monthly Meeting.

DAKIN.—On the 24th of Second month, 1871, near Harveysburgh, Ohio, after a short but severe illness, James M., son of James and Nancy Dakin, in his 22d year. His remains were interred in Miami cemetery.

DAVIS.—On the 23d of Second month, 1871, at the residence of her son Elisha Davis, in Clearfield Co., Pa., Rebecca Davis, in her 73d year; an elder of West Branch Monthly Meeting. She was a diligent attender of meeting while in health, and bore the sufferings of her last illness with Christian fortitude and resignation. She was a kind neighbor, and loved by all who knew her.

WILLIAMS.—On the 12th inst., Thomas R. Williams, in the 79th year of his age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia (Race Street).

HARLAN.—On the evening of Fifth month 30th, 1871, at his residence near Long Green, Baltimore Co., Md., John L. Harlan, in the 52d year of his age; a member of Little Falls Monthly Meeting.

CORRECTION.

In the summary of the Treasurer's Report of Friends' Publication Association in last week's paper, the amount stated as from the sales of books should have been: total receipts \$767.08, of which \$175.80 were contributions from Friends.

There is an error in the punctuation of the account of the First day School meetings in New York City. The Union School *only* within Ohio Yearly Meeting is composed of members of both branches of Society. J. M. T.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 6th mo. 25. Upper Greenwich, N. J., 4 P.M.
- 7th mo. 2. Mullica Hill, N. J., 4 P.M.
- “ Frankford, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ Evesham, N. J., 3 P.M.
- “ Jericho, L. I., 11 A.M.
- “ Oyster Bay, L. I., 3½ P.M.
- “ Plymouth, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ 9. Boston, N. Y., 11 A.M.
- “ Penn's Neck, N. J., 4 P.M.
- “ 16. Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P.M.

- 7th mo. 16. Bethpage, N. Y., 11 A.M.
 " Jerusalem, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
 " Gunpowder, Md. (old house), 10 A.M.
 " No meeting in other house.
 " Woodstown, N. J., 4 P.M.

Circular Meetings have been established within Abington Quarterly Meeting as follows:

Plymouth,	1st 1st-day in 1st & 7th mos.,	3 P.M.
Abington,	" " 3d & 9th "	3 P.M.
Gwynedd,	3d " " "	10 A.M.
Whitmarsh,	3d " " "	3 P.M.
Richland,	1st " 4th & 10th "	3 P.M.
Byberry,	3d " " "	3 P.M.
Providence,	1st " 5th & 11th "	10 A.M.
Norristown,	1st afternoon, " "	3 P.M.
Warminster,	3d " " "	3 P.M.
Stroudsburg,	1st " 6th & 12th "	3 P.M.
Upper Dublin,	3d " " "	3 P.M.

Circular Meetings within Salem, N. J., Quarter, are appointed as follows:

- 6th mo. 25. Upper Greenwich, 4 P.M.
 7th mo. 2. Mullica Hill, 4 P.M.
 " 9. Penn's Neck, 4 P.M.
 " 16. Woodstown, 4 P.M.
 " 23. Salem, 4 P.M.
 " 30. Alloways Creek, 3 P.M.
 8th mo. 6. Greenwich, 3 P.M.
 " 13. Port Elizabeth, 10 A.M.
 " 20. Cape May, 3 P.M.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

Extract from an Essay by Wm. H. Churchman, A.M.

The author of this essay treats of the prime necessity of pure air in our dwellings, places of business, churches, school-houses, &c., as an essential condition of mental and physical health.

He enumerates some of the vitiatory agents as follows:

1. The very numerous class of manual arts, whose processes create and load the air with mineral, metallic, vegetable and animal dust, together with other mechanical impurities.

2. The equally numerous class of arts in involving chemical and compounding processes, such as brewing, distilling, dyeing, bleaching, tanning, paint, varnish, drug, match and gas making, lime burning, etc., etc., which give rise to poisonous vapors, gases and other volatile products.

3. Morasses, grave-yards, slaughter-houses, open or imperfectly covered cess-pools, privy-vaults and drains, faulty water-closets, filthily kept premises, and all other places where the decomposition of animal and vegetable organism is going on.

4. The storing together, in masses, of the products of many of the arts mentioned above, as in paint shops, drug-stores, leather stores, clothing and dry-goods stores, printing offices and the like, which are constantly eliminating deleterious gases and vapors.

5. The presence of recently applied paint, varnish, and wall paper which has been colored with certain materials, as well as of new

carpeting, furniture, and even wood-work in our buildings, public and private.

6. The prevalent custom of repapering apartments without first removing the old paper, until a thick coating of combined paste, paper and coloring chemicals is formed upon the walls.

7. The presence of certain varieties of flowering plants, as well as of deleterious perfumery, in the living and sleeping rooms of our dwellings.

8. Cutaneous and pulmonary exhalations from the bodies of all persons, whether healthy or diseased, cleanly or uncleanly.

9. Excepting in well arranged grates, the open combustion of all substances, solid, liquid, or gaseous, in enclosed apartments, whether for warming, lighting, cooking or any other purpose.

10. The respiration of all animated beings, whether within or without the pale of humanity.

11. Improperly devised and constructed warming appliances.

Cast iron furnaces for heating purposes are apt to warp or crack, and so permit the escape of poisonous gases; and even when intact, cast iron is too porous for the purpose. Furnaces are apt to be heated to redness or even to whiteness, making the heated air injuriously dry, and vitiating it by decomposing the organic matter always present in the dryest air.

Heating and cooking apparatus is liable also to be made much too complicated, so that the condition of air tightness is not attained, permitting the escape into our apartments of carbonic oxide, sulphurous acid and fine dust.

Having enumerated some of the poisonous agents which pollute the atmosphere of our houses, our author remarks:—

In view of the condition of things here disclosed, and the fastidiousness of civilized man in some other directions, one is lost in amazement at his marvelous inconsistency. Who is there that would not go uncleaned rather than attempt to lave himself in water previously used by several others, or even suffer almost unto death, rather than slake his thirst at a fountain known to be vitiated by nauseating impurities? Or who does not shudder with sickening disgust at the recital of the "traveler's story"—no matter if true or not—of the wine baths in a foreign city, where, after serving as a medium for the ablutions of four different grades of bathers at a descending scale of prices, the delectable fluid is bottled up and shipped to America for consumption as a beverage? And yet how few there are of us who do not voluntarily submit to being jammed for hours at a

time with a thousand others, into a fetid atmospheric bath, teeming with all possible impurities derivable from the exhalations of a motley mass of human beings of all grades of health and cleanliness, drinking in, the while, with undisturbed serenity, the nauseating compound in which we are immersed. Are any one's sensibilities shocked at this revolting picture, let him ponder it for awhile and say if it is not true to life. If he find it so, which he undoubtedly will, then let him join us in an earnest endeavor to eradicate the greatest existing cause of disease and premature death, with which humanity is afflicted. The work is a noble one, and worthy of the highest efforts of the philanthropist.

The existence of very many of the agents of atmospheric contamination is readily detected by the senses, particularly the olfactory one, save where their admonitions go so long unheeded as to stifle their warning voice; but there are others whose presence can only be discovered by delicate chemical tests, or by their effects upon the physical and mental powers: which effects, by the way, are much sooner felt by an invalid than by a well person, especially if he be afflicted with pulmonary disease. Indeed, a consumptive makes an admirable and reliable foul air detector. The undermining influence of some of these agents is so gradual, and does its work so silently that we fail to recognize in it an insidious enemy which is sapping the foundations of our strength.

Better would it be for us, did all of these poisons do their suicidal work more openly and vigorously. Then would we spare no pains to protect ourselves against their baneful influence.

The task of delineating all the diseases due to foul air would be endless, but the writer mentions many.

It is estimated by competent authorities who have devoted much time and labor to scientific research upon this subject, that from forty to fifty per cent. of all the deaths which occur, are attributable to the morbid influence of foul air. This is truly an appalling statement, and if only half correct, should inspire the hearts of philanthropists throughout the world, to unite as one man in an effort to eradicate an evil of such magnitude.

Statistics would seem to show that tender infancy is the period when the foul destroyer makes his greatest onslaughts; and even though some of the little ones do succeed in running the gauntlet with the breath of life left in them, it is, sad to relate, too often the case that seeds of disease are planted in the furrows of their stripes, which yield a rich

harvest of sickness and death in after life. This is not due alone to the greater susceptibility of the infantile constitution to injurious influences, but mainly, we fear, to erroneous notions and practices of mothers and nurses. They are too much afraid to allow their tender charges to breathe the pure, free air of the out-door world, and too careless or ignorant as to the quality of that within the nursery. Moreover, and it is exceedingly difficult to conceive the condition of ignorance and indifference which permits such a practice, the poor little victims are oftentimes enveloped "head and ears" in shawls or blankets, whether in the nurse's arms, the cradle, the baby-wagon, or in bed with their mothers, thus being obliged to breathe over and over their own poisoned breath and bodily exhalations, and, in the latter case, the exhalations of their mothers in addition, who perchance may be at the time in a condition of health calculated to intensify the poisonous quality of their bodily exhalations. Can we wonder then, in view of these facts, and they are facts—stubborn ones too, that our bills of mortality should show so large a percentage from the ranks of infancy and youth? And is it not a marvel of divine mercy that even so small a proportion of the persons born into the world should survive the cruel, though well enough meant treatment they receive in infancy?

Next to infancy, the scarcely less tender period of youth comes in for its share of maltreatment, whether in the crowded school-room, the college lecture-room, the air-poisoned work-shop, store or counting-house, or, in short, any place else, save out of doors under the blue canopy of heaven, in which our children are caged up for the purpose of education and business training.

Again we ask, in the name of suffering humanity, when will we learn to act intelligently upon the lesson which these sad experiences teach us?

From The Leisure Hour.

A LEISURE HOUR AT CREWE.

BY THE JOURNEYMAN ENGINEER.

It is a common figure of speech to say of a town that has benefitted in a special degree by the facilities for "intercommunication opened up to it by a railway, that "the railway has made it." In regard to the town of Crewe, in Cheshire, however, this saying is not a figure of speech, but a literal fact. As a town, the London and North-Western Railway created it, and still maintains it—not by the traffic it brings into it, but as an integral part of itself, for the town is as much a part of the system of this, the greatest of our rail ways, as are the engines and carriages run

ning the line. Before the railway age, the place was a little rural hamlet, taking its name from the barony of which it formed a part, Crewe Hall, the family seat of the Lords Crewe, lying but two miles distant. Such the great Railway Company found it; they have made it the thriving populous town it is; and were they to withdraw from it, they would leave it a brick-and-mortar wilderness of uninhabited houses.

As the largest of all consumers of "rolling stock," the London and North-Western Company soon found that it would be to their interest to be their own manufacturers of such stock; and it is in fixing their locomotive manufactory and depot at Crewe that they have made it a town. They commenced operations there upon their own account in 1843, erecting workshops that were large for that time, occupying as they did two and a half acres, and being furnished with all appliances then known to locomotive engineering. But the Company so extended itself, and became such an Aaron's rod among smaller and originally independent railways, that these works rapidly became too small for its wants. Carriage and wagon departments were formed elsewhere, and the space that had been devoted to them at Crewe given to the engine department. But this was not enough; the "mileage" of the Company continued to increase, and additions had to be made to their locomotive manufactory, until at present the workshops cover an area of upwards of seventeen acres.

These workshops are, so to speak, the heart of the town, the reason of its being; the "hands" engaged in them, together with their wives and families, and the tradespeople necessary for supplying their wants, constituting the sole inhabitants of the place. Therefore in describing this, perhaps the most interesting of what may be called our artisan colonies, it is a thing of course to speak first of the works. The Crewe Locomotive Factory is—and in this age of foreign competition and cosmopolitan enterprise it is a great thing to be able to say—admittedly the finest in the world. It is such an establishment as only a great and rich company could have organized. It is truly imperial, both in the magnitude and manner of its operations. One characteristic of it is that it employs machinery, some of it of a unique and specially ingenious character, to the fullest possible extent. To drive this machinery there are twenty stationary engines, representing an aggregate of about 12,000 horse-power; but water and air are also pressed into the Company's service as motive powers, some of the heaviest machines being worked by hydraulic, and others by atmospheric pressure. Among the most

notable of the direct labor-saving appliances are two small locomotives, named "Topsy" and "Tiny," which, with a number of stout low-wheeled trollies by way of train, and shrilly whistling to warn workmen of their approach, run about the shops, carrying the heavier kinds of work from place to place. The way upon which these miniature engines run is, of course, proportionately small, but the more widely separated departments of the works are connected by ordinary lines of rails, along which a full-sized engine finds regular employment in running the large open van, called by the workmen "The Cab," used for the conveyance of men and material between those departments. Since their establishment these works have turned out upwards of thirteen hundred new engines, but the making of wholly new engines is but a tithe of their work. They are chiefly occupied in repairing and rebuilding the running engines of the company. Under their system the engine, like the king, never dies—does not die even in the momentary fashion in which the king does. It lives on *individually*, and not through a successor; lives on unchanged in name or number, and with a constantly renewed vitality. In running, the tyres of a locomotive go first, then the boiler tubes, followed in their turn by the cylinders, motion, fire-box, etc., the wheels and framing outlasting all the rest. These various parts are renewed time after time as they wear out, and consequently there are many of the company's engines that are like the boy's knife, which had a new blade at one time, a new haft at another; though no remnant of the original remains, they are not new engines. Over fifteen hundred engines are repaired annually, and there are usually about two hundred and forty in the shops at one time.

That these works have become show ones will be easily understood. They have been visited by every class, from the Prince of Wales downwards, sight seers (admitted by ticket) are going through them every day, and that their fame is spread abroad is abundantly evidenced by the large percentage of foreigners whose names and nationalities are inscribed in the visitors' book. To the professional visitor every part of the establishment is replete with interest, but to others the great "sight" of the works is one to be witnessed in a large wing specially erected for the manufacture of Bessemer steel. By the Bessemer process molten pig iron is, by a single operation technically known as "blowing," converted into steel, and this blowing is probably the most picturesque operation in the whole range of practical mechanics. It is performed in a "converter,"

which may be simply described as a gigantic crucible. The converter, which is lined inside with "ganister," a kind of refractory stone brought from the neighborhood of Sheffield—having been well heated, a sand lined channel is laid between its receiving mouth and the running mouth of a furnace in which the pig iron has, in the meantime, been melted. Down this channel the molten iron glides like a veritable fiery serpent, falling into the converter with a heavy gurgling sound. When the metal has been run in, the mouth of the converter is turned upward into an arched entrance to a large chimney, and the blast that performs the blowing is turned on. Acting upon metal which is already in a liquid state, the blast produces a heat so intense that the mass is thoroughly disintegrated, and the impurities, being lighter than the metal, coming to the top, are blown out. The "slag" thus thrown off forms a sort of stalactite cavern in the archway of the chimney. At each blowing this fretwork of half-transparent slag becomes incandescent, and so far molten again that within their own length the pilasters and icicles acquire a flowing movement like that of a scenic cascade. And seen through the stream of flame rushing from the converter—a flame gradually changing from deep red to pure white—the whole miniature cavern presents a prettiness of form and gorgeousness of color which the scenic presenters of realms of bliss and homes of the genii might envy but not hope to equal. Nor does the picturesqueness of the sight terminate here. The whole of the lofty roofed building is lit up by the flame, in some of the varying shades of which the faces of the attendant workmen show such weirdness of expression and ghastliness of hue that, as armed with their long-reaching implements they move about in the pit below the converter, it would require but a slight stretch of fancy to imagine them the familiars in some necromantic rite.

These works afford one of the strongest arguments that could possibly be adduced against the fallacy that machinery extinguishes hand labor. In them machinery is used to the utmost—probably to an unparalleled—extent, and yet they give employment to five thousand men and boys, and to this army of "hands" we will now turn our attention. Let us take a look at them as they are leaving work for the week at one o'clock on Saturday. While the steam "buzzer," which releases them from and recalls them to work, is still sounding, they begin to come pouring out at the different gateways. The boys are first coming with a run, and already shouting and "larking," and altogether showing an unmistakable disposi-

tion to—

"Turn to mirth all things of earth
As only boyhood can."

The men come at a more staid pace, but you notice that among them too groups of mates are chatting cheerily as they walk along. When they get fairly clear of the works and into the streets, little toddling children are to be seen advancing to meet "Father," who, on coming up with them, will often mount them on his shoulders and bear them home in triumph. Here and there a wife is at the door as her husband comes up, and greets him with a smile, while at the same time she exchanges friendly nods and how-d'ye-do's with the mates with whom he is walking.

(To be continued.)

How much would neighbors rise in value, and how much would neighbors rise in beauty, if all should lay aside habits of criticism, and neighborhood scandal, and petty feuds, and ridicule! And if men should study the things that make for peace, and the things that make for happiness, everybody trying to make everybody else happy, what a revolution there would be!—*Beecher*.

WIDOWS' SONS.

Many of the illustrious men whose names blazon the page of history, were the sons of women early left widows. Julius Cæsar lost his father at the age of fifteen. This, De Quincey says, was a decided advantage to him, as it "prematurely developed the masculine features of his character, forcing him while yet a boy under the discipline of civil conflict and the yoke of practical life, without which even *his* energies would have been insufficient to sustain them." * * * In literature there are few names more brilliant than those of Sir William Jones and Sir James Mackintosh. These were the sons of widows who devoted their lives to the education of their children. An acute observer for fifty years of the rise and growth of prominent men, in one of our principal cities, was remarking in our hearing the eminent success that the widows of her acquaintance had had in rearing their sons. One reason of it no doubt springs from the nature of things. A fatherless boy, with a noble mother at once to protect and lean upon him, is stimulated by every motive that can appeal to a fine nature. He is urged to supply the place of husband and son, to represent worthily the family dignity, and realize all the aspirations of his fond parent and his own ardent soul. High position and substantial achievement he must win for himself. A conscientious and ambitious mother cannot have stronger incentives to do all that can

be done in the formation of noble character than she who feels responsible for the entire education and success of her children. Of many a timid, retiring, dependent, self-depreciating woman, widowhood has made a heroine. The great world may never hear of her triumphs, but they are treasured in the hearts of her family; they are all recorded in the book He keeps who in Sacred Writ again and again declares himself to be the Father of the fatherless and husband of the widow.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

TAULER (OR TAULERUS.)

Tauler, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;
As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked, he prayed. Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.
"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said;
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But all my days are good, and none are ill."
Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again:
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled:
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid

His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve;
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."
Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long followed, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"
"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not; this I know—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord;
One arm, Hum'ility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."
Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove

Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:
"My prayer is answered. God has sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plintbs, he raised his eyes
O'er broad facade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave, and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great Minister's tower,
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold," he said
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes!
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below, is light in Heaven.

—Whittier.

TEACH YOUR GIRLS HOW TO USE MONEY.

BY WM. B. CLARK.

We remember hearing a man of high business reputation once say that he had found a great advantage in giving his daughters an allowance. It was gratifying to them. It taught them the use of money. And it taught them economy. For many things which they would not have hesitated to ask of him, they found they could do without when the money came out of their own pockets.

We have opened to us here a subject of great importance. The young man, upon marriage, finds not unfrequently that his wife has no knowledge whatever on the subject of money. Its purchasing power she is quite ignorant of. One dollar and five dollars are much the same to her. And whether she is living upon the scale of one thousand or five thousand a year, she has no idea. She knows, it may be, that she has been restricted in the past. But she has probably looked forward to marriage as the time when this restriction was to be removed. Then she should be independent and have what she wanted. Thus the husband is in a strait between two. He loves his wife, and is anxious to gratify her every desire. But he finds it will take all he can earn, and more too, to accomplish this. What the result is, many a history shows. Often failure itself, and no end of unhappiness. Or if success is finally attained, it is only after much bitter experience, and some of the best years of life wasted.

We insist upon one thing. The poor girl in this instance is but very partially to blame.

Why should she have been kept always as a baby in the matter of money? Why should she have been forced to grow up with no judgment, and no intelligent self-control on a subject so important? The parents are chiefly to blame for many such an unhappy history. And until they begin to apply the principles of reason, and to be willing to take some *pains* in the matter of educating their children, such cases may be expected often to occur.

The young girl should have her allowance at as early an age as the boy. By the time she is ten or twelve years old, she should be put, under the superintendence of her parents, in partial charge of her own expenses. Some portion of needed things she should be entrusted to buy. She should be taught how little money will do in these days; and how important it is to save, in order to accomplish any desired object. And especially in the case of both boys and girls, the use of their allowance should be made a means of training in the true principles and spirit of giving. The church will have greater need of this grace in the future than ever. The early years are those in which it should be taught. But it cannot be taught effectually so long as children give away the money of others. They must have their own allowance, and give at their own expense.

It is too much the fashion in the education of girls, to sacrifice the womanly to the feminine. A female is the counterpart to a male. But the woman is the partner of man. Which is the nobler? Let us train up *women*, if it be possible, having their full share of all that is best in our common humanity. Let them be educated to breadth of mind, to good, sound sense, to practical judgment. And as the most delicately brought up girl may have one day to earn her living, and possibly her husband's living, let her be taught what money is, what it will do, and how to use it.—*Congregationalist*.

No doubt there are some nettles in the world. There are unpleasant things, sad, hard things, that tend to make life smart keenly. But we put far more nettles into the world than are there originally. The real nettles are ourselves, in our own uncomfortable, petulant, sour, selfish dispositions, and they spread their own character over nature.

THE MORNING CONCERT.

If you would hear a beautiful concert, you must be an early riser, or at least an early waker, these fine spring mornings. Indeed, it begins as early as three o'clock. If you should chance to wake at that hour you may lie in that delicious, half-dreamy frame, and

hear a concert such as all the orchestras of the continent cannot equal. I would not recommend you to rise at such an hour, unless, indeed, you went to rest with the birds; but the melody will well repay a half hour's loss of sleep.

The larks, and robins, and thrushes are all broad awake, and seem vieing with each other in their music. Occasionally a deeper note from neighboring fields chimes in, and chanticleer's shrill cry says, "Awake! awake!" The peacock's loud, rough cry of "e-coe—o-coe," seems hardly in harmony with the rest; but it serves well to show off more sweetly the melody. The great birds are rarely musical, and it is no doubt a wise provision of God for their greater security. If they sang like the dear little brownies in the wood, they would betray themselves to every enemy. The tiny song birds find it easy to hide in and out of their leafy coverts. Perhaps for a similar reason the mother bird is rarely a singer. If she sang to her callow brood as she sheltered them with her wings, it would show the old mousing owl, or the shining robber snake, the way to her little straw-built cottage. Then woe to her pretty nestlings, and woe to the poor mother's heart.

A practised ear can detect many different sounds in this beautiful concert, while a dull listener will hardly hear a bird sing. You have heard the old saying, that "many people will go through the whole forest and see no fire-wood;" and the same principle is true of all other senses. You cannot begin too early to take an intelligent interest in things about you. It is a great book which God has written and spread out before us, and there is not a page of it but is full of pleasure and profit.—*Presbyterian*.

INVIOABLE fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper outshine all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

HEALTH.

Many persons lose life every year by an injudicious change of clothing, and the principles involved need repetition every year.

If clothing is to be diminished, it should be done in the morning when first dressing. Additional clothing may be safely put on any time. In the Northern States, the undergarments should not be changed for those less heavy sooner than the middle of May; for even in June a fire is very comfortable sometimes in a New York parlor. Woolen flannel ought to be worn next the person by all during the whole year; but a thinner material may be worn after the first of June. A blazing fire should be kept in every family

room until ten in the morning, and rekindled again an hour before sundown, up to the first day of October.

Particular and tidy housekeepers, by arranging their fireplaces for the summer too early, oftentimes put the whole family to a serious discomfort, and endanger health by exposing them to sit in chillness for several hours every morning, waiting for the weather to moderate, rather than have the fireplace all blackened up—that is, rather than be put to the trouble of another fixing up for the summer, they expose the children to croup, and the old folks to inflammation of the lungs. The old and young delight in warmth; it is to them the greatest luxury. Half the diseases of humanity would be swept from existence if the human body were kept comfortably warm all the time. The discomfort of cold feet, or of a chilly room, many have experienced to their sorrow; they make the mind peevish and fretful, while they expose the body to colds and inflammations, which often destroy it in less than a week.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

WHENEVER I contemplate man in the actual world or the ideal, I am lost amidst the infinite multiformity of his life, but always end in wonder at the essential unity of his nature.—*Henry Giles.*

DEVOTE each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done —*Goethe.*

ITEMS.

ATLANTIC CABLE RATES.—After Seventh month 1st the rates of transmitting messages from New York city to Great Britain, Ireland and France, will be reduced to ten dollars, in gold, for dispatches not exceeding ten words, including address, date and signature. For each additional word beyond the first ten, one dollar in gold will be charged. After Seventh month 1st the rule limiting the length of despatches to fifty words will be discontinued. The present rates are fifteen dollars, in gold, for messages not exceeding ten words, and one dollar and a half for each additional word.

A CYCLONE occurred near Mason City, Ill., on the 26th ult. An inky hued cloud or smoke-like column was observed gathering near the earth's surface on an open prairie, six miles from that place, and from this column soon shot out three narrower and spire-like cloud columns, which continued to ascend rapidly until they reached and seemed to attach themselves closely to a passing cloud above.

This frightful apparition moved slowly towards Mason City, but finally changed its course, much to the relief of the people of that place.

The pathway of the cyclone was nearly three miles in length and from twenty to eighty feet in width, and in that pathway not a spear of grass, stalk of corn or wheat, not a shrub nor a particle of vegetation was left alive. For some distance the earth was literally ploughed up to a depth of six inches. The column of whirling air must have been

intensely hot, as every green thing in its path was dried to a crisp.

Another feature of the cyclone was that while its rotary motion must have been of inconceivably great velocity, its progressive motion was not above a rate of six miles an hour. The outlines of its pathway were so well defined that five feet from the outer line of the total destruction of vegetation of every kind, not a vestige of its effects could be seen. Fortunately no houses stood in the tornado's line of march.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN MAIL ROUTE.—The mails from New York to New Orleans, heretofore transported by way of Chattanooga and Grand Junction, Tennessee, and Canton, Mississippi, have, by order of the Postmaster-General, been changed to the route running by an air-line from Chattanooga to Meridian, Mississippi, and thence over the Mobile and Ohio Railroad to Mobile, and thence to New Orleans, over the Mobile and Texas R. R. It is stated that by this new route the mails will reach New Orleans twelve hours sooner than by the old route.

BRAZIL.—Advices from Rio de Janeiro to May 23d, state that the Duke de Caxias has, on the part of the Brazilian Ministry, presented to the legislature a bill for the emancipation of all the slaves belonging to the Government and the Emperor. This bill emancipates, it is stated, many thousand slaves now working in the diamond mines in the province of Las Minas, and those engaged in building docks and other public works at Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Pernambuco and Maranhão, and also a large force employed on the Government railways. The bill, it is reported, in spite of the determined opposition of the conservatives, will become a law. The objection to the measure appears to be the hasty enforcement of emancipation. The present law provides a system of gradual emancipation for slaves belonging to private individuals, but the bill introduced by the Duke de Caxias decrees immediate emancipation of all slaves owned by the Emperor.

FOUNTAINS.—There are many things in Philadelphia worthy of imitation, and among them are its fountains, which deserve the attention of every city in the land. About two years ago Dr. Swann, aided by a number of ladies and gentlemen, obtained from the Legislature a charter for the purpose of erecting fountains upon the streets and thoroughfares. Last year 117 fountains and 90 troughs were erected. They are made of iron, granite, or marble, and many of them are the voluntary gifts of wealthy ladies and gentlemen. Some of them show great artistic taste, and are ornamental as well as serviceable. At three of these fountains count was kept of the number of persons who drank at them during one day, and it was found to exceed seventeen thousand. At six fountains more than a thousand horses and mules drank in a single day. Who can estimate the amount of suffering prevented, and comfort supplied, in various parts of the city, by this free water? Philadelphia is noted for its charities, but she has scarcely one more worthy of support than this.

It is strange that this subject has not been taken up by our city government, and fountains erected as a public improvement. Plenty of fresh cool water to drink is more essential to the health and comfort of the people than parks and fine drives. New York should have five hundred of these scattered over the island, and we do not believe anything could be undertaken for which the inhabitants would so cheerfully be taxed to pay the expense.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*

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BETHLEHEM: A PILGRIMAGE.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

I have often thought, that, if we chose to put on our traveler's eyes at home, we should be surprised to find how much there is that is picturesque about us. In the curved, narrow streets of our native town, with its irregular rows of old houses, or in its serried brick blocks and smooth pavements, we might find the charms of a foreign city, if we only stopped to look, and were not hurrying along, full of our every-day concerns. In the crowded "main street" of our country towns are groups of wagons, horses tied and untied, marketers, shopping men and women, with some variety of color, and much busy activity, if we were only not too busy to look at them.

Yet, I acknowledge, all this motion and gayety and show, and change of color, fades quite away before the mere remembrance of a market-day in some Oriental town, even the smallest. If any one, with traveled or untraveled eyes, could be dropped suddenly in the midst of a fair at Tanta, in Egypt, or the market-place of Jaffa!

For it is not merely the gay, changing pictures which one sees, but the whole atmosphere is utterly different. * * * In the Arab street cries, there is something sharper than our wildest newsboy's shriek, with something, too, deeper and more guttural than one's ideal of the German language. The

gabbling and shouting is incessant; the yelling to the passers-by, and the warnings to keep out of the way.

Boys with live geese and turkeys gobbling under their arms; men with trays of bread or vegetables on their turbans; porters staggering under large skins distended with water; women with water-jars upon their heads, and one of their children over their shoulders; all these are warned by the incessant cries of "*Inshi! imshi!*" to keep out from under the feet of the horses, donkeys, and camels that are mixed up in the whirling mass of people. As I go along on my donkey, my way is stopped. I suddenly find my feet deep in a basket of cabbages belonging to a sweet old Turk, who is sitting calmly on his donkey, and smiles upon me benignly as I extricate myself from his saddle-bags and pass on, slinking into a doorway to avoid being knocked out of my saddle by the projecting load of a camel.

In this market-place of Jaffa, we do not wonder at Peter, that he pulled his skirts about him to avoid the noisome touch, and withdrew to the house top to dream, and have his vision, warning him that "God is no respecter of persons." Jaffa is reputed to be one of the oldest cities in the world, as well as the dirtiest; and old and dirty it must have been, even in Peter's day, beyond any other eastern city. * * * *

But Peter, perhaps, shrank from the West-

ern touch, with his Oriental notions, hearing for the first time some of the language beyond the sea, looking out over the wide water, and getting an idea suddenly of something larger than the narrow circle out of which he was awakening.

What the contrast is between this Eastern and our Western life, no one can fully know without plunging into it; and in Syria, as well as Egypt, it is a plunge into the Old World. From Jaffa forward, we found ourselves suddenly walking in the Bible atmosphere. We had seen Abraham and Isaac and Jacob moving about with their camels in Egypt,—even Noah doing mason's work, laying stones and cement; and in Syria, all the landscape came to help us with its scenery.

Such a lovely variety of scenery between the green plains of Sharon and the bare hills around the Dead Sea! and the difficulties of traveling enhance all the beauty we pass through; so different from hurried views from a railway car! I have time to see the several tulips that my mules tread under their feet,—yellow and red tulips, such as we watch over in our garden borders in spring.

Indeed, I wonder how I ever got out of Jaffa in my swaying palanquin. * * * It had a narrow seat with a straight back, shaped like a carriage for one, with square windows to let up and down on each side and in front. Instead of powdered footmen to bear it, I had two mules, one in front, and one behind. These were tethered to the palanquin by two long bearers, extending back and forward, and fastened to the beasts by ropes. I entered the thing through a door at the tail of the front mule, mounting by a chair kindly placed for the purpose.

We made our start from the door of the Russian convent, on a Jaffa street scarcely three feet wide, which wound up a hill steep as a flight of stairs, with an irregular pavement of stone. The rest of the party were mounting their Arab horses from doorsteps a little farther on. They, too, were having their struggles. The sorry beasts did not look like the ideal of "the Arab steed;" and they had a way of standing on their hind legs as you were getting into the saddle; and the saddle was a disappointment. You were to sit upon it the whole day; but you found the uneasy place in the first minute. All the Arab attendants were yelling and screaming; everybody felt he had got on the wrong horse, and most indeed had. There was a general dissatisfaction, as there always is in an Arab start. Everybody is talking, but nobody is talking to anybody. You ask questions, and nobody gives an answer to you,—perhaps to somebody else, who don't understand. Indeed, nobody understands.

All this is very charming in Egypt on the Nile, where there prevails such a delicious air of do-nothingness. It does not make any difference if you do not start on the hour punctually for your nice little donkey excursions. The hubbub and uncertainty of getting off is simply entertaining, and one of the delightful features. But in Syria you have your day's journey marked out before you; you must turn up at its end before six o'clock, or the gates of the city will be closed, and it would not be pleasant to be found out anywhere at sunset, with a few wild Bedouins straying around.

For myself, I was beginning to find that the luxury of the palanquin which had been appointed to me, on account of my dizziness from sea-sickness, was not that of fancied Oriental ease. I began to tip over fearfully on one side, and had to join my screams to those of all the rest for Hassan, our faithful dragoman. He came rushing to my rescue with cries of "Sitt! Sitt!" "The lady! the lady!" which roused my brigand-looking muleteers, who gave some fresh yanks to the ropes, that sent my palanquin as much over to the other side, and it was some time before it was brought up even. But only for a short moment. As the mules began to step up the uneven pavement of the street, I bobbed about, to one side and another, the umbrellas and canes of the party, which had been put in for convenience, tumbling over my knees. We came to an angle of the street; how did we get round it? My machine, with its bearers and its mules, was very long, and had no joints to bend, and the streets not more than three feet wide; yet we did round that corner. It was done by a great deal of shouting and yelling. The mules stamped and kicked up behind and in front, I held on to the sides of my car, and screamed now and then to Hassan. A few stray passers-by in the street helped yell, and so we managed it. In the same way, we got through the Jaffa gate, which presented the same difficulties, as we had to pass through the basement of a tower that formed a part of the wall, going through the gates at right angles. Some Turkish soldiers, lounging on divans in a corner of the tower, joined in with some strong Turkish language, and we came out into the Jaffa market place.

Here we saw boys carrying along basins of clotted milk, sipping of the same as they went; men and women eating sugar-cane, of which there were bundles leaning against the booths; we saw little donkeys laden with deep baskets full of Jaffa oranges; men, women, and children feeding on oranges; heaps of bananas: trays of vegetables of every sort; and all the usual crowd of

camels, donkeys, and horses. Through this we made our way, out into the narrow lanes, that led through orange gardens. Here we were hedged in by rows of cactuses; and on the other side stretched large fields of orange-trees, the wide orchards, miles long, of Jaffa oranges, all in fruit and flower. To eat a Jaffa orange is a new sensation. It is very large, almost the shape of a pine-apple, without seeds, a bag of juice.

By this time, we were getting on even ground. My palanquin moved more easily and smoothly. It still swayed more or less; I still had to cry to my faithful muleteers, to tighten up the harness of my mules, on one side or the other, and I should not recommend this method of traveling for its comfort. In my after experience, I found riding much easier, as it allows much more change of position and independence; for, in the palanquin, I found myself quite at the mercy of my two mules, and their guides. The guides were always faithful, to be sure; there was always one at the head of each mule. Even when one of them was eating his luncheon of oranges, and off duty, he appointed a boy on a donkey to his place, to watch the mule, and see when the ropes wanted tightening.

And this kind of traveling is worth trying. It is something to see one's shadow on the grass, sitting upright, in a sedan chair, with a mule in front, and a mule behind. And there is a kind of perpetual entertainment in being in the thing. And of a hot day, there is a convenience in being screened from the sun, without having to hold an umbrella. One has to sit very upright, and there is no possibility of changing one's position, or standing up; yet, with all its discomforts, I would not give up a ride to Jerusalem in a palanquin—for once.

These Eastern journeys are very solitary. Horses and mules are taught, by habit, to plod along, one after the other. Whoever has the fastest horse leads the way, and the one who has the slowest is left far behind, of whatever age or sex. It is useless to attempt any social talk, by bringing up side by side; neither horses nor guides understand it. I used to say over to myself, "In the something desert I ride, I ride, With the silent Bush-boy by my side." The donkey-boy or the muleteer plods along faithfully by you. You soon use up, in talk with him, your own Arabic and his English. You ask him the name of something, and he does not understand you; or you set him to picking flowers here and there. We used to have to teach every fresh guide how to pick flowers. When we pointed them out, they had a way of grabbing a whole bunch, and handing them to us, root foremost, very likely, as

they would give a handful of fodder to a donkey. We learned some of the Arabic words for the different colors, and could point out that "red thing" or "blue thing;" but it would generally end in their picking the wrong red thing. Yet they soon learned our desire for flowers, and the muleteers would bring great handfuls and plunge them into my lap.

How I wish I could give a picture of "Tabitha's Well," with its stone basin with edges wide enough for us to sit upon,—our first stopping-place, where we could exchange exclamations over the beautiful green plain, all flaming with bright flowers. For us, fresh from Egypt, there was something delightful merely in the wide extent of grass, which did not have to wait for the waters of the Nile to be brought to it, but got its greenness from real mountain streams, that come down like ours in New England. And in the rich grass were large scarlet anemones, and equally scarlet poppies, deep pink mallows, that are called the Rose of Sharon, with yellow buttercups and white daisies; blue flowers, unknown, some known; deep purple clover, and a rich gayety that drove us wild with delight. Along the grassy plain some workmen were opening a road, the only road in Syria, except that from Beirut to Damascus. They told us that the Sultan was building it for the Empress to go to Jerusalem upon. But she has not trodden it yet! Sometimes my palanquin swayed into it, but it was pleasanter to tread along on the grass, among the tulips and anemones.

(To be continued.)

THE TENDERNESS OF THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

When the child begins to walk, the mother looks upon the little creature standing balancing with one hand on the chair, and coaxes it away; and she does it by reaching her hands almost out to its hands. At last the child lets go of the chair, and runs toward her; and as it runs toward her, she steps a little back, and a little back, to tempt it on. But the mother's hand is not an inch removed from the child at any instant, so that if it falls she can catch it. And I think it is very much so with God's providence in the treatment of men. It is best that the child should learn to walk; it is best that he should be coaxed to make his best endeavors; but it is not best for the mother to be too far off, so that she cannot lift him up again if he falls. And it is best that we should be put upon walking ourselves, and upon taking care of ourselves to the uttermost; and yet, just at that point where our strength fails, there stands the divine providence.

God says, "The very hairs of your head are numbered. Do not suppose that I think you are so insignificant that I do not think of you. I think of you to the degree that I have numbered the very hairs of your head."

Here see sparrows, that are not worth a penny, and not one of them falls to the ground without God's notice. It makes no difference in the universe if there is one sparrow less; and yet not a sparrow falls to the ground that God does not notice it.

In the morning, when the little birds, almost fledged, are striving for their food, one of them is crowded out; one bird drops to the ground; and it is speedily devoured by the prowling cat. And we look on it and say: "Well, it is over; quick come and quicker gone!" But God says to every one of us, "Even so small a thing as that I recognize; I notice it; I observe it; and are ye not of more value than many sparrows?"

More than that, if you ask, "If God does abhor evil so, and does so much desire that which is good; and if He be infinite in power, how is it that so many evils befall us?" My reply is that I do not know that there are so many evils that befall us. For *ill that God blesses is good*. It is very true that our purposes fail; it is very true that those whom we would save from death die; and it is very true that many things in life which we are vehemently desirous of are not given to us. But God stands by us and says, "*All things (not good things, not bright things, but all things), work together for good to them that love God.*" They work together. You must take one with the other—the good with the bad; the present with the future, or with the past. And all of them, working together, complete, by-and-by, the circle. And when you come to look back upon your experience, taking in five years, or ten years of your past life, you will be able to say, at a little distance, "After all, it has been good for me that I have been afflicted."

This mode of dealing with men has made them humble; it has limited their worldly ranges; it has chastened them where they needed chastening most; it has often gone into the secret and innermost parts of their soul.

God sometimes makes a man's heart a threshing floor, where he threshes him in order that the chaff and the straw may be taken away, and that the wheat may be left. And every stroke carries blessing with it; for the wheat rattles out, and all that is worthless is thrown aside and perishes.

It is a matter, not of speculation, but of observation, that when men have been brought through trials and troubles, and they have held out to the uttermost, then God interferes

in their behalf. There is, I believe, a special divine providence; but it does not take care of the careless and the lazy. It takes care of people that take care of themselves. It operates at that point where men have taken hold and done the best that they knew how, and failed. Just there the help of God comes in, as where a little child strives to walk, and fails, the help of the mother comes in.

A man that never had any troubles, I was going to say, never had manhood. What clay is before it is baked, that, generally, men are before they have been baked. The potter takes the lump, and shapes it, and gets it into a beautiful form. It resembles the vase of antiquity; it is fair; but what is it worth? It is only wet clay. It is not until it has gone into the furnace and been burned; it is not until it has had pictures wrought upon it, and been glazed, and been put into the furnace again; it is not until it has gone into the fire three, four, five, six times, and been burnished by the hard steel tool of the workman, that it comes out, not only beautiful in look, but permanent in form, decorated, and with tints laid in upon it. And many persons can look back and see that the troubles which they have gone through have been God's fashioning or adorning hand—certainly God's *gracious* hand.—*H. W. Beecher, in the Christian Union.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE BLESSINGS OF PROTESTANTISM.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

In a late number of the *Intelligencer* I find an editorial headed, "Protestantism is a failure." As I dissent from this proposition, I ask the privilege of stating my reasons for thinking that Protestantism has been the means employed by Divine Providence to confer great blessings upon the human family, and that, notwithstanding its shortcomings in some respects, it is now immeasurably superior to any other form of Christianity.

The professors of the Christian religion are chiefly of three classes,—the Roman Catholics, the members of the Greek Church, and the Protestants. These latter, it is true, are divided into many sects; but all agree with Luther and his associates, in protesting against the corruption in doctrine and practice which is characteristic of the Papacy, and naturally springs from its enormous assumption of ecclesiastical power. The numerous sects among Protestants, regarded by the Roman Catholics as an evidence of unsoundness in the faith, are in fact the result of religious liberty; and, like the divisions among philosophers and statesmen, are the inseparable attendants of progress. The Roman Church, by asserting its infallibility

and claiming for its clergy the sole right to expound the Scriptures, endeavored, before the Reformation, to prevent religious inquiry, compelling all to accept its doctrines, and submit to its oppressive sway, under pain of excommunication, attended often by imprisonment, torture and death.

Since the Reformation, the same cruel measures have been pursued in Catholic countries, whenever the priests could prevail on the secular powers to sustain them in their unchristian proceedings.

As it is admitted that Christianity is not a failure, the assertion that Protestantism is a failure obviously implies that some other form of Christianity is superior to it. Now let me ask, where shall we find a people who have risen higher in all the elements of material prosperity, intellectual culture, and moral elevation, than the three great Protestant nations, Great Britain, Germany, and the United States? It is true that there are many Roman Catholics in all these nations, but the Protestants constitute the ruling class, and they only are the champions of civil and religious liberty.

Look at Spain, Portugal and Italy, oppressed and degraded for many centuries by a priesthood whose policy is to keep the people in ignorance, in order to govern and fleece them. These nations have recently been awakened from their lethargy by the spreading of Protestant ideas, and in proportion as the priests lose their influence, will the prosperity of the people be advanced.

It has been generally acknowledged, that the worst governed territory in Europe was that which embraced the city of Rome, and was, until recently, under the sway of the Pope and his Cardinals. It is a significant fact, that the people who had long been kept under control by French troops,—the protectors of the so-called Holy Father,—embraced the earliest opportunity to throw off the priestly government which they detested, and to welcome the excommunicated king, Victor Emanuel. It is very remarkable that in about a month after the Pope's infallibility was declared by the Council, he was stripped of his temporal power, by those who professed to be his spiritual children.

The recent appalling calamities of France are due, in a great measure, to priestcraft, which crushed out Protestantism by fire and sword, expelled the Huguenots, caused the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and, by a long course of bigotry and intolerance, induced thousands of thinking minds to renounce Christianity, while the uneducated peasantry remained under the control of the priests, and supported the measures of Louis Napoleon, which led to the war with Germany.

Some persons who witness the errors and

short comings of certain Protestant churches,—their love of show, their want of vitality, and the worldliness of their members,—are disposed to think there has been no progress since the Reformation; but these faults are found in a still greater degree in the Catholic and Greek churches.

It is not unusual for Protestants to expatiate on the self-sacrificing zeal of the Sisters of Charity and other religious orders among the Roman Catholics, and I freely admit that they are doing good service in the hospitals and prisons; but I maintain that Protestant women, in equal or greater numbers, are unostentatiously engaged in works of benevolence and humanity throughout our land; and at the same time fulfil their religious and social duties, as wives, mothers and sisters.

So far from being disheartened by the aspect of the times, I am encouraged by observing in the publications of the various Protestant churches in this country, an increasing liberality of sentiment, a diminished reliance upon the dogmas of theology, and a more earnest teaching of practical piety.

The term priest is not properly applicable to ministers in Protestant churches, and I believe none of them in this country claim it except the ritualists, or High-Church party in the Episcopal Church. The essential characteristic of a priest is, that he offers sacrifices on the altar, and professes to mediate between God and man. This power the Roman Catholic priests claim for themselves, maintaining that the host, or consecrated wafer, is to be adored as the real body and blood of Christ. The Protestant clergy, on the contrary, maintain that ministers are only the servants of their brethren, and authorized teachers of Christian truth.

There is, therefore, a vast difference in theory, and I believe also in practice, between the priests of Rome and the Protestant clergy. The whole system of the former is inimical to religious liberty, and no nation where they have the instruction of the people exclusively in their hands, can maintain a republican government.

Look at Mexico, and the South American States, where the attempt to establish and maintain republican government has so often been thwarted by the influence of the Catholic priests, and where anarchy has so often led to despotism.

In consideration of the blessings we enjoy, let us prize our privileges. For my part, I feel that I cannot be too thankful that I was born in a Protestant country, where civil and religious liberty are enjoyed to a degree unparalleled in the history of man.

FORM is good, but not formality.—Penn.

AS THE STARS FOR MULTITUDE.

"As the stars for multitude," is a very ancient formula for a vast host. As to the Chaldean of old so to us still there is the unvarying suggestion from the celestial dome at night that the stars are without number. The impression is natural, almost necessary, though in fact only an illusion of the sense of sight. The stars are like so much sparkling dust strewn across the skies with a confusion which utterly confounds the mind in counting the host.

There are no natural boundaries or lines in the blue expanse to fix a beginning or an end of counting, or to help the eye; and, as all our ideas of size or quantity, or of number, must start from something definite with which to make comparison, the star-gazer is soon lost in bewilderment, until what is only a maze may easily seem to be infinite. In face of the strong impression thus fastened upon the mind, it seems almost ludicrous to say that 3000 stars is probably an over-estimate of what most people can see, with the naked eye, in the half of the heavens which is visible at any one time in a clear night. A little haze or the presence of moonlight will extinguish more than half of even these. Three thousand soldiers at parade, three thousand houses in a city, three thousand trees in a grove, three thousand islands in the sea, are within quite easy grasp of thought; yet so feeble are our powers that when our bodily senses travel away from the measurement of earth, and when they fail us in exactness and definition, even if it be low down on the scale of numbers, there infinity begins for us. The measureless empyrean closes in upon us with its mystery, yet more of a mystery because of the twinkling points that bestrew it.

The stars which are visible to the eye alone are called lucid. Sirius of all the nightly train shines peerless, but with it are some twenty named, of the first magnitude; so ranked, not from any knowledge of their size, but only for their surpassing brightness. Diminished to one two-hundredth of the brightness of Sirius, or about one-hundredth of the brightness of the other first magnitude stars, are those which are ranked in the sixth magnitude; and these mark the vanishing point of the unassisted eyesight. Beyond that the telescope traces the feebler shining orbs down to the sixteenth magnitude and below. This division into magnitudes, according to relative brightness, is only an artificial arrangement, determined by delicate instruments, and is more a matter of convenience than any addition to our astronomical knowledge.

If the naked eye is deceived as to the true count of the stars within its reach to see, the

telescope gives us to know that our idea of the heavenly host is nevertheless correct. The ordinary estimates figure up 20,000,000 of telescopic stars. Some say 70,000,000 or 80,000,000, and even more. Of these 354,000 is the largest number catalogued, with positions defined; as for the rest, they still defy the patience of human counting, and can only be estimated as one might the sands on a sea-beach. Gemini is to the northeast of Orion, and the two principal stars are not hard to find in this fraction of the heavens as enlarged by the telescope. What a blaze of splendor! and this only in a minute fraction of the whole heavens! Amazing as such a revelation of glory may seem, we must still allow our wonderment a margin for increase, since thus far the astronomers have only succeeded in proving that the more powerful instruments they construct, the more stars come to light, and no creature may yet dare to guess a limit.

Of the 20,000,000 ciphered by Herschel, about 18,000,000 lie in the track of the Milky Way. This we all know as apparently a long, irregular ribbon of diffused light spanning the heavens. Its milky aspect is due to the enormous aggregation of telescopic stars whose blended light makes this impression on our eyes. It is a favorite theory of many astronomers that the faintest stars are dim because of their greater distance, and as the great mass of faint stars are found in this belt, and few elsewhere in comparison, it is a natural conclusion that the longest diameter of our sidereal system is in the direction of the Milky Way. Our system is not spread out equally in every direction as if its general outlines were globular, but astronomers compare it to a flattened disk; and, supposing we are somewhere near the centre of this disk, as we look through it, it appears like a belt of stars.

The reasoning which takes for granted that the faintest stars are the most remote, is, however, not very strong, since there are so many other circumstances which might cause stars to differ in glory, circumstances entitled to equal weight with distance. The fixed stars are suns ever burning at a white heat, and it is not at all likely that they are equal in the light they emit. Some may be much more nearly burned out than others. Exceeding little is it that we know of their elemental substances, and the kind of matter which is incandescent may make a great difference in the character of the light. Size, again, is a consideration of great importance, and there is every reason for supposing that the sizes are very various. Through every part of God's works, as far as we become conversant with them, infinite variety is a

marked law; and there is more probability that this law holds through the universe, as to size, substance, and brightness of burning, than that the faintest stars are as a rule the farthest off.

Many of the stars are known to be variable in their shining, a number of them with definite periods of increase and decrease. *Mira*, in the *Whale*, looms up for a fortnight as a star of the first or second magnitude, and then it grows dim till it has vanished from sight; but after 331 days it is again in its place, in all its glory. Other stars have flashed out for a short life of great brilliance and have passed away. In the year 1572, a new star took its place in Cassiopeia, to the "unspeakable astonishment" of Tycho Brahe. It rivalled Jupiter in brightness, and could be seen at mid-day, but in seventeen months it was gone. Another bright stranger paid a short visit to the *Northern Crown* in 1866. In *Argus* is a star of great interest for the wonderfully rapid alternations of brightness through which it has been passing for these many years.

All such phenomena which baffle explanation serve only to enlarge the proportions of our ignorance, while they increase our wonder. About the mass of stars the astronomer knows no more absolutely than the little child. A certain few of them are subject to changes of position or brightness, which he watches with the utmost enthusiasm to find in them the key which is to unlock the mystery of the whole. Instead of being mere eccentricities and side-matters in astronomy, these changes contain the clues and afford the only possible hope of some day constructing a proper science of the stars; yet thus far they serve but little purpose, save to enlarge our conception of the things that remain to be revealed.—*The Christian Weekly*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

PRAIRIE GROVE QUARTERLY MEETING.

We who are remotely situated from the body of Society, read with deep interest the published accounts of the seasons of Divine favor experienced, as in the late Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia; so perchance there may be those who will welcome a brief allusion to our quarterly solemnity west of the great Mississippi. We feel the deprivation of Yearly Meetings, and our Sixth and Ninth month Quarterly Meetings being occasions which draw Friends together from considerable distances, are looked to with interest. On the present occasion we were peculiarly favored. Railroad facilities have increased in Iowa, and by this means some can reach us who otherwise might not. All our meetings

were represented, and the spirit of Christian love was felt eminently to prevail. We were favored with the acceptable presence of several dear Friends from other places, some of whom were baptized into the state of the meeting, and favored in an eminent manner to comfort the discouraged and the mourners in Zion. But for a trial pending in Nebraska, in which the life of an Indian was at stake, our dear friend S. M. Janney would probably have been here. From the opening of the meeting of ministers and elders on Seventh-day, until the close of the meeting for discipline on Second-day, there seemed to be no abatement of interest. Near the close of the meeting the shutters were opened, and a letter to all our subordinate meetings and to Friends in remote settlements, and to all bearing the name of Friends, was produced by a committee and read and united with. The meeting was baptized into a precious feeling of religious concern and sympathy for the welfare and spiritual life of its members; that old prejudices might be buried, and our beloved Society go forward in the good work of Christian reformation; banded together in the unity of the Spirit of Christ, which embraces all who are taught of the Lord. After a season of solemn silence, followed by vocal supplication, in which it was expressed that "the very windows of heaven had been opened," the meeting closed. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people." J. A. D.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 6th mo. 16, 1871.



FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Dost thou ever think of our little meeting? It is now four score years since its commencement, never large, but considerably larger once than now. It is the only one that survives out of four preparative, and three indulged meetings that composed the Monthly Meeting when I first remember its sittings. It is held as from its establishment, twice in the week, the mid-week held almost entirely in silence, and occasionally a few not members attend on Fifth days. There are some sincere seekers after a religion that has more vitality than is commonly found among the popular orders, and as there is no other meeting in our village, it frequently happens that those who come to the place to visit their friends, drop into our meetings. Many of these seem like sober, solid, right-minded people. One such, a young wife and mother, who remained here some weeks, really became en-

amored of Quakerism, claiming that if her residence was in the neighborhood of a Friends' Meeting she would certainly become a member. I think there are many such scattered over our widely extended country. She received gladly such books as we could furnish from our collection, which we call a library. It belongs to the Monthly Meeting, and is under the care of a committee. We would like to make some additions from time to time as way may open. Perhaps some of you might furnish us with a catalogue of low priced books, from which a selection might be made.

It would indeed be pleasant could we meet and mingle more frequently with each other; look on each other's faces, and hear each other's voices; but that cannot be. I should undoubtedly be very unhappy should I attempt a permanent residence in a city, and our city Friends would be equally unhappy in a mountain home. Perhaps I represent as fully as most the youthful poet's ambition:

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose fields with bread, whose herds with milk,
Whose flock supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

But I should not be quite so willing to adopt the following:

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

May we not rationally look forward to a time when religion may and will be better understood than it is now—when its nature and character will be better comprehended, when those loathsome ceremonies will be abandoned and done away with, as has been the case with the still more objectionable sacrifices and burnt offerings under the Jewish code? Our form of worship is doubtless the most simple and consistent of any of the sects, and yet I am given to believe there is room for very much more improvement among us, could we but divest ourselves of a dependence on each other, and turn from looking toward the preachers for vocal utterances, and could we as a people more fully realize the omnipresence of the Great Father, that He is as really and truly with us at one time as at another, and that worship is not an act but a state, a condition of the mind.

I feel it to be quite complimentary that my communication was considered worthy the attention of the editors; and although the letters I have addressed to thee have always

been written to thee, and for thee, yet I recognize thy privilege to bring them into thy service in any way thou thinkest would be useful. I have never been able to place much value on what I write, and I have felt that some of my letters were treated with a degree of courtesy and respect, as undeserved as it was unexpected, in portions of them being placed among the "Scraps."

I have near sympathy with the editors in their interesting, laborious, and responsible engagement, and believe you are doing a great amount of good. At no period since the commencement of its publication, has it, in my view, possessed higher merits as a paper for Friends and others, than at present.

Some little time back, a year or two, I sent a few numbers, in reply to an inquiry about Friends, to a valued correspondent and former student at Terre Haute, Indiana. He was for many years Chief Engineer for the State of Indiana, constructed the Wabash and Erie canal, and several other works of importance. He is not a member of Friends' Society. Yesterday I received a letter from him in which he says:

"*Friends' Intelligencer* is a welcome weekly messenger, that I read with much pleasure, and I trust with some benefit. I wish the *Intelligencer* could be furnished to every family that would read it. There is not as much interest taken in its circulation as ought to be by Friends. The great principles so long maintained by true Friends, are, I think, constantly gaining ground, and must eventually prevail amongst religious people. Of course, those devoted to pleasure and fashion will be slow to adopt a system so opposed to what they conceive the highest earthly enjoyment."

My interest in our beloved Society, and in Society concerns—that is, those living concerns, and fundamental principles of which all our noble testimonies are the outgrowth—was never greater than at present; and never, do I believe, was there a time when greater need existed of humble, faithful, devoted laborers for the building up of the waste places of our Zion.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 1, 1871.

MARRIED.

WEST—SMALL.—On the 15th ult., by Friends' ceremony, Edwin West to Emma Small, both of this city.

DIED.

ROGERS.—At Manhasset, Long Island, on the 12th of Sixth month, 1871, Sarah W. Rogers, widow of the late Morris M. Rogers, M. D., in the 86th year of her age; a member of Westbury Month-

ly Meeting. So faithful was this dear Friend to the unerring Monitor within, that she appeared strangely free from the temptations and weaknesses of humanity. Her long life was characterized by those quiet excellencies which spring from a kindly affectionate and pure heart. She enjoyed life rationally; had strong attachments to it, yet willingly obeyed the summons, when it came, to go up higher.

TITUS.—In Brooklyn, on the 8th of First month, 1871, Sarah R., widow of the late Peter Titus, in the 80th year of her age; an elder of the Monthly Meeting of New York.

A Circular Meeting is to be held at Concord, Pa., on First-day, Seventh mo. 2d, at 3 o'clock, P.M.

SUMMARY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES, as held by Friends.—A new edition of this valuable little work is about to be issued by Friends' Publication Association, at the following rates, for gratuitous distribution: In paper covers, \$40 per thousand; flexible covers, \$90 per thousand. Friends desiring them are solicited to forward their subscriptions to the Treasurer.

Benjamin E. Hopkins, Cincinnati, Ohio, has been appointed an agent of Friends' Publication Association, and will keep an assortment of its publications for sale and distribution.

Friends are requested to forward any corrections in list of meetings, &c., or any other information that will be useful to Friends, and thought desirable to have in the Almanac for 1872, as early as practicable to Jos. M. TRUMAN, JR., Treasurer, 717 Willow St., Philada.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

This is a most wonderful valley; mountains, many of them snow-clad throughout the year, surround it on every side. The melting of the snow feeds constant fresh water streams that are conducted through the city. There are two streams in most streets, and the water is turned into the yards and gardens, where fruit trees and vegetables grow luxuriantly. Thousands of acres along the Salt Lake City Railroad, and many through Wheeler and Echo Canons, are fertilized in the same way.

South of this place some twenty miles, is Utah Lake of fresh water, of which the outlet is Jordan River, a stream perhaps thirty yards wide, which flows into Salt Lake, about twenty miles from the city.

We took a carriage yesterday and drove there, and standing on the southern shore looking north, nothing is seen but the blue water and sky. On the right and left are mountains, with two mountain islands in the midst of the lake. All the mountains we have crossed are nearly bare of timber, and many seem made of a conglomerate rock, of different degrees of durability, taking on many strange, wild shapes, that without much stretch of the imagination can be made into pulpits, churches, towers, witches, sentinels, &c. The mountains round and in the lake are of this character.

The water is so salt, we are told, that one gallon will make a quart of salt, and for clearness, the streams of the White Mountains do not excel. The beautiful Saco does not look more pure. Large deposits of salt are found when the water recedes, in the latter part of the season. Hanging to the rocks we found a salt formation resembling icicles, beautiful and white. Previous to the growth of vegetation here, the Hon. Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, told me yesterday, there were no rains, and now they seldom fall, but the Lake is rising, and one of the Mormon Councillors told me that the water is eleven feet higher now than when they first located there. On the sides of the mountains are two distinct benches, one above the other, that were supposed to be the level in former times. The strata of rock varies in inclination from an angle of 45° to perpendicular.

A large spring issues from the foot of the mountain on the north, that I would suppose ran a barrel of water a second, with a disagreeable sulphurous odor, and a temperature of 127°. It is very clear and slightly greenish, full of a mossy-looking growth.

Salt Lake City is on one side of the mountains, and Salt Lake is across a level barren plain of near twenty miles, covered with sage brush, cactus, and a few herbs and some grass, and the lowest places with a white deposit. Not a tree grows on this plain to shield us from the sun, that burns fiercely in the middle of the day. The mornings and evenings are delightfully cool.

In the different canons that fall into this valley, are mines of silver and lead mixed, now being worked by different companies.

6th mo. 11th, 1871.

THE HEALTH OF OUR WOMEN.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

There is a great outcry in the land, every now and then, about the way in which our women are killing themselves off with hard work. There is, no doubt, much occasion for this. No one can go into the families or the audiences of our Northern, and especially our North-eastern States, without seeing scores of women whose care-worn looks, and pale faces, and prematurely gray hairs, tell of excessive toil and broken health.

Many causes have been blamed for this, and principally the lack of efficient servants, and the thoughtlessness of husbands. The former item is a serious difficulty in our domestic economy, and one largely agitated; but we will not enter upon it here. As to the latter item there is no doubt but that there are many husbands who do not concern themselves, as we are told, half so intelli-

gently about securing the best conditions for their wives and children as they do for their stock. Perhaps if this be true they are no more thoughtless than the wife herself. But even when they are thoughtful, the remedy is not always within their power. I know one husband who is so grieved at this literal using up of his wife by her toils and cares, which he has neither the time nor the money to remedy, that he sometimes tells her in his desperation that he wishes she never had married. I believe she never agrees with him in wishing so too, but I have reason to suppose that his feeling is prompted by the true spirit of thoughtful and devoted love.

Some there are who lay aside their lofty prejudices against "women's work," and help their women folk as freely as the latter would help them about anything when within their power to do so. Why this should not always be the case, I am at a loss to see. I cannot tell why it should be any more degrading, even for a man of culture, to make fires, sweep the parlor carpet, do the washing or cooking, or even wash dishes, than it is for his cultured wife to do the same things; nor why it is not just as honorable for him to help her thus about any work for which his nerve and muscle is more adequate, as it is for her to indite his letters and attend to his business in his absence, or illness, or to read Latin and Greek to him if his eyes should fail him in time of need. The prejudices of this kind under which we have been laboring are far more worthy of our aboriginal predecessors, who looked with lofty scorn on "squaw's work," putting everything upon her, excepting when they chose to hunt, or fish, or fight. I believe matters are improving in this direction. I think of a family at this moment whose early prejudices against any such work were very strong, but who now get a breakfast as neatly, and wait upon the temporarily disabled wife and mother as deftly as any woman. The acme of attainment in this direction is that when all men and women, allowed to follow the pursuits for which they find themselves best adapted, those shall be considered the most accomplished lords and ladies of creation who shall be able most readily to adapt themselves to the circumstances in which they may be placed, and *do* what is needed.

But setting aside all attempts to blame, exonerate or defend the men in this matter, let us first inquire what women can do to help themselves; for we find such a practical ignoring of supposed male responsibilities, as strongly suggests the idea that there is some responsibility elsewhere. It is not enough in any case that women work like slaves to help their husbands, and kill themselves in doing

it. Woman's duty to herself, and her God, and her children, cannot be ignored if she would even help her husband to the best advantage, as many a wife broken down with hard work comes at last to realize. Perhaps she makes the very best amends she can for her mistake by working silently and doggedly to the very last, but too often, with all her silently-borne pain, she has the yet more bitter pang of feeling that her chronic invalidism is dragging down the man she has been trying to help, with the triple burden of a suffering wife, a cheerless home, and a growing doctor's bill.

These are terrible things even to talk about, and I fancy I see the sad, hopeless eyes of too many women drearily questioning my words; and the clouded brows of half-despairing men lifted a moment, as if to ask if there be any hope. Ah, how true it is that often only when it is too late do men and women begin to think about such things!

Now, I do not mean to intimate that all women are working too hard. There are many wives and mothers who have little enough to do, and do not half accomplish that. And a still larger proportion of young unmarried women scarcely make a pretense of regular work. They are, I believe, as Mrs. Stowe says, "our only aristocracy, privileged to live in idleness." I am not talking to them, nor about them at present, but to and about the much larger and worthier class that are ambitious of doing their part in this work-a-day world. These are found in nearly all grades of society, high and low, rich and poor, but mostly in the families of farmers, mechanics, and professional men, with moderate incomes. I know many such, and it is my sympathy with them and their sufferings that has led me to discuss these questions, and inquire if there is any remedy for the present state of things.

I think that many of these women are piqued into attempting more work than they can safely accomplish, by injudiciously comparing themselves with their husbands. The latter do the work that brings in the money and that looks large. The woman's department is guilty of consuming much of it, and that looks greedy and wasteful, and the man often does not realize where it all goes to. He thinks, and perhaps says, that if his household expenses were less, he could launch out "and do so and so." He forgets that here is where he gets his own ability to do, his muscle and strength to work with. . . .

. . . . I fancy our greatest mistake is in comparing our labor with his in *kind*. Our work is not like men's work. They know what a day's work is, and commonly tax themselves accordingly,—we do neither, part-

ly because our work is no two days alike, and partly because we are much more liable to interruptions either by visitors or by children. They set about their day's work coolly, and stop when they have finished it,—we set about ours intently, strain every nerve and muscle to get one job done, and keep the brain busy meanwhile about what must be done next. When a woman goes through the morning and middle of the day in this sort of tearing style, she is used up, fit for nothing; while if she had gone on coolly and deliberately she would have accomplished much more in the course of the day, or certainly in a succession of days. This is especially hard on the nerves. It is not an easy matter to correct the habit of working in this style. Frequent reminding one's self will do much, but if with or without that, we find ourselves growing tired, we should sit down and rest at once, half an hour perhaps, no matter what is doing; and then resume our work more deliberately. This will not be easy, and there will be times when it will seem impossible, but if we are resolute it can be done much oftener than we will at first suppose. This is far better than to work on till we get through and then rest, for by that time we are often too tired to rest well at all. It is not hurtful to become moderately tired, but there is a point beyond which the exhaustion of both nervous and muscular force brings serious injury, and about this we must judge for ourselves, or at least not allow the demands of others for our work to warp our judgment.

By six or seven o'clock at the latest we should absolutely lay aside all work in which we feel any special interest. Reading, knitting, anything that we can do or not with indifference, are the only pursuits we should allow ourselves. We would even do well to imitate the absolute repose of the husband and brother, though the putting the children to bed, the closing of the house and the premonitions of to-morrow's baking or washing will often prevent our doing that very fully. The wearied brain must rest, and the socialities and amenities of the evening family circle will prove its very best unbending.

Then be sure to retire early. Dio Lewis says that he has found this rule absolutely indispensable in his school for young ladies. Many a maid and matron has robbed herself of early bloom, and grown thin and worn for lack of an hour or two more of sleep before midnight. Some take this time to read after the children and husband have retired, saying it is "all the time they can get." Others think it necessary to devote these hours to their sewing. I know one dear good woman

who always will insist on sitting up to finish off any garment nearly done; and dearly enough has she paid for this "sin of finishing off," as her family facetiously call it. But if time must be taken from sleep for such purposes, it is better to take it in the morning. Such a change of hours should be made gradually, but when made it pays well.

Nine o'clock is a good hour for all hard-working women to go to bed, but if we grow sleepy go earlier. Above all things we should not allow ourselves to nod or doze before retiring. Of all forlorn moments in one's life, I know of none so utterly desolate as that which comes to the person who must "wake up and go to bed." Besides, an imperfect night's rest often follows such indulgence, and the subject rises already weary before commencing the work of the day. A nap in the middle of the day, if it be not too long, will be of decided benefit to the tired woman. The great difficulty is that it should not be taken soon after dinner, and before dinner we are apt to be busy.

But whatever we do, we must be reasonable, use common sense, and understand ourselves.—*Home and Health.*

FOR THE GIRLS.

I suppose you really love those rough, teasing brothers of yours, but don't you think you might show it a little more pleasantly? I can tell you I know all about boys. I was brought up in a house full of them. I have enough in my own house this very minute to keep things from getting stupid. I know just how rough and noisy and heedless they are; how they forget to wipe their feet on muddy days, throw their caps and scarfs on the floor, and leave their books in the queerest places, to be hunted up in the last minute before school time. I know how they whittle on the carpets, paste kites on the chair seats, daub the table covers with paint, and spill mucilage on the bed and bureau. I know how they come in with a whoop, and clatter up stairs like so many fire-engines, the moment the baby goes to sleep; and how they are always leaving the doors open, and cutting and burning and blowing themselves up. But for all that, we could not spare them from our homes very well, could we? And isn't there something wrong in the family when sisters can call their brothers "nuisances?" Yes, that's the very word she used, and I've remembered it these half dozen years; for the speaker was a pretty, delicate girl, and I was a good deal astonished to hear her say:

"A boy in a family of girls is a perfect nuisance."

The "nuisance" came home from school

presently, a hearty, good-natured-looking boy of eleven or twelve, whistling "Kingdom Coming," with all his spare breath. He stopped suddenly as he saw me, and came forward awkwardly enough, to speak to me, for he was evidently unaccustomed to meeting company. Unfortunately, his foot came in contact with his elder sister's dress, soiling it slightly.

"You clumsy thing!" was the impatient exclamation; "you ought to be kept in a cage."

I looked from the crimson face of the "nuisance," and tried to fancy how sweetly that sister would have assured an older gentleman that it was of no consequence at all, and was entirely her own fault for taking up so much room. In an arm-chair one of the younger sisters was curled up, examining with great interest a new magazine. An exclamation of delight brought her brother to her side, and he was soon absorbed in the engravings, looking over her shoulder.

"Wait just a second," he begged, as she was turning a page.

"Oh, you always want to see something," said the sister, fretfully; "I hate to have any one look over my shoulder."

So it was, from morning to night. There was not a place in that house, so far as I could see, where the boy was wanted, or a person who wanted him; and I wondered if the dear, dead mother knew how it was, and whether it would not make her heart ache, even in heaven, to see it. If the sisters walked, or rode, or sang, or played croquet, no one ever said, "Come Johnny." And I really suppose they thought he did not care for their laughing and teasing and snubbing, just because he was a boy, and was too brave to show that he did care. I found out another thing, too, and that was that the "nuisance" was very convenient when the pony was to be harnessed, the pitcher to be filled with cool water, a big bundle to be carried down town, or a disagreeable errand to be done; yet I never heard any one say:

"Thank you, Johnny; it was kind in you to take the trouble."

No doubt he would have stared if they had said so; but I think it would have helped him to remember to be polite himself.

"Why didn't you thank that boy for bringing your hat?" I asked of a pleasant little girl.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's our Tom!" as if that were reason enough for not being polite to him.

* * * * *

These brothers of yours will not always say when you hurt them by unkind, careless words, but they feel it all the same, and it hurts in another way, by gradually chilling

their love for you, and making them hard-hearted and careless of the comfort of others.

I tell you, girls, you cannot afford to lose your brothers in this way. You need them, and they need you. Many a boy has gone into bad company, and yielded to evil, degrading influences, simply because there was no stronger, purer influence at home to draw him away from it, and lift him above it. Make your brothers your companions and friends, and never be afraid or ashamed to show your love for them—*Little Corporal*.

From The Leisure Hour.

A LEISURE HOUR AT CREWE.

BY THE JOURNEYMAN ENGINEER.

(Conclude*d* from page 269.)

If you mingle with the crowds of workmen as they pass through the streets your ear tells you that they are gathered from all parts of the country, but upon the whole there is a noticeable predominance of the Lancashire dialect, and looking at the speakers of this tongue, you find that they are worthy of their country, that physically they—as Hugh Miller expressed it when speaking of Lancashire men—loom large in the forefront of humanity. But while the *physique* of the "Lancashire lads" is specially noticeable, the whole of the workmen are, taken as a body, fine stalwart men, of a type calculated to gladden the heart of muscular Christians. They are large-boned, large limbed, broad-shouldered fellows, the muscles of whose brawny arms you can see, even though they have now their coats on, are strong as iron bands. At the moment at which we are "taking stock" of them their brows are not wet with sweat, but you can see that during working hours they have been, while most of their faces are like the tan, and many of them indeed a good deal blacker than the tan. The clothes of the majority of them, too, are black and greasy to such a degree that the sight thereof must be sufficient to give a sympathetic sensation of arm ache to those who have to wash them. Two or three hours later, however, there will be a metamorphosis in the outward appearance of the men. Then they will be beginning to come out washed, and "cleaned-up." The elderly and middle-aged will be mostly clad in plain, dark cloth suits. The younger men being naturally more disposed to be smart, will appear more or less "fashionably attired," according as their individual means allow, or tastes dispose them. While mingling with the variety of ordinary dress will be seen cricketer suits and volunteer uniforms, for the "hands" organize such things as bands and cricket clubs, and in conjunction with the managers of the workshops, have raised from among themselves a volun-

teer rifle corps. On Monday morning there is another change in the dress of the men. The clean working clothes are put on, and very bright and fresh the wearers look as they stream into the shops in their white "duck" jackets and over-alls, or clean mole-skins or cords.

The London and North-Western Company, or as those connected with it more briefly style it, "the Company," is all powerful in Crewe, practically, in fact, as we have already pointed out, it *is* Crewe. By consequence, the social welfare of its *employees* is, to a great extent, dependent upon it, and it has always dealt by its "hands" in a liberal and parental spirit. When it first commenced its workshops it built streets and blocks of commodious cottages for the workmen. As year after year the works increased in size, private speculators came forward to join in the work of providing additional house room, and building societies were started, by means of which some of the workmen came into possession of houses of their own. But still the Company's houses form a large proportion of the town, and are among the most comfortable and convenient dwellings. The Company makes gas for the whole of the town as well as for its own workshops and station, and it has erected public baths and wash-houses. It has founded and endowed a church, and subscribed towards the erection of various dissenting places of worship. It has built schools for the education of the children. It takes the sons of the workmen as apprentices without premiums, and, with a view to providing employment for their daughters, has induced the great clothing contractors who make the uniforms of its guards, porters, etc., to establish a sewing-machine factory in the town. It gives an annual excursion to its "hands" and their wives and families, and it has founded and is a liberal subscriber to a mechanics' institution, which affords means of mental culture or innocent amusement to all who choose to avail themselves of them. Its care for its servants is, perhaps, however, most strikingly exemplified by two institutions which it has established, in the shape of workmen's cooking and dining-rooms, and a lodging for drivers and firemen, who, having their homes in other towns, arrive in Crewe in the night and have to stay in it till the following morning. Like all such matters which the Company takes in hand, these are on a thoroughly complete and systematic scale. The dining-rooms—there are two of them, a large and a small one—are for the use of those about the works who may bring their breakfast or dinner (or both) with them. The large room affords accommodation for 397, and the smaller one for 63. The large building is a two-story one, and is

provided with a lift, and both have ranges of steam heated ovens, and are attended to by men cooks. Breakfast is a very simple affair, consisting generally of plain bread and butter and coffee. Dinner is the great culinary event of the day. When the meal is such as requires cooking or warming, each man on bringing it places it in one of a row of tin dishes laid out on the tables, and, having put a numbered ticket upon it, leaves it. There are, of course, a variety of such viands as eggs and bacon, liver and bacon, sausages, and beef-steak puddings, all with potatoes. But chops or steaks, with sliced potatoes, and a sprinkling of cut onions, is the predominating dish. At one o'clock the diners are served up, hot and nicely cooked, and the punctuality and efficiency with which this is done speaks volumes for the ability and attentiveness of the cook. Those who use the dining-room come rushing in hungry from the labors of the day: and to see them fall to would, to some people, be a "caution." The meals run large as to quantity, and any persons having the fear of indigestion before their eyes would probably consider them heavy in quality. But with these workmen good digestion waits on appetite; they eat with a present gusto pleasant to see, and have no dread of future ill consequences.

The drivers' lodging contains forty-two beds, placed in airy, well-ventilated bed-rooms, while on the ground floor of the building are lavatories fitted up with every convenience, and a large, well-lighted, well-warmed general sitting room. How great a boon this lodging is to those for whom it is provided only the men themselves can fully realize. They have generally come long journeys, and been on the foot-plate for hours; and in the winter season often arrive cold and wet, as well as tired and sleepy, and to men in this condition, away from their own homes, and only requiring temporary accommodation, the value of such a lodging-house, with its bright fires and clean comfortable beds always ready, may be conceived.

Most people who have travelled much will be aware that the Crewe station is a very large one. It gives employment to a numerous staff of porters, and these with their wives go to swell the population of the town, which numbers about 20,000 inhabitants. The town, however, extends over a greater area than many with much larger populations, as it is built in an open, healthy, roomy style. Many of the workmen's cottages have gardens attached to them, and on various sides of the town are pleasant rural walks of which the "hands" avail themselves, so that as regards their health the artisans of Crewe are very favorably situated.

In the mouth of "the trade" (the locomotive engineering trade) Crewe is as familiar as household words. In addition to the thousands always engaged in its workshops, there are tens of thousands who have worked in them at some time, while all know it by reputation. Scarcely a day passes on which men tramping in search of employment do not visit Crewe, and though they may not always succeed in obtaining work, they are almost certain to find some old mate among the workmen from whom they will receive a kindly welcome, and if the circumstances of the case call for it, something more, for in this matter brotherly love abounds among working men.

Outside of trade circles Crewe is also widely known. It is one of the most interesting of our "industrial hives," the greatest thing of its kind in the world. It is a striking example of what a great English Company can do, and the country at large, as well as the Company in particular, has reason to be proud of it.

WE are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy. — *Colton.*

SONNET.

BY H. I. SPENCER, ST. JOHN, N. E.

'Tis not for us the limit to define
Of power supreme, of Heaven's all-pitying love.
We trust that both are ample, and decline
The thought that mercy pleads in vain above.
To hide their own shortcomings, men condemn
The failures of their fellows; but we know
The sternest formalists have fallen as low
As those who once no pity drew from love.
In blessings known, the symbol we beheld
Of greater blessings which are yet to be,
And, undeserved, to us so they unfold
Heaven's perfect love and boundless charity,—
Love, that points out the straight and narrow way;
And charity that pardons when unwittingly we
stray.

— *Old and New.*

THE NEAREST DUTY.

BY M. C. SMITH.

I sought to do some mighty act of good
That I might prove how well my soul had striven.
I waited, and the minutes, hours passed,
Yet bore no incense of my deed to heaven.
Sad, without hope, I watched the falling rain;
One drop alone could not refresh the tree,
But drop on drop, till from its deepest root
The giant oak drank life and liberty.
Refreshed, like Nature, I arose to try,
And do the duty which should nearest lie;
And ere I knew my work was half begun,
The noble deed I sought in vain was done.

SACRED SILENCE.

The following beautiful poem was recited in the sign language, by Annie Szymanoskin, at the recent exhibition at the Deaf and Dumb College in Washington :

Never with blasts of trumpets,
And the chariot wheels of fame,
Do the servants and sons of the Highest
His oracles proclaim;
And when grandest truths are uttered,
And when holiest depths are stirred,
When our God Himself draws nearest,
The still, small voice is heard.

He has sealed with His own silence
His years that come and go,
Bringing still their mighty measures
Of glory and of woe.

Have you heard one note of triumph
Proclaim their course begun?
One voice of bell give tidings
When their ministry was done?

Unheralded and unheeded
His revelations come,
His prophets before their scorers,
Stand resolute and dumb!
But a thousand years of silence
And the world falls to adore,
And kiss the feet of martyrs
It crucified before?

Shall I have a part in the labor,
In the silence and the might
Of the plans divine, eternal,
That He opens to my sight?
In the strength and the inspiration
That His crowned and chosen know?
Oh! well might my darkest sorrow
Into song of triumph flow.

I hear in this sacred stillness
The fall of angelic feet.
I feel white hands on my forehead,
With a benediction sweet:
No echo of worldly tumult
My beautiful vision mars:
The silence itself is music,
Like the silence of the stars!

REPRODUCTION OF CHARACTER.

One of the laws governing the world, from its most simple forms to its grandest organizations, is that which causes all life to reproduce itself according to its own nature. Through the entire vegetable and animal world this law reigns supreme and without exception. The farmer sows his various seeds, in the full certainty which an unvarying experience has given him, that the different crops which are to reward his efforts will be of the same kind as the seed he has so carefully selected. The tender graft, though of a different species from the plant that nourishes it, is true to its nature, and, refusing to become absorbed in the stronger growth, produces its distinctive flower or fruit in proportion to its vitality. It may die, but it will not merge its individuality in that of another. In the animal creation, each race preserves its identity, and only reproduces within its own limits.

This law, like many others that govern the material world, is equally potent in the world of mind, thought and character, though less perceived and acknowledged. There is no truth more certain than that, whatever be the nature of our passions, desires, tempers and feelings, they will be reproduced according to their distinctive character in those with whom we mingle, or who come in any way within the pale of our influence. The exemplification of this law is seen in the relation of parent and child. When we describe one nation as being simple, healthy, pure and virtuous, and another as corrupt, indolent, luxurious and passionate, we assert the law, that character continues to reproduce itself from one generation to another. Just as surely as the natural physical peculiarities of the parents descend to the child, are their moral traits for good or for evil also repeated afresh in their offspring; and if it be wrong to entail a hopeless and incurable disease upon posterity, how much worse is it to hand down the tendency to vice and crime, which may ruin and debase the character and life? If there is any external motive calculated to lead parents to improve their natures, to cultivate pure and virtuous habits, and to foster in their hearts the spirit of truth and honor, justice and love, it should be the consideration that they are inevitably planting the germs of the future character of their children, and that what they now sow not they alone shall reap, but those also who will surely follow in their footsteps. The variations that are seen in every family form no argument against the stability of this law. They are easily accounted for by the blending of the different traits of both parents, but not less assuredly is every quality in each reproduced, though its form may not be recognized.

This influence is not merely hereditary; it extends to every relation we hold to society, and emanates from every thought, word and act. We never exhibit anger, fretfulness, irritability or passion, without communicating some degree of them to those around us. He who blames society for any fault which grieves him, will usually find, if he but turn a faithful eye inward, that it is but the reflection of his own character. The hasty, unjust or passionate teacher is by every word and look reproducing these qualities in his scholars, and although youth is more impressible than age, the same is in a great measure true of him who exhibits like qualities among his equals. Every one has at times experienced the strong influence brought to bear upon him by an excitable mind or a nervous temperament, or a gloomy, discontented spirit, and though he may imagine that the influence is only temporary, and passes away with

the presence of the person, no one knows how often it leaves a sensible impress on the character. It is for this reason that so often those who have opposite and contrasting dispositions are found to agree together, and improve each other more than those who are formed on the same model. They tone down each other's extremes by their unconscious influence.

In proportion to the strength and vigor of any of our moral qualities, will be their reproductiveness in the minds and hearts of others. He who is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of love and sympathy, will so greatly infuse it into those with whom he associates, that he will ever be met with the kindly look, the answering voice of affection, and the ready help in time of need. He will rejoice in the good will and kindness of his friends, unconscious that it has first emanated from his own heart, and then returned in rich streams to bless and reward him. And the cold and selfish man who rails at the indifference and lack of sympathy with which he meets, is equally unconscious that he is himself the cause, that what he has sown, he must surely reap. So to the cheerful and hopeful, life is bright and warm, and people are joyous and inspiring, while to the melancholy and depressed all scenes appear gloomy and sad, and their friends become sombre and dismal. These are not mistaken estimates, they are real; society actually wears these different aspects to different persons, but it is because their own prevailing characteristics reproduce themselves in others.

It follows, then, that what we most desire to meet in others we must first cultivate in ourselves. If we long for sympathy and affection let us be ourselves quick to feel for others, and ready to open a loving heart and a helping hand. If we would be treated with courtesy, let us ourselves be courteous. If we would be honorably and justly dealt with, let us nourish the principles of justice and honor in our own bosoms. If we prize cheerfulness and good temper in others, let us be enlivening and inspiring in our intercourse with them. As surely as the seed that we drop into the ground will bloom forth into leaf and flower and fruit, according to its individual nature, so surely will the qualities of mind and heart that we cherish in ourselves be reproduced in others, and return back to comfort or to afflict us. When we remember that not only are we thus sowing seeds of happiness or misery for ourselves, but also moulding the lives and characters of others with an impress that can never be effaced, surely no motive can be wanting for the noblest endeavors at self-improvement.—*Public Ledger.*

BE SILENT.—It is a great art in the Christian life to *learn to be silent*. Under opposition, rebukes, injuries, *still be silent*. It is better to say nothing than to speak in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger. By remaining silent the mind is enabled to collect itself, and call upon God in secret aspirations of prayer. And thus you will speak to the honor of your holy profession, as well as to the good of those who have injured you, *when you speak from God*.

NOT the least of God's mercies is the apparent decay of the faculties by age, as a provision for death. It is the ripening of the apple, that it may fall without violence.—*Anon.*

ITEMS.

THE Borough of Kennett Square, Pa., upon the petition of over two-thirds of the tax-payers, has had its charter so amended by a decree of court as to make unlawful forever in that place the sale of intoxicating liquors.

THE ESTABLISHMENT of meteorological stations throughout our country, and the daily telegraphic reports made to headquarters at Washington, have given a new interest to the science of the weather and the prediction of storms. The telegraph has given a great practical value to the study of the laws which regulate the progress of storms, as it now informs us not only of their occurrence, but of their probable path; and mariners can judge of the weather a day or two in advance, when before a few hours' warning was all they could obtain. In Europe practical meteorologists have devoted a great deal of attention to this branch of the subject, and Mohn has prepared already a storm atlas for Norway.

It is stated that our envoys on the Continent of Europe have received instructions to ascertain the possibility of arriving at an agreement between the Great Powers with reference to the protection of private property at sea in time of war.

THE English universities are now free to male students of all religions. The Dissenter, the Roman Catholic, the Jew, and the Atheist are equally eligible to fellowships and professorships in these institutions. The only exception to this statement is in the case of divinity degrees and of clerical fellowships. A bill abolishing religious tests was sent up to the Lords from the Lower House of Parliament; and, under the lead of Lord Salisbury, an amendment was engrafted upon it requiring tutors to pledge themselves "not to teach anything contrary to the Holy Scriptures." But this proposition passed the Upper House only by a majority of five; and, on being sent down to the Commons, was rejected by them without a division. One other amendment proposed by the Lords, that each college should provide religious instruction for such of its students as are members of the Church of England, was accepted by the government, and passed by the House of Commons.

THE VENDOME COLUMN.—"The Patrie," the well-known French journal, gives some interesting particulars in reference to the Column in the Place Vendome, recently demolished by the French Communists. The column was faced with the bronze of 1200 cannon captured in 1805, and subsequently

from the Austrians, Russians and Prussians. It was commenced Eighth month 15th, 1806, and was finished in 1810, under the direction of Denon and other artists. The total weight of the material was 600,000 pounds, and the expenses of construction were as follows: Melting the bronze, \$30,967; weighing, \$90; chiselling the plates, \$53,444; cost of the original statue, \$2600; sculptured cornices, \$7823; general designs, \$2280; wages of masons, carpenters and plumbers, \$120,396; compensation of architects, \$10,000. The bronze, weighing 554,169 pounds avordupois, was worth \$201,094, and the total cost amounted to \$470,494. It is reported that the founder of the Column was so unskilful in melting the bronze that he exhausted the alloy and copper, and was then obliged to work up the refuse in the upper plates.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.—It is announced that not one of the twenty-nine young men about to graduate from the Massachusetts Agricultural College proposes to become a farmer, and that all of them look forward to engaging in business, or in the learned professions, just as the graduates in the academical departments of classical colleges. This statement, which has attracted great attention, has been quoted as confirming the view that the scheme of educating young men at agricultural colleges to become farmers is proving itself to be impracticable. Out of this class of twenty-nine graduates one proposes to study for the ministry and four to become teachers; ten are going into business and eleven are undecided. The remaining three state that they intend to devote themselves to "money-making."

THE Banda Islands, where a hurricane recently destroyed the nutmeg and mace crops, inflicting damage to the extent of \$2,500,000, are twelve very small but important islands in the Molucca Archipelago, about fifty miles south of the island of Ceram. They belong to the Dutch, and the population amounts to about 110,000 souls, of whom 5000 are Europeans. The Banda Islands are all lofty and volcanic, and Goonong Apee rises 7880 feet above the sea, and is one of the most active volcanoes in the Malay Archipelago, subjecting the other islands to the ravages of frequent and destructive eruptions and earthquakes. The four larger of the Banda Islands are exclusively appropriated to the cultivation of the nutmeg tree, 400,000 pounds of nutmegs and 130,000 pounds of mace being produced annually. The nutmeg tree is about thirty feet high, resembling an orange tree. The fruit which appears on the tree, mingled with the pale yellow flowers, is the size of a small peach, and is at first of a light green color, and when ripe is yellow and marked with a longitudinal furrow. The external covering, at first thick and fleshy, and filled with a bitter astringent juice, afterwards becomes dry, and separating into two valves discloses a scarlet net-work or membrane known as "mace," which covers a thin brown shell which contains the kernel of nutmeg. The fruit is gathered by hand, and the outside covering being rejected, the mace is carefully separated and dried in the sun. The nuts are dried in the sun or in ovens, and exposed to smoke till the kernel rattles. The shells are then broken open, and the kernels having been steeped in lime water, are packed in chests for exportation. The nutmeg tree is produced from the seed, and does not flower until the ninth year, when it bears fruit and flowers together without intermission, it is said, for seventy years. The nutmeg tree does not arrive at maturity until its ninth year.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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BETHLEHEM: A PILGRIMAGE.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

(Concluded from page 275.)

At Tabitha's Well, we left the cactus-bordered lanes and orange-groves, and came out into these wide flowery fields. We had left Jaffa about two o'clock, and we plodded on silently till sunset. We saw the distant minarets of Lydda on our left, and in front of us a line of distant mountains, and between, far away, the towers of Ramleh Arimathea where we were to pass the night. On and on we plodded; the towers of the town seemed to come no nearer. Silently we went along, an occasional stop to give a fresh pull to the cords of my palanquin; and near sunset, at last, we reached the place. One by one the party in front disappeared behind the cactus-hedges that shut in the town. Hassan, the faithful dragoman, went on to lead the way. Then we, too, turned in among the high cactus shrubs, I and my mules and my muleteers, and passed into the short, narrow streets, with garden walls, or houses with colored lattices, on either side. We accomplished many difficult turns, and at last reached a narrow gateway. What a screaming of Arabs, and backing and plunging of mules, it took to get in! And, when we were in, it was but a small court-yard; and my palanquin, with its mules, could only stand in it crossway. But where were the rest of the party? where were their horses,

and where were the pack-horses? Even these had been in advance of me, laden with valises and bags and boxes. C.'s hat-box, that had come by mistake, bobbing on top of the pile; and our supper hanging on the side of one of the horses, in the shape of some live hens, who had begun by making some complaint, screaming with the rest, at our start, but had philosophically stopped, and gone the latter part of the journey as silently as the rest.

It was not possible that all of these could have been unpacked and cleared away. Could I have arrived at the wrong place? A crowd of monks surrounded me with their straight, high, brimless hats, and long black gowns. Latin monks they must be, though they could jabber nothing but Arabic. Now, we were to go to the Russian convent, and the rest of the party must have gone there; and my Arabs had brought me to the Latin convent!

But they seemed quite satisfied with their prowess, put a chair temptingly at the tail of the front mule, opened the door, and would fain have lifted me out. I was in despair, and appealed to the monks in all the languages I could muster. But they were not so learned as monks in general are reputed to be, or else their set of languages was different from mine. They still invited me to get out, with true Arab affability. In vain I tried the name of the "consul," which usu-

ally strikes terror into the heart of an Arab. They were only more eager to do me a service. To get me out of the palanquin must have seemed to them the greatest. I cried, "*La, la!*" (the Arabic "No") emphatically. They only answered, "Yes, yes!" ("*Eiwa, eiwa!*") in the most courteous manner. At last a female figure appeared on the upper walls of the courtyard, like Sister Anna at a tower window, looking as outlandish as the rest. She listened to the clamor, and managed to hear my words, "*La maison Russe;*" and, much to my joy, repeated them, then interpreted them to the monks. Apparently, they pretended never to have heard of such a place; but a handsome Arab boy started up and shouted, "*Russico, Russico!*" and made signs that he would show the way.

Hope returned. After all, I was not to be stranded in an unknown Latin convent, far from my friends; but, alas! how could we ever get out of the courtyard? The mules began to plunge worse than ever, the Arabs to yell. I would fain now have accepted the chair, and left the machine while they were turning it; but "*La, la!*" ("No, no!") so I held to the sides and my breath. The newly-found Arab guide danced a saraband, shouting, "*Russico!*" a word he took up instead of "*Muscovito,*" the proper term; and, somehow, we managed to get out of the courtyard without an upset, and without knocking down any of the monks.

And now we went on through the narrow streets again; the Arab youth dancing still at my side, and murmuring occasionally, "*Backsheesh, backsheesh.*" I suspected him a little of taking us round some unnecessary back streets by way of enhancing his services, and in hopes of more backsheesh. But, at last, we turned up at the entrance to a larger courtyard. I did not venture to go in till I had summoned Hassan; for I was not at all sure I had arrived at the right place. But there he came! flying down some stone steps, with sleeves rolled up, for he was in the midst of cooking the chickens. He helped me out, used severe language to the Arabs and to the boy who clamored for "*backsheesh,*" and, I am afraid, dismissed him without giving him all he expected. We heard faint clamors for "*backsheesh*" coming up from below for some time.

I found the rest of the party assembled in a broad up-stairs courtyard, with a row of whitewashed chambers going round two sides. All the rest had had their adventures. E. and S., exhausted with their horses, had walked into town leading them, and had been lost too. How tired we were! and sat down on broad stone steps, looking off on a glowing sunset, on the strange scenery about.

How hungry we were! so that we did not stop to think of the chickens hanging by their legs all the way from Jaffa, but ate them, broiled, with a relish. And there were eggs too, and delicious coffee and tea even, brought by the R's; and we got out Murray's "*Syria,*" and read in the Acts of the Apostles about Lydda and Peter,—and we went to bed. Our rooms were like convent-cells, with stone floors, and whitewashed walls, and iron bedsteads. The ceilings were arched (as are those of all upper rooms in Syria,) meeting in a point in the middle, all whitewashed cleanly to receive the pilgrims that throng along in time for Easter every year.

So we went to sleep as pilgrims; and, in the waking, I could easily seem to be a pilgrim in the Holy Land. Across the wide-opened windows were iron bars; and a clear sky, bright with the sunrise, shone through. The windows looked out upon the ruined stone towers of an old church; and in and out the broken arches of the windows flew sparrows, singing gayly, and in between the stones of the ruin grew the thick leaves and the yellow flowers that we afterwards knew to be hyssop. A fresh air of some strange place came breathing in; and from a distance rose some strains of music. It sounded like a chorus of monks,—a *miserere* off the stage,—and no wonder, because it was indeed the matins sounding up from the convent.

And this was my first waking in the country of which I had read and dreamed so much. And the air and the sound and the sight were indeed all so Oriental, so strange, so different from any former life, that I could fully realize that I was in an old, old world,—in the land of the Bible. There was the clear eastern sky; and its morning silence was broken by the screams of the Arabs in the courtyard below, coming mingled with the solemn chant from the convent, and the gay twittering of the birds in the tower of the church, which I could see rising upon the level of my arched windows. This church, most picturesque with its broken walls, was built by the Crusaders; for this town of Ramleh, where we were passing our first night in Asia, was the encampment of Richard Cœur de Lion.

So we were pilgrims too, along with Richard Cœur de Lion, and Louis IX., and Godfrey de Bouillon,—all the dear old heroes of history and story; and pilgrims farther back,—old Jerome, that lived so long in his rocky cell in the Grotto of the Nativity, and the Empress Helena, the first to come and build churches over sacred places, back to the wise men of the East, the earliest pilgrims to the birthplace at Bethlehem. And with us were modern pilgrims,—the Spanish countess who

proposed to walk on foot to Jerusalem from Jaffa, but consented to accept the night's shelter of the convent; uncouth Russian pilgrims, dressed in skins, bringing their families; women and children heaped into baskets borne on camels; strange looking women, some richly dressed in picturesque shawls, some poor, and begging their way from convent to convent. There were Mussulman pilgrims, who were come to the tomb of Moses, as a holy shrine, on the borders of the Dead Sea.

All these might have felt some disappointment in reaching the Holy Land. It might have been for them that the vision came no nearer in one spot of the earth than another. They could have said with the holy Rabia, the woman held as sainted among the Mohammedans,—

“O heart! weak follower of the weak!
That thou shouldst traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek
Who long ago had come to thee!”

For all of these came to a land which they believed was made holy by the very presence of God Himself, living, suffering, and dying on earth.

But, feeling that our own far-away land was holy with the very presence of God; that, from the freedom and liberty of thought it offers to all, men can draw nearer to Him there than in any other country in the world,—this land where Christ was born becomes more sacred to us than to any of these. We come to seek a nearer acquaintance with Jesus. We draw nearer here to the life of Him who brought God nearer to us. Here better could we understand the clearness and the purity of His words.

Into the cool atmosphere of our Western thought has been brought the warm fervor of an Eastern religion. But more than ever in the Eastern country of its birth did I feel that Christianity was greater than the country where it was born. I could see, that, if Christ were to walk again in the courts of the mosque at Jerusalem as He walked in the courts of the temple, He would still find the same sins to rebuke; that the pure religion that glows in the Sermon on the Mount, and in all the words of Jesus, comes from no mere Eastern fervor of atmosphere, but is the high inspiration of the reformer of the world.

In this land, we can draw very near the person of Christ. In Egypt, there lies buried in the kings' tombs the complete picture of all its old life of thousands of years ago, strangely and wonderfully preserved; but, in Syria, one walks in the midst of such a picture, with all its characters moving in glowing color and costume,—the characters of the Bible.

We walk up and down the rugged side of Olivet, and through the deep valleys that bound Jerusalem; and we know that Jesus must have walked through these very paths, and lingered to look at these same wonderful pictures of Jerusalem, as she rises up suddenly before our eyes in our returning wanderings. We see the same gay flowers of the field that could rival Solomon in his glory; the same shepherd carefully tending his lambs. We see the cattle stabled in caves and grottos, the women drawing water at the fountains. * * * *

We had travelled up and down the rugged mountains over which the pathway leads to Bethlehem; they are the same rugged mountains on which David watched his sheep. We had clambered down the narrow streets of Bethlehem. Then we had visited the Latin church, underneath the great roof that covers all the various churches that nestle round the spot called the Grotto of the Nativity. There must be three stairways to this place, because these three churches fight for precedence, and each must come his own way to the sacred place.

I have seen, that, since the declaration of the Infallibility of the Pope, the Latin and Armenian churches at Bethlehem have had a division. They had consented to come down the same stairway to the Grotto of the Nativity; and each party agreed in turn to sweep the staircase. But now neither will allow the other the sweeping; and the Moslem authorities have interfered, and have taken possession of the staircase, and allow neither party to sweep it,—so it goes unswept.

But when we were there, was a time of peace; we went down the Latin staircase, and our Latin monk took us up that of the Greek church.

I saw, indeed, there, three different ways leading to the one holy spot,—a symbol and indication of all the differences, the myriad differences, in the Christian Church; but I saw on the stone pavement, lighted by the little wax tapers that pilgrims had left there, these words inscribed, “*Hic natus est Christus*” (“Here was Christ born;”) and I felt that I stood on holy ground. I felt the stony mountains of Bethlehem shutting me in. I saw again the little child in the arms of its mother. I thought of the small, feeble life, once glimmering there, and of the great extending present life of Christianity.

And since then, when I come back to our great working Western world, with its days and hours seething with life and marked out with duty, there comes to me a holy radiance out of that little enclosure, with its still rude, rocky walls, and with its simple inscription: “*Hic natus est Christus.*”

And the life of Christ becomes to me a greater miracle than ever before; not in its separate, special workings, nor merely in its grand effect. I wonder that so simple and pure a spirit could have arisen in the midst of a religion so ceremonial and external; how it could have existed so simple and pure in the midst of a people, so living a life of the senses from day to day. I can see that this lofty spirit accepted from this religion its faith in the one God, and a perseverance in faith, —from the people in which it was born, it took the free, natural life of humanity. * *

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WAS IT A MEETING?

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

The Yearly Meeting of Friends in Philadelphia had closed its labors. The different sittings were largely attended; love predominated, and the Gospel was preached with eloquence and power. At the mid-week meetings for worship on Race street, nearly four thousand persons were in attendance. With feelings of spiritual strength renewed by this intercourse with my friends, on the succeeding Fifth-day my horse and I wended our way to my own little meeting near home, which is so near to the large city I had lately left, that the reflection of its gas lights can be seen upon a cloudy eve. How marked the change! There, the never-ceasing pulsations of humanity; here, the beauty and the peacefulness of nature.

The day was lovely; peace seemed to overspread the world, and there was peace and love and harmony within my own breast.

The old stone meeting-house, built during the struggles of the revolutionary war, and marked with the year prior to that in which our States declared their independence of the mother country, stands, as our fathers' protest in stone against all wars and fightings, even those which seem to bring in their train most benefits. Situated beside a forest, with ivy trained on its walls and overshadowed by noble old oaks, commanding an extended view over a beautiful agricultural country, few meeting-houses have been more happily located; while on the adjoining slope, as though looking down and watching over the scenes of their earthly labors, the transient owners of that beautiful country through four generations, sleep their last sleep.

It was in this meeting-house that I, that lovely day, took my seat to worship. A heavenly calm seemed to overspread everything; under the eve of the portico of the house, as if claiming its protecting care, a Pewit had built her nest, and not in vain, for the little birdlings had outgrown their home,

and were about to test their strength in a wider sphere; from the forest came the song of the wood-robin, pouring forth its happiness in sweet melody.

And there, in that plain old meeting-house, from its associations dearer to me than domed abbey, and with music sweeter than cathedral choir, I worshipped—aye, worshipped in spirit and in truth—the God of my being, the protecting Father of us all.

Time passed; the meeting closed;—the meeting? There was no one to take me by the hand; I was alone,—yet, not all alone. The wood robin was there, and the Pewit and her young, and, over all, an overshadowing influence; it was love, and God is love,—and God was there.

As I left that meeting-house, I felt in my heart it was good for me that I had been there. Even Henry appeared to feel the influence; for, as I moved him from the oak that had sheltered him, I seemed to disturb his meditations. B.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

JOHN TAULER.

The brief sketch of the life of this remarkable man, published in the three past numbers of the *Intelligencer*, will no doubt be interesting to many a spirit "hungering and thirsting after righteousness," whose appetites will no doubt be sharpened to know more of John Tauler, and of the character of his teachings. The author of the sketch now published seems not to be aware that the life of this interesting character has been published in English; and as the same impression has been produced upon the minds of the readers of the *Intelligencer* who do not know to the contrary, I will advise all who are interested, that Wiley & Halsted, New York, published in 1858 the life of Tauler, with twenty-five of his sermons. The following is a copy of the title-page:

"The History and Life of the Reverend Doctor John Tauler, of Strasbourg; with Twenty-five of his Sermons (Temp 1340). Translated from the German, with additional notices of Tauler's life and times, by Susanna Winknorth, translator of *Theologia Germanica*; and a preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, with an introduction by Prof. Russell D. Hitchcock."

This life of Tauler is profitably interesting to all such as desire a knowledge of the workings of the Spirit upon willing souls. Many of the learned in the middle ages were in the habit of lecturing and preaching in Latin, and of signing their own names in Latin, which of course made them somewhat longer than if in the mother-tongue; this was the case with Tauler, who is universally known as Tauler, and not Taulerus.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"CIRCULAR MEETINGS."

The editorial of Sixth month 17th says that "it is easier to see what is needed to be done than to take wise and efficient means to supply that need;" and that "in every movement of the kind, a religious concern originating in the mind of an individual must be the basis." I am aware that any movement will do but little for us, or the world, unless originating in a living concern in one or many minds. But if Society were willing to aid the concern, the work ought to be more wisely done than if left to individual action. If our meetings could but feel a life in the work, their guardianship ought to keep in check the wayward zeal of impulsive minds. But if the *life* is wanting, then aid will do but little, and then counsels fail to reach the witness. And if none have life, no movement, whether for Circular Meetings or aught else, had best be undertaken.

But I am clear in the conviction that the hearts of many are being aroused to more religious life and labor. And though we may not "stimulate ourselves into the same zeal that characterized our early Friends," yet "the duties incident to our present condition" do surely call for earnest active labor, for the intelligent promulgation of the fundamental principles of Quakerism. Can the mind that is alive to the religious welfare and progress of human kind, look abroad and see the fields as white unto harvest,—see the people more ready to receive the truth in its simplicity than they ever before have been,—and not feel that we each and all have *important duties*, which if unperformed will leave us verily guilty concerning our brother. Though the task may not be ours to hew out a path or plow up the soil, yet as the early pioneers have done this, and thereby opened the way for the spread of our principles, and prepared the soil for the reception of the good seed, is it not equally important that *we* now sow that seed, and thus endeavor to perfect the work so nobly begun? When we see among all denominations a disposition to inquire into the correctness of the basis of their organizations, and a desire to seek after the higher, purer truths of religion, should we not feel that ours is the age in which, by using the talents that are given us, more may be effected for the religious improvement of the race, than at any former period?

Should not considerations like these be the means of arousing all our spiritual sensibilities? And though no "extraordinary emergencies" have arisen, do not our *great opportunities* call for more consecration of mind and heart in the performance of duties which the present condition of the religious world

has laid upon us? That these duties may be well and truly performed, and the good work carried on, is the prayer of one whose spirit has travelled through years of discouragement, but who now believes that a brighter day is coming; and in this hope feels called upon to endeavor to warm the hearts of others.

W. L.

Makefield, 6th mo. 23d, 1871.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST. NO. 3.

(Continued from page 263.)

ON THE WING, 5th mo. 31st, }
Via Illinois Central R. R. }

The moon shone so brightly last night, that I begrudged the hours required for repose. My companion left at early dawn, as we were passing through a most charming section of country. I had lost much that was beautiful, but was up in time to see castle-crowned hills and crumbling walls, overgrown with ivy, whose solid foundations were laid "when the mountains were brought forth," and whose history is to be found written in the rocks, by the Great Architect. Nothing in the way of scenery has ever impressed me as do these broken masses. I seem to be flying past vast ruins of some immense city, about such as travelers in the East, among the earlier civilizations, tell wonderful stories. Just now a wall runs along parallel with the road. It is of considerable height, large trees have grown out of the crevices, and vines and shrubbery half conceal its irregularity; it ends where the hill rises perpendicularly from a small river, clear and sparkling, that winds in and out among the rocky undulations. I involuntarily strain my eyes to catch a glimpse of what is behind. It is so real, so like the huge architectural works of man, that one cannot help wanting to discover a stately human habitation of corresponding proportions within its enclosure.

From the time we leave Warren, at day-break, until we reach Galena, a distance of 27 miles, the face of the country presents the same castellated appearance. After leaving Galena, which by the way looks exceedingly well from the railroad, the hills are less beautiful, the land being more level. All watch with much anxiety for the first glimpse of the Mississippi. Our approach is indicated by a stretch of marshy ground, rank with summer vegetation and flooded with water. We pass rapidly along, and halt at last at the miserable little town of Duleith, in full view of the mighty river, which we cross on a bridge to Dubuque, where breakfast is provided and time allowed all the hungry ones to satisfy, as best they can, the cravings of the appetite.

Dubuque, as seen from the station, is but a

counterpart of her sister over the river, but I was told that on the bluffs the view is very fine; many elegant residences have been erected, and large and handsome stores adorn her business thoroughfares. We pass through a tunnel at least one half a mile long, cut through the bluff, and are off again over the long stretch of prairie that lies between the Mississippi and the Missouri, a distance of 326 miles. There is a great charm about this vast sea of living green, spreading everywhere in graceful undulations. We stop frequently, there being 39 stations on the road between the two rivers. Many of these are towns without houses or inhabitants, only in prospect; very many are flourishing trade centres, which, doubtless, in time, will become important cities. I can scarcely see any limit to the development of this wonderful section. Now we see an emigrant train of four wagons winding along the road that follows a little ravine, where a low growth of cottonwoods affords shade from the burning heat. Cows and oxen, and men walking leisurely along, complete the picture. Many of the wagon trains are composed of emigrants of small means. These often stop where work is brisk, labor awhile, gather up a little to add to their slim stock, and again move on until they find a desirable location on which to settle. What fields of corn, what acres upon acres of spring wheat, green and thrifty! No wonder such huge grain elevators as they have in Chicago, are needed. In a field just passed, a two-horse cultivator is being driven through the corn, a little colt following close upon the heels of its dam. I understand all these vast corn-fields are worked with machinery. Now the road runs through low timber and chapperel, from which we emerge into the same sea of green, but most beautifully diversified with flowers, and the first roses give forth their fragrance. They are on low bushes, scarcely a foot high, but scattered about in profusion. At Independence, we see mills on a very pretty stream. The town looks well. Cedar Falls is another pretty and thriving place; a river from which I was told the town gets its name, runs through it. There is some timber, and around many of the more prosperous farmers' homes, cottonwood trees are planted to break the force of the winds, which sweep over these prairies with great violence. The larger part of the houses have not a green thing above a foot in height in sight of them. Of course, when the corn crop is of full size, it makes an exception. All trace of tree or shrub is at last lost sight of, and for a circuit of at least 50 miles, the eye finds nothing to rest upon, east, west, north or south, but the occasional log hut of the

settler, the blue sky, and the undulating sea of living green. As we fly rapidly along, the same monotony of sight greets us. Yet to me it is not tedious. It seems so fresh from the hand of our Father—a renewal of His benefaction, not marred by the unsightly stump or half-charred logs that so disfigure more Eastern settlements. It seems to invite the thrifty farmer to come and take possession, plow, sow, and in due time reap, all with less labor than in heavily wooded regions is required to clear the land. We have passed many emigrant trains, all similar to the one seen first. For many miles an unbroken solitude reigns supreme, then again we come into a strip of cottonwoods, and see many plantations of trees, mostly cottonwood, which grows quickly, and makes a good shade, besides being excellent for fuel. Coal is plenty in the neighborhood of Webster City. A branch road runs to the mines, a mile or so distant, which are being worked extensively.

Late in the afternoon we reach Fort Dodge, where we stop for the night. I take a coach for the best hotel, which proves to be but a shabby affair. The town has a thriving look, and some of the stores and private residences are well built. The Illinois Central Railroad has done everything for this section of Iowa. All the stations have well-built houses, and every facility for transportation and passage is afforded. There is but one track, yet the numerous turnouts, with the unbroken view, make danger of collision very small. The day has been most charming; no traveler could ask a better. I retire early, but it is long before sleep finds me a willing votary. The whip-poor-will tells his mournful story to the bright faced moon, that is smiling complacently on him the while. My room is small, dirty, and close; the window looks out upon an ill-kept yard, but the clear blue of the vault above invites to contemplation "The peace of God which passeth understanding," stills the tumult of thought, and at last I am lost in the oblivion of repose.

Sixth mo. 1st.—I will see the muddy waters of the Missouri before noon to-day, said I, as I awoke with the dawn of this bright day. The cars were to start at six—I had nearly an hour. How delightful to spend the intervening time among the profusion of wild beauty that formed the suburbs of Fort Dodge. The thought resolved itself into action. I found the beauty, but lost my passage. There was no alternative but stay over until the same hour next day, or take a seat in the caboose of a freight train going an hour later, and which would reach Sioux City late in the afternoon. I chose the latter, and re-

ceived the kindest attention from the conductor. We travel very slowly, putting off or taking on freight at every station. Most of the stations on this part of the route are mere stopping places, without other buildings, though laid out in town lots, with spacious streets. Doubtless there will be settlers in all of them before the summer passes, but it appears to me they will have a hard time of it. There is so little timber that even the most simple and rude house must be costly, and the water is so inferior, and there are so few springs or streams, that in the winter especially, there must be great exposure and suffering. None but the strong and hopeful should ever seek homes in this region. I see many pale, delicate women, who look out of place in this rough life.

The finest scenery on this road is in the vicinity of Storm Lake, a charming sheet of water lying out on the prairie, clear and sparkling. Thousands of trees have been planted around it, and a spacious avenue leads from the station to the margin of its waters. The town is mostly on the opposite side of the railroad, but a large park has been laid out and planted with trees and shrubbery between the railroad and the lake. Doubtless in a few years this will be one of the most delightful places for summer resort in all this region of country. I was informed that gunning parties from the Atlantic States come out here to shoot wild duck. Fish, some of them weighing one hundred pounds, are caught in abundance.

Cherokee and LeMars are points of interest to settlers, and will soon become important places. At length we reach Sioux City and the turbid waters of the Missouri. I take lodgings in a hotel overlooking the river from the balcony, and watch the swift current as it winds along in and out between the bluffs, which on the Iowa side rise abruptly from the water's edge, a little beyond the city. In front of the hotel at the river bank is a rude reservoir, capable of holding several hundred gallons of water, to which is attached a sort of apparatus for raising water from the river. A bony white horse patiently trudges round and round from morning till night to keep the wheel in motion; water-tight wagons are driven under and filled from the reservoir, and in this way nearly all the water used in the city is obtained. It is very muddy, but soon settles, though it seldom becomes quite clear. I had intended to notice in place the windmills that are seen at all the water stations along the road over which we traveled to-day. They are used for supplying water to the engines.

The steamer on which I am to go up the Missouri is at the wharf receiving freight,

but will not leave before Seventh-day. A note from G. informs of his inability to leave the agency long enough to meet me at this place. I have traveled thus far without accident, and am willing to risk the remainder, though it is said the Missouri is perhaps the most dangerous river to navigate that we have.

Third.—I go on board "The Miner;" and find everything in the very best order; a stately middle-aged mulatto woman has charge of the state-rooms, and clean sheets and fresh towels promise comfort. We leave the wharf at noon.

Afloat on the muddy waters of this wonderful river, which from its entrance into the Mississippi, is navigable 3,300 miles! A high bluff rises from the water on the right; on the other side, the land for some distance back is level and covered with coarse grass. The banks are constantly changing. A few days, even a few hours sometimes, are sufficient to throw the channel into an entirely different part of the river. I sit with other passengers in the wheel house. The pilot dare not leave his post, even for a few moments, without some one competent taking his place, the most constant vigilance being required. The river is high, yet we hear now and then the bottom of the boat grating on the sand. There is a bewildering sense of unreality about all this part of my journey. It is so unlike any other I have ever taken. The danger enhances the excitement. Now the bluffs are on one side, then on the other. There, winding many miles inland, is the former course of the river, which the rushing, tumultuous waters, becoming impatient of the bend, have cut their way through, and thus saved a circuit of 20 miles to the navigator. Now, a deposit taken from some other place has been made, which throws the bluffs a mile or more inland. Even this is again being washed out, and falling in, is borne along to be again deposited at the caprice of the wilful waters. Some of the bluffs seem to be composed of loose sand. Many more are of a kind of chalky stone, which yields readily to the action of the water. Most of the bottom lands are covered with timber, cottonwood and willow being the most common. Huge trees are washed out by the roots and carried down with the current; these sticking fast in the mud, as they frequently do, render the navigation of the river perilous. To strike one of these snags, as they are called, is a catastrophe which is almost certain to shipwreck the craft. All along the channel are little eddying surfaces where the water seems to bubble and whirl, as if springs were boiling underneath. It is the frequency of these that make falling

overboard a dangerous experiment, and there is an undertow in the river that the best swimmers, it is said, are afraid of. The night is very clear, the moon shining in unclouded splendor. It is not usual to run during the night, but the captain is anxious to make a quick trip, and the sky being without a cloud, we move on until near daylight, when for a few hours the engine is stopped. We resume our voyage when it is light enough to see the channel. The river presents the same features that it has all along. At Vermilion, on the Dakota side, we haul along the bank and put off two ladies and two children, coming from Canada to meet the husband of one of the ladies, who had preceded them to make ready a home in this wilderness.

After a voyage of 170 miles, though the distance is only 60 miles by land, we reach Yancton about noon on First-day. All the men of the town must have turned out to see the arrival. There is a bustling time; no respect is paid to the day; freight is unloaded and hauled away. Passengers who, like myself, are going further, look about for a conveyance. An open wagon large enough to hold all of us and our baggage is soon engaged, and in a little time we are off at full speed over the hills of Dakota. The face of the country is the same as that of Iowa. A ride of thirty miles is before us; the day is warm and the wind high, the wagon without cover, and it is difficult to keep an umbrella raised. Bald bluffs and deep ravines succeed each other; the latter are generally well covered with timber and underbrush. The road is excellent—not a stone is to be seen. The hills are steep, and their descent looks perilous, but we get along safely.

Many settlers from Bohemia are located along this road. They are thrifty, well-to-do people. Large herds of cattle and many horses are feeding on the luxuriant grass, that covers with a green mantle all this vast prairie land. We stop at Springfield, which is opposite Santee Agency. It is too late to venture across the river in the frail canoes that are used for ferry boats, so I am hospitably entertained at the house of one of G.'s friends. It is pleasant at least to know that once across the river, my long journey of over 1,400 miles will have terminated.

L. J. R.

BEFORE men we stand as opaque beehives. They can see the thoughts go in and out of us, but what work they do inside of a man they cannot tell. Before God we are as *glass* beehives, and all that our thoughts are doing within us He perfectly sees and understands.—*Beecher.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

1838.

. . . . My mind since leaving the city has been introduced into deep sympathy with the sufferings, oppressions and afflictions of my fellow probationers among mankind. Under this exercise it has appeared to me that the cause of these difficulties, toils and perplexities, very much originate in the same spirit that induced the Babylonish monarch of old to make an image of gold, and set it up in the plains of Dura, in the Province of Babylon. The habits and customs of civilized Christendom, especially in these United States, have made an image of gold as high in stature as the one alluded to, and it would almost seem as if *all* people, nations and languages, had fallen down and worshipped it. Gold, gold! or money, money! seems to be the great idol that prostrates in one way or other nearly all the people, high and low, rich and poor, professor and profane,—and among the rest *Friends*—the professedly plain, lowly-minded followers of Him who had not where to lay His head, and who emphatically declared of the kingdom of God, that it was not of or according to the governments and customs of this world. What Babylonish confusion now abounds in the land! What guessing and reasoning and imagining, to find the causes of the stagnation of trade and business,—the tottering of the image! Like the dream of the proud monarch, which all the magicians, astrologers, soothsayers and Chaldeans, could not fathom, explain or interpret. Yet Daniel, in whom he acknowledged was the “spirit of the holy Gods,” could by this holy spirit unravel the mystery. So *Friends* ought by the same spirit, *their fundamental principle*, to have stood firm in their testimonies to plainness, simplicity, moderation, self-denial and humility, so as like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, not to have worshipped the image, nor bowed to a money-getting and money-spending spirit, nor the spirit of curiosity in the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life. Then, among them, as a city set on a hill, the light on the candlestick would have shone with brightness, showing the excellency and safety, amid all the storms of fluctuating custom and fashion, a stability and peace derived from attention to the only safe Guide through time. . . .

. . . . Yesterday, I returned from Horsham where I had been two days, attending two successive funerals. In a meeting

held after the latter, after several short communications from Jacob Ritter and one or two others, Jacob spoke in German for some time as a concluding service. His voice was solemn, regular and somewhat melodious; which induced me to suppose he was repeating a German hymn, but I could not understand a word of it, and it was thought by some that there was not one German in the meeting. Yet I say not that it was out of place. The dear old man, tottering with age and weakness, seems full of love and good-will to all.

Much depends on the state of our own minds, when we form an estimate of persons and things and occurrences around us.

I am induced to think if Friends were deeply enough attentive to the pure openings of Truth, a way would be found for holding Quarterly Meetings to more practical advantage and benefit to society than is the present result. I wish they could be considered more as meetings for the supervision of Monthly and Particular Meetings, and for conference on the state of society, as respects the due support of all our Christian testimonies.

When I compare the state of our Society with the standard of Christian discipline and Christian character, which I surely believe we are called by the nature and spirituality of our profession to sustain and exemplify, I mourn and regret the loss to ourselves and to the community in which we are located. There is a brighter side view, I grant, but unless the broken walls are repaired, or rather rebuilt, even this bright view may (and will) become obscured.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 8, 1871.

IN the last number of the *British Friend*, in which the proceedings of the late London Yearly Meeting are detailed, Isaac Robson, who has recently made a religious visit to his (orthodox) brethren in America, is reported to have said, "that there was among those whose forefathers separated* from our Society in America, an earnest desire to be reunited. Friends were not at present prepared to receive them, as their views on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity were not in full accordance with those we had al-

* We have taken the word as I. R. evidently meant it, although strictly speaking, Orthodox Friends were the Separatists in a majority of the meetings.

ways received. Yet there was manifest a considerable approximation to the doctrine of the Atonement as held by Friends, with whom there is a great openness for union when unity of view was attained."

We are at a loss to conceive upon what ground the Friend alluded to based his statement in regard to the "earnest desire for reunion," but we are confident he has been misinformed. In an extensive knowledge of what has passed in the several Yearly Meetings of Friends on this continent, and a large acquaintance among the prominent members, we have never heard the desire expressed for a reunion with so-called Orthodox Friends under present circumstances. It is true that a concern has been expressed in one or more of our Yearly Meetings and also by individuals, that the several bodies which claim the name of Friends might cultivate a kind and liberal spirit toward each other. That they should avoid calling in question the religious standing one of another on account of theological differences, and thus prove themselves a peace-loving people and an example to the community in which they dwell. We should have thought that the visit of Isaac Robson to this country, and the want of "unity of view" among those to whom his minute was addressed, would have caused him to hesitate before alluding to our reunion with a body so divided and sub divided on points of speculative belief. In the closing sentence of his remarks, he does not explain what particular phase of the popular doctrine of "Atonement*" he considers as held by Friends; it would not therefore be easy to say whether there is or is not an "approximation" to it on the part of that section we represent. But this we may say, that neither in the published documents of our several Yearly Meetings nor in our ministry, so far as our knowledge extends, have we observed anything like an "approximation" toward establishing any standard of speculative belief as a test of Christian fellowship.

* A striking exemplification of the various shades of opinion held on this subject may be found in the two periodicals *The Friend* and *Friends' Review* of this city. Under the same date, Sixth mo. 17th, we find an editorial in one accepting the doctrine of "Substitution" as sound; while the other rejects it as unsound.

Notwithstanding our many short-comings, we are sometimes enabled to rejoice that we increasingly keep out of view those questions in theology which have ever had a tendency to divide and scatter, and that we are more and more united in holding up our fundamental doctrine of "Christ within" which was the burden of the testimony of George Fox and his associates. When (orthodox) Friends of all the different shades of opinion are brought to the same conclusion, then and not till then may there be a reunion of the various dissevered portions of the Society of Friends.

DIED.

WILLIAMS.—On the 12th ult., Thomas R. Williams, a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. The writer enjoyed a close intimacy with the deceased, and well knows the purity of his character, his earnest desire to avoid injury to another, and the pleasure he took in doing good. It was in the privacy of the home circle that his virtues were best known and most respected, endearing him to those about him. During his illness he expressed a desire that he might be soon released; and from the first seemed impressed that the time had come when he should "lay aside the corruptible and put on the incorruptible." Making but little profession, he passed through a long life "pure in heart," and to such the promise is made that they "shall see God." F. S.

BROWN.—At the residence of her brother, Jehu Brown, in Zanesfield, Logan Co., Ohio, on the 29th of First month, 1871, Rachel Brown, daughter of Elihu and Margaret Brown, in the 74th year of her age; formerly a member of Littlefalls Monthly Meeting, Md.

JENKINS.—On the 22d ult., Eliza A., wife of Hunn Jenkins, in the 64th year of her age; a member of Race St. Monthly Meeting.

FOULKE.—On the 21st of Sixth month, 1871, at the residence of her son-in-law, George A. Newbold, Moorestown, N. J., Susanna C., wife of William Foulke, in the 69th year of her age; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

MADDEN.—On the 18th of Fifth month, 1871, at Wyoming, Kent county, Del., Thomas L. Madden, aged 58 years; a member of Camden Monthly Meeting.

From the National Standard, New York, 6th mo. 17, 1871.

"IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME."

Very little consideration, relatively, is given to the condition and needs of the inmates of our prisons. Weak and erring men and women, in sore need of better, instead of worse conditions and surroundings, are withdrawn from the sight of the general public, for restraint and punishment, and out of sight, are to a great extent out of mind also, so long as kept in confinement. That in the present condition of society restraint and confinement are often necessary, is manifest. That the object of all such enforced discipline

should be reformation rather than punishment, is not less true. Much of the present prison life, great as has been the improvement in many respects, is calculated to confirm rather than to cure offenders. Still more unfriendly to the restoration and welfare of such is the attitude of society generally towards those who for any cause have been subjected to imprisonment. To such the world presents a cold, forbidding and forlorn aspect.

We learn with much satisfaction that this subject has recently engaged the attention of several Friends, who were in attendance upon the Yearly Meeting held in this city. The Friends concerned to visit the prisons, to commingle and sympathize with, and to address their inmates, were M. E. T., a minister of Westchester, Pa.; James Haines, of Richmond, Indiana; and S. W., of this city. On the afternoon of the 28th ult., they visited the Tombs. Having inquired if it would be agreeable to him, they had an interview of a most interesting and touching character with Foster, now under sentence of death for the murder of Mr. Putnam. The unhappy, condemned man was kindly taken by the hand and addressed in words of tender sympathy and compassion, and exhorted to a spirit of repentance and of trust in the All-Father. He was deeply affected and moved to tears. They could hold out to him no expectation of pardon or reprieve, for an exacting public opinion demands that he be speedily hung. He appeared, however, very grateful for their visit, kindly consideration and interest in his welfare. M. E. T. and J. H. subsequently addressed the other prisoners of the Tombs, bearing testimony against intoxicating drinks, and exhorting them in words of kindly sympathy to sobriety and truthfulness. They were very kindly received by both the prisoners and the officers of the prison, and retired with an assured feeling that the visit would be blessed for good.

M. E. T., accompanied by S. W. and his wife, afterwards visited, successively, the Inebriate Asylum, and Soldier's Retreat on Ward's Island; the House of Refuge, and other prisons on Randall's, and Blackwell's Islands; the Home of Juvenile Delinquents, at Fort Washington; and at Sing Sing. On the visit to Sing Sing they were accompanied also by J. H. Wherever they went their words of kindness, their warnings against intemperance and vice, their exhortations to upright, truthful, manly and womanly ways of life, were listened to with much attention, and the good seed thus sown we doubt not will bring forth in due season a rich harvest of good results. Would that there were more missionaries of a kindred spirit for such timely and sorely needed service.

At Sing Sing, in the men's prison, M. E. T. was only permitted to occupy a back seat in the chapel as a *spectator*. The privilege asked for her to speak to the men prisoners, or even to sit on the platform of the chapel during the meeting, which was appropriately addressed by J. H., was denied to her *because she was a woman!* She subsequently addressed, very effectually, the inmates of the women's prison. The chaplain at Sing Sing, also the warden, received them very kindly, and explained the denial of a hearing to M. E. T. in the meeting of the male prisoners by saying that it was peremptorily forbidden, by resolution or direction of a State Prison Inspector, that any *woman* should speak there. We see no good or sufficient reason for a rule of government on the part of the State Prison Inspectors, making an invidious distinction between missionary visitors on account of sex. If any such rule really exists, the matter should be followed up, some explanation called for, and also a modification by the proper authorities.

They subsequently paid a very interesting visit to the Colored Orphans' Asylum of this city, which replaces the one burned by the negro-hating rioters in the infamous July riots of '63. They found therein two hundred and sixty children, and all things considered, the best ordered institution they had visited. The children were much interested in and pleased with the remarks made to them.

The case of Foster, condemned to execution in a little less than one month, is one which brings up anew the question of capital punishment. He avows that he did not intend to kill Mr. Putnam, and says he was unconscious of what he was doing, from excessive drinking. Ought such a man to be hung, while the Government licenses and keeps wide open the doors of temptation, of which he is the unhappy victim? Ought not some effort to be made to have the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life?

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF
THE LONDON PEACE SOCIETY—1871.

The last year has been an eventful year to the cause of peace; for others than lecturers of the Peace Society have taken in hand the work of proclaiming the folly, the cruelty, the waste and wickedness of war. It is Emperors and Kings who have been the teachers this time. They have taught in a voice so loud, and with practical illustrations so terrible and appalling—in the shape of slaughtered men and despairing women, of devastated countries, and blazing villages, and bombarded and famishing cities, and a general accompaniment of brutality, and blasphemy and blood, such as the world has

seldom witnessed—that the nations must be deaf as the adder if they do not listen to, and lay to heart, the lessons so impressively taught them by these Royal and Imperial personages, the most obvious and emphatic of which, commonplace though it be, is that already taught us by one of our own poets, that—

“War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.”

And surely another lesson which the events of the year proclaim with a clearness and emphasis which ought to carry conviction to all hearts, is this—that large armaments, so far from being preservatives of peace, are eminently provocative of war; and that there is no hope of rest or happiness for the world until the power of controlling the policy of States, and thereby deciding the destiny of nations, is wrested out of the hands of the military class, who for many generations have contrived, all booted and spurred, to mount and ride on the neck of the stooping and toiling millions. It is hardly necessary for the Committee to say, that the terrible crisis on the Continent to which they have just referred, and the effects, direct and indirect, that flowed from it at home, have principally engaged their attention and energies during the past year. After the outbreak and during the continuance of the war, there was not much that could be done as respects the nations actually engaged in the conflict.

It is sometimes made a matter of taunt against us by our opponents, and almost of reproach by some impatient friends, that when nations are about to plunge into mortal fray, the Peace Society does not rush between the combatants, and, as they say, put their principles to the test. But the truth is—and it is a truth to which the friends of peace will do well to give heed—that our time for labor is during peace and not in war. When once the tempest is unchained, when men's minds are clouded by prejudice and their hearts inflamed with passion, to speak peace to them at such a moment would be like preaching temperance to a company of drunken revellers at the very moment when they are most “flushed with insolence and wine.” The Roman orator has said, that laws are silent in the midst of arms; and not only are laws silent, but reason, religion, conscience and humanity are also drowned in the horrid din. The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace. But whatever could be done at such a time was done by the friends of peace at home and abroad. During the few days that preceded the actual conflict—for only a few days elapsed between the first signs of danger and the actual bursting of

the conflagration—the Committee communicated with their fellow-laborers on the Continent, earnestly counselling that they should make some counter demonstration against the spirit of war that was being fanned so perniciously by those bent on mischief. Nor were those friends wanting in courageous fidelity to their convictions at that supreme moment, though the almost total suppression of all freedom of the press and of public meetings placed them at the utmost disadvantage. When British diplomacy was making its last effort to avert the breach that was so imminent, a most earnest and pathetic appeal from the pen of M. Martin Paschaud was addressed, in the name of the Paris International League of Peace, to the Emperor of the French and the King of Prussia. At a later period also an address from the same society was sent to the Queen of Prussia, who some years before, in accepting the honorary membership of that body, had expressed herself as in full sympathy with their principles and objects. And all through the long agony of the conflict that ensued, the members of the League never ceased, especially through the voice of their eloquent secretary, M. Frederic Passy, to bear their testimony for peace, though it was like speaking in the face of a hurricane. After the great crisis at Sedan, your Committee also addressed memorials to the King of Prussia and M. Jules Favre, urging moderations and concessions on both sides in the interests of peace. Of course all such appeals were in vain, and were made rather to discharge the conscience of those who made them than with any sanguine expectation of success. * * * *

Very often, in answer to the reports of what the Peace Society is doing, we are met by a certain class of cynical philosophers with the scornful question of *Cui bono?* "What is the use of the well-meaning but weak-minded persons going about preaching peace? Do they imagine that their preaching will have any effect in arresting or contracting the tempest of human passion?" Well, "the foolishness of preaching" has been a favorite theme with philosophers from at least as early a time as the origin of Christianity. And yet nothing is more certain than this, that if by preaching we mean, as we must mean in its larger sense, the use of argument, persuasion, and appeal addressed to the understanding and conscience of mankind in the interests of truth, justice, and humanity—the most important and lasting revolutions in the history of the world have been brought to pass by this despised agency. It was by preaching, that the apostles and their successors conquered the world to

Christ. It was by preaching, that Peter the Hermit kindled the wild fanaticism of the Crusades. It was by preaching, that Luther transformed the face of Europe in the sixteenth century. It was by preaching, that Wesley and Whitfield infused new life into the torpid heart of England when all but dead with infidelity and formalism. It was by preaching, that Clarkson and Wilberforce abolished the accursed traffic which made merchandise of the blood and bone, and sinews and souls, of men. It was by preaching, that Buxton and Sturge in England, and Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips in America, smote the monster Slavery itself with its death-wound. It was by preaching, that O'Connell won emancipation for his long-oppressed countrymen. It was by preaching that Cobden and Bright got untaxed bread for the poor, and an unfettered commerce for the world. And it is by preaching, we believe—from pulpit and platform, and press and free parliaments—that the heart of nations is to be so imbued with humane and Christian sentiment, that they will rise in rebellion against the iniquity of war, and say to their governments, of whatever nature they may be, "There shall be no more of this. We are all brethren made of one blood, the children of a common father. We refuse to be trained to this work of mutual butchery; and if there is to be any more fighting—

'Let the men that make the quarrels
Be the only men to fight.'"

OUR BROTHER'S OFFENCE.

BY ELIZABETH M. POWELL.

To overcome any evil in the world, it is necessary for every one to ask himself, "What have I to do with this wrong thing? What can I do to make it right?" For we are so bound together in the great household of God that the weakness of one member taxes the strength of all the rest; the offence of one brother or sister becomes the care and touches the responsibility of all the others. It is so easy to forget this. We crave some personal indulgence that perhaps we are strong enough to bear, and plant ourselves on our individual liberty, and console ourselves by saying, "I want to enjoy this, and I ought not to be deprived of it because some weakling may hurt himself by its indulgence." It would do to reason in this way if the world were peopled with insulated beings, if men and women were marble statues. But we are so constituted that our individual lives enter into the life of the world; being overruns the limits of body, and mingles with all its touches, and so we paralyze by our weakness or renew by our strength the spirit of the whole. It is glorious

to realize fully that "no man liveth to himself alone," and to throw ourselves unreservedly into the life and work of the world, resolved that in our limited way we will live as our Father does, for all.

To overcome the evils of intemperance, we need first of all a baptism into the grand spirit of the apostle, "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, *I will eat no meat while the world standeth*, lest I make my brother to offend." He did not satisfy his conscience with the reasoning, "Meat is as much a provision of God's bounty as bread is, and He means it to be used reasonably. Besides, if I chance to be with those who sit at meat in the idol's temple, I can not make a mark of myself by refusing the meat." It was enough for him to know that his eating of flesh might make his brother to offend, might "embolden the conscience of him that is weak to eat those things which are offered to idols;" and he puts his personal gratification behind him. It was enough for him to know that it might make his brother to offend, and he bore his testimony wherever he was called to do so.

In these days the drinking of wine leads to innumerable and immeasurable offences. It causes brothers and sisters, old and young, to offend grievously. Its wretched results in poverty and degradation are written daily, and daily are they lived before our eyes. Still the social wine-drinking goes on. Still does the elegant lady offer to the elegant gentleman the red wine. Still do our literary men, meeting in clubs, discuss poetry and history over their wine. Still do our churches consecrate the wine cup in their communion service. And so long as wine-drinking is tolerated and encouraged in these high places, so long shall we be burdened and degraded by the debauchery of the low. Of what use is it to preach of the religion of Christ if we persistently ignore the characteristic that exalts it above all other forms of religion; if its ministers and churches do not sternly refuse their countenance to the indulgences that make so many to offend? God has beneficently provided so many sources of physical enjoyment that do not endanger the welfare of men, that it seems a very small sacrifice to banish wine from the list of gratifications.

It is clearly the duty of individuals to bear testimony against the use of wine by example and protest. This every one of us can do; and although it is no business of ours whether or not our efforts actually check the evil, we may believe that our influence will be felt in society for great good. It is a very cheering thought that a good deed, or a "word fitly spoken," may be seen in the soul of another that will multiply itself a hundred fold; indeed, it will go on reproducing itself through

the infinite ages. Especially forcible is individual example in the cultivated circles of society. The cultured woman who forbids wine in her house strengthens the good resolves of all less favored women, and she makes a pure and invigorating moral atmosphere, in which men, young and old, can develop their best manhood. If all good women would resolve that in their presence no temptation should come nigh their brothers, how much faster the world would grow into the heavenly place it might be!

Faithfulness in individuals will secure right legislation to protect the young and weak. The burning of a house is a penal offence. How much greater is the wrong done to the householder by the man who comes to his neighborhood and scatters firebrands that may burn out the moral nature of his sons. It is not only the right, but the duty of society to legislate against a traffic that infects the moral atmosphere, and creates a contagion more woful in its results than any physical scourge.

The hope of the world is in its young, and so we come back to the home as the centre of light and hope, the stronghold of purity. It is in the home that young men and women must be fortified to meet and overcome temptation. At home they must be surrounded by influences so pure and elevating that when they go out into the world evil can not come near them. At home their souls must be so filled with all that is happy and good, that they shall have eyes for only the good, and they shall walk without seeing or feeling the temptations that are spread for them. Too often parents are absorbed in business and in domestic cares, and their boys particularly are left to themselves, and their undeveloped natures seize upon unwholesome things, and they enter manhood scarred if not disabled morally. It would be easy to spare them the season of "sowing wild oats," and they would be saved many unhappy experiences, and come to a better, stronger manhood. Not many boys or girls choose to be bad if their parents shine before them, and enter fully into their young active life, and lead them by sunny paths to the things that make for eternal peace.

And let no one be indifferent to his duty in this important matter. Each has his community to influence. Let him see to it that his testimony is pure and strong.—*Bond of Peace.*

WHEREVER I have traveled, I could never judge of the height of any hill, but from the vale beneath. The height of God's eternal love is only to be discovered from the vale of humility.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE UNFAITHFUL.

We are in the darkness, Father,
Searching vainly for the light;
All the path ahead seems buried,
In the shadows of the night.

We have left it, and are wandering
All alone, without a guide,
And a thorny, tangled wildwood,
Clogs each way which we have tried.

Oftentimes we see a glimmer
Of the daylight far ahead,
But we scarce have taken courage,
'Till the sky is overspread;

Then we seem to lose our footing,
And go straying from the track,
And are longing for, and asking,
God's strong hand to bring us back.

We have known Thy arm's protection,
Need we cry in vain to Thee?
Let us walk like little children—
By Thy side, as trustingly.

Then our path will open plainly,
Through the straight and narrow way;
Give us strength and earnest purpose,
Thou, our only hope and stay. EMILIE.

STARLIGHT.

"Like as a star,
That maketh not haste,
Yet taketh not rest,
Be always fulfilling
Thy God-given best!" —GOETHE

As the stars that—never resting
Through the watches of the night,
In their steady course, unceasing—
Trace their path in lines of light—
Shedding their pure radiance, nightly,
God's good purposes fulfil,
Ever patiently and brightly,
Working out His lofty will,

So on us a charge is lying
Through the night of life below
God's pure light to shed undying
Round us, wheresoe'er we go;—
Be the pathway high or lowly
God shall choose for us to tread;
Still He gives this mission holy,
Still His light is ours to shed!

Not alone the great and gifted
Have this mission to pursue,
E'en the weakest heart, uplifted,
Shall find strength and work to do!
Not for high and hard things only
Is this blessed power bestowed;
But to cheer the sad and lonely,
And to light the dark abode!

There is many a path benighted,
Where weak feet uncertain stray,
That might reach the goal, if lighted
Even by a star-light ray!
There are hours of bitter sadness
When all earthly hopes are fled;
We might turn such grief to gladness,
By God's light in darkness shed!

And, if weary and benighted,
Sometimes fall our pilgrim feet,
Let our lamps be ever lighted
Freshly, at the mercy-seat!

Till—heaven's radiance brightening o'er us,
Starlight shadows fled away—
He who walked the night before us,
Calls us to eternal day!

MY UNCLE TOBY'S MISTAKE.

Uncle Toby says, "Woman, the dear little ornamental fixture of every good man's house, has an easy time in this world. She is petted and caressed, and supplied with the necessaries and comforts of life, with very little to annoy her; while we, poor fellows, are obliged to battle hard with the world to get money for her to spend."

Now my Uncle Toby is at the head of a class of men who have a striking family resemblance. He has no idea that his dear little Lily, who weighs only about a hundred pounds, and flits so easily about the house, is ever tired. He never heard her say so. He wonders sometimes that she is not, for it puts him all out of breath to tend the children but half an hour. He supposes that Tobias junior, the six-year old, saves her some steps and helps amuse the three younger ones, who, he thinks, lie or creep quietly around the sitting-room floor all day, like so many kittens. He is sure they are very little trouble to their mother; for he never comes home after business hours, but he finds the house in perfect order, and his wife at the door with the whole four neatly dressed to meet him with smiles and kisses. "It is so much better," he says, "than to have a hired girl about, putting things out of place, and hearing all that is said."

It was his own suggestion, that no servant should be employed, lest the opening minds of these promising children should take in sentiments which he should wish eradicated. "Teach them all yourself, Lily," said he one morning as he stood at the door with his hat in his hand. "Don't let anything come between you and them. You have plenty of time. As for the housework there is not much to do for our small family; let it slide and attend to the children."

Uncle Toby took his five kisses upon his bearded mouth, and as many more thrown from the chubby hands of the little ones, and walked leisurely off to his business, complacently flattering himself that he was a model of a husband, with a loving wife, and four as smart children as ever entered the world.

Lily was a good wife: she loved her husband, and although she knew that her duties and cares were not understood by him, she determined that every muscle should be strained to meet his expectations. She had often heard him say that "his mother never kept a hired girl, though she brought up a large family;" and Lily tacitly yielded to the forced conviction that she ought also to do her own work.

Bright silver, clean door-knobs, tidy rooms, and good meals, he always noticed and praised; and though she felt tired and worn down by the over labor of previous days, and the restless nights of the children, she shut the door after her husband, put on a calico dress, and, with a child in each arm and two trudging on behind, hurried to the kitchen to commence anew her daily toils.

She could scarcely pass the lounge, so strong was her desire to stop for rest; but there was no time for that; the house must be put in order, the dinner cooked, the children looked after continually, their clothes got ready, and the four washed and dressed to meet "dear father" at five o'clock.

So all day long, with busy brain, busy tongue, and active hands and feet, Lily wore away the day, and was herself in turn worn away. She was nervous and dispirited, and though she reasoned with herself and tried to laugh away the depression of her mind, the effort only rebounded upon herself; the tears would come, and occasionally overleap their barriers, and drop upon her languid hand.

Life seemed to her a great burden which could neither be borne nor thrown off. At the last moment she was ready, and at the door with her little brood, to welcome the father, whose rested, contented, happy look did her good. He was full of playfulness and good humor, and said, "You are looking very handsome this afternoon with your red cheeks, Lily; you have just enough to do for health. I don't know what a hired girl would find to do in this neat house;" and, as he chucked her under her chin, he added, "An old friend of mine will be here to dinner and spend a few days with us. You must be careful and not work too hard."

This was a drop too much upon her overburdened heart and hands, and she longed for a place and time to weep; but there was neither, and bravely choking down her grief, and spurring up her energies, she brought her husband's slippers and evening paper, and while he lay upon the lounge resting, she dished up and brought in the dinner.

A noted lecturer was to speak upon an interesting topic that evening, and Uncle Toby and his friend determined to go. The children could not be left alone, and of course Lily must remain with them; but though Uncle Toby declared it was too bad, and he regretted it very much, yet it never seemed to enter his mind that he could change places with her, and let her have a breath of the outside world she so much needed.

At the table the next morning, the lecture, politics and the common events of the day were discussed, when Lily, not wishing to be silent, and anxious to do credit to her well-

informed husband, unfortunately made a remark which exposed her ignorance of what she was supposed to know, and greatly mortified Uncle Toby. He raised his head, stroked his long black beard, and said: "Lily, you must read more; you have two daily papers supplied you."

The tension upon her spirit was tightening, an overstrain was upon the strings of life, and after a year or two more of constantly increasing cares they snapped. Delirium came on, weeks of suffering followed, the spirit was released, and the attenuated body was at rest.

Uncle Toby was greatly distressed, and talked of the mysterious visitation of God in thus cutting short the life of one who had not lived out half her days, and who was so essential to him and the children. But he acknowledged the duty of submission, as urged upon him, and bowed to the divine decree!

Are there no other thoughtless Uncle Tobys in our land, who are wearing out human lives? It is poor economy to over-tax mothers with menial service. Save them for the nobler work which God has put in their hands.—*Christian Weekly*.

THE BOHON-UPAS TREE.

During the cruise of the United States ship Plymouth in the East Indies, she visited the coast of Borneo, and there spent some time in regulating our commercial interests. While lying off the mouth of Bruni River, upon which is situated the capital city of Borneo proper, a party was made up to visit an upas tree, which it appears is occasionally found in other islands than Java.

With a boat's crew, well-armed, we left the ship at daybreak, in order to accomplish the distance (21 miles,) before the sun came out in full strength. Reaching the mouth of the river, after a pull of an hour and a half, we landed to eat our breakfast, and, after resting the crew, put off again, arriving at our place of destination about 10 A. M. We were all looking out eagerly for the wonderful stories that so fascinated our boyhood; but here were no barren wastes, or arid, skeleton-covered plains.

Following our native guide-boat, we sheered in alongside of a grassy bank, the summit of which was laid out in small plots like children's gardens at home, each plot surrounded by a border of shells, with carefully kept walks between them. Nothing but grass and flowers were growing there, but these were luxuriant; for this was a graveyard, and we were even then standing under the shadow of the terrible poison tree, near which these people bury their dead, which may partially account for the wonderful

stories told by early travelers. The tree itself measured eleven feet in circumference five feet above the ground, and, instead of scattering death and destruction, was girded round with creeping vines and many-colored parasites, that wound their way to the topmost branches, which were higher than any of the surrounding trees, and equalled, if not surpassed, those of our loftiest forest trees at home.

An incision was made, after the manner of tapping maple trees, and the sap, which is reported to be a deadly poison, commenced flowing drop by drop. It was of a yellowish white color, thick and glutinous, resembling in its general appearance, good rich cream. There was no unpleasant odor perceptible from it, nor did any of us experience any disagreeable sensations, though standing near by while the sap was being discharged. This was so slow an operation that it required nearly an hour to fill a two-ounce vial. Meantime it was desirable to procure some of the leaves and branches, but these were beyond our reach, as the lowest branch was at least 100 feet from the ground, and, although the men could easily have climbed up by the vines, the surgeon in charge of the party refused to let them make the attempt, fearing that their hands and feet might become poisoned.

At last, having loaded all our carbines with ball, a particular limb was selected, and we fired together, by this means securing several fine specimens.

Having obtained matter enough of all kinds to satisfy the demands of science, we returned to the ship, arriving on board at 2 o'clock in the morning, highly gratified by the result of our visit to this great natural curiosity, which had been one of the wonders and mysteries of our boyhood.—*Appleton's Journal.*

ITEMS.

THE last report of the United States Agricultural Bureau makes a very strong appeal to the people to do what they can to make up for the loss of timber, by planting young trees. A little attention on the part of landholders to this matter would not only add greatly to the beauty of the country, but would increase the value of estates, and prevent what is really in danger of overtaking us—a wood famine. Over fifty millions of acres of land were denuded of timber between the years 1850 and 1860, and are now fruitful farms. Aside from the uses of wood for fuel, fencing, etc., it ranks as a necessity in many of the arts and in various industrial callings. American oak, pine and walnut, enter largely into our exports, and a single gun factory in Europe during the first two years of our war, used no less than 28,000 walnut trees, imported from this country, in making gun stocks, which were returned here in the form of weapons. When we think of the immense amount of timber required in the construction of wharves, piers, railways, etc., it becomes apparent

that measures should be taken not only by individual owners of land, but by Legislatures, to provide against wanton destruction of forests, and for repairing the necessary loss and waste of timber. It appears to us also, that in view of the rapid decay of wood used for piles, sleepers and similar purposes, that it would be well to subject material so used to the Bethell, or some such process, for the purpose of resisting decay. It is said that wood, which, after being submitted to the Bethell process, was used for railway ties and bridge timber, was found after a quarter of a century's use and exposure to be sound as new timber.

AN interesting paper on artesian wells was read before the Chicago Academy of Sciences at its regular meeting lately. The writer's general opinion, founded on geological data, was that throughout the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, at least, deep seated springs, penetrated by artesian wells, would afford water too highly charged with mineral compounds to be fit for drinking or washing purposes. Reference was made to the Dupont well at Louisville, 1800 feet deep; the Belcher well at St. Louis, 2176 feet deep; the Poorfarm well in the same city, 2250 feet deep; the Rose well at Terre Haute, 1793 feet deep; the Lodi well, 1218 feet deep; the State House well at Columbus, 2775 feet deep; and several other wells in Indiana and Illinois, each over 1000 feet deep. The water from all these wells is more or less impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen, and contains lime, soda, iodine, bromine, magnesia, and phosphorous, in various forms of combination. From this fact and other observations, the writer comes to the conclusion that lake and surface waters are far preferable for domestic purposes to those from springs that must be reached by artesian wells.

THE recent discovery of inexhaustible deposits of excellent coal on the Isthmus of Panama is an unexpected and most important matter with reference to the future of American commerce. It was unexpected, because the accepted theories of Humboldt and other "physical geographers" did not admit the existence of considerable coal formations in volcanic regions; and its importance may be measured by the expense attending the transportation of coal for steamship and railway use from Europe or the United States to the Isthmus. The mine is but thirty-five miles from Aspinwall, is owned by an Englishman, and is susceptible of being readily worked.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

A DANGEROUS PLAYTHING.—A well known citizen left at this office yesterday a specimen of a kind of "torpedo," which is now being sold in this city among other fire-works. The sample left at this office is about the size of a small marble, colored blue and red, and it looks a good deal like a sugar plum. One of these getting into the hands of a little boy a few days ago, was ignorantly or innocently put by him into his mouth, and almost immediately exploded, disfiguring him very much and endangering his life. The sample left at this office was accidentally exploded, and from the havoc it made among the papers and other matters near it we had a good opportunity to judge of the injury and destruction this dangerous plaything is capable of producing in inexperienced hands. As it appears to be mainly intended for children, it is very questionable whether its manufacture and sale should be permitted. At all events parents and guardians should be warned against it.—*Phila. Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From the "Saturday Review."

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

It is a good sign for England that the death of a scientific man like Sir John Herschel, although he had lived for many years in close retirement, had rarely been seen except by members of his own family and personal friends, and had long given over scientific work of the more serious kind, is felt as a great and national loss. High and low, rich and poor, lament the absence of one who has been to most of them little more than a name; first, because the dignity of a life spent in the study of nature is beginning to assert itself; and secondly, because in Sir John Herschel the power of scientific observation was pre-eminently associated not only with the power of appealing to tens of thousands by his writings, but with all those qualities which, when we find them in a great man, make him universally beloved.

In attempting to give a sketch of a man who was so emphatically the son of his father, both in thought and work, it is impossible to speak of one without referring to the other. Not only were they laborers in the same vast field, but for many years of his life Sir John Herschel was engaged in researches which may be looked upon as an extension of those commenced by his father. Born at Slough in 1792, he passed his childhood under the shadow of that giant telescope which his father's skill and indomitable perseverance

had erected, and to which the liberality of the King, who endowed the father with a sum of 400*l.* a year, enabled him to devote all his energies. Here we may stop to remark upon the large amount of immortal work which has been done under analogous conditions. The names of Ptolemy, Galileo, and Tycho at once occur to us as having been similarly aided in the very science which the Herschels have so brilliantly cultivated.

John Herschel, indirectly profiting without doubt by this magnificent endowment, and reared in an atmosphere of wonderful discoveries, went to Eaton and subsequently to St. John's College, Cambridge, filled with an intense love of his father's pursuits. . . .

In 1816 we find him engaged in astronomical work in one of those prolific fields of observation which his father had opened up to an astonished world. The fixed stars, on which the prestige of immutability had rested after Galileo had snatched it from the sun, had been found to include some which appeared double or treble, not because they were in the same line from the eye, but because they were physically connected, revolving round each other, or rather round a common centre of motion, as our earth does round the sun. This, and an examination of the nebulae and clusters discovered by his father, engaged much of Herschel's attention for some years, and in conjunction with Sir

James South he presented a paper to the Royal Society, embodying upwards of 10,000 observations on the double stars, which was printed in 1824; and in 1832 a catalogue of 2000 nebulae and clusters was also printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

But this by no means represents the sum total of his activity during this period. The mathematical papers communicated in 1813 and the following years to the *Philosophical Transactions*, were soon supplemented by papers on Chemistry, many of which appeared in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* about 1819. In 1820 physical science was added to chemical science, and Herschel broke ground in his many researches on optical questions by a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the action of crystallized bodies in homogeneous light; while, with astonishing versatility, in 1824 he had sufficiently mastered the subject of electricity to deliver the Bakerian Lecture before the Royal Society on the motion produced in fluid conductors when transmitting the electric current. We note these incidents merely to show Herschel's many-sidedness in his scientific work, not by any means to exhaust its list; for this many pages in the Royal Society's Index of Scientific Papers would have to be quoted. There is one item of what may be termed his miscellaneous work to which we must specially refer. In 1822 we find him investigating the spectra of colored flames, and these researches were carried on, at intervals at all events, till 1827, when he wrote, "The colors thus contributed by different objects to flame afford in many cases a ready and neat way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them." Here we find spectrum analysis almost stated in terms, and yet, although Herschel, Brewster, and Fox Talbot were on the track of the most brilliant discovery of our age, the clue was lost and little came of their labors. It is one thing to make observations, and another to plan and conduct researches in a perfectly untrodden field; and it is no disparagement of Herschel to make this remark in connection with his experiments on spectrum analysis, for although he would certainly, as a result of these experiments, have anticipated Kirchhoff and Bunsen, if he had been gifted with that kind of genius which dominates the mind of the discoverer, his mind was intent upon a great project which he did not delay to put into execution. This was nothing less than an endeavor to do for the Southern heavens that which his father and himself had done for the Northern ones. This project he carried into execution in the year 1834, by taking his celebrated 18½ inch reflector, of 20 feet focal length, made by him-

self, and a smaller refractor, to the Cape of Good Hope, and erecting his observatory at Feldhausen, near Table Bay. Here for four years of self-imposed exile his industry was simply unparalleled. It requires an intimate acquaintance with the working of large reflecting telescopes of the construction adopted by Sir John Herschel to appreciate the tremendous labor and patience involved in the work he had set himself to do. Those who have only seen astronomical observations carried on in an observatory where for the most part equatorially mounted refractors, with observing chairs allowing the utmost ease to the observers, are employed, can form no idea of the extreme discomfort of him who is perched high up, on a small stage, standing for the most part in the open air; yet this was Herschel's self-imposed duty, not only in his Cape observations, but in the earlier work to which we have before referred. Such was his industry that he by no means confined himself to his "sweepings," double star observations, and "night-work" generally. Some of the most beautiful drawings of sun spots that we possess are to be found in the volume in which his work is recorded, entitled "Results of Astronomical Observations made during 1834-38 at the Cape of Good Hope, being the Completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825;" a volume, let us add, which was published partly at the expense of the Duke of Northumberland. In addition to all the new knowledge of old nebulae, and descriptions of those he had discovered in the Southern hemisphere, Sir John Herschel took advantage of the position at the Cape to delineate the magnificent nebulae of Orion, as well as that sounding η Argus, and to determine the places of all the included stars visible in his large instrument. The fidelity of these drawings is something wonderful.

We may fitly complete our notice of Sir John Herschel's work by referring to the two catalogues which within the last few years he has presented to the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies—one of all known nebulae, in which are brought together all the observations of Messier, his father, himself, Lord Rosse, Lassell, Bond, and others; the other a *seventh* catalogue of double stars, completing the former lists presented to the Royal Astronomical Society during the years 1827-37.

So much in brief for Herschel's observational and experimental work. As a scientific writer he was equally diligent. Immediately after taking his degree, in 1813, he commenced writing on mathematical subjects, and afterwards these were changed for

physical studies. In the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and in various encyclopædias articles of unsurpassed excellence and clearness are to be found from his fertile pen, for instance, his articles on Meteorology, Physical Geography, and the Telescope, which have been reprinted in a separate form. Some of this work appeared before he went to the Cape, as also his Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy and his Treatise on Astronomy. In all these there is evidence of Herschel's great power as a writer, and of his appreciation of the importance of natural knowledge in itself; while his thorough acquaintance with the position of England with regard to science may probably have had something to do with the fertility of his pen. For instance, in his Treatise on Sound he writes: "In England whole branches of Continental discovery are unstudied, and indeed almost unknown even by name. It is vain to conceal the melancholy truth. We are fast dropping behind." This charge, we grieve to say, still holds good, because our Governments, existing as they do for political reasons, care little for the cultivation of science as a means of national advancement. This consideration gives additional value to another class of Herschel's writings—writings which have endeared his name to tens of thousands and made it a household word, and have been a powerful engine of instruction and a valuable incentive to scientific study.

With all his consciousness of intellectual powers, he was never tempted into the weak vanity of scepticism. Very lately he observed of a well-known work upon the origin of species, that, if its author had only recognized a Creator, he would have made one of the greatest discoveries of science.

Herschel's latest scientific publication was his *Outlines of Astronomy*, first published in 1849, a work which would have almost if not quite sufficed to make the reputation of any ordinary man; it has already run through several editions, and has been translated into several languages, Chinese among the number. The last publication which bears his name, was the fruit of that vigorous old age which sought recreation in change of occupation; and it is characteristic alike of the versatility of Herschel's genius and of the immortal interest of the Homeric poems, that his final volume should have been a translation of the *Iliad* into English hexameters. Sir John Herschel had long been accustomed to charm his friends by sparkling *vers de société*, and in his leisure hours he would divert himself with indulging in the composition of Latin verse.

It is some consolation to know that the

great man at whose labors we have rapidly glanced died full of honors in a ripe old age. Too often the merits of an English man of science are for the first time recognized when he has gone from among us. This was by no means Herschel's case. His scientific labors received the highest honors which the Royal Society, the Paris Academy of Sciences, and the Royal Astronomical Society can bestow. A baronetcy was conferred upon him on his return from the Cape, where, let us add, all his observations were made at his own expense. St. John's College conferred upon him the first of its Honorary Fellowships; Oxford granted him her D. C. L.; and Marischal College, Aberdeen, claimed him as its Rector. But he was never President of the Royal Society or of the British Association.

The distinguishing feature of his character was the quality which we can best describe by a very trite but expressive appellation, simplicity. The pride of intellect and the vanity of cleverness—qualities different in themselves, though often confounded—were equally absent from his nature, while that self-reliance which is their better counterpart never failed to assert itself. The womanly jealousies and partizanships which too often discredit the career of philosophers were abhorrent to his nature, while in the scramble for titular distinctions his form could never be desecrated. His spirits were those of a boy, happy, not only in the enjoyment of life, but in the consciousness of being able to give the highest pleasure to others, while his sympathy was ever ready and ever judicious.

It is a welcome indication of the growing feeling of the value and dignity of scientific work that the remains of Sir John Herschel should rest in Westminster Abbey, close to the grave of Newton. Of his private life in his beautiful home of Collingwood, at Hawkhurst, in the rich Weald of Kent, we should have much to say if we could bring ourselves to expose to the public gaze the interior of a household singular for the unbroken affection which united all its members, the earnestness and purity of its aims, the talent, the taste, the gracefulness of all its pursuits. The lady whom Sir John Herschel made the partner of his life was in every way worthy of him, with an intellect to apprehend his deepest studies, a self-forgetting devotion to ease every labor, a beauty and gentleness which lightened the philosopher's study with all the charms of graceful happiness. The children who grew up under such auspices reflected the virtues and abilities of their parents, while in Alexander Herschel we find the third generation of a family of science.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE test of true discipleship is love, and "love worketh no ill to its neighbor;" so far from this, it is even willing to deny itself for the good of its neighbor.

It is an enlightening principle in the human mind, far-seeing in its operations, and as we yield to these we shall be careful not to present anything as a beverage to others which may endanger them, but rather endeavor to shield all who come under our influence from temptations of every kind. I believe there is nothing we are so much in danger of *undervaluing* as our own *influence*, when it comes in conflict with our desires and opinions.

Let us, then, let our light shine in unobstructed brightness, and the cause of Truth prosper in our day by unceasing effort to fulfil the law of love, remembering the promise, "They who are faithful in the little shall be made rulers over more." R. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"THE GOD-GIVEN POWER TO SEE OR RECEIVE A TRUTH, IS GOD'S COMMAND TO IMPART IT."

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

I regard all *truth* as coming from God, and hence eternal, universal, always good, and, from its nature, incapable, when rightly used, of being *anything but* good, to any person, in any place, or at any period. There is, and can be, no new truth. Every truth, however recently discovered, has existed through all time. Every mathematical or philosophical principle, every property of the triangle, the circle, or of material bodies, is eternal. No matter when or by whom it was discovered, *it pre-existed* in the Divine mind, and is the embodiment of a Divine thought. The mind of the discoverer is brought in harmony with, and to understand, the Divine mind, so far as to be able to receive this impress, or revelation from it.

Hence, all that the mathematician or philosopher can do is to *discover what previously existed*, although *unknown*. When Dr. Herschel, and Prof. Leverier, each discovered a "new planet," as it was termed, to which the names of Uranus and Neptune were applied, they were only favored to see what had existed from the time of creation. The *discovery* was new, not the *object discovered*. So of each principle and property in every department of physical science.

The same I believe to be true in relation to spiritual truths, which are as much realities as physical truths. They are from the same eternal Source, and communicated in like manner, whenever a mind or soul is *prepared*—that is, sufficiently enlightened, expanded, and purified—to see or receive them. And

every such revelation, spiritual or physical, is *for good to mankind*—is a blessing. Witness the happy influences of the physical discoveries within a century past, upon the comforts, conveniences, and interests of humanity. Besides the sewing machines, mowing and reaping machines, and various other *labor performing* inventions, that so expedite operations in the household and upon the farm, and lessen muscular exertion, the truths or principles upon which these rest, as well as all those other God-given ministers to man—the laws governing steam, so as to adapt it to the supply of so great a variety of our wants, and greatly to lengthen our lives if measured by what we are enabled to perform,—the sunlight to paint the pictures of our absent friends, and scenery and objects of interest in foreign lands, and thus "bring a distant country into ours" with a reliability that no human delineation can equal; and the same agent in spectral analysis, rendering such aid in understanding the composition of terrestrial substances, and giving a better acquaintance than was previously possessed with many bodies in the planetary and stellar regions,—the truths or laws of electricity and magnetism, in their application to that wonder, the telegraph, to electrotyping, and many other valuable and labor-performing processes; all of which and many others, may be regarded, so far as their general practical benefits are concerned, as the gifts of the last one hundred years. But unquestionably, these laws and principles have all existed from the epoch of creation. Then whence come they into use? And why at this time?

I have just now called these truths or discoveries "God-given ministers," for they are certainly "good gifts," and minister greatly to man's convenience and comfort, and we have the assurance that "every good gift, and every perfect gift, is *from above*, and cometh down from the Father of Light, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, He being the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Now, as we have the assurance of the apostle, which we all believe, that *God does not change*, and these "good gifts," though existing from the period of the creation, have been withheld, or rather not imparted to his children, beneficent as they would have been, till within the last one hundred years, and far the greater number of them, and the most valuable, till within the last half-century, there must exist *some cause* for this; *something* must have changed. I think it is *man*. There has been a progress in *humanity*. So far from man being a fallen being, and his *highest condition past*, so that we must *look back* for the most elevated and favored types of hu-

manity, the human family has been continually advancing, taken all together, from the first creation, so that man has come to occupy a higher plane than ever before. He has come nearer to God, and been enabled to partake more of His image, both in the creative faculty, so to call it, and in the diffusion of blessings to his fellow-creatures, so as to be capable of apprehending, receiving, and propagating the great truths that have long been waiting to burst forth in a revelation to bless mankind, as soon as a mind should be prepared to receive it.

But, this *preparation* must be by man. The *means* are furnished him, but he must industriously use them. He must put diligent inquiries to nature, and attentively and patiently await her answers. It is interesting to note how *gradually* all these revelations have been made. One person discovers one truth, and makes it known. This raises the mind one step towards the object. Then, the same person, or some one else, discovers another, and so on, until the present elevated degree has been attained, in all the sciences, and the arts resting upon them. This grand result has arisen from each discovery of a new truth, when made, being thrown into the common stock of knowledge, thus bringing up all well-informed and thinking minds to that level, and preparing them for further advances. Not that the highest possible degree, or one near it, is yet attained; great blessings, no doubt, are still in the Divine Treasury, waiting till some one is sufficiently advanced or elevated to receive them, and add them to the already long list of "good gifts" from above.

Now, let it be observed, emphatically, that these revelations, as I term them, or the knowledge of these truths or laws that have proved of such incalculable benefit to man, have not been made to, or obtained by, the idle and the thoughtless, but they are the reward of the industrious, patient, devoted *worker*, the close *observer*, the man who questions nature, with an unshaken confidence in the uniformity of her laws, which are the laws of God, and partake of His unchangeableness, wisdom, and goodness.

All this, in my confident belief, is equally true of spiritual realities, and the revelations of spiritual truths. Every God-given truth is good. These truths make up the heart or condition of humanity. Every added one expands the mind or soul, and increases its enlightenment. Their being successively imparted, is interesting evidence of the progress of humanity. They are not revealed to the idle and the thoughtless, but to the industrious and devoted seeker into the depths of his spiritual nature, watchfully observing the changes in his moral consciousness, inquiring

into the causes by which these changes are produced, and, by the aid of that Light which is freely furnished to all, discovering spiritual truths never before revealed. By this means he becomes deeply instructed in spiritual things, learns the nature and power of spiritual influences and forces, and that they are as real and invariable as those governing material bodies. When not restrained by considerations of policy arising from Society organizations, there is the same noble impulse to impart what has been discovered; to share with others the treasure that has been found, and place it in the common stock of knowledge. Such devoted workers were the venerated George Fox, Fenelon, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, and no doubt many others. George Fox in the fields and woods, in retirement,—Newton in his observatory,—Luther and Calvin and Wesley in places of silent meditation,—Davy in his laboratory, and others who have made discoveries in their respective provinces of research, were all industriously and devotedly engaged in studying those laws established by Deity, through which man may acquire a higher and fuller knowledge of His works, spiritual and physical, and of Him, and become a more enlarged recipient of His bounties and blessings.

A succession of these laborers, astronomers, chemists and other physicists, and also of the explorers and expounders of spiritual truths, has been steadily maintained, but their labors have been attended with very different results. In every department of science, whose votaries make known every discovery, or what is believed to be such, as soon as it is made, there has been a great and steady advance,—an advance proportioned to the industry, devotedness and skill with which they were pursued. One discovery prepared the way for another. Recognizing the unvariableness of the Great Father and of His laws,—that He was no respecter of persons, had no favorites, but that He rewarded humble and thoughtfully directed industry and research alike in all; it was seen that what one man had done others could do by the same means, and by using the additional knowledge his industry had gained, other laborers in the same field could even surpass. This important fact was continually verified in their experience, and herein lies the source of the successive and important discoveries and developments in the last hundred years, in every department of scientific pursuit.

In the *spiritual* department, if so it may be termed, the case has been very different. The field has been largely occupied, but the advance, if whatever change has been produced can be called an advance, has been

comparatively very slow. For this difference there must be some cause, and this cause must be with *man*, not *God*. *He* would assuredly reveal truths connected with man's higher life and eternal interests, as freely and fully as *He* has revealed those in the other departments which *He* has enabled man to explore.

The hindering cause or causes appear very clear to me, and I feel free to express my views in regard to them. They are principally two. Among the generality of the people from whom it would be expected such investigations and advancement would be made, a conviction has obtained that all revelation has ceased, that the whole mind and will of *God* respecting man is contained in the Bible; that every spiritual discovery, or illumination, must conform to what is therein recorded, thus regarding any advance as unhopd for and impossible, and that the *only* means of progress in a knowledge of spiritual truths, is to study this Book. Oh! if only all had been led to study the book of their own lives and experiences, the varying influences of their moral consciousness, with the same zeal and industry that they have studied the Bible (for I believe them honest,) what progress would they have made in the knowledge of spiritual realities! Even greater and of incomparably more benefit to man, than has been made in any department of physical science.

With Friends, who nobly maintain that *God* is unchangeable, and that consequently the blessing of His immediate revelation to man has not ceased, its benefits are yet not fully realized, from the belief which too generally prevails, that it was, in its fulness, made to George Fox, William Penn, and other early Friends, and that nothing therefore can be in advance of what was made known to and recorded by them, to which all doctrines and beliefs of members of the Society are expected to conform.

The second impediment is a prevailing belief that a knowledge of spiritual Truths is not obtained through devotedness, inquiry and observation directed to the influences of our consciousness, but that *God* reveals these truths, not naturally, but super-naturally to a favored few, and also that there must be great discrimination when and to whom these Truths are imparted: so that those who have been enabled to see more advanced and elevated Truths, are restrained from disseminating them, lest they should thereby disturb the harmony of the religious organization of which they are members. In this respect, society organization, though possessed of so many advantages, has been as a bond or restraint, preventing its development and growth.

Moreover, no two religious societies agree in what they maintain to be the fundamental doctrines essential to the soul's salvation, and ignoring reason and practical evidence, because it is feared they will conflict with super-natural revelation and some other received doctrines, no means are left by which to arrive at certainty in their conclusions on these most important subjects. In astronomy, chemistry, mathematics, and all the sciences, certainty prevails; but in spiritual realities, the most important of all, there are uncertainty and mystery, bigotry and superstition.

Now, with these views which I honestly entertain, it will be seen why I regard the "God given power to see or receive a Truth, to be *God's* command to communicate it," believing it to be for the benefit of the race, and not of the individual alone; and that every Truth that the Father reveals, is a *universal* Truth, and needed to bring up, or complement, the heart or mind of humanity to the present period in its progress.

A great loss, in my view, has been sustained by our Society, for want of a fuller and more honest expression of the deepest convictions of the soul, which I regard as the revelations of *God* to that soul, with authority to proclaim them. This revelation is by the language of impression. This language must then be interpreted to others, and the interpretation can only be as high and pure as accords with the highest conceptions of the recipient of the impression. But it is so much an advance in the right direction. By thus making it known, one of two benefits may arise. If erroneous, it may be corrected by more advanced minds; and if true, it may correct and enlarge the opinions of others, and, like the discoveries in science, lead to a still greater discovery.

Doubts have a right place in the mental and spiritual economy. They lead to a deeper and more careful examination of the subject, in search of evidence to establish the Truth. An honest doubt that one cannot remove had better be expressed than withheld. The expression may lead to the removal, not only from the mind that expressed it, but from many others, but if withheld, it may prey upon the soul like a canker.

It is my full belief, that less danger may exist, if there is any, from the free and honest expression of the deepest convictions of the soul, than has arisen from that "withholding more than is meet which tendeth to poverty." Truth is to be preferred in all things, because it is more in harmony with man's nature than the error it displaces.

The Truths to which I have referred a

being imparted by the Most High, are *universal Truths*, and, like His laws, they are of *universal application*. With regard to *special* utterances, injunctions, encouragements, or reproofs, it may be different. Truth I understand to be the reference of the Blessed Jesus in the quotation, "I have many things to declare unto you, but you cannot bear them now." These evidently were not *universal Truths*, but something *especially applicable to them*—some deficiency to point out, reproof to administer, or instruction to impart, which they were not then able to bear.

In the very instructive parable, when the servants proposed to gather the tares from among the wheat, the injunction was, "Nay, *let them alone, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat with them.*" The plan of the servants, as seen from the reply, was to "root up" the tares. But the wise and effective way is to "root up" nothing; contradict nothing; but to plant and nourish the *true seed*, plant Truth, propagate and cultivate Truth, and then, in accordance with the theory of "natural selection," that the strongest will prevail, Truth, being stronger than all opposing principles, and possessed of greater vitality and power, will flourish and spread, overshadowing and causing to decay and die out, everything of a contrary nature, till "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the tops of the mountains, and exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it:" *which mountain is Truth.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A GREETING TO THEM THAT ARE AFAR OFF,
AND THEM THAT ARE NIGH.

Dwell in love, and the God of peace and love be with you. Abide in the true Vine, and your fruit will be to His praise. Keep low and humble, for herein is your safety and preservation. Watch daily unto prayer, that your vessel may be kept in sanctification and honor. Guard closely against evil suggestions, lest some root of bitterness spring up and trouble you, and many be defiled by its pernicious influences. Adhere simply to impressions made by the Divine Spirit. Enrich the soul by dwelling on the sublime truths unfolded by an emanation from the pure Fountain of light and life, through whatever channel conveyed; the more we cherish and nurture these, the more lovely they appear, and we exclaim with the apostle, "Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out." Let us cease all endeavor to scan the infinite, all-wise Jehovah through the unaided intellect, but open every avenue of the heart

to the revealings of the Holy Spirit. If the eye be kept single to these, light will spring up, and by the glorious inshinings of the Sun of Righteousness shadows will flee away, vapors will be dispelled, and in communings with the soul's Well-Beloved, we will realize the truth of prophetic vision in days gone by: "Thou shalt see the King in His beauty;" "Thine eye shall see thy Teacher." This Heavenly guest when received becomes the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. His invitation to the young is: Come up higher; tread in the paths of virtue, give the brightness of your days to the service of your Redeemer; purify your souls in obeying the truth, and when the day of final reckoning comes, the language may be heard, Bring hither my servants that have made covenant with me by sacrifice. They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy. How much of heaven would come down to men, did all live this life of dedication. The erring would be reclaimed, the sorrows of the suffering mitigated, the balm of consolation would calm the troubled and sorrow-stricken, the hungry would find that "in the Father's house was bread enough and to spare," and the thirsty, that streams from the river of life were ever flowing.

May all so live as to be recipients of that blessing which maketh truly rich, and to which no sorrow is added.

7th mo. 2d, 1871.

SARAH HUNT.

Scrap

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Thy early and welcome reply to my note accompanying the communications alluded to, reached me yesterday. The assurance thou gave me that they were anticipated was quite strengthening; as I begin to have that faith which hopes to so walk in the best wisdom, as will bring me into harmony with all souls resting in the true faith, so I find these evidences add to my strength and hasten my progress. To-night my spirit seems to be under a cloud, and I find it best at such times to stand still, holding to the anchor of faith, until the sunlight again dispels the darkness.

I realize that I am young in religious experience, and crave counsel from those who have gone before me, yet I feel that whatsoever my hands find to do, I should do, trusting all results. We here, I think, and I hope everywhere throughout our Society, are arousing to a desire to improve our condition, and my heart has craved that all who

seek may be watched over and guarded and guided into a strength that can walk alone, under the influence of Christian love and spiritual insight into their needs. I believe that instrumentalities are used to aid all or nearly all children in their first steps physically. May those who might be used as instruments be spiritually alive and watchful, willing to aid the weak and steady the tottering steps of the little ones.

SANTEE AGENCY.

The warm weather is progressing, and with it our busy time approaches rapidly. Our crops look well, and while I write we are having a violent thunder storm with copious rain, which I presume will insure our wheat and help our corn very much.

I send thee some cottonwood seed, which thou wilt perceive is very much like thistle-down. It is blown over the country in great abundance. The seed of the willow is also a downy seed, though smaller. We may see in this a wise provision of Providence for supplying this country with wood, these seeds being so easily carried, and as easily covered by the shifting sands of our rivers; thus is insured the growth of myriads of young willows and cottonwoods.

The cactus plants I have sent to my friends *should* bloom. They do here in great perfection. I have one in my yard about 10 inches in diameter, bearing 40 flowers. The prickly pear also blooms. The flowers on it are larger and of a rich yellow color, but not so fragrant as the cactus. We have another plant which bears spikes of flowers two feet long, white, and bell-shaped. One stalk is quite enough for a handsome bouquet, but it grows on the tops of our barren hills where its beauty is lost to us.

By a letter received from Wisconsin, I find the potato bug has destroyed their crops to such an extent that many farmers have ploughed them under. Here they have not been quite so bad. It has been a new experience for me. One morning I took a bucket and went through my patch, knocking the tops of the vines over it, and in the course of two or three hours I collected a gallon of these vermin. Where they are allowed to have sway, they destroy everything, leaf and branch, and were they not a slug-gish insect we should not be able to overcome them. They increase so rapidly that we find them in all stages of growth, from the leaf covered with eggs to the great grand-parent, and as their appetites are always good, whatever their age, the result may be seen.

A GOOD conscience is a continual feast.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 15, 1871.

THE INDIANS.—From a private letter we have obtained information that the four Pawnee Indians so long imprisoned at Omaha were released from jail *on bail* on the 13th ult., and allowed to go to their reservations. They had been in prison there about twenty-two months. After they were tried in the U. S. Court and turned over to the State authorities, they were indicted by a grand jury in Butler county, and the case transferred by a change of venue to Lancaster county, to be tried at Lincoln. Superintendent S. M. Janney attended the court there several times with counsel and witnesses, but the prosecuting attorney was never ready. On the 5th ult., at Lincoln, the counsel on behalf of the prisoners presented a petition praying for their discharge, which the judges promised to consider. They were brought before him by a writ of habeas corpus in Omaha, when agent Troth and the four principal chiefs were present. The judge decided to admit them to bail if the chiefs would become responsible for their appearance at the next term of court, to be held in the Fall. He required the chiefs to enter bail in the penalty of \$5,000, and Superintendent Janney and Agent Troth jointly in the penalty of \$1,000. The terms were accepted; the chiefs readily pledging their annuity money to that amount, and the prisoners went home rejoicing. It is thought that Yellow Sun will not live long, and it is said that he is the only one among them that would probably be convicted if tried.

DIED.

CLEAVER.—On the 19th of Fifth month, 1871, near Westland, Washington Co., Pa., of paralysis, Jane Cleaver, wife of Peter Cleaver, in the 72d year of her age; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

OWEN.—Suddenly, near Fair Haven, Puebla Co., Ohio, Abbie A., wife of David Owen, aged 30 years. She was the daughter of Abner S. and Esther W. Scott, members of Westfield Monthly Meeting of Friends. She had been a sufferer for many months, but was thought by her physician and friends to be improving in health; but as "in the twinkling of an eye," she was called from earth to heaven. She gave evidence of unusual thoughtfulness. From early childhood it was her daily practice to read the Scriptures of Truth, and her dear parents were com-

forted in the perusal of a diary of her feelings on serious subjects, clearly manifesting the close self-examination to which she felt herself called. When health permitted, she was a regular attender of the meetings of Friends of which she was a member; the earnest zeal with which she labored to establish a First-day School in her own neighborhood, gave encouragement to those less hopeful in the good work, and she lived to realize something of the blessing of obedience to the command, "In the morning sow thy seed," &c. We have an abiding trust that her concern was to walk in that "straight and narrow way" that leads to life eternal; and in her life and in her death there was a recognition of this truth: His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are paths of peace.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 7th mo. 16. Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Bethpage, N. Y., 11 A.M.
 " Jerusalem, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
 " Gunpowder, Md. (old house), 10 A.M.
 No meeting at other house.
 " Woodstown, N. J., 4 P.M.
 " 23. Salem, N. J., 4 P.M.
 " 30. Alloways Creek, N. J., 3 P.M.
 8th mo. 6. Greenwich, N. J., 3 P.M.
 " Moorestown, N. J., 3 P.M.
 " 13. Port Elizabeth, N. J., 10 A.M.
 " Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Association of Friends within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will hold its next meeting at Penn's Manor Meeting-house, Bucks Co., Pa., on Seventh day morning, Eighth month 5th, at 10½ o'clock, to which the several First-day Schools and similar organizations are invited to send delegates, and such reports and other communications as will add interest to the meeting. The attendance of Friends generally is invited. Passengers will leave at 7 o'clock in the morning in steamer "Twilight" from Chestnut Street wharf, Philadelphia, and return in the "Forrest" at 6 P.M. from Robbin's Wharf. Cars leave Kensington Depot for Tullytown at 7 A.M.

Jos. M. TRUMAN, JR., } Clerks.
 EMMA WORRELL, }

The Executive Committee will meet on board the steamboat on its upward trip, at 7½ o'clock.

D. COMLY, Clerk.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TWO DAYS AT THE BEACH.

We have just returned from two delightful days at Cape May, and long to have every one who goes thither find the same sweet, fresh, delightful stopping-place.

Our friends Walter W. Green and his wife have taken the house on Ocean St., called La Pierre, and neatly fitted it up with every accommodation for a Friends' boarding house. Comfortable, airy chambers extend along each side of a wide hall, through every story of the large and commodious building, affording pleasant draughts of air in all directions. The house is about a square from the beach, and in all its appointments leaves nothing to

be desired. Taken all in all, we found our two days' sojourn there full of refreshment and delight.

Philada., 7th mo., 1871.

J. P. G.

A word of encouragement seems due to the editors of the *Intelligencer*, in the great and important duties that devolve upon them in gleaning and preparing matter so useful and encouraging to a large number, not only of our own particular fold, but to many of other denominations, who are perusing it with a concern to find that upon which the mind can rest with a degree of confidence and hope. The high moral tone and the deep religious feeling, so beautifully blended with the spirit of kindness, liberality, and love, as portrayed in its pages, is very evidently touching a tender chord in the hearts of many who until recently have stood aloof from us with a degree of fear. This has been very much the case where our numbers and meetings are small, and the evangelical element, so called, has greatly preponderated. But I am rejoiced to see and feel that a more wholesome sentiment is unfolding, which I trust will more and more be developed as we are individually concerned to place our light upon the candlestick, that the light thereof may be shed abroad. As a means of attaining this much-desired end, it rests upon my mind to encourage Friends throughout our widely extended country to use their influence to extend the circulation of the *Intelligencer* as much as practicable, believing that a weekly periodical of such pure and unsectarian tendencies is much needed, and would direct attention to that light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, but which is lying too much obscured in the minds of many.

7th mo. 3d, 1871.

S. S. T.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

Fishing Creek Half year Meeting was held on the 22d and 23d ult. The meeting of Ministers and Elders, and also Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting, occurred on the 21st. Besides our own members generally, Amos Jones, Mark and Louisa A. Wright, from Bucks Quarter, Sarah T. Betts, from Abington, and Susan N. Williams, from Philadelphia, were present with minutes—and Catharine Foulke, from Stroudsburg, and Jeremiah Moore, from Centre Quarter, ministers, and several Friends from different places without minutes. Much was communicated in the different meetings, both with regard to doctrine and practice. Supplication was more than once offered. One Friend, at the close of her testimony, and while still standing, poured forth her feelings in supplication, the people keeping their seats.

It was very impressive. The public meeting on the 23d was larger than usual—many extra seats were brought in and filled. We have had, I think, a pleasant and profitable meeting.

My object in writing is to continue an interest in our meeting in the minds of Friends in other places, for we like to be visited.

Milville, 7th mo. 2d, 1871.

G.

FROM NEW YORK.

During the late Yearly Meeting of Friends in this city, a joint meeting of the men and women was held on Fifth-day morning, in Rutherford Place meeting house, to hear the report of the committee having charge of the Indian concern, at which the writer of this was present.

It was a very large meeting, and doubtless contained a few who were not members. But could it have been a public meeting, and due notice given, the house would, perhaps, not have held one half of those who would have attended on the occasion. Such is the deep interest that seems to exist in the public mind, at this time, in that which is known as the "Quaker Policy."

The report consisting of the minutes of the committee for the past year, and other matters, was read by a member of the committee, occupying over an hour and a quarter, and was closely listened to by all present. The writer happened to sit where he had a view of nearly the whole meeting, and never before has he seen a large assembly so completely absorbed in the subject before them, thus giving unmistakable evidence of the deep interest felt in the progress of this important experiment.

Several communications followed, generally applying to the subject in hand, and one Friend, after speaking of the great responsibility which rested upon the Society, and the heavy burthen of duty it had assumed, expressed the hope, and trust that Divine assistance would continue to be extended to them, and make their labors a success. She then, in few words, set forth the necessity that all should extend a helping hand, with means to carry on the work.

This, in the opinion of the writer, is a matter of great moment. If men and women can be found to leave the comforts of civilized life and go to dwell with the rude, untutored Red Man, to be to him an earthly Redeemer, the least those can do who remain in comfort at home, is, to make the path of those good men and women comparatively easy, by a generous and continued contribution of means. Thus placing at their disposal, a lifting power for the elevation of the Red man.

Let no one sit down with folded hands, and

wait for the wealthy, but let each do a share according to his or her capability, and then whatever the result may be, they will not be troubled with remorse for neglect of duty, but will have the pleasant reflection of having done what they could.

Think for a moment, how few dollars an hundred yards of cheap calico cost, and how many neat garments for their Indian sisters, an association, meeting in pleasant reunion, can construct out of them, and how pleasantly the hours would pass devoted to such duty. There is scarcely a village or neighborhood, which does not contain persons enough of the right sentiment to form such an association, if they only awake to the fact that there are many ways in which they can singly, or in association, by the sacrifice of a little time and money, assist in leading our red brothers and sisters to adopt the habits of civilized life, thus furthering the great cause. The progress made during the past two years, through the self-sacrifice, industry and devotion of those on the scene of action, and the generous aid furnished to them, give pleasing hopes of success in the coming time. In fact that "good time coming" seems almost in sight, when the poor Indian will be acknowledged to have rights, which white men will be bound to respect.

Failure is too gloomy to contemplate; involving as it possibly would, a recurrence to that fratricidal, and more than savage theory of extermination of the Red man by the sword.

On the other hand, the successful working out of the PEACE POLICY, with all the blessings which will follow in its train, will be cause of gratitude to the hearts of all good men and women.

D. D. W.

6th mo. 30th, 1871.

MORAL INFLUENCE.—The influence of a good example is far reaching; for our experience and conflicts with the world lead us at times to indulge misanthropic sentiments, and charge all men with selfish and impure motives. The play of pride, prejudice and passion, and the eagerness manifested by the great majority of men to advance their own interests, often at the expense of others, and in violation of the golden rule, cause us to look with suspicion on the best intents of others. Arrogance, hypocrisy, treachery, and violence, every day outrage justice, till we are almost disposed to distrust human nature, and become discouraged. But amid all that is sad and disheartening in this busy, noisy world, now and then there is presented to us a life of such uniform virtue that we recognize in it a character that brings hope for the perfect development and ultimate regeneration

of our race. Such characters are precious, and such examples should be held up to the world for its admiration and imitation; they should be snatched from oblivion and treasured in the hearts and thoughts of all who are in process of forming habits and maturing character.

For Friends' Intelligencer,
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.
COMMEMORATION DAY.

The annual closing exercises at Swarthmore took place on Fourth-day, the 28th of Sixth mo., commencing at 11 o'clock A. M. The day was unusually fine, and at an early hour visitors began to come in by the different trains and in private conveyances, and upon the arrival of the special train, a few minutes before the hour appointed for the opening, the college was thronged as it has never been before since it was first opened for the admission of students. In a few moments, the large public hall where the exercises were to take place was completely filled, the seats in the centre of the room being reserved for the students, who, after the audience were seated, filed in, in the most quiet and orderly manner, and took their appointed places. The members of the Board were generally present, and many interested friends from the limits of the three Yearly Meetings, New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Punctually at the hour appointed, the Principal, Prof. E. H. Magill, opened the exercises by the following introductory remarks:

"We are assembled to-day, my friends, to listen to some exercises in original composition and selected declamations, prepared by the students of Swarthmore, as a fitting public close of the more arduous labors of the year. We trust that you will all bear in mind that, while we claim the name of a college, we have been in existence but two years, and have not, therefore, any graduating class to present to you to-day, our most advanced students being those who entered with us as Freshmen two years since, and who are, therefore, just closing their Sophomore, or second collegiate year. In two years from this time we hope to send forth our first graduating class, and we trust that we shall be able to present to you at that time exercises in every way worthy of the young men and women who shall then have completed their full collegiate course. In judging of our exercises to-day, you will therefore remember that we do not aspire to reach the level of an ordinary college commencement, and if in expression, and utterance, and depth of thought, we fall but *two years* short of what the managers and friends of the college have a right to

expect of its graduates, we should be content."

The first speaker was then introduced, and the exercises proceeded according to the following programme:

"Tauler," by John G. Whittier. A declamation by Margaret H. Carpenter, of the Sophomore class.

"How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," by Robert Browning. A declamation by Wm. Rodman Wharton, of class A.

"Republics and their Faults." An original essay by Phebe A. Field, of the Sophomore class.

"Woman's Rights," by Wendell Phillips. A declamation by Susanna P. Wharton, of class A.

"Politeness." An original essay by Elizabeth C. Miller, of the Sophomore class.

"Watch on the Rhine." A declamation by Anne M. Lukens, of the Freshman class.

"Painter of Seville," by Susan Wilson. A declamation by Edith R. Hooper, of class A.

"What is it to be a Quaker?" An original essay, by Maria C. Pierce, of the Sophomore class.

"Progress of Humanity," by Charles Sumner. A declamation by George E. B. Conrow, of the Freshman class.

"Robespierre aux Français." A declamation by Helen Magill, of the Sophomore class.

"The Occultation of Orion," by Henry W. Longfellow. A declamation by S. Frank Parrish, of the Sophomore class.

"The Station of Woman." An original essay by Ella H. Evans, of the Freshman class.

"The duties of Students." An original essay by James Walter Pancoast, of the Sophomore class.

Amid so much that was excellent and commendable, both in the original and selected performances, it would be invidious to particularize, but we may be allowed to say that if these are to be taken as an augury of what the future is to bring, the young men of the rising generation are destined to find in their sisters and female friends no unworthy rivals in their aspirations for literary and forensic ability. The care evinced in the preparation of the various exercises, and the ability displayed, were highly gratifying to the friends of the college present, reflecting credit upon the students for their faithful and successful efforts, and upon their instructors for the pains taking and conscientious training which they had evidently received.

At the close of the exercises, the President of the Board, Samuel Willets of New York, expressed the deep interest which he had always felt in the college, an interest which had been

strengthened and deepened by what he had heard and witnessed this day; and he most earnestly invoked, on behalf of all entrusted with the management of Swarthmore, the aid of that Power, without whose guidance all human effort can be of no avail.

After the dismissal of the audience, a universal expression of pleasure and approbation was heard on every side, and the friends of the college separated to their homes, feeling that the future of their beloved institution never appeared brighter than to-day.

Most of the students return next year, and the prospect is the list will be quite full before the summer vacation is over.

DIVINE PROMPTINGS.

Often, in temporal matters, we are warned by a secret voice, which comes to us like a mandate from above, to do, or forbear. It is always wise to accept such warnings. We cannot hope to prosper if we sacrifice our own instinct to formal reasons and the judgment of others. People come to you, when you are hesitating between two courses of conduct, and say, Do thus or so. It is all very well, so long as no instinct of your own prompts otherwise; but if something within you says, Do no such thing, then be sure you do no such thing. If this is true doctrine in matters of temporal import, how much more in things pertaining to our spiritual well-being! Resist not the sacred force! Beware of alienating the Divine influence! Whenever you feel yourself prompted to any good work, to any act of kindness or self-denial, to any course of discipline or holy living, accept the impulse, hasten to obey while the fire burns. It is God that speaks in these secret promptings. Harden not your heart when you hear that voice. The Spirit will leave you if you refuse obedience; every warning disregarded is a door closed against future progress. If you do not now the good which you can, the time will come when you cannot do the good that you would.—*Dr. Hedge.*

PUBLIC DUTY.

Among the means of self-culture so liberally spread before the people of a free land like our own, there are perhaps none less appreciated as such, than the relations and duties which each man owes to the State. Indeed, it is not uncommon to see good men shrinking from all political action, from the very motive of preserving their characters from the corruption which they conceive to be inevitably involved in such an arena. The violence of party spirit, and the fraud and corruption to which it leads, induce them to think they can best subserve their

personal improvement, by quietly laying down the responsibilities and duties which rest upon them as citizens. If they were right in this conjecture, if personal self-culture really required the sacrifice of solemn obligations to others, we should even then despise the selfish spirit that would seek to benefit ourselves at the expense of a public duty, but this is not the case. No such perilous choice exists, save in imagination. The welfare of every individual is wrapped up in the welfare of the public, and will only be promoted in proportion to his brave and unreserved acceptance of every responsibility, and fulfilment of every duty that falls to his lot.

Aside from this, however, the political obligations which are binding upon every citizen of a free government have in their observance a direct and important influence for good upon his personal character. If he discharge them faithfully, he must be prepared to discuss great subjects, to decide important interests, to determine measures affecting not only himself and his generation, but also of posterity. He must consider the resources of his country and her foreign policy; must cultivate an earnest desire for her prosperity, and a still greater anxiety for her integrity. Can he sedulously inform himself on topics so momentous without enlarging his mind and strengthening his judgment, or can he cherish such a spirit of patriotism without elevating his moral nature? Every impartial and thoughtful person will see at once that he cannot. The public questions continually arising, and appealing as they do to his reason and intelligence for decision, necessarily expand his intellect, and raise his thoughts above merely selfish interests, thus giving him a breadth of view and a force of character that can never distinguish the people under a despotic government.

If these are not the actual results upon the minds and hearts of those who do take an active part in the politics of their country, it is not the fault of the subject itself, but of the spirit that is brought into it. It is because honesty, candor and simple, earnest patriotism are laid aside, and replaced by selfishness, artifice, fraud, malice and party spirit, in its worst forms. It is undoubtedly right that every citizen should support that side in politics which in his conscience he believes to contain the best principles for the country's good. But if, when he does this, he merges his own judgment and moral sense in the party he has espoused; if he upholds them in all things, and at all hazards, regardless of his own responsibility to support only what is true and right; if he yield to the blind fury which inspires hatred of every

one who differs in opinion and resistance to every measure that an opposing party can suggest—then indeed he degrades politics; and corrupts his own nature.

Whenever a party becomes dearer than a principle; whenever victory is more precious than truth, then moral independence receives its death blow, and political life is robbed of all its significance. The vindictive spirit that inspires so many to malign the motives and to bring the most unfounded charges against the leaders of any opposing party; the selfish artifice to obtain power and station; the frauds and bribes used to corrupt men and obtain their votes, are so utterly opposed to all justice and goodness that we cannot wonder that those who believe such things to be inseparable from politics, should hold themselves aloof and shrink from pollution. But the mistake they make is in confounding the subject itself, which is weighty, momentous and noble, with the spirit so often brought into it. The politics of a free country need the soundest minds and the purest hearts that the land can furnish, and these, if all brought to bear upon its high and absorbing interests, will purify what is now corrupt, and ennoble what is now sordid. Duties and responsibilities can never be shirked for any cause without damage to the character. As well might a man resign his domestic relations because there are unfaithful husbands and fathers, as to refuse to fulfil his responsibilities of citizenship because many citizens are perfidious.

Nor can any man in this country plead inability to become a power for good in this direction. Every one who has good sense enough to pursue his own occupation, if only independent in thought, pure in heart, and loyal to his conscience, may become a signal influence in his country's welfare. Each one here is invested with power; let him see to it that he neither tamely lay it down and bury his talent in the ground, nor yet employ it for base and unholy purposes. Let him determine to acquaint himself as far as possible with the constitution and laws of his country; to obtain a clear understanding of the questions which agitate the community, and the principles which underlie them; to judge impartially of the characters and actions of those whom he aids to put into authority; and above all firmly, yet modestly, to act his part, when the time comes, from pure motives, and with an independent mind; and thus will he exert a sensible influence for good on his country's welfare, and at the same time develope truth and virtue in himself.—*Public Ledger.*

STAND FIRM.—With all the lessons that

humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to wait. Not to wait with folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but, having struggled and crowned the slow years with trial, seeing no such result as effort seemed to warrant—nay, perhaps disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, this is greatness, whether achieved by men or women.

THE OLD FAMILY CRADLE.

Laid in the garret, where darkness and dust
Are the sole wardens of many a trust,
Silently standing amid its compeers,
Motley mementoes of many score years,
Shapeless and homely, a cast-aside thing,
Thus the old family cradle I sing.

Once with vermilion its coating was gay,
Now all its brightness is faded away;
Worn is the paint from the sides and the head,
There no soft coverlid longer is spread,
And the stiff rockers creak over the floor
Like a rheumatic, limb-weary and sore.
Yet there are thoughts full of goodness and grace
Brightening with beauty the homeliest face;—
Speak to us now of the years that are fled,
Changed are the living and peaceful the dead;
What are thy memories mournful and glad,
Family histories, mirthful or sad?

Once a young mother bent over thy side,
Fair, as a maiden, and blest, as a bride,
There were warm kisses and tears of delight,
And the kind angels looked pleased at the sight.
While the old cradle rocked gently away,
Seeming in musical murmurs to say,
"To and fro, to and fro, little one, sleep—
Angels their watch o'er thy cradle shall keep;
To and fro, to and fro, thus as we rock,
Softly and solemnly ticketh the clock,
And the swift moments, while hurrying by,
Lullaby, lullaby, sing as they fly."

But the light moments bear years on their wing—
Summer and Autumn and Winter and Spring
Quickly succeeding, pass quickly away,
And the young parents are care-worn and gray;
Children are gathered by table and fire,
Blessing and honor to mother and sire.

Still the old cradle rocks steadily there,
Still there are treasures to trust to its care;
He who its pillow in infancy pressed,
Soothed by the song of a mother to rest,
Now in his manhood stands proud at its side,
Watching the sleeper with fatherly pride,
And the old cradle as lovingly still
Guards like a casket its jewel from ill.

Gone are the aged ones now to repose,
Sleep which no dreaming nor weariness knows—
Gone are the children who grew by their side
Far from the home of their childhood and wide,
And the old cradle, forsaken, forlorn,
To its long rest in the garret is borne.

Yet not forever its usefulness o'er,
In age it is summoned to service once more.
Another new comer, bewildered, astray,
Would sleep in thy bosom its troubles away.
But alas for the love that its sorrows would share,
Alas! for the ceaseless and weariless care,
A guardian sterner is sought in thy room,
And the sleep of the cradle exchanged for the tomb.

Rest, then, old friend, in a quiet profound,
 Stirred not nor startled by movement or sound,
 Or if the wind, with its deep, mournful sigh,
 Bring to the memories long since gone by,
 Softly as one who may murmur in sleep,
 Rock in thy dreams, and thy solitude keep.

—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

J. K. L.

A LESSON.

Last night I weighed, quite wearied out,
 The question that perplexes still;
 And that sad spirit we call doubt
 Made the good nought beside the ill.

This morning, when with rested mind
 I try again the self-same theme,
 The whole is altered, and I find
 The balance turned, the good supreme.

A little sleep, a brief night's rest,
 Has changed the look of all that is!
 Sure any creed I hold at best
 Needs humble holding after this.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

JOHN WOOLMAN'S RELIGION.—In the season of harvest it was customary among farmers to kill a calf or sheep for the laborers. John Woolman, unwilling that the animal should be slowly bled to death, as the custom had been, and to spare it unnecessary suffering, had a smooth block of wood prepared to receive the neck of the creature, when a single blow terminated its existence. Nothing was more remarkable in the character of Woolman than his concern for the well-being and comfort of the brute creation. "What is religion?" asks the old Hindoo writer of the Vishnu Sarman. "Tenderness toward all creatures." Or, as Woolman expresses it, "Where the love of God is verily perfected, a tenderness towards all creatures made subject to our will is experienced, and a care that we do not lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation which the Creator intends for them under our government."—*Whittier's Journal of John Woolman.*

A PRESENTIMENT.

The Scranton (Penn.) *Republican* tells the following sad story of one of the victims of the late Pittston, Penn., coal mine disaster:

William James expired about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the Tuesday following the catastrophe, and was the last added to the list of those upon whom the death angel laid his hand in that awful havoc. He was a Welshman, and had been in this country about seven months. On the morning of the dreadful day in question he had taken his breakfast, and his wife had made ready his dinner and set the pail beside him. For some time he sat wrapped in thought, his arms folded, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the stove, and a deep melancholy apparently brooding over him. He was aroused from

his reverie by his wife telling him that his dinner was ready, and that he would be late, as the bell had rung. He started to his feet, and gazing upon her for a moment with a look full of tenderness and significance, said to her, "If I should not come back alive, would you be in such a hurry getting me out?" The wife answered "No," but remarked that "if he was going at all, it was time he was gone." He lifted his pail without saying a word, and after kissing his wife, kissed his four little children, who were sitting playing on the doorstep. When he had got about fifty yards from his home, he returned again, and kissed wife and children once more with great fervency. His wife noticed that he was the victim of gloomy forebodings, and as he turned away she was about to entreat him not to go to work if he apprehended any danger. But hope and courage, and the necessities of their family, overcame her intention, and she let him go. She stood in the door and watched him on his way to the fatal pit. When at a point where he turned out of her sight, he paused and cast a wistful look toward his home and little ones, and, seeing his wife, waved with his hand a last adieu. He parted with his loved ones forever.

TRUTH IN BRIEF.—Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of. A puff of the idle wind can take a million of the seeds of a thistle, and do a work of mischief which the husbandman must labor long to undo, the floating particles being too fine to be seen and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander, so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so pernicious in their fruits. The slanderer knows that many a mind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by his insinuations, without ever seeking the antidote. No reputation can refute a sneer, nor any human skill prevent mischief.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

We once read in an old "Journal of Education" a series of articles well worthy of regard by all who have the care of the young, but principally of mothers; since it is they who are the special agents in the formation of the habits and character of their offspring. We give a faithful transcript of the ideas, though the language may not convey them as elegantly as in the original.

The object of education is to form the character, not by means of regular stated lessons, but principally through the influence of example and surroundings. From the

moment the infant opens its eyes, and feels the pressure to its mother's bosom; from the hour it becomes capable of noticing objects around it, for instance: the light, bright colors, or whatever is passing before its vision, the child is exposed to right or wrong influence. So powerful and gradual are the influences of these early months, though unnoticed by the parent, that at ten months, if humored and indulged, the infant will have become a petty tyrant, and in two or three years a thing so selfish, discontented and irritable that everybody but the fond mother turns from it in disgust. During infancy and the early period of childhood every human being is making his or her first observations, and acquiring his or her first experience, forming habits that become ingrained into his or her character for life. Right or wrong notions, according to surroundings and influence, will take such firm hold; and good or bad impressions, depending upon circumstances, sink so deep as to be with difficulty eradicated—perhaps too strong for any after force that may be brought to bear against them to effect. There is no doubt that much of that crookedness of disposition attributed to nature would be found, if properly traced, to have originated in the early circumstances of life, in the first influences and impressions; just as a crooked, stunted, unsightly plant is so, not from any natural defect in the seed from which it sprung, but from the circumstances of the soil and situation where it grew, the influence of light and shade, the degrees of heat and cold to which it was exposed. At the root of all good influence is example. Whenever the home atmosphere is clouded by the elements of discord, arising from ungoverned passions or wrong tempers of the parents, or any older members of the family household, it is impossible that the dispositions of the children should be kept in a healthy state; or if the heads of the family are addicted to melancholy or reserve, can the young branches be said to breathe a wholesome air? "Boys make men," and the man will not easily forget the character of the influence brought to bear on his boyhood's home. Then, too, when childhood has passed, and, as young men and women, the children find themselves not quite so good perhaps as they themselves could wish to be, they not unfrequently reflect upon the training they received; and a feeling of bitterness will creep into the most affectionate heart against those who, by wrong management, marred what by nature was perhaps a lovely character; or by a total want of control allowed passions to gain the mastery, and smother the good that by proper training might have been cultivated and developed.

The importance of making just impressions on the young mind first is very great, and such impressions depend upon the mother. It has often been said that no man, however depraved or vicious, need be wholly despaired of with whom his mother's influence still lingers on the side of virtue. It is his last preserving link; and as it operated sweetly when life was new and experience unsullied by lasting stains, so in the hour of strong temptations it often operates with a potency peculiarly its own. It is the early impressions she makes on the character of her child that determine the character of her influence over the man.

"If thou wouldst be happy and easy in thy family, above all things observe discipline."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

Have we had an Earthquake?

SIXTH MONTH.

	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	14 days.	10 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	2 "	1 "
Cloudy, without storms	2 "	5 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	12 "	14 "
	30 "	30 "
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 6th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	77.21 deg.	74.51 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	95.50 "	90.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	61.00 "	60.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	2.89 in.	3.77 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year	1140	1211*
Average of the mean temperature of 6th month for the past <i>eighty-two</i> years....		71.21 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, <i>last year</i> (1870).....		77.21 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1816),.....		64.00 "
COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1870.	1871.
First month,	4.07 inch.	3.46 inch
Second month,	2.53 "	3.08 "
Third month,	4.06 "	5.81 "
Fourth month,	5.60 "	1.82 "
Fifth month,	6.28 "	3.38 "
Sixth month,	2.89 "	3.77 "
Totals, for the first 6 months of each year,	25.43 "	21.32 "

*This is the first month of the *present* year wherein the deaths have *exceeded* the corresponding record of *last year*, the statistics standing thus: For *twenty five* weeks of 1870, ending with 6th mo. 25, 8207 For do. of 1871, ending with 6th mo. 24, 7043

From the above exhibit it will be seen that although we felt that we were passing through a cool month, it was only by comparison with last year (being about two and three-quarter degrees below our record then), the mean temperature of the month the present year exceeding the average by about two and one-half degrees. It may also be noticed that we are still short in the quantity of rain as compared with last year.

An esteemed friend, in furnishing us with the following newspaper slip—

“NEW YORK, June 19.

“Last night, at five minutes past ten, there was a severe shock of an earthquake on the northern shore of Long Island. In Brooklyn, on the hill, and on Staten Island, the reports indicate a wave whose centre was probably further east, somewhere in New England”—adds his own experience in reference to Philadelphia as follows :

“On the evening of the eighteenth, fifteen minutes earlier (at ten minutes before ten o'clock), the shock was distinctly perceived at Twelfth and Berks Sts., in this city—the bed on which the writer lay, going twice from east to west with a returning motion, and with the chamber floor appearing to be somewhat raised and lowered as a boat would by a swell on the river, attended by a rattling of the window sash and shutters.”

The Delaware County Republican, of Chester, Pa., had this item: “The shock of an earthquake was very distinctly felt in some parts of this county, on Sunday evening last (the 18th), shortly after ten o'clock.”

While still another newspaper clipping informs us that “The bottom of the Morris Canal for forty to fifty feet between New Village and Broadway, N. J., fell out Monday morning. Apertures were also found in adjoining woods, in which rocks and trees were swallowed. It is attributed to a shock of earthquake.”

More detailed accounts of the occurrence have been published, but too lengthy for insertion here. Referring again to the symptoms of an “earthquake” in Philadelphia, we would ask as an especial favor of any who may have observed similar phenomena at that time, to forward a detailed account to

J. M. ELLIS,
No. 325 Walnut St.

Philadelphia, 7th mo. 31, 1871.

SECRET OF SUCCESS.—The true secret of the growth of any place is the inducement held out to strangers to settle among them. Encourage active and worthy men, whether they have any money or not. Their labor alone is worth money. Stimulate every legitimate enterprise by giving it all the friendly aid in your power. Cultivate a public spirit, and help your neighbor. If he is in danger of breaking down before you know his situation, set him up on his feet again. His misfortune is to be pitied, not blamed, and his talents and labor are worth money to the community. Besides, it may some day be our turn to need a corresponding sympathy. Let us speak well of our neighbors. Talk well and encouragingly of our town, of its growth, its prospects, its advantages, and, in short, everything likely to advance its welfare.

ITEMS.

FORKS.—Forks were first known in Italy towards the end of the fifteenth century. It was a hundred years before they came into use in France, and nearly a hundred more before they had traveled as far northward as Scotland. Their introduction into England was at first ridiculed as a piece of affectation and effeminacy. In repeated instances, the progress of inventions has been thus resisted by the popular clamor, and even opposed by popular violence. The first man who appeared with an umbrella in the streets of London, drew down upon himself a pelting shower of mud and stones, which was far worse than the rain against which he had spread the new-fangled protector. The old way of making boards was by splitting logs with wedges; and clumsy as the method was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that there was a better. Saw mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century. In 1663 a Dutchman built one in England, but the public cry against it was so vehement, that he was soon obliged to remove it.

THE great difference between the sun and artificial light is due to the fact that, of the light emitted from the former, about half the quantity of rays are luminous and calorific at the same time; but as regards our artificial light, for ordinary oil the amount of non-luminous yet calorific rays is 9 per cent.; for white-hot platinum, 98 per cent.; alcohol flame, 99 per cent.; electric light, 80 per cent.; and gas light, 90 per cent.; while for petroleum and paraffine oils the amount is 94 per cent. It is this large quantity of caloric rays in artificial light which causes fatigue to the eyes; but this inconvenience may be almost entirely obviated by intercepting the thermic rays by glass, or better yet, mica plates. The use of these renders the light soft and agreeable to the eyes.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED YEARS IN THE OVEN.—One house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair, when the volcanic storm buried it. Painters and decorators, and cleaners were masters of the situation. The family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleanings and other like afflictions inevitably entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it ever did simmer) on the stove. And there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking pig! all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the sucking pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of 1,700 years! They have been cooking ever since the 23d of November, A. D. 76. M. Fiorelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty one of them, rather hard, of course, and black; but perfectly preserved.—*Leisure Hours.*

THE Persian insect powder, as we find stated in the *Journal of Applied Chemistry*, consists of the pulverized flowers of a plant raised on the Caucasian Mountains, and called the *Pyrethrum carneum*. Seeds have been brought to this country, and efforts made to cultivate this valuable plant, with various success.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SEE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 22, 1871. No. 21

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SINGLE NOS. 6 CENTS.

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Strattan, Richmond, Ind.

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WILLIAM CLARK.

A memorial issued by Genesee Yearly Meeting, held at Farmington, N. Y., 6th mo., 1871.

To commemorate the lives of those who have given evidence of an earnest effort to live in obedience to the requisitions of Divine Wisdom, and who have thereby been preserved amid the many trials and temptations which do frequently assail the human mind, so that, when called to their final account, they have left behind them an assurance that there was a well-grounded hope for their final acceptance, may be a means of encouragement to others, inducing them, amid all their difficulties, to "press forward towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling, which rests in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Believing we have such an evidence in the life of our departed friend, William Clark, we have thought it would be right to preserve some account of his life, and the effect of the operation of Divine Power, as manifested in and through him, trusting that it may prove an encouragement to those who now survive him, as well as to those who may hereafter come upon the stage of action.

He was the son of Philip and Mary Clark, and was born in the town of Unionvale, in the county of Dutchess, and State of New York, in the year 1797.

When about ten years of age, he was deprived of the care and counsel of his father, who was removed by death suddenly; and

his mother being left with a family of small children, it was deemed expedient and best to place him under the care of a friend, to assist what he could in farm work, and attend school till he should be old enough to learn a trade. On becoming of suitable age, he was placed with Friends by the name of Resolved and Abiah Gardner, to learn the tanning and shoemaking business.

These Friends, it appears, were so far concerned for his spiritual welfare, as to require him to attend religious meetings, and to exercise a care over him, to induce him to lead a godly life.

But, being of a naturally volatile and lively disposition, and fond of the society of the young of his own age, and thereby having many temptations thrown in his way, he evinced but little concern for things of a serious nature, until about the 18th year of his age, when his mind was reached and tendered under a communication from Daniel Quinby, which wrought so powerfully upon him, that he then resolved he would be obedient to that monitor which had so often counseled and reproved him, but from which he had turned away, and that he would endeavor, henceforth, to live more in accordance with its requisitions, and more worthy of the profession in which he had been educated. He left the gay circles in which he had been wont to mingle, and often retired by himself for reflection and meditation, lamenting in those

seasons, his former inattention to the pleadings of the still, small voice.

He chose for his reading the Scriptures and other good books, from which he at times found comfort, consolation and encouragement to persevere in the path he had then chosen, and, although there were seasons when the allurements of earth seemed again to draw him away from his good resolutions, he was enabled to return again to the fold of rest, and renew his covenants with his Divine Master.

About the 19th year of his age, he felt called to bear public testimony to what the Lord had done for him, in His love, mercy and goodness, and in yielding to the call, found true peace of mind, and renewed strength to obey further and more extended duties.

He continued to reside with the Friends before named, working diligently at his trade until the time of his marriage, which took place about the 22d year of his age, to Anna Sweet, daughter of Jonathan and Mary Sweet, of Apoquage, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

In the spring following, they removed to Hyde Park, and after staying one year, again moved to Chestnut Ridge, in the same county, where they resided, he working at his trade, until the year 1835, when they removed and settled within the limits of Farmington Monthly Meeting.

Continuing to faithfully endeavor to be obedient to his Heavenly Master's call, he grew in the exercise of his gift, and his public appearances were very satisfactory to his friends, and in due time his ministry was acknowledged by Nine-Partners Monthly Meeting, of which he was a member.

He was very diligent in the attendance of our religious meetings, when health permitted, and his quiet, solid deportment therein evinced his mind was endeavoring to hold communion with the Master of all rightly gathered assemblies.

In the performance of this reasonable duty, during his residence at Hyde Park, he was situated some 10 or 12 miles from meeting, yet was rarely absent, either on First-day or in the middle of the week, except on account of sickness, thus evidencing his devotion to the cause he had so ardently espoused, and furnishing an example of what may be done when we are willing to be obedient to the requisitions of Truth.

His communications were solemn and impressive, tending to turn the mind to the indwelling Teacher, and exhorting to faithfulness to His teachings, holding up to view the benign effects of love upon the heart, and calling to the exercise of that charity which suffereth long and is kind, and often tenderly

appealing to his hearers to let the time past suffice, and improve the present opportunity; reminding them that the present was only theirs, that the past was gone beyond recall, and the future uncertain.

His labors from home were not extensive, yet, from time to time he felt called to visit various parts of the heritage, and we believe that, as he was thus faithful in obedience to the call, these visits were satisfactory to the visited, and he was enabled to bring home the sheaves of peace as his reward.

The purifying effects of this life of devotion to the requirings of his Heavenly Father, manifested itself in his intercourse with his neighbors and friends, so that, though like other human beings, he was at times found off the watch, yet the general tenor of his life, the evidence he gave of an earnest desire to live in obedience to his God, endeared him to them, and gained their affection and respect.

In the Fourth month, 1861, our dear friend met with a close trial, in the removal by death of his loved companion, who had shared with him in his deep exercises, and whose love and counsel had oft sustained him in many dark hours, and who had thus proved a true helpmeet to him, yet under this severe affliction his mind was preserved in calm resignation to this severe dispensation. Though his life here was thus made lonely, yet his deportment evinced that true decorum and cheerfulness becoming a Christian, and he continued to labor on in the cause in which he was engaged, seeking to be found prepared when the messenger should be sent to call him home; and we believe he attained to that true state of waiting, so that when the summons came, though in a sudden and unexpected moment, he was found in readiness.

Our dear friend was stricken down with paralysis, while making preparations to go to meeting, on the 11th of Third month, 1869, and he lingered until the 28th, when his spirit took its departure for its abode, we doubt not, among the mansions of the blest.

The funeral was held on the 30th inst., and was a solemn and instructive opportunity.

The general course of his life, to those who most intimately knew him, as well as his persuasive language, bespoke to them the invitation to "Come, and follow me, as I am endeavoring to follow Christ;" and these, in speaking of him, can truly adopt the language, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

RELIGION is universal; theology is exclusive. Religion is humanitarian; theology is sectarian. Religion unites mankind; theology divides it. Religion is love, broad and all-comprising as God's love; theology preaches

love and practices bigotry. Religion looks to the moral worth of man; theology to his creed and denomination. Religion teaches us the common fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man; theology predestination, eternal damnation, and that we should rather fear the anger of God than trust to His paternal love and mercy. Religion is light and love, and virtue and peace, unadulterated and immaculate; but theology is the apple of discord, which disunites and estranges one from another.—*Dr. M. Lelienthal.*

ABRAHAM WILSON.

A memorial issued by Genesee Yearly Meeting, held at Farmington, N. Y., Sixth month, 1871.

The subject of this memoir was the son of Ezekiel and Sarah Wilson. He was born on the 30th of Eleventh month, 1778, in the town of Adams, Berkshire Co., Mass., whence, during his infancy, his parents removed to Putney, Vt. Here a favorable opportunity offered for acquiring an education, and he, by diligent application, became a good English scholar, making also some proficiency in other languages.

In his early years, he evinced much activity and discernment of mind, becoming an acknowledged leader among his companions, a position cheerfully conceded by them because of the high esteem in which they held him.

About the 20th year of his age, he united with the Baptists, submitting to water baptism, and soon after entered Newfane Academy, with a view of preparing for the ministry. While attending this Institution, he alternated his studies with teaching school, and on one of these occasions became located in a neighborhood composed principally of Friends. Being zealous on the subject of religion, he sought frequent opportunities to converse with them on religious matters, by which he learned that they esteemed of little value almost everything on which he had been building, viz.: water baptism, human learning as a qualification for the ministry,—the Bible, as the only rule of faith and practice, and the outward celebration of the eucharist. They believed that since there was but *one* baptism, that of the Holy Ghost was the essential one; that the only true qualification for a Gospel ministry was the anointing of the Holy Spirit—none being fit to take the office upon himself unless especially called of God; that all Scripture given by inspiration of God was profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, but were not the only rule of faith and practice; *the voice of God in the soul* being the true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world—able to enlighten even where the

Scriptures are not known, and to bring, if obeyed, final salvation; and that instead of the offerings of the communion table, a pure and humble heart was the best sacrifice to present to the pure and living God. Here, he observed, were two systems, differing essentially from each other: the one ritual, the other spiritual; both could not be correct. He thought, however, that if Friends could prove all they claimed of being moved by the Spirit to act and speak—and of being made capable of discerning the spiritual or mental states of their fellow beings, without outward help—he should be convinced of the correctness of their position; and he remained in this state of mind for some time, prayerfully seeking to be rightly directed.

At length a minister of the Society came into the neighborhood on a religious visit, and Abraham was invited, and accepted the invitation to spend the evening at the house where the Friend had taken lodgings. After conversing for a while upon common topics, he observed that the company became suddenly still, and the thought came into his mind that if some one would now pray zealously the time might be more profitably employed than by sitting in such blank silence. Soon, however, the minister engaged in supplication, so fervent and powerful, as to surprise if not to solemnize the mind of Abraham; after which he resumed his seat, and turning toward our friend, addressed him personally, commencing back with his early years, and giving a correct and particular account of the spiritual exercises experienced by him up to that time: he also informed him of what had been passing in his mind on the then present occasion. The result was, he was fully convinced of the truth of Friends' claims as to the sufficiency of the inward Light, and being true to his convictions he no longer depended upon outward works or learning—but turned to the teachings of Truth in his own soul, which he found to be in all cases sufficient for him. About the year 1812, he became a member of the religious Society of Friends, and for some time resided in Queensbury, N. Y. He continued to follow the business of teaching school—a calling for which he was eminently qualified, his powers of mind, discriminating judgment and affectionate disposition always securing to him the respect and love of his pupils—and thus rendering him always successful.

In the year 1817, he visited some parts of the Genesee country, and finally settled within the compass of Farmington Monthly Meeting, N. Y.

On the 2d of Fourth month, 1829, he joined in marriage with Abigail Seymour, who, with one son, still survives him. He was an affec-

tionate companion, a careful father, a kind and agreeable neighbor. As a Christian, he saw no cause of gloom in his religion, feeling that no condition in human life was so conducive to cheerfulness and temperate joy, as the Christian state.

He had by prudence and industry accumulated a substantial property, but afterwards lost a large portion of it by trusting it in the hands of those who failed to repay it, a circumstance which seriously affected him in his declining years.

For many years he filled the station of Elder, not as one whose authority to be active was derived from the appointment of the Monthly Meeting alone—but as one who believed that nothing short of the anointing spirit of Truth could enable him to give right and seasonable counsel. By waiting for the sensible impression of this spirit, he was thoroughly qualified to encourage when encouragement was needed—to sympathize with the afflicted—and to exhort to patience those who were passing through the ordeal of deep baptism: and there are those still living who can bear testimony that as an instrument in the Divine Hand, he was to them what Paul was to Timothy—a father in the truth.

He set a worthy example in the diligent and seasonable attendance of meeting—never being absent when his own and his family's health permitted him to leave home.

He observed method and order in his temporal affairs, and believed the same care to be requisite in transacting the affairs of a religious organization—and always stood firmly against everything which was calculated to make an improper innovation on Society. He believed that when Truth called for any labor either of the church or the individual, it allowed of none but truthful means by which to advance the work. He had well learned the fact, both from history and observation, that to speak or labor for the advancement of an unpopular truth, was but to call down opposition and persecution—that the messengers of the present age, when they come to us as Jesus came to the Jews, on a mission of love—were liable, like Him, to become martyrs to the righteous cause; and thus he was prepared to say to such as were persecuted for declaring truths against the spirit of the world and a lifeless profession, "Be not discouraged, for no new thing has happened unto you."

His health had been declining for some years, which, together with the infirmities of advanced age, admonished us his departure was drawing near; weakness increased upon him until the 26th of the 6th month, 1867, when he peacefully closed his earthly pilgrimage, aged 88 years, 6 mos. and 26 days. His remains

were interred in Friends' burying ground at Farmington, on the 28th, a large and solemn meeting being held on the occasion.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

If we wish to succeed in life, we must learn to take men as they are, and not as they ought to be; making them better if we can, but at the same time remembering their infirmities. We have to deal, not with the ideal man of dreaming poets, but with the real men of every-day life, men precisely like ourselves. This fact of common aims, ambitions, and infirmities ought to create constant sympathy and forbearance. While every man has his own burden to bear, he may at the same time in some way help another to bear his peculiar burden, and be himself helped in turn. God has linked all men together by this curious fact of mutual dependence, and this wonderful possibility of mutual help. The poor may be relieved, the sick may be visited, the sorrowing may receive sympathy, the inexperienced may be counselled, the faint-hearted encouraged, and the feeble established. All these, in turn, may help the hand that gives help to them; for God has so ordered it that no man is absolutely independent of his fellows. At the very time we help others, we find by that act our own moral power strengthened, and the time may come when in a more direct way the aid we have extended may be returned.

This principle of mutual forbearance is especially applicable to those mental and moral infirmities of which every man is conscious—infirmities which make us sometimes detest ourselves, and render us a burden to our friends. Some are peevish and fretful; some have a chronic suspicion that everything will go wrong; some are easily offended, having touchy tempers; some have a rough, blunt way of expressing themselves, imagining that they are frank, when they are simply uncivil; some are haughty and overbearing, holding their heads above the common herd; some are headstrong, never yielding a position once taken.

These disagreeable infirmities, in common with others which might be named, have their origin in different sources. They sometimes spring from constitutional peculiarities, and indeed are often hereditary. Some of them may be the result or the symptoms of nervous disorder. Some may be traced directly to defective education.

Whatever their origin, we must learn to bear with them. For this there are several good reasons which commend themselves to Christians, whatever others may think of them. God commands a love for our neighbor which shall equal self-love. His word

directs the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak; exhorts us to bear one another's burdens, declaring that those who do this fulfil the law of Christ, which is the great law of love; and presents for our imitation the wonderful example of Christ, who pleased not himself. If we can help men by bearing with their infirmities, we ought to do it.

Another reason just as powerful, though appealing more directly to our selfishness, is to be found in the fact that we expect others to bear with us. It surely is not fair for us to ask our fellow-men to make allowance for our infirmities while we make none for theirs. We must give and take, each yielding something to the other, like well-behaved men in a crowd. The man who should undertake to go through a crowd by an air-line route would soon find his passage blocked. Let him yield a little to others, and others will yield to him.

It is the part of religion, as well as of good breeding, to avoid as far as possible coming in contact with the infirmities of others, and to take as little notice as we can of their manifestation. We do this in reference to physical deformity; why not in regard to mental or moral infirmities? We are careful not to tread on a tender toe, not to brush against a broken arm, not to stand in the way of the blind; we ought to be equally careful not to ruffle the temper of the irritable, not to wound the feelings of the sensitive, not to excite the fears of the timid.

There must, of course, be a limit to this, since our own rights and feelings must be respected as well as those of others; but we presume no man who sincerely desires to do right will have any difficulty in fixing the limit. No general rule can be given which shall apply to each particular case. Common sense and divine grace must be the guides. Each man ought to endeavor to lessen the burden he expects others to help him bear. If a man have a bad habit, he ought to try to break himself of it. Men ought not to be perpetually obtruding their evil tempers and other infirmities before their friends, imposing on their Christian forbearance, and excusing themselves by saying: "It is my way." It is a very bad way, and cannot be mended a moment too soon. Less excusable are these infirmities in their continuance than those of the body, since the grace of God is promised to all who seek it, and thus the burdens may be lessened.—*Methodist*.

PRESENCE OF GOD.

The habitual conviction of the presence of God is the sovereign remedy in temptations; it supports, it consoles, it calms us. We must

not be surprised that we are tempted. We are placed here to be proved by temptations. Everything is temptation to us. Crosses irritate our pride, and prosperity flatters it; our life is a continual warfare, but Jesus Christ combats with us. We must let temptations, like a tempest, beat upon our heads, and still move on; like a traveller surprised on the way by a storm, who wraps his cloak about him and goes on his journey in spite of the opposing elements.

In a certain sense, there is little to do in doing the will of God. Still it is true that it is a great work, because it must be without any reserve. His Spirit enters the secret foldings of our hearts, and even the most upright affections and the most necessary attachments must be regulated by His will; but it is not the multitude of hard duties, it is not constraint and contentment that advance us in our Christian course. On the contrary, it is the yielding of our wills, without restriction and without choice, to tread cheerfully every day in the path in which Providence leads us, to see nothing, to be discouraged by nothing, to see our duty in the present moment, to trust all else without reserve to the will and power of God. Let us pray to our Heavenly Father that our wills may be swallowed up in His.—*Fenelon*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST. NO. 4.

(Continued from page 296.)

Life among the Dakotas.

FROM MY DIARY.

6th mo. 5th. Crossing the Missouri, during the June rising, in a frail canoe that will barely accommodate two with the baggage of the passenger, is often perilous. The flood began to pour down last night, bringing with it an extra supply of mud, besides trees and drift wood in abundance. The current, always rapid, is vastly increased, and the bottom lands are in many places under water. My hospitable friends, by whom I had been so kindly entertained—trembling for the safety of the tiny craft and its occupants—watched us push off into the whirling, rushing torrent. I sat motionless, for the slightest movement of my body might have been fatal in its results. We were carried down stream a considerable distance; the oarsman knew the danger and was equal to it. In and out, among the floating logs, just escaping one to find ourselves running upon another, we at last reached the other side, where after several fruitless efforts we secured a tolerably good landing place. By a most fortuitous coincidence, the agency wagon was at the landing, waiting for another person who did not arrive; I took the vacant seat, beside a stalwart In-

dian of pure blood, and sat as much at my ease as if he had been white as myself.

Our road wound through a perfect garden of wild roses; the morning air was laden with their perfume, and the birds trilled out their sweetest songs. Evidently this bottom land, as it is called, has been washed in by the changing current of the river. The bluffs are, on this side, a mile or more from shore—a narrow belt of sapling willows and a heavy skirt of cottonwoods, with a few elms, constitute the timber. Most of this is being cut down for the erection of the new houses on the Indian claims.

Reached the agency village, as it may be termed, in safety, and was set down at the doctor's door, quite unexpectedly to him—he was at a loss to know how I had been so fortunate as to secure transportation. All was soon explained, and I was introduced to the rude abode which was to be my home for an indefinite period. It is rough, certainly, and needs the busy hand of a willing woman to make it endurable.

Many of the Indians came forward to give me the hand of welcome. I share the hospitalities of the agent's family, and endeavor to accommodate myself to the new life I am entering upon.

6th. Cut and fitted a dress for an Indian to make. She is a fair needlewoman, though not very neat. The log huts of these people are scattered thickly around. The buildings stand on the first bluff that rises from the bottom land; a belt of cottonwoods grow at the base of the bluff, and affords some shade. These trees are tall and straight—many of them as much as forty feet high before branching. I go with C. to visit some families. The afternoon is very hot, but a fine breeze makes it less oppressive.

7th. This is "issue day." At an early hour the people from every quarter begin to come in. They squat around in circles on the bare ground; each band, of which there are six, forming a circle. I start out with C. to look at them. They are a motley crowd; all the men have citizens' dress, in various stages of wear, and of decidedly various forms and colors. The moccasin is the usual covering for the feet, though all have shoes issued them. I notice how daintily small and shapely their hands and feet are.

The women, especially the old ones, are more decidedly Indian—their limbs are encased in cloth leggings, and their feet in moccasins—they wear a broadcloth skirt, with the selvage at the bottom for a border; some have the other selvage turned down like an overskirt at the top. These bags of cloth, as they might be called, are gathered round the waist with a string or sash, and a calico sack, loose

and ill fitting, covers the body. Over all, in these sweltering summer days, they wear a heavy cloth shawl, laid on the head, and falling around the shoulders. Most of these old women are hard featured, and bear the marks of toil. Very many of the middle aged are corpulent, and there are a number of fine faces among them; some wear the dress of civilization, but quite as many dress as their mothers do. The young women and the children usually well fitting dresses, and wear shoes and stockings, but the inevitable shawl is always on the head or shoulders. Some of the younger girls are tastefully dressed. I see one with a gold chain wound several times around her neck, and fastened with a locket; there are several who have finger rings and breast pins.

Those finely dressed have ridden in on nice ponies, with handsome side saddles, and flourish their riding whips gracefully. It must be a cross for them to sit on the bare ground. I see they have found a log, but it scarcely prevents their nice dresses trailing in the dirt. Some have sun shades, but most of them sit in the broiling sun, with the perspiration running down in a fair stream from their faces. They are very orderly and quiet.

The heads of the bands or others deputized by them deal out. They are furnished according to the size of their families. Flour is issued first; after all are served, they move further up near the scales—we follow. Again they seat themselves in circles, with the half or a quarter of a beef in the centre. Two women in each band lay hold of the sinews in the fore quarters, which they carefully take out, scraping all the meat from them. From these, when dried, they draw out the thread with which they sew their moccasins—five beeves are usually slaughtered for each issue.

One woman, with an axe, makes terrible onslaught on the quarter assigned her—she strikes with a will, and is not particular where the blow falls, so that the bones are broken. Another woman, with the assistance of a man, cuts off a shoulder. A third attempts the same, but so clumsily that I am tempted to show her how it should be done—both men and women do the cutting up. The entrails and the vital organs are choice bits, which are eagerly appropriated.

After all have received their portions, said to be generally satisfactory, they gather up the provender that is to last for the next three days, and stow away their papooses in the indispensable shawl, which they form into a kind of pocket on the back—the child's head peeping out over the shoulder of the mother or grandmother (who is the usual one to carry it), and trudge off home. Those living at a

distance, come on ponies or in wagons. I see most of the old women are parrot-toed, the result, doubtless, of carrying such heavy burthens. Everything that can be put into a bundle is slung across the shoulders, and held in place by a broad leather band that goes round the forehead, and supports the load.

L. J. R.

REPLY of the Hindu, Keshub Chunder Sen, to some of the English clergy who addressed him a letter urging their Church doctrines: "As regards the peculiar doctrines of your Church, which you consider to be of vital importance, and which you naturally wish me to accept, permit me respectfully to state that I cannot subscribe to them, as they do not accord with the voice of God in my own soul. I may simply say that, as a "Theist," I believe in the one living God, as my Father and Saviour, and I prayerfully rely on His grace alone for my salvation. The Lord is my life and my light—He is my creed and my salvation; I need nothing else. I honor Christ as my Father's beloved Son, and I honor all the prophets and martyrs, but I love my God above all. There is no name so sweet, so dear as that of Father."

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

1844.

I believe I have now got through with my conveyancing writing for this season, and am therefore at liberty to acknowledge the reception of thy welcome lines dated the latter end of last month. I find I have not got to the end of the chapter, for there are many lessons yet to be learned. I suppose it is one of the hardest, to learn really to love enemies—to bless them that curse us, and to pray for them that despitefully use us and persecute us. But I have confidence to believe it can be learned. And yet, when we look at what is (improperly) called the Christian world, how far, how very far, professing Christians generally are from this standard!

Thou wants "to know my opinion on the signs of the times." I have latterly been thinking of the position which Edward Young was placed in, either really, or in imagination, when he said,

"Here, on a single plank, thrown safe on shore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote or dying storms."

The "tumult of the distant throng" does not yet appear to have yielded to that powerful wind (or spirit), that once passed over

the earth, when the highest mountains were covered with the fluctuating and unstable elements, for then those waters became calm, and gradually returned from off the earth. I see no sign of this now. But it is not for us to know the times and seasons which the Father hath in His own power. It is sufficient for us to wait at Jerusalem until we be endued with power from on high. Then, and not till then, can we or any others be witnesses, testimony bearers of the power of Truth. Ah! my dear friend, patience, enduring patience, patient waiting for the *power from on high*, how much this is wanting, even among the professed advocates of spiritual light and understanding, even among professed Friends of Truth. And yet, among the signs of the times, when so many are running out to see, and to hear, and to learn, and to teach, and to amuse—there is one thing which has been, and which may be again. When the flood of waters was upon the earth, Noah sent out a *dove*; she returned, the prospect was as dreary to her as the state of society is to my dear friend R. But Noah waited seven days, and sent her again. How very discouraging it would have been, had not faith and hope of better times dwelt in his mind! Now let us mark the event: the dove again returned, but it was in *the evening*, and lo! in her mouth was an olive leaf, fresh and green, just plucked off—clear evidence that the waters were abating from off the earth. Oh! my friend, the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous, travailing seed of Divine life, yet availeth much. It was this in righteous Noah that availed to his support and preservation and confidence in Divine superintendency.

"In your patience possess ye your souls," is an excellent motto for the exercised, tribulated mind. Do the signs of the present times bear any resemblance to those of the times when this watchword was given as reported by one of the Scripture writers? If so, may we not dwell with some faith and hope on the result as then described, and which may yet be the result of the present commotions, when it may be emphatically said, "the sea and the waves are roaring." All this may be permitted in Divine wisdom in order that the powers of the false heavens may be shaken; "and then, (Oh! glorious sight!) shall they see the Son of man coming in or through the clouds with power and great glory." Ah! these clouds that obscure the brightness of the Divine Light in the soul of man! how awfully have they been raised by priestcraft and the cunning devices of crafty men and women: yes, even in our Religious Society.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 22, 1871.

AN EXPLANATION.—An editorial with the prefix, "Protestantism is a Failure," published some weeks since, called forth a reply from our Friend S. M. Janney, which was sent, as soon as received, unaccompanied by comment, to the printer.

The language used by us may perhaps justify the inference our friend has drawn, but we regret that he has so misunderstood our meaning, and as we do not wish to be credited with sentiments we do not hold, it may be proper to say, that if our editorial conveyed the idea that we were insensible to the blessings which have followed the noble protest made by Luther and his associates against the corruptions of the then dominant church, it was not our intention that it should do so. By "failure," we meant that Protestantism had failed to accomplish what might have been anticipated, from a movement that professed (if we are not mistaken) to restore primitive Christianity. And again, though well aware that many severe persecutions have come upon Protestants through the Catholic Church, we cannot ignore the fact that some Protestant Churches have exhibited the same spirit, persecuting, even unto death, members of other sects.

The apparent difference of view may be caused by our friend S. M. J. looking at Protestantism from one standpoint, while we have looked upon it from another.

"Protestantism," in the sense in which we used it meant more than a protest against the corruptions of a sect. It meant religious liberty, toleration, charity, and Christian equality. That it has paved the way for all these, we freely admit, while we at the same time regret that it has accomplished so little toward bringing about that day in which "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

Our friend says he "is encouraged by observing in the publications of the various Protestant Churches in this country, an increasing liberality of sentiment—a diminished reliance upon the dogmas of theology,

and a more earnest teaching of practical piety."

We share this feeling, and look hopefully to the future of Protestantism, when we shall no longer be able to say, "Protestantism is a failure."

ERRATUM.—In No. 20, last week's issue of the *Intelligencer*, on page 311, first column, 5th line from the top, for "Truth," read "Such."

DIED.

MAROT.—On the 7th inst., at Che'ten Hills, Elizabeth, widow of the late Davenport Marot, in the 74th year of her age. Though in feeble health for a number of years, a sweet and uncomplaining disposition was vouchsafed her to the last, and she so quietly departed that the moment the spirit took its flight could scarce be designated. E.

GUMERY.—Suddenly, of heart disease, on the evening of the 19th of Sixth month, 1871, at his residence in Harrison County, Ohio, Isaac Gumery, in the 60th year of his age; a consistent and worthy member of Short Creek Monthly Meeting.

HOOPEES.—On the 25th of Fifth month, 1871, at his late residence in New Garden, Chester Co., Pa., Halliday Hoopes, aged nearly 62 years. His removal has left a void in his neighborhood, and in the particular meeting (Mill Creek) of which he was a member, and when in health a regular attender. He had not been well for some months, and the day previous to his death, returning from a ride, was much exhausted, and soon lost the power of speech and apparently of consciousness, and so continued until the close. Although thus unable in this solemn period to give evidence to his friends of a preparation for the change, it afforded consolation to know that in hours of health and prosperity, as well as in sickness, the interests of the soul-life and concern for his beloved Society were themes apparently most dear to him. While we miss his pleasant smile and warm greeting socially, and his aid in the Church militant, we mourn not for him as without hope that he has been admitted to the Church triumphant. H.

SHOEMAKER.—On the 11th inst., Silas Shoemaker, in the 76th year of his age; a member of Upper Dublin Monthly Meeting, Pa.

HUSBAND.—On the 1st inst., John J. Husband, in the 69th year of his age; a member of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting, Harford Co., Md.

A meeting of the Board of Managers of the New York First-day School Association will be held at Westbury Meeting-house the time of the Quarterly Meeting, on Fifth-day afternoon, 7th mo. 27th, at 5 o'clock. All who feel an interest in First day Schools are cordially invited to meet with them.

EFFINGHAM COCK, Chairman.

SARAH H. BAKER, Secretary.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF GENESSEE YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS,

At Genesee Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at FARMINGTON, N. Y., by adjournments from the 12th of the Sixth month to the 15th of the same, inclusive, 1871:

On calling the names of the representatives they were all present except seven.

Certificates of unity for Friends in attendance from other Yearly Meetings were read as follows:

For Andrew Dorland, a minister from Saratoga Monthly Meeting, N. Y.; Thos. C. Stringham, a minister, and Naomi Stringham, an elder, from Creek Monthly Meeting, N. Y.; Rachel C. Tilton, a minister, and Mellis S. Tilton, an elder, from Purchase Monthly Meeting, N. Y.; Elihu Durfee, a minister, from Cincinnati Monthly Meeting, Ohio; Sarah Hunt, a minister, from Chester Monthly Meeting, N. J.; Isaac Lippincott, an elder, from the same meeting; Martha Dodgson, an elder, from Darby Monthly Meeting, Pa.; Louisa A. Wright, a minister, from Falls Monthly Meeting, Pa.; and Mark Wright, from the same Monthly Meeting.

Epistles were read from our brethren of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio, and Indiana Yearly Meetings. Their interesting contents bearing evidence of an increased concern to promote the object of our organization, to call from outward formality to a higher and more spiritual dispensation, and to labor for the amelioration of the sorrows, and the eradication of the wrongs, among the family of man, have awakened feelings of thankfulness in our hearts, and tended to incite us to renewed energy in the performance of our part in this important field of labor. To essay replies thereto, as way may open, a committee was appointed.

A proposition was forwarded from Scipio Quarterly Meeting, to discontinue those clauses in the Book of Discipline relative to taking part in elections and using the produce of the labor of slaves, which was referred to a committee who, in conjunction with a like committee of women Friends, are to take the subject into consideration, and report at a future sitting.

A request was forwarded from Canada Half Yearly Meeting, asking the Yearly Meeting to define what it considers countenancing a hiring ministry—which was also referred to a committee who, in conjunction with a like committee of women Friends, are to take the subject into consideration and report their judgment thereon at a future sitting.

Third-day.—John J. Cornell was appointed clerk, and Isaac Baker assistant clerk.

Our friend Sarah Hunt paid us an acceptable visit at this time.

The meeting proceeded to the consideration of the state of Society, as exhibited in the answers to the queries as they came from our Quarterly and Half Yearly Meetings, the following summaries of which were adopted, and directed to be recorded as descriptive of our present state.

During this examination, our minds were deeply exercised, and much pertinent counsel was handed forth.

The importance of faithfully fulfilling the

reasonable duty of assembling together for the purpose of public Divine worship, was earnestly impressed upon us; it was shown that this was one of the means by which we manifested that we truly love God, and that when this duty was faithfully attended to, a blessing would be witnessed. The example of our early Friends was cited, showing that they were concerned and faithful to meet, even when human laws forbade it, and although thereby subjected to cruel persecutions, they were rewarded by the reception of the Divine blessing, and enabled to bear all outward afflictions to obtain this heavenly enjoyment. We were appealed to, in this day of ease and high privileges, to be willing to make the sacrifice necessary to attend our mid-week meetings, and were shown that we would derive strength therefrom, to meet the varied trials of life as becomes the Christian, and to perform all those duties by which harmony is maintained with the Father, and our spiritual progress and true happiness secured. The Divine blessing does not depend upon the number assembled, but upon the proper preparation of the heart, for where the two or three are gathered in His name, He will be found in the midst.

Intimately connected with this love to God which prompts us to publicly manifest our allegiance to Him and flowing out therefrom, as the standard by which men may judge of the purity of our motives, is love to our fellow men. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one unto another." We were entreated to let this be our badge of discipleship, and to guard against the inroads of anything which shall interrupt the outflow of such a feeling.

An earnest concern was felt for the proper, careful training of the dear children, that they might be kept in that simplicity of language, apparel and deportment becoming a Christian mind, and that they might be preserved from the entanglement of Fashion's votaries, and from being led away by the follies of the world.

Our testimony against the use of alcoholic stimulants has claimed an unusual share of our attention. The increase of this great evil—its direful consequences upon the human family—were feelingly portrayed. And, although the reports show that we, as a people, are nearly clear from its unnecessary use, yet it was felt that we had an influence to exert among our fellow-men, to ameliorate the suffering, and check the crime occasioned by its indulgence; and we were earnestly called on to endeavor to exert that influence to accomplish so desirable a result.

The use of tobacco was the occasion of considerable exercise, and we were exhorted to

use our influence to check the spread of a habit at once unnecessary, and often hurtful in its tendency; and those in whom the habit has become confirmed, were entreated to endeavor to eradicate it, that their example might be useful in restraining the young from contracting it.

While our testimony against a hireling ministry called forth but few remarks, yet we have not lost sight of its importance nor of the necessity for a proper and firm maintenance of it, and while a public testimony to a free Gospel ministry may often be necessary, yet we feel that in the willingness to come together, and sit down to worship God in solemn silence, trusting to Him to qualify for all instrumental means that are requisite for counsel or encouragement, we will bear a powerful testimony to its purity and completeness, and that a man-made, paid ministry is entirely unnecessary.

Our attention was earnestly called to the necessity of still endeavoring to faithfully maintain our testimony against war. The sufferings occasioned by the unhappy strife in Europe was brought to view, and we were shown that to labor rightly in that direction, we must begin at the root from which this state of things springs. That, if man truly loves God and his fellow-man, it would be impossible under this state of feeling that any would be willing to participate in the carnage of the battle-field; and hence, to advance our testimony against this enormous wrong, we must seek, under Divine direction and qualification, to draw men by our example and precept to participate in the peace and joy arising from the fulfilling the two great commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, with all thy might, and with all thy strength," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Fourth day.—The Committee on Indian Affairs made the following report, viz.:

To Genesee Yearly Meeting:

Since our last annual report nothing has occurred to abate our interest in the welfare of the Indians, or to cloud our hopes for the final success of the efforts now making for the amelioration of their condition and their ultimate civilization. The delegate selected by the committee last year to visit the superintendency under the care of the Society, was accompanied in his visit by a delegate from Ohio Yearly Meeting, and they visited all the agencies. On their return they prepared a report, which was printed by subscription—your committee taking 75 copies—and distributed among our Quarterly and Half Yearly Meetings. We do not therefore deem it necessary to refer to its details in the present report. Their statements concerning the

improved and improving condition of the Indians, their increasing confidence in the efforts of Friends on their behalf, have afforded the committee much encouragement.

The delegate reported his expenses while performing his mission, to have been \$160, which has been paid by the treasurer of the Yearly Meeting.

In the Eleventh month a communication was received from Wm. H. Macy, Acting Correspondent for the six Yearly Meetings, stating that it was deemed advisable to call a convention of delegates from each of the Yearly Meetings, to meet in Philadelphia, on the 19th of Twelfth month, for the purpose of concluding upon some method for more concentration of action. Accordingly, a special meeting of the committee was called, and after a full consideration of the importance of the movement, John Searing was appointed to attend such convention, with full power to act for this committee. For the result of their deliberations, we present the subjoined report of their proceedings.*

In the Second month, the members of the Executive Committee, belonging to this Yearly Meeting, were notified that Samuel M. Janney had tendered his resignation of his position as Superintendent, and Asa M. Janney had also tendered his resignation as agent. S. M. Janney, from reasons stated in the report alluded to, and Asa M. Janney in consequence of the state of his health. And said Executive Committee were called to meet in Philadelphia, to take proper measures to secure successors to them. After considering the matter, the members of the Executive Committee of this Yearly Meeting were of the opinion that inasmuch as the action of the Convention had not been ratified, and some doubts were felt as to the propriety of appropriating the funds on hand to pay their traveling expenses, and as the term of the appointment was nearly expired, and circumstances since the appointment had so materially changed, it was deemed best to await the action and instruction of the Yearly Meeting, before taking further measures. We have been informed that such of the Executive Committee as met, have selected Barclay White, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, as Superintendent, in place of Samuel M. Janney, and gave the selection of an agent, in place of Asa M. Janney, to the charge of the committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

Early in the Fall, a call was made upon the committee for clothing and dried fruits, to ameliorate the sufferings of the Indians at the Santee Agency, which being laid before Friends, was responded to promptly. And

* This report has appeared in our paper.

there was forwarded, as has come to the knowledge of the committee, the following :

2 boxes of clothing from Scipio Quarterly Meeting, valued at \$90.00

2 barrels of apples, 3 barrels of dried fruit, and clothing, from Rochester Monthly Meeting, valued at 32.50

1 box clothing from Friends of East Hamburg Monthly Meeting—value not known.

Fruit, sent to Asa M. Janney and S. M. Janney, from Farmington Monthly Meeting, valued at 14.50

The committee appropriated \$15.00, of the one hundred raised last year and placed in their hands, for defraying the freights on the articles sent; and subsequently forwarded \$20.00, in money, and \$11.24, in garden seeds. The agent, in acknowledging the reception of the donations, says, "We think Friends have been very prompt to furnish assistance, and I do not think I could have disposed of more funds to advantage."

In view of the magnitude of the concern, the happy effects which have already followed the efforts made, the improved condition of the Indians, and the increasing confidence in the community in the peace policy, we feel much encouraged, and can hopefully recommend to the Yearly Meeting the continuance of a committee to co-operate with the other Yearly Meetings in carrying out the concern.

In view of the experience we have had during the last three years, we have become convinced, that for this proper co-operation, it is necessary that there be such an Executive Committee as was appointed in Twelfth month last, who shall be empowered to act under instructions from the General Committee, on behalf of this Yearly Meeting; and that appropriations be made to defray their necessary expenses, while attending to their duties. We therefore recommend that the Yearly Meeting empower the General Committee, should they appoint one, to select such an Executive Committee; and that it place sufficient funds at the disposal of the committee, to defray their expenses; and that the General Committee be empowered to call on the Yearly Meeting's Treasurer for such amounts as may be needed to pay this meeting's proportion of money called for by the joint action of the six Yearly Meetings of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Indiana, Ohio and Genesee.

It was the judgment of the Committee, that \$100 would be needed in addition to the amount at their disposal, to meet the current expenses of the coming year.

The report being read was satisfactory to the meeting, and the recommendations therein named are approved and adopted. And

our Subordinate Meetings are requested to raise their respective proportion of the one hundred dollars named, and forward it to the treasurer of this meeting.

A committee was appointed to consider of and propose at our next sitting, the names of suitable Friends to constitute a committee to continue our care in the concern.

The Minutes of the Representative Committee were read, and the proceedings of that body were satisfactory to this meeting.

Fifth-day.—The Committee to consider the subject from Scipio Quarterly Meeting, relative to the advices, reported as follows:

The committee, having under consideration the proposition from Scipio Quarterly Meeting, to omit in the advices the clauses recommending Friends not to participate in elections, also that relating to the dealing in or consuming the produce of the labor of slaves, unite in proposing that they be retained as they now stand.

After a time of consideration the meeting concluded to adopt the report, Women's Meeting concurring.

The committee to whom was referred the subject from Canada Half Yearly Meeting, reported as follows:

Most of the committee upon the proposition from Canada Half Yearly Meeting concerning the sixth query, met, and upon consideration, agreed upon the following as their understanding of it, viz.:

Accomplishing a marriage by the assistance of a hiring minister; or,

Contributing to the support of a hiring minister, because he is such.

After an interchange of views, the meeting concluded to accept and adopt the report, and direct it to the observance of our subordinate meetings, Women's Meeting concurring.

The committee to nominate Friends to constitute the Committee on Indian Affairs, reported the names of 18 men and 18 women, which being satisfactory to the meeting, they are appointed to that service for three years—they are authorized to carry out the recommendations contained in the report of the former committee, and to call on the Treasurer for such sums in his hands for their disposal as circumstances shall seem to require for the promotion of the welfare of the Indians, and they are to report to this meeting annually, Women's Meeting concurring.

A memorial of Sunderland P. Gardner, concerning our deceased friend Abraham Wilson, was read, united with and directed to be printed with the Extracts, women Friends concurring.

A memorial of Farmington Monthly Meeting, concerning our deceased friend William Clark, was also read and united with, and di-

rected to be printed with the Extracts, women Friends concurring.

The Committee on Epistles reported that most of them met and prepared an essay of an epistle to be forwarded to each of the Yearly Meetings in correspondence with us. The essay being read, was satisfactory to the meeting, and the clerk is directed to transcribe, sign and forward a copy to each of the Yearly Meetings referred to.

The clerk is directed to have seven hundred copies of the usual extracts printed and distributed among our Quarterly, Half Yearly and Monthly Meetings, and call on the Treasurer for the expense.

The business of the meeting being concluded, and having been preserved in much Christian harmony and condescension, and witnessed therefrom a renewal of strength, we can truly adopt the language, "Verily, the Lord hath been with us, and it has been good for us to be together."

Under a feeling of deep gratitude to Him for thus preserving and blessing us, we adjourn, to meet at PICKERING, Ontario, the usual time next year, if so permitted.

JOHN J. CORNELL, *Clerk.*

As the subjects which claimed the attention of the Women's Meeting were the same as those published in the extracts of the Men's Meeting, we append only the closing paragraphs :

"The epistles read from the Yearly Meetings drew forth expressions of thankfulness to the Father of all our sure mercies, that we were thus permitted to mingle in spirit with our distant sisters, and to exchange with them these tokens of affectionate remembrance.

The business of the meeting, from sitting to sitting, has been conducted with so much harmony and love, that we feel to bow in reverence and gratitude to the great Father of the Church, for the precious favor. And while thus enjoying the good things at His bountiful table, we were reminded that very many of our dear sisters who are of this fold are from various causes prevented from mingling with us—and we feel desirous to gather up of the fragments to impart to them.

The company of many dear Friends from other Yearly Meetings, who we believe were drawn in the love of the Gospel to come and be with us, has been strengthening and encouraging to us. With these evidences of the Father's continued care over us, we feel to look forward, in hope that He will yet call into His service many who are standing idle, saying, "No one has hired us."

In reviewing the state of Society, as portrayed by the answers to the queries, the meeting was brought into much exercise.

The non-attendance of our religious meet-

ings in the middle of the week, was impressively adverted to, as a disease, a state of lukewarmness, and we were encouraged to greater diligence, each doing whatsoever she may find to do, even if it be but little things; for it is by our faithfulness in these, that we shall be entrusted with more or greater ones. Remember there are many gifts and callings, that as one star differeth from another in glory, so we in our callings may differ, but we should all become stars of greater or lesser magnitude—stars of charity, of goodness, of mercy and love, in the firmament of our Zion. We have been reminded that there are those who sit as in solitary places, and we were exhorted to remember these in their afflictions, and go to them with a word of kindness and encouragement, bearing in our hand these tokens of affectionate interest to cheer their drooping spirits.

The frequent attendance of places of diversion, was the cause of much solicitude, and the question was feelingly propounded, Is life so long and eternity so short, that we can waste our precious time with these things, when the command is, "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all things necessary shall be added unto you?"

We believe that First-day Schools held in our Yearly Meeting, have tended to interest the youth in the Scriptures, and were truly a bond of union between them and their elder brothers and sisters.

Having been favored through the exercises of this meeting to feel the presence of Him who is the Crown and Diadem of all rightly gathered assemblies, we feel to gratefully acknowledge His loving kindness in thus enabling us to transact the business of Society in harmony and love.

With desires for the welfare of each other, we adjourn to meet again, at PICKERING, Ontario, the usual time next year, if so permitted."

PHEBE W. CORNELL, *Clerk.*"

SUGGESTIVE PARAGRAPHS.—It is very beautiful to see how the God who has bound His world into a grand harmony by its very diversity has arranged for this same end in His Church, by giving the members their different faculties of work,—how the pure light that comes from the sun breaks into its separate hues when it touches the palace house of Christ, with its varied cornices and turrets, till every color lies in tranquil beauty beside its fellow. If it is not so, it should be so, and as the Church grows, it will be so. Use and ornament, the corner stone and the cope stone shall both be felt to have their due place. To see how this may be is to perceive that an end can be put to all jealousies and heart-

burning, and may help us even now to take our position calmly and unenviably, working in our department, assured that our labor shall be found to contribute to the full proportion of the whole.—*J. Kerr.*

Selected.

FAITH AND LOVE.

On the majestic Alpine heights
A little flowret grows,
And blooms in Nature's solitude,
Amid eternal snows.

When morning dawns, the golden sun
Pours forth his kindling rays,
The ice-crowned cliffs with crystal sheen
Glow as the diamond's blaze.

This humble flower exhales its sweets
As incense to the sky,
To Him who placed its beauties there
Mid awful cliffs on high.

There, isolated from the world,
By mortal eye unknown,
It lives among those scenes sublime,
And blooms for God alone.

In the vast temple of His works
It shines a little gem,
The Hand that formed its tiny leaves
That hand created *them*.

There is a flower resembling this
Formed by the Spirit's breath,
That blooms in amarantbine life ;
It is the flower of Faith.

Above these meaner things below
'Tis planted far on high,
Warm'd by the Sun of Righteousness
Near the celestial sky.

Refreshing dews of heavenly grace
To nurture it are given ;
The incense of its sacred sweets
The angels waft to heaven.

The coldest, roughest winds pass by,
But still its beauteous form
Is guarded by a Hand unseen,
Nor shrinks from cloud or storm.

Its fragrance cheers the lonely heart,
Revives the drooping soul,
The leaves a healing balsam prove
To make the wounded whole.

The Christian ever wears this flower
A treasure on his breast,
Till, called by God to come up higher,
He passes to his rest.

Then he conveys it far from earth
To purer realms above ;
Transformed and changed, it there becomes
The heaven-born flower of Love.

Selected.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

These simple lines depict a tranquil, happy phase of rustic life, and will doubtless move a smile, if they do not awaken any very strong emotion in the reader.

In summer's heat I till the ground,
And work and toil and get my bread ;
No interval can there be found,
Between my labor and my bed.
My wife declines to knit by night,
And I, to read by candle-light.

But when the south receives the sun
Beyond the Equinoxial line,
And all my summer's work is done,
Substantial pleasure then is mine ;
When she begins to knit by night,
And I, to read by candle-light.

And what I read she tries to hear,
And what she hears she tries to scan ;
If aught to her obscure appear,
I then explain it if I can.
O, how she loves to knit by night,
And hear me read by candle-light.

CHILDREN WHO WORK.

Looking up with one of the sweetest little smiles in her baby face, a small girl, perhaps seven or eight years of age, replied to my question :—

"I work at feathers."

Her's was not the rosy, dimpled, child-face whose type is familiar in all our happy homes. She was thin in flesh, and pale ; yet the bright, mirthful eyes, and the peculiarly infantile expression about the mouth, intimated that happiness and love were not altogether strangers to her life.

It was in one of the evening, or "night" schools, as they are more properly called, of New York City, and she was one of the hundred thousand working children in that metropolis, who, after a day of toil, try these uncertain night paths to knowledge.

Do you care to hear her brief story ?

She was ten years of age—none are admitted to the evening schools younger than that. Her sister, not yet old enough to come to school, worked with her at stripping feathers in an establishment on Walker street.

"What kind of feathers are they, and what kind of work is stripping feathers?" we asked.

"Why, like that in your hat," said the bright little creature, looking astonished at my ignorance. "That is what they are like when we have finished them ; but we girls work at them before they are dyed. I make about three dollars a week, and my sister—she is only six years old—she does not make as much ; sometimes a dollar a week, and sometimes more."

Her father was dead, and her sickly mother could earn but a little money by sewing. Such is the pitiful story of thousands in this great Babel of business, pleasure, wealth, poverty, fashion, and suffering.

Soon the invalid mother will pass away, confiding her little ones to the mercy of a heavenly Father. Will He send guardian angels to watch over them, to protect their little steps and strengthen them for a struggle with the destiny which stares them in the face, and that seems inevitable ?

With the addresses of a dozen or more

feather and artificial flower establishments in various portions of the city, nearly three days were passed in the vain attempt to witness and sketch the simple operations of stripping or cutting feathers. The manufacturers in this business are remarkably fearful of the light, and have adopted stringent rules—unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—excluding all visitors from their work-rooms; but some of them refuse us politely and invent the best excuses they can.

One proprietor has no young girls at work, just now, either in the feathers or flowers; another is making repairs; one, whose refusal is expressed beforehand in his forbidding face, informs us that he has “no time to be bothered; the young people are well enough off; never you mind them.”

The gentleman in charge of the establishment on Walker street, where our little friend of the night school works, was polite and willing to give information, but as determined as others not to admit visitors. Another gentleman assured us frankly that no manufacturer of feathers and flowers in the city would allow visitors in his work-room, and the reason given is that each have particular patterns of their own, and fear that they may be copied by others. Some, it is stated, even send their “hands” to seek work in other establishments, and, after a few days, take them back to enjoy the benefit of what they may have learned.

When quite discouraged we found a very small workshop, one of hundreds carried on in the city, employing about a dozen girls. The proprietor, a Frenchman, who is just commencing business, was not only willing to let us sketch the little girls at work, but desired a picture made of the larger girls curling the colored feathers and preparing the flowers. All seemed pleased with the idea of being “put into a book.”

Manufacturers of feathers and flowers say that there are engaged in this work as many as ten thousand girls in New York and Brooklyn, two-thirds of whom are under fifteen years of age, and some as young as six and seven. The work done by the youngest children is simple, and manufacturers insist that it is very easy, consisting merely of stripping or cutting the feathers and stringing them, preparatory to dyeing, or preparing the material for flowers, by equally simple operations. It is thought much more pleasant than any other work in which large numbers of children are engaged. The work-rooms are not foul with unhealthful odors, but are generally tolerably well ventilated. Yet the children do not thrive upon this “easy” work. Few of them look as children should—fat, rosy, and cheerful.

Many thousands of children, some of them very small, are at work in the tobacco factories of New York city. More than one thousand are employed by a single firm, and there are hundreds of smaller establishments scattered through the city, sometimes consisting of merely the members of a single family. Permits to visit the larger factories are not easily obtained. In this craft, also, proprietors have methods of work which they jealously guard.

“I have expostulated,” said the manager of one of the oldest tobacco establishments, as he gave us a permit to visit the factories under his charge, “against the employment of young children; but the overseers say that the children will go elsewhere and get work; that their parents are in want and need their labor, so it seems impossible to avoid hiring them.”

In one of their factories the youngest girl employed is four years of age, the oldest person, a woman of eighty. They work side by side.

Children so young as four years we are told are not regularly hired, but, in cases where their parents or guardians are employed, are brought with them for safe keeping, and as it is quite impossible for them to “keep still” all the time, they are glad to imitate the others in “stemming,” and are soon able to add a dollar or two to the weekly wages of mother, sister, or grandmother. Thus, they learn the business, and in the course of a year or two become regular “hands.”

I saw a very pretty little baby, certainly not more than four years of age, trying to learn. She looked very demure, sitting upon an inverted basket, and occasionally glancing sideways at visitors. Every worker in this room, we are told, is Irish; but this nursling, with her prominent forehead, delicate features, blue eyes, and golden hair, looks more like a stray fairy who has lost her way and fallen into the foulest and darkest of prisons. The entire building steams with the fumes of tobacco, and some of the rooms are positively unbearable to those not accustomed to the odor. The rooms where the women and children work are the least objectionable; but they are dreadful places for young children to grow up in.

The youngest girls are separated from each other in their work by a goodly number of steady old women being placed between them, “otherwise, you know,” said our cicerone, “the children would play.” They sit upon benches, ranged along in regular rows, quite near together. At the end of every bench hang upon the wall numbers of hoopskirts, ready for duty upon the street when it is time to go home, but unnecessary and inconveni-

ent about the work.

In addition to the outrage of sacrificing the health and educational interests of children by keeping them at mechanical drudgery nearly all their waking hours, certain kinds of labor they perform are absolutely dangerous to life and limb. At the evening schools we heard of girls who, while working in twine manufactories, had lost one and two joints of their fingers. The principal of one school stated that last winter she had ten girls who had lost their initial finger from the right hand, and therefore could not be taught to write. One child, who learned to write with the left hand, came to school afterwards with the initial finger of that hand also gone. It was taken off in the twitching machinery at a twine factory.

Determined to see this terrible machine, we learned the address of the largest twine establishment in the city, and away up town, nearly to Central Park, we went one bitter cold day, so cold that to keep our courage up it needed the reflection that little girls, thinly clad, struggle through such weather all winter long, plunge into it from hot work-rooms, and with vitality consumed by labor in impure air.

We found about three hundred persons at work, two hundred of them being children under fifteen years of age, and nearly all girls, who spin, wind and twist the flax.

We were shown a very picturesque machine for hackling the flax, tended by ten sturdy little boys of twelve or thirteen years of age, five on each end. They were mounted upon a platform to enable them to reach and change the clamps which held the flax. This monster machine, which supersedes the small hacklers upon which our grandmothers dressed their flax, requires to be fed at either end continuously, and it works with the regularity and remorselessness of fate. Not discovering this peculiarity at first, and observing the boys working for dear life, we remarked to the proprietor, "These boys seem to be trying to show off before you." "No," he replied, "the machine keeps them at it."

"Is it not better for them than running in the streets?" asked the proprietor.

"Better than that, yes; but how are they to be educated?"

"They never all go to evening schools."

Studying in the evening after working like this all day! No wonder they fall asleep over their lessons.

This tread-mill of a machine made me forget for a moment the terrible twisters we came to see. Only for a moment. Descending to the next floor we find a few women at work, and a few boys, but nearly all girls, of various ages, and engaged in many different

labors, but all of one complexion—sooty, grimy, dusty, flaxy; all were dressed in a coarse skirt of hemp, often ragged and tattered. They ran from one corner of the room to another, carrying heavy boxes and arms-full of bobbins. You might almost imagine they were having a grand play, with such celerity do they fly from place to place; but the little faces are very sober, some thin and pale, and all appear to have arrived at a "realizing sense" of the burdens of life. There is one wielding a broom almost twice as high as herself, and almost as large around as her legs; the thinness of the latter showing painfully under her short tattered dress. If she could go to the Childrens' Aid Society's schools for even a part of the day, they would dress her warmly, and give her at least one nourishing meal in the twenty four hours.

Here are the dreadful twisting machines, very disappointing in appearance, seeming to be only long rows of spindles stretching from one end of the room to the other, with nothing peculiarly dangerous about them. The proprietor is anxious to confirm the impression caused by their harmless appearance.

"A few girls," he says, "have had their fingers hurt in these machines; but it was always in cases where they forgot or neglected their work to talk or play. The twisters are not more dangerous than other machines at which children work."

I asked a little girl who had lost the fourth finger of her right hand how it happened, and she replied:—

"It was the rule that we go to help the others, and I went to help a girl, and she kept twisting the twine so," giving her hands a great flourish. "But my little finger always *did* stick out from the others, and it got caught among the flax, and I knew it would take my hand off, and I jerked it out with all my might, and only lost half the finger. If I had been slow, my hand would have been taken off."

This is the simple story of a girl of twelve years. She was trying to imitate one more skillful than herself. The stories of other fingers lost in twine factories would differ but slightly from this. A moment's forgetfulness of the danger, but one moment of yielding to the universal childish impulse to play, and the mischief is done.

It is expected that penalties must follow violations of the law of mechanics, as of other laws, but children should not be placed in situations where so sad a penalty is the result of a moment's inattention. Their innocence and ignorance appeal for protection against the possibility of such calamities. An engine of 150 horse-power, driving a

balance-wheel of 18,000 pounds weight, is an irresistible force when it clashes with the little finger of a child. Should not children's fingers be protected from the destruction threatened from such machinery, in some manner, by law if not otherwise?

But if the situation of children engaged in regular employment is so sad, what can be said of those who are drifting about the streets of the city, without any real homes or steady employment, but supporting a miserable existence by such irregular work as they can obtain—living "by their wits." From fifteen to twenty thousand is considered a moderate estimate of the number of boys and girls situated thus in the midst of this great centre of wealth and refinement. Many of these are orphans—others worse than orphans—children of criminals and poor wretches sunk deep in the degradation of drunkenness. Some are runaways from other cities; some are children of emigrants whose parents died upon the way here; some have fathers in the army and no mothers; others have invalid mothers and no father. Their daily portion is hunger, cold, and misery of almost every description. They may be seen almost every day upon the street, bent double, staggering under heavy loads, sweeping the crossings, or begging. Sometimes they go without food until sick with hunger. Often their loathing of the miserable holes they call home is so great that they seek lodging in the station-house, and not unfrequently the beginning is made in crime for the sake of the shelter of even a prison over their heads.

The magnitude of this evil is not appreciated. When it was proposed by Mr. Brace, the leading spirit in the Children's Aid Society work, to start the Rivington street lodging-house for boys, many persons, even those who were engaged in the work, doubted the necessity of the step. The President of the Society thought there were not homeless boys enough to need it; but very soon it was full, and now applicants for lodging have to be sent away every day.

I asked some bright little newsboys, lodgers at this house, how many such hotels they thought there ought to be for boys in New York? One thought that thirty would do, and another said it would need fifty. I asked another if he thought there were many boys now out of employment in New York? He said:—

"The city's full of them. Why, there's men even offering to work for boys' wages."

When this unequal struggle of childhood with hunger, cold, and all the nameless horrors of poverty has produced its natural effect, and the boy or girl has become hard-

ened, the people in self-protection, are obliged to support them in reformatories or prisons, while any plan by which all the poor children might be supported and schooled, and thus made useful citizens, would seem to the same people like useless extravagance.

Horace Mann, the great apostle of the people, as President Sarmiento so justly designates him, saw the truths which underlie this question more clearly, and stated them more forcibly than any other person has ever done. Twenty-five years ago he told the people of this Republic that—"No greater calamity can befall us as a nation than that our children should grow up without knowledge and cultivation. If we do not prepare them to become good citizens, develop their capacities, enrich their minds with knowledge, imbue their hearts with a love of truth and duty, and a reverence for all things holy, then our Republic must go down to destruction as others have gone before it, and mankind must sweep through another vast cycle of sin and suffering before the dawn of a better era can arise upon the world."—*Scribner's Monthly*.

TO SEE what is right, and not to do it, is want of courage.—*Confucius*.

ITEMS.

WE recently looked through a microscope, and examined a drop of rain-water. In that single drop we counted nearly a hundred playful little creatures, apparently as large as the common house fly, frolicking and frisking about as merrily as minnows in a meadow brook. Then we reached a book from the shelf, and detected a speck of a white insect hurrying off at a double-quick, to hide behind a grain of dust; for we had opened on him by surprise. The little fellow was retreating rapidly; for the shaking of a book leaf, or even causing as much of a leaf to tremble as to hold a single letter was to him a commotion equal to a hundred earthquakes. But we pursued him, excited as he was, until we chased him on a bar of polished brass, and, by a strange stratagem, drove him to an entrenchment on the bar. He was smaller than the dot on an *i* in your pocket Bible. But we pressed him into our service, a prisoner in his house of brass, and snugly covered by a glass slide, until we reviewed him beneath the microscope. His prison was less roomy than the eye of a fine cambric needle, yet, under the microscope, his liberties as well as his body were greatly enlarged. The creature, to the naked eye so small, was now apparently as big as a bee, and white as snow, with limbs of perfect symmetry and proportion. We were affected by his efforts to get free. He hurried from side to side of his prison house, and tried to force the walls apart. Through his clear, transparent flesh could be seen the beatings of his heart and the purple veins of blood. His movements were restless and pitiful as those of a newly-caged bird. If we could, by some magnifier of sound, have heard his voice, and understood his language, doubtless it would have been a plaintive cry for liberty. How wonderful are the works of the Almighty Hand!—*Journal of Microscopy*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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MARY C. BAKER.

A memorial issued by New York Yearly Meeting, held in Fifth mo., 1871.

Having confidence in the declaration that "the memory of the just is blessed," we believe it right to preserve this memorial of our beloved friend Mary C. Baker, deceased.

She was born at Shrewsbury, New Jersey, on the second day of Second month, 1787. Her parents George and Patience Corlies were exemplary and worthy members of our religious society, and careful to train up their children in piety and virtue.

Early in life this dear friend was concerned to give heed to her Heavenly Teacher, and she was thus enabled to follow her Divine Master in the way of His requirements.

In the year 1818 she was married to Dobel Baker, and in 1825, they removed and settled in the city of New York, and became members of this monthly meeting. Here her sphere of usefulness in the society was enlarged, she filling the stations of overseer and elder with much acceptance to her friends.

She was of a retiring disposition, yet in fulfilling these and other public duties in the society, she was a faithful example. But it was in the family and social circles that the beauty of her character was most strikingly exhibited. To her husband she was a faithful and loving wife, they having lived together in beautiful harmony and affection during

the whole of their married life, which embraced a period of more than fifty-one years.

To her children she was a devoted mother, earnestly endeavoring to imbue their minds with the love of their Creator in the days of their youth, and to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

In the social relation she greatly endeared herself to all. For the young she ever felt the deepest solicitude; and ardent were her aspirations that the subject of religion, when conversed upon, should be presented to them in its most attractive form, in order that they might be persuaded to embrace it early in life, and thereby realize for themselves, how much their happiness would be increased.

The predominant feature in her character was that of love, and this not only embraced those who were near and dear to her, but extended to the whole human family; and this feeling prompted her when opportunity offered, to visit the sick and afflicted, and to address to them words of sympathy and kindness, and we believe there are many who have cause gratefully to acknowledge that the influence of her loving spirit on these and other occasions, has cheered them on in their spiritual journey with renewed hope and confidence.

The same feeling also prompted her to seek out and notice strangers who came to our meetings, who in many cases felt them-

selves lonely and unknown even amid large numbers.

She would often take these by the hand in the most cordial and affectionate manner, adding words of kindly welcome; and many can testify that they have been comforted and encouraged by her kind manner of performing this Christian duty, one which is worthy of all imitation.

In the attendance of religious meetings she was an excellent example, considering it not only a duty, but also a precious privilege, and after their close, she often expressed her gratitude for the renewal of spiritual strength therein received. When her health declined, and she was no longer able to attend public worship, she would pass the hour set apart in solemn silence, in communing with the Father of Spirits, afterwards remarking that she had had a precious meeting, her countenance bearing evidence that the Master had been with her; and in order that all may be encouraged in fulfilling the duty of attending meetings, it may be stated, that, in conversation with a friend, she expressed her belief that by her steady attendance of meetings through life, it had been made easier for her (now that she was deprived of that privilege) to approach the Divine Presence in seasons of deep inward retirement.

The Bible was almost her constant companion, and in it were found, after her decease, many beautiful texts, marked by her hand, also copies of verses of devotional poetry, one of which is as follows, viz.:

I love to think of mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

Her dwelling on mercies *present* as well as *past*, was a beautiful feature in her character. When suffering severely from bodily distress, during a protracted period of ill health toward the close of her life, instead of complaining of her sufferings and privations, her mind seemed almost constantly clothed with a spirit of thankfulness and praise for mercies vouchsafed.

On Him alone her cares were cast. He was alone adored, and we believe she realized in a good degree the fulfilment of the declaration of the prophet, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

Truly did she trust in Him, and when scarcely able to articulate, said in reply to her kind physician, who remarked that he trusted her Saviour would be with her, "Yes, He is my hope, my light, my life, my joy." Her countenance indicating a state of heavenly peacefulness as she was enabled to bear this testimony.

He was indeed with her throughout, illuminating the dark valley of the shadow of death, during which, when mortality was about to put on immortality, the holy feeling that pervaded the minds of all present will long be remembered by them.

Her last illness was only of a few days' duration, her mind remaining in perfect peace. Her consciousness continued until near the close, which took place the eleventh day of the Eighth month, 1869, in the 83d year of her age.

Thus has passed from our midst a beloved mother in our Israel, whose spirit we doubt not, has been admitted into companionship "with Saints and Angels, and with the spirits of the just made perfect."

May we, her survivors, follow her, encouraged by the triumphant ending of her long and exemplary life, that we too may at the end of the race, be mercifully permitted to enter into that rest prepared for the righteous of all generations.

Her funeral took place on the 13th of the Eighth month, 1869, on which solemn occasion testimonies were borne to her worth, and to her dedication to the cause of her Divine Master.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"PROTESTANTISM."

BY BENJ. HALLOWELL.

The editorial in No. 15 of the current volume of the *Intelligencer*, headed "Protestantism is a Failure," and the communication on the "Blessings of Protestantism," in No. 18, are highly calculated to arrest the attention of a person who is seeking after Truth. The difference in the conclusions of these two honest minds, is no doubt owing to the different [standpoints from which the subject was viewed.

In order to understand whether or not Protestantism has been a failure, regard must be had to what is understood to have been its aim. This could not have been to substitute one form of restraint upon intellectual freedom, and liberty of conscience, for another; but to emancipate the soul of every individual from *all human thralldom*, whether of the Pope, the Priesthood, or a religious organization, and permit it to enjoy that spiritual freedom with which God inspires it, responsible to Him alone. This liberty of conscience, and freedom to express the loftiest and deepest convictions of the soul, together with the recognition of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of *all men*, and the conscious impression of the varied filial and fraternal obligations which this recognition imposes, are what were to be looked for and hoped for

from the Reformation, as the religion of Protestantism.

D'Aubigné, in the preface to his "History of the Reformation," published in Philadelphia in 1843, says :

"Christianity and the Reformation, while they established the great principle of the equality of souls, and overturned the usurpations of a proud priesthood, which assumed to place itself between the Creator and His creature, at the same time laid down as a first element of social order, that there is no power but what is of God—and called on all men to love the brethren and to fear God.

"The love of Truth, of holiness, of eternal things, was the simple and powerful spring which gave effect to 'the Reformation.' It is the evidence of a gradual advance in human nature. In truth, if man, instead of seeking only material, temporal and earthly interests, aims at a higher object, and seeks spiritual and immortal blessings, he advances—he progresses.

"Christianity and the Reformation are the same revolution, but working at different periods, and in dissimilar circumstances. They differ in secondary features—they are alike in their first lines and leading characteristics. The one is the re-appearance of the other. The former closes the old order of things—the latter begins the new. Between them is the middle ages.

"The history of the Reformation is altogether distinct from the history of Protestantism. In the former, all bears the character of a regeneration of human nature, a religious and social transformation emanating from God Himself. In the latter, we see too often a glaring depravation of first principles—the conflict of parties—a sectarian spirit—and the operation of private interests.

"*Modern Protestantism, like old Catholicism, is, in itself, a thing from which nothing can be hoped,—a thing quite powerless.* Something very different is necessary, to restore to men of our day the energy that saves. A something is requisite, which is not of man, but of God."

It is clear to my mind that this learned author confessed in the two paragraphs last quoted that Protestantism had not fulfilled the high and pure aim of the Reformation, and that consequently it was a "failure."

In the article on the "Blessings of Protestantism," it is stated, that "the Roman Church, by asserting its infallibility, and claiming for its clergy the sole right to expound the Scriptures, endeavored, before the Reformation, to prevent religious inquiry, compelling all to accept its doctrines, and submit to its oppressive sway, under pain of excommunication, attended often by imprisonment, torture and death.

"Since the Reformation, the same cruel measures have been pursued in Catholic countries, wherever the priests could prevail on the secular powers to sustain them in their unchristian proceedings."

Now, a searcher after Truth would be led to inquire whether, as this language seems to imply, these "cruel measures" were confined to "Catholic countries," and whether persecutions for religious opinions, and the sacred rights of conscience, have been unknown among Protestants, and where Protestants were in power?

The Reformation obtained in England, during the reign of Henry VIII., who died in 1547; and from about that period the Protestants were in authority in that country, and in its colonies on this continent.

According to the testimony of the learned authors of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Sewell's History of the People called Quakers," and "Jauney's History of Friends," the bitter persecutions and imprisonments imposed upon George Fox, William Penn, Robert Barclay, and many, *many* others, and the hanging of Mary Dyer and Marmaduke Stevenson in Boston, Massachusetts, for obeying the dictates of their consciences, were all by Protestants, and under governments where Protestantism was in authority.

Human nature is much the same in all times, all countries, and all sects; and when it is unrestrained by the Spirit of God, and possesses authority, its instincts lead alike, whether Catholics or Protestants, to bigotry, intolerance and persecutions.

The fact is, however it may be with some individuals or even communities, the great body of *humanity* is progressive—the heart of humanity is becoming more and more tender—and it is due to this *improvement of the race* from the operation of the Spirit of God in the individual souls of all men, causing them to aspire after something higher, and purer, and freer, far more than to any particular system of religion, or all systems, that liberty of speech, spiritual freedom, and the sacred rights of conscience, are so increasingly respected and tolerated in our favored day.

This progress in enlightenment, and melioration of the heart of humanity, is strikingly witnessed in the legislation of different countries, especially during the present century, in withdrawing the arm of the civil power from the support of persecution for religious opinions; in removing oppressive restrictions from the Catholics and Jews; in the "disestablishment of the Irish Church" by the act of 1869, in increased opposition to capital punishments, war, and all manner of cruelty, even to dumb animals; in the manumission of the serfs in Russia, and the slaves in our own

country and some others; all evincing an advancement towards a higher, nobler, purer condition of our race, and that it is gradually approximating by the drawing cords of God's love to become the image of God in disposition and conduct,—a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor. *So may it be.*

Sandy Spring, Md., 7th mo. 14th, 1871.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Perfect sincerity and an entire willingness to do all which, according to the light of the understanding, appears to be a duty, constitute a platform sufficiently broad for the support of every member of the human family. Whatever ministry, therefore, is instrumental in winning individuals to the performance of their varied duties, is beneficial. But most of all is that ministry beneficial, which assists us in judging as to the nature of those required duties, which draws the attention more and more from all that is merely outward in its nature—from all ceremonial rites—from a dependence on the traditions and teachings of men or of books, to the one inspeaking voice, an omnipotent, omnipresent God.

The Divine Spirit holds converse with our spirits through the language of impression; and this is not more mysterious in its nature, than that the mind should through the external senses, receive impressions of things pertaining to the material world; or that through the material organization, mind should hold communion with fellow-mind, as is the case in social converse. By learning to recognize and to obey this inspeaking voice, we shall be not only instructed, but also gifted with ability to restrain the undue gratification of such propensities which, if indulged to excess, would lead to actions which, under the established laws of God's government, must land us in danger and difficulty, piercing us through with many sorrows. These sorrows and suffering it is not the will of the kind Heavenly Father we should feel, else He would not so strive to draw us from pathways leading to such results. This appears to be the true interpretation of such parts of Holy Writ as represent the all-merciful and loving Father, to be a God of anger and severe judgments. From the penalty of the transgression of His laws we cannot escape, without the interposition of miracle. The consequences of a violation of them are as severely visited upon us, as though a result of His anger and judgment; and they were represented as such by those of old, to meet the understanding of a people not prepared to recognize a world of govern-

ment and law, and as a means of warning them against the dangers of evils ways, and a disregard of the voice of the inward monitor.

“Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? Yet one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Heavenly Father's notice. Ye are of more value than many sparrows.” Let us not then fall into the mistake of fearing that, in the magnitude and multiplicity of the works of the Creator, we shall be overlooked; or of supposing that anything pertaining to our well being, however small, is beneath the notice and superintending care of Him by whom the hairs of our head are numbered. Let us rather adopt and feel the force of this language of the pious Dr. Chalmers: “Though His mind takes into its comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of His attention.” In regarding Him as less omniscient than this, we more circumscribe His power than do that increasing class, who, not being able to conceive that Spirit can operate upon inert matter, conclude that miracles have never been, and that they cannot be.

Surely the might of that Being who first called the material universe into existence, and established the multifarious laws for its government, so adjusting and balancing their interworkings and counterworkings, as to produce the general harmony, yet sometimes also fearful commotions in nature, is still equal to the suspending or changing of their action; so that the doubting children of men may know that He is the Lord, learn to trust in Him and be saved. God works by means, but they are means of His own creating, and therefore subject to His will. He is not alone Power, He is also an acting Intelligence. For all things possible relative to the material world, He is in Himself sufficient; but every soul must of necessity, by His aid, and under His direction, work out its own salvation with fear and trembling.

Man is gifted with the power of will and choice, without which he were but a machine, bound fast in fate, incapable of possessing virtue, and therefore incapable of becoming an heir to the inheritance of eternal life. The soul, while possessing this power of will and choice, cannot become a subject of coercion. The human soul cannot be saved without its own consent and co-operation. The creature must become a co-worker with the Creator.

Under the hand of cultivation earth produces more abundantly, and her flowers and fruits become richer and of larger growth. Animals under domestication, change and are developed within certain limits. The intellect that otherwise had remained feeble

and dwarfed, becomes, by healthful exertion, able to range at ease through mysterious fields of nature and the intricate sciences. So also must the spiritual growth be by exercise and patient toil. Had the Creator so willed it, the varied productions of earth, vegetable and animal, might have been by nature all and more than all they have by cultivation become. But the capability of improvement by culture in them, meeting with the capacity in man for bestowing that culture, he becomes a co-worker with Deity; the labor and care extended by him being as promotive of man's development as of theirs.

Of intellectual power, the native shrub might have been made to more than equal what is now the growth of the cultivated tree. The soul, though by virtue of its free agency rendered liable to fall, could not be made to become more than a joyless existence, without its own co-operation with Him who first called it into being.

As in order to witness this increase and advancement, the earth must yield to timely tillage, the tree endure the pruning knife of the gardener, the kine submit to the fostering care of the herdsman, and the pupil follow the directions of his judicious preceptor, so must we bow in perfect submission to Him who will become our husbandman, shepherd, teacher, father and God. Then, and not till then, may we become a co-worker with Him to keep and dress the garden of the heart. Then, and not till then, may we experience the joy of God's salvation.

Do we plead human weakness and frailty as an excuse for evil doing? This were a reflection upon the wisdom of the Highest, who has said, my grace is sufficient for thee. Man, with all his weakness and frailty, is as noble and exalted in his nature, as an all-wise, all-powerful Deity could constitute him while a being of earth, though designed for Heaven. He is as perfect as without his own co-operation he can be made; but with such co-operation he may become perfect, as his Father in Heaven is perfect.

When we have refused to work with the Creator, but have chosen to work against Him, and we find ourselves involved in a labyrinth of difficulty, danger and threatened ruin, we would then fain cry to Him for assistance, but having separated ourselves from Him, we feel Him to be a God afar off; and are ready to conclude that His ear has grown heavy that He cannot hear, and His arm has become shortened that it cannot save. Let us bear in mind that our own ear first grew dull to the hearing of His voice, that we have trusted in the strength of our own arm, and found it weakness; let us remember how often He would have gathered us under the

protecting wing of His care, but we would not. We may not now, therefore, expect that a miracle will be wrought for our deliverance. We must suffer in accordance with God's established laws, the penalty of our transgressions.

Yet even here the prayer, rising in humble, contrite faith, asking not for deliverance from afflictions, but for strength to endure it, will be heard. As we abide in patient submission and trust, we may yet experience the truth of the promise, A way will be made where there seems no way, and we shall come to feel the banner of His love to be spread over us, enabling us to partake of the joys of His kingdom. L. B.

Sixth month, 1871.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST. NO. 5.

(Continued from page 296.)

Life among the Dakotas.

FROM MY DIARY.

6th mo. 8th. A little girl came to the agent's early this morning, asking for hospital stores for a sick child. Some doubts arising, H. and I follow her home, and find it a subterfuge to obtain a little tea, sugar and rice. Of late, neither sugar nor coffee have been issued them. They are extravagantly fond of both, and resort to many such efforts to obtain them, though I believe no coffee is ever given to the sick. Crackers and dried fruits, the latter of superior quality, furnished by Friends, are added when needed.

The sick (?) child was sitting on the bed. He was fat and dirty, with a frying pan in front of him, from which he was helping himself very freely to fried meat and bread, seeming to enjoy it. The family are very untidy, and have little character or standing among the people.

C. and I go among the houses lying between the agency and the P. mission. Most of the families are thrifty and intelligent. One woman, a widow, interested me particularly. She was busy over a pile of odds and ends of old clothing, patching them into what will be a warm, though homely bed-quilt. She showed us four others she had made out of better material, mostly donated by Friends. Her house was in good order, the earth floor swept clean, and everything neatly arranged. She appeared to me to be a model Indian woman. Her corn looks well; she told us that *she* hoed all the weeds out.

We enter another house, where a young woman lives with her grandmother. Her husband has deserted her, and she seemed to be in much trouble. She was sitting on her bed, as do most of them, with her feet tucked under her, and a few pieces of half washed

clothes that had not been ironed, lying beside her. She can sew, but has no knowledge about mending her stockings: seeing them very ragged, I offered to show her how to make new feet to them, if she will bring them to me. All the people appear glad to see us; some make considerable demonstrations.

In another house we see that they are strangers to the darning needle. I arrange to give instructions in its use. One of the women speaks good English. They are not a reputable family. Two half-breed children belong to one of them. Violations of the 7th commandment are not looked upon as crimes by very many. I am sorry to add, that even church members are among the delinquents. In every house we see evidences of the labor of the agent's daughters. Their "works praise them." Little seats for the children, neatly covered with pieces of cloth of various colors, toilet stands, lounges and bed quilts, all the outgrowths of their self-sacrificing efforts, are adding to the comfort, and cultivating a taste for better things among these people. Some of the quilts are very pretty, and the colors arranged with skill. These Indians are, however, still destitute of nearly all the comforts of civilized life, being in the transition state. Having given up the tent and its surroundings, with the wild, free life of their ancestors, they are trying to adapt themselves to our civilized ways, which in many instances are to them a real disadvantage, through ignorance and a certain shiftlessness, that cannot well be prevented until they have better homes, and more incentives to industry. All the women have much spare time that might be turned to good account, if there was any way to make it available. Scores of bed-quilts lie unfinished for want of pieces. Men and women clamor for work, but the agency has not employment to give them. Every thing that can be turned to account to bring them a little money is made and sold, always at the highest possible price.

First day, 6th mo. 11th. A beautiful morning, though warm, with a good breeze stirring. Every thing wears the mark of a true Sabbath. A more perfect quiet I never witnessed. The missionaries have taught the people that one day in the seven must be given unreservedly to their Heavenly Father. It is a marvel to me that they have been brought so completely to observe it, and is an evidence of their orderly and teachable condition. Occasionally an old woman, who still clings to her ancient customs, presents herself at the agent's with some trifle to sell, or asking some coveted good; but such occurrences are rare.

We see the people in their best, either on foot or riding their ponies, on the way to

their respective places of worship, the mission houses, which are a mile apart, at either extremity of the range of log huts which constitutes the village.

Friends' meeting is also held at the house of the agent, attended only by the employees. Thirteen formed the little gathering this morning. It was a very precious season to me, and I doubt not to others then present.

After dinner, G. and I walked about a mile down the river to see a boy, said to have been run over by a loaded wagon.

His grandfather is one of the influential Indian men, and has a roomy house, with more comforts than are usually found among these people. The child had not been seriously injured. We gave him an orange; rested ourselves under the lodge in front of the house for awhile, and then returned home through a luxuriant ravine, a little nervous about snakes; but seeing none. A profusion of wild beauty charmed us. Roses, rich in perfume, and varying in color from bright red to the purest white, are blooming everywhere. We crush them under our feet, though it seems a profanation to tread upon anything so fragrant and beautiful. Many plants, entirely new to us, are in bloom; though we see some old familiar friends growing among them.

13th. I gave the proposed lessons in darning. One of my pupils does it beautifully. I shall have to loan them needles and cotton, as there are none for sale in the store. The deserted wife of whom I spoke came with her stockings, which I cut and arranged for her to sew. She was pleased with the effort, and did her part quite satisfactorily. I want to continue in this labor; it will give occupation for many of the hours which now hang so heavily upon the women.

I wrote home, asking for needles and cotton to be sent forthwith, and I hope my request will be responded to.

Many of the women look in at the door, half ashamed, waiting to be invited to join us; they bring their babies hung on their backs, in the indispensable shawl. I show them the pretty things given me by the children of Green St. schools. They never tire looking at the pictures, and I doubt not would like to possess them.

Every picture that falls into their hands is carefully fastened to the walls of their houses, which in many cases are covered with illustrated newspapers and such things.

L. J. R.

REPOSE.

In the constant turmoil of a struggling life it is not strange that the value of repose should be depreciated. In this country, useful work of every kind is justly deemed dig

nified and honorable, and the idler, whatever is external advantages, or his internal resources, is rightly despised. But our enthusiasm for labor sometimes blinds our eyes equally to the necessity and the value of repose. In shunning the pernicious doctrine that would degrade the life of poverty and toil, and honor that of inaction and leisure, we are apt to swing too far to the opposite extreme, and to esteem only the busy restlessness that scorns or dreads repose and finds its only happiness in ceaseless occupation. It may be thought that the class who err from excessive activity is not numerous, and that however they may injure themselves, they must at least benefit the world by their perpetual industry. Such, however, is not the case. A wise economy should govern work, as well as time or money, and that man most effectually serves his race and develops himself who most fully recognizes this truth. The idea possesses some men that labor is in itself achievement, that it is not a means to some higher end, but itself the final and crowning end of life. They toil unremittingly, grudging and curtailing even the necessary time consumed in sleep, denying themselves all recreation, and their friends all pleasure and benefit from their society. When they are checked or hindered, they fret at the supposed waste of power, and when occasional enforced leisure comes to them they find their power of enjoyment gone, their social nature contracted, their thoughts meagre and life insipid. The truth is, there is a natural and wise limit to our capacity of laboring effectively, which if we try to overleap we but hurt ourselves, and weaken future efforts. Any one who watches the motion of the laborer as he plies his tool, will see a deliberateness about each act that seems needless to the unpractised hand. But were he to do his work in half the time, his strength would be exhausted and nothing would be gained. His repose comes in small instalments, but it comes surely, or his labor would be defective. In proportion to the rapidity or intensity of the labor, whether of head or of hand, must be the length of interval allowed for repose, if we would render work effective.

All happiness as necessarily includes the idea of repose as that of activity. The powers that always crave exercise, that cannot subside at the proper time from action to rest, are unhealthy in their nature and irregular in their action. The happy child enjoys his play with keen avidity, and then, tired out, falls into needed repose. If either element fail to give him pleasure, we say that he is unnatural, or deficient in some portion of a healthy organization. So the man

who can only be satisfied when his powers are in active exercise, who chafes at every hindrance, and is restless and uneasy when circumstances enforce quiescence, is lacking in character and forfeits much natural and rightful happiness.

There is a repose of mind which is even more to be desired than rest for the body. The restless mind, ever on the alert, swayed by every influence, and ruffled by every adverse circumstance, can never acquire the strength or supremacy that marks the calm, self-possessed spirit, observing the laws of alternate action and repose. Equanimity, and the power of self-control are essential to greatness of mind, and these are impossible, where uneasy restlessness banishes repose. No character is reliable without this element. It is the tranquility of the captain in the fearful storm that inspires all on board with confidence and hope. It is when passion is asleep, and emotion subdued, and impulse controlled, and the spirit calm and steadfast, that the greatest mental triumphs are achieved. He who enters life with restless excitement and follows his pursuits with feverish impatience, makes but slow and irregular progress and wastes much of his energies.

Let it not be thought, however, that the repose we would cherish is in any way equivalent to inactivity, or can be any plea for indolence. On the contrary, it is a chief element of power, and can never exist in its true efficiency, except as coupled with energetic action. They are twin sisters, each needing the other for her own perfection. The idle can never know the value of repose. It is labor that makes rest sweet. But one of the most important works of life, and one demanding all our energies, is that of holding in repose the passions and appetites. He who can so control himself as to maintain a firm ascendancy over his own desires, has learned to measure his powers and to assert his dignity. Let us, then, while bringing every faculty into exercise and developing all our powers, also cultivate repose. Let us "learn to labor and to wait"—so shall we find the true happiness, efficiency and dignity of life.—*Philada. Ledger.*

Scrap

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

The disciple is not above the Master, nor the servant above his Lord. The pre-eminent one suffered for and by reason of the sins of the world—and that especially near the time of his departure from this scene of suffering

and deep baptisms—baptism into a feeling (as John Woolman said) of the miseries of his fellow-creatures, separated from the Divine harmony. Yet this travail of spirit, this deep exercise of soul, the work and fruit of living faith, was and is an acceptable sacrifice to God. For so his children bear the sins of many, and make intercession for transgressors. Oh! my dear friend, may thou and I and others keep the faith in holy patience unto the end. Thou hast known this living faith in Divine revelation, and its blessed influence to be thy morning light, thy noonday strength, and at seasons thy evening staff and consolation. And though clouds of discouragement in deep suffering for the Seed's sake, may sometimes intervene, so as for a season to obscure the brightness of the light of God's countenance, yet hold fast the faith, and hope thou in His mercy and all-controlling power,—for these clouds will pass away, and thou shalt enjoy the health of His countenance forever. My spirit salutes thee in a fresh feeling of Gospel love.

I have for two or three years past been a constant reader of the *Intelligencer*, and I but speak the sentiments of Friends generally in this vicinity, when I say, I consider it almost indispensable in a Friend's family; and the more I read it, the more fervent are my desires to be brought into a more intimate acquaintance with, and a partaking of, "that better life" towards which its teachings so plainly point the way.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 29, 1871.

"THE LIFE THAT NOW IS."—We have received from the publisher a volume of discourses with the above title, by R. Collyer. As far as we have examined them, they bear the impress of a loving, hopeful, and tender nature. Their tendency, (with the exception of one discourse) is to recommend and enforce "whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report." These are often beautifully and forcibly illustrated by analogies drawn from the simple things in nature, and from the domestic affections.

As the title implies, the discourses are practical in their character; the *life we live* being, in the view of the author, the best preparation for heaven. He says in his preface, "I am so sure that if we can but find the right way through this world, and walk in it, the

doors of Heaven are as sure to open to us, as ours open to our own children when they come eagerly home from school."

The *exception* alluded to, is the discourse "At the Soldiers' Graves." We could not but regret that while doing full justice to the *motive* that influenced many who entered into the recent deadly conflict, he had not taken occasion to show how mistaken a form patriotism and self-sacrifice assume, when they dare to disobey the command, "Put up thy sword into its sheath." "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Charles Sumner, when invited to deliver the customary oration on the Anniversary of American Independence, was courageous enough to choose for his subject "The True Grandeur of Nations," showing that this is to be found in peace and not in war. Who can estimate how much this masterly and eloquent discourse has aided in producing that public sentiment against war, which now seems to be on the increase. The pomp and glitter of war have long hidden its deformity, and given it a charm in the eyes of many; but these attractions seem to us less insidious and dangerous than is the attempt to connect it with some of the noblest sentiments of the human mind. It is true that He alone who knows the heart, can pronounce upon the degree of its culpability; but it is dangerous for us to allow our admiration of the *motive* which prompts an act, to interfere with our calm judgment as to its *nature*. It is peculiarly important that the public religious teacher should make this distinction; otherwise he lends what influence he may have to perpetuate a system so monstrous, that were it stripped of its trappings, civilized men would turn from it with abhorrence.

DIED.

HOWELL.—On the 25th of Sixth month, 1871, at his residence in Charlestown, West Virginia, of heart disease, David Howell, in the 73d year of his age; a member of Hopewell Monthly and Particular Meeting.

EACHUS.—On the 15th inst., Lydia M. Eachus, widow of the late Homer Eachus, in the 81st year of her age.

OUTLAND.—On the 6th of Tenth month, 1869, Elizabeth L. Outland, daughter of Salathiel and Louisa Lukens, aged 37 years.

MULENIX.—On the 1st of Seventh month, 1871, near New Paltz, Ulster Co., N. Y., of a protracted illness, Thomas Mullenix, aged 71 years; a member

of Oswego Monthly Meeting. Being remotely situated, he could seldom meet with his friends in religious worship, but the past five years, when health permitted, he was a regular attender of the indulged meeting held in Friends' meeting-house near his residence, by the opposite branch of Society; his house being ever open to receive Friends, whether of his own Society or those with whom he mingled. A few weeks before his decease, after a period of extreme suffering he remarked, that he had felt it to be a duty to welcome and entertain Friends, and that the remembrance thereof was now a comfort to him.

MORRIS.—At Fall Creek, Ind., on the 11th of Third month, 1871, Charles William, infant son of W. F. and Mary E. Morris, aged 2 months and 13 days.

MILLER.—On the evening of Fourth month 24th, at his residence, Riverton, N. J., Daniel L. Miller, in his 51st year.

HENSZEY.—On the 27th of Sixth month, 1871, at the residence of her son Samuel C. Henszey, Philadelphia, Ann, widow of Joshua Henszey, in her 82d year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

HENSZEY.—On the 2d of Seventh month, 1871, at the residence of her son Dr. Samuel C. Henszey, Jr., West Philadelphia, Priscilla H., widow of Samuel C. Henszey, in her 72d year; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

LOVERING.—On the 3d of Seventh month, 1871, Sarah S. Lovering, in her 80th year; a member of Spruce Street Monthly Meeting.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 7th mo. 30. Alloways Creek, N. J., 3 P.M.
- 8th mo. 6. Moorestown, N. J., 3 P.M.
- “ Greenwich, N. J., 3 P.M.
- “ 13. Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.
- “ Port Elizabeth, N. J., 10 A.M.
- “ 20. Haverford, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A.M.
- “ Catawissa, Pa., 4 P.M.
- “ Orange, N. J., 10½ A.M.
- “ Gunpowder, Md. (old house), 10 A.M.
- “ (No meeting in other house.)
- “ Orangeville, N. Y., 11 A.M.
- “ Cape May, N. J., 3 P.M.

FIRST DAY SCHOOLS.

The Association within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will hold its next meeting at Penn's Manor Meeting-house, Bucks Co., Pa., on Seventh-day morning, Eighth month 5th, at 10½ o'clock. A general invitation to attend is extended. The different Schools, &c., are desired to send delegates, and forward such reports and other communications as will add to the interest of the gathering. *Special arrangements* have been made for the conveyance of those attending to leave in the steamer "Twilight" from Chestnut Street wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 o'clock for Robbin's Wharf, touching at their usual intermediate landings; returning in the "Forrest" from Robbins' at 6 P.M. Excursion tickets 40 cts. A cordial invitation has been extended for Friends to remain over First-day, and attend the monthly meeting for worship at the "Maoor." The boat leaves that day for the city about 5 P.M.

Jos. M. TRUMAN, JR., } Clerks.
EMMA WORRELL, }

The Executive Committee will meet on board the "Twilight" at 7½ o'clock, A.M.

D. COMLY, Clerk.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

A Conference with Friends of Providence (Del.

Co.) in reference to First-day Schools, will be held in the meeting-house of that place on First-day afternoon, 8th mo. 6th, at 2 o'clock. Friends from Philadelphia, &c., will take the 9 A.M. West Chester train to Wallingford Station.

In Friends' Meeting-house, Camden, N. J., on First-day afternoon, the 30th inst., at 3 o'clock, a meeting of the Peace Society will be held, to which all Friends are invited.

For Friends' Intelligencer,

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

GRAND HOTEL, San Francisco, Cal.,
6th mo 15th, 1871.

We arrived here last night a while before sunset, and are putting up at "Grand Hotel"—and truly it is grand. I have never been in a finer anywhere in my travels. The room we occupy is on the second floor, with a large bay window fronting the street, and with carpets, furniture and wall decorations of the most expensive kind. Very fine in every respect is our entertainment in this great city by the peaceful sea.

There is a constant sound of wheels on the street, and the houses on Montgomery street remind me of eastern cities, both in beauty and solidity. I have only been round a few squares to the Post-office and brokers, and in that walk I saw a number of the Chinese. They dress very much alike; in the place of a coat they wear a garment like a hunting shirt without any collar, and they have pantaloons like others. Their shoes are of cloth, with wooden soles. Their hair is long and black, and done up in three plaits, either hanging down the back or curled round the head under the hat. I saw one on the street whose hair touched his heels in walking. In several places on the Central Pacific R. R. they waited on the table, and at one station we saw some ladies with their little feet. A great many men (Chinese) are employed on the railroad as laborers.

We saw many Indians of different nations in our travels west, all of whom seemed friendly, but very few of them could understand our language. At one station, a number were standing and sitting round, the sexes apart. Mothers had their infants tied to a board, the top of which had something like woven willow work to cover the head, with a cloth over the face. This was suspended from the head of the mother, over which ran a leather strap. I asked an Indian mother to uncover the face of her papoose, and showed by signs what I wanted. She asked, "How much?" They often ask for money, and come to the car windows while the passengers are eating lunch, and gladly receive good things, such as pie, meat, cakes, candies, nuts, &c.

We left Salt Lake on Second-day last, returning to Ogden, the junction of the Union

Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads, and took a Pullman palace car about 5 o'clock P. M., and were two days and two nights reaching San Francisco.

What a barren waste we have come through! The American Desert, unlike the Sahara, is not sandy, but the soil is a hardish clay, cracked all over the surface, and white with alkali. The almost never-ending sage bush is nearly all that meets the eye in the shape of vegetation, save a bush that resembles it. Animal life is scarce, but now and then we would see a white rabbit in his flight.

For many miles east of Omaha to the Sierra Nevada, it is nearly all a woodless region, with mountains always in sight. Sometimes they approach each other, leaving a cañon wide enough for railroad passage; at others they stretch away far to the right and left, leaving a vast level plain. Sometimes we follow water courses, and at others there is no water anywhere. Yet in this dismal region we found men and women at different points, who have taken up their abode amid the desolation. Along some of the larger streams, such as the Humboldt, there are narrow strips of green grass, and here cattle are grazed, herded and fattened for this market. Through all this region there is a mixed race of Indians, negroes, Chinese and Anglo Saxons, representing the four quarters of the globe. They are rough looking people, yet in their hearts we found there was human kindness.

Some of the Indians were painted with red over the face, which gave them a strange but not repulsive appearance.

There is a great part of the desert country which is only barren because of the absence of rain. Wherever there is a stream of water, it is turned on the soil, and good crops are raised.

There was less snow than usual last winter, and of course there was less to melt, and keep up the flow of the streams, and springs are of rare occurrence. Through all the valley of the Sacramento, on the Sierra Nevada, and all the way here, there has been a great drouth, and the crops are poor, and the land dried up. On great wide productive valleys, with rich soil, we scarcely saw a green spot. The mountains of the coast range look rich, but are devoid of timber and grass, and seem as if burned over.

The wild oats was a native grain in the Sacramento valley, and much is still seen growing along the road. The second morning out from Ogden we were in the Sierra Nevada range, and I rose with the morn, so anxious was I to see timber, and the grand sights for which these mountains are famed. How provoking were the snow sheds that for miles and miles interfered with the view. Just at some

grand opening prospect, as Donna Lake, in a deep ravine in the mountains, we shot into them, and all our prospects are ruined. But still we were favored with much grand scenery—high rugged mountains, deep precipices, wild cañons, large timber, strange flowers and plenty of snow. At the summit there was a station and eating house. Snow was all around, below and above, and the air was chilly, the thermometer standing at 45°.

On the west side of these mountains is the gold region, and all the streams were diverted from their courses, carried about in ditches, troughs and pipes, to wash the gold out of the soil. About Dutch Flats there are miles of hills that have been torn down and washed away. The streams run mud. At one place the waters of a large stream were falling over a steep bank, and at the same time two streams from iron pipes ran with great force apparently against the same place.

As we crossed the bay last night, the Golden Gate was pointed out to me. It is said to be half a mile wide where the waters of the Pacific ebb and flow between almost mountain banks.

We start on Second-day, the 19th, for the Calaveras grove of big trees and the Yosemite Valley, and our trip will occupy more than a week.

WEAR AND TEAR.

There are very few subjects that deserve more serious attention from all the active classes of American society, whether they be men or women, than the question of that wear and tear of human life that characterizes our people with constantly increasing gravity. The early decadence of mental, nervous and physical forces, the rapid increase of distinctively nervous diseases, the early loss of the bloom and freshness of youth, are facts of the most serious significance in their bearing upon the whole future of this country. For it cannot be doubted that even after the keen struggles for prosperity, which belong to the development of all new countries,—and ours is yet but a new country,—shall have given way to the more steady-going pace of a more settled nationality, there will remain a mental and physical inheritance of defect, the result of our present wear and tear, that will not be obliterated by generations of more rational methods of working and living.

The fact of the unusual wear and tear to which the American people subject themselves, or are subjected by the systems that govern our lives, needs no demonstration. Our men become old and break down in middle life, or sooner. Our girls come to womanhood, only in exceptional cases blessed

with that blended maturity of body and mind which fully fits them for the duties and enjoyment of their after lives. Very few of either our men or women fill out the measure of a robust and vigorous life, and where they do, we find it because they have either inherited the rare gift, now-a-days, of an iron constitution, or have lived by different rules from those that have governed society generally.

This subject of the wear and tear of the American people has engrossed the attention of political economists and scientific men, with an increasing interest, and has recently been discussed with admirable good judgment, by Dr. S. Wier Mitchell, in a little volume, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., called "Wear and Tear." Within a brief space, and in a popular style, from which the technology of science is almost wholly excluded, Dr. Mitchell presents this topic in a way that deserves the most thoughtful consideration. Accepting as a fact the climatic influences that make brain-work and muscle-work harder in this country than in Europe, the writer points out with much force the evils that spring from the over-cramming of boys, and still worse, of girls at school, and from that desperate devotion of mind and body to the pursuit of business, which breaks down both professional and commercial men before their time.

Of the wear and tear of the present generation of American women, the author before us charges the greater part to our "American view of female education." All the hard work done by our girls at school is ordinarily done between the years of ten or twelve and seventeen. During that time most girls are occupied with study from seven to eight hours a day, working with their brains, as Dr. Mitchell puts it, "as long a time as the mechanic employs his muscles." Our author takes the Girls' Normal School of Philadelphia as an illustration, and says in such a school "this sort of tension and this variety of study occasion an amount of ill-health which is sadly familiar to many physicians." "The doctor knows how often and how earnestly he is called upon to remonstrate with this growing evil. He is, of course, well enough aware that many girls stand the strain, but he knows also that very many do not—and that the brain, sick with multiplied studies never thoroughly mastered, plods on, doing poor work, until somebody wonders what is the matter with that girl; and so she scrambles through, or else breaks down with weak eyes, headaches, neuralgias, or what not." Dr. Mitchell, who we know has given laborious study to this whole subject of wear and tear, sums up his views of female educa-

tion by saying that "as concerns the physical future of women they would do far better if the brain were very slightly tasked, and the school hours but three or four hours a day until they reach the age of seventeen."

But the wear and tear among American men is a matter of equally serious consideration. It is not enough to say that we *must* work harder here than in Europe, nor is it any comfort to know that in Europe brain-work, for some mysterious climatic reason, is easier than in America. If a man's mental and physical health is of the first consequence, it is possible in nearly all cases to deal with it more honestly than we ordinarily do. Work of any kind that is done under a strain is mischievous work, and it is all the more mischievous when the worker is so intent upon upon his success that he does not recognize the pressure under which he pursues it. Our American haste to get rich is the great mischief worker with the mass of our business men. Our men plunge early into the full current of active business, and before the brain has had any real training for steady, heavy work, it is whirling forward under a pressure of business responsibility which soon brings its wear and tear to punish the trifler with Nature's laws. Dr. Mitchell thus sketches a true picture of a large class of our business men: "Late hours of work, irregular meals bolted in haste away from home, the want of holidays and of pursuits outside of business, and the consequent practice of carrying home, as the only subject of talk, the cares and successes of the counting-house and stock board. The man who has worked hard all day, and lunched or dined hastily, comes home or goes to the club to converse—save the mark!—about goods and stocks. Holidays, except in summer, he knows not, and it is then thought time enough taken from work if the man sleeps in the country and comes into a hot city daily, or at the best has a week or two at the sea-shore. Men have confessed to me that for twenty years they have worked every day, after traveling at night or on Sundays to save time; and that in all this period they have not taken one day for play. There comes to them at last a season of business embarrassment; or, when they get to be fifty or thereabout, the brain begins to feel the strain, and just as they are thinking, 'Now we will stop and enjoy ourselves,' the brain, which, slave-like, never murmurs until it breaks out into open insurrection, suddenly refuses to work, and the mischief is done."

The little treatise before us, which we would gladly place in the hands of all who are to-day overworking themselves or others

as a most sensible monitor and counsellor, seems to miss one very important element that enters into the causes of this terrible wear and tear of American life. There are comparatively few business men who have not some hours of relaxation; but there are also very few who make the best use of them. A very large class of our younger business men must charge the wear and tear that pulls them down into premature old age and disease, to their needlessly late hours in hot billiard and club-rooms, their excessive smoking and their habitual, even if not what is commonly called excessive use of stimulating drinks. Thousands of brains yield before these influences, when the wear and tear is charged to the overwork of the counting-house or the office. Our large cities are crowded with young business men who would easily stand the brain-work of the day if they would systematize their hours of sleep at night and pursue that "temperance in all things" which is the great precaution against all human wear and tear.

It is nearly impossible to put an efficient curb upon the ambitious professional man's labors, or to set a limit which the successful business man shall not pass, in his race to be rich; and yet, if the curb and the limit are not voluntarily imposed, Nature inevitably steps in with her grim fiat, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further," and the penalty that she exacts cannot be evaded. There is no man in haste to grow old, or who wishes to break down with weakened brain and diseased frame before the race-course is half circled. But there are, unfortunately, too few who have wisdom and moral courage enough to live and work with such sober moderation as will save brain and body from needless wear and tear, with a capacity for enjoying in after life the fairly-earned fruits of the honest work of earlier days.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

WHITTIER'S INSCRIPTION FOR A SUN-DIAL.—

With waning hand I mark time's rapid flight,
From life's glad morning to its solemn night.
But through the dear God's love I also show
There's light above me by the shade below.

EXTRACT.

When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores
Has dropped her anchor and her canvass furled,
In some safe haven of our western world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

—COWPER.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I was sitting alone toward the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold, and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won;

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,"
I said; "it will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I *know* I have tried;
But I'm sure when He sees *such* building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me;
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But O, what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?—
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half compassionate yearning,
I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge,
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew;

Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,—

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said for her,
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

"And for the real love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with *plaudit* divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a Hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the Hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto Him.—
—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Times* at the Prussian headquarters writes as follows: "Last mail I received a letter from Egypt, in which there was a remark which struck me greatly: 'How can you Christians,' asked the writer, 'expect us to pay the least attention to your missionaries, when we read of two of your greatest nations making war and committing all sorts of cruelties on each other, although you declare it is against your book to do so, and other great Christian nations not at war are making preparations for it and are in fear of being attacked? We, afar off, read and hear of your doings, and beg you will keep your missionaries at home.'"

THE GREAT DISPERSION.

From the middle of June to the middle of July the practical question with most of our people seems to be, How shall we escape from the heat that is to come? Trying to keep cool is the chief business of thousands, and a business which many of them drive with far more energy than success. Whoever shall devise some plan by which our people can keep comfortable through the heated term, will deserve and receive the title of a public benefactor as one of the least of his compensations.

We have no original suggestions to make on a subject which has already exhausted all the possibilities of wisdom and of wit, and upon which enough good sense has been written and forgotten to furnish mankind with all needed advice forever. It is only important to remind them at the present time, that in order to prevent getting heated it is only necessary to keep cool; and that the less people do, the fewer excitements they witness and dissipations they indulge in, the more temperately they live and the less they disturb the equanimity of their mind and mood, the healthier and happier will they be. We know people who have stayed in this city and attended to business steadily through every summer for twenty years, with less sickness and discomfort, and more real enjoyment, and greater freshness and vigor of body and mind when autumn opened, than

three-quarters of those who steamed across the country from beach to prairie, and from the mountains to the lakes, in quest of a refreshment they could not find, and in pursuit of a comfort which they were always too early or too late to overtake. Those who forsake large and well-furnished houses, in which they have all the conveniences if not all the luxuries of a city home, and retreat into two or three small rooms they would not think of assigning to their servants, living on fare they would consider inedible elsewhere, forced to spend a third of their time in dressing to be seen by people they do not care for and never expect to see again, obliged to wait on themselves, and paying enormous sums for their extraordinary privileges, may congratulate themselves if their experience gives them a higher appreciation and keener relish for the comforts of home. * * * *

Our busy, overworked people need change, and the rest that comes from change; and summer, when business is least exacting in its demands, is the most convenient time for vacations. Let all who can do so avail themselves of the opportunity, and get the utmost recuperation and enjoyment from their release. Still the less they travel and the quieter they keep through the hot months, the better for them in every way. The difficulty with our vacations is, that, coming so seldom, people hardly know how to use them, either for pleasure or for profit, and they waste in effervescence what should settle into real exhilaration and refreshing. Moreover, few of our people understand the real value and joy of those little interruptions of the order of life made by occasional respites and excursions. The Germans could teach us a valuable lesson in the art of recreation and enjoyment, had we the good sense to learn what their social dinners, gardens, and frequent retreats into the country mean. Thousands of our people would find their health and happiness increased forty per cent. by taking an additional hour every day through the summer for social enjoyment with their families at home, and one day every week for an excursion on the water, into the woods, or among the hills. We do not want huge lumps of recreation, amusement by the wholesale, or long stretches of idleness away from home, so much as daily respites, weekly interludes of refreshment, occasional and constantly recurring patches of delight, like so many oases in the journey of life, made all the sweeter by the toil and care that precede them, and throwing the flavor of their delights in glad and glorifying memories over the labors that follow them; and these would diffuse a spirit of gladness and wholesome cheer through all our toils

and recreations, and lessen the need of these annual dispersions which neither rest the body nor refresh the mind.—*The Golden Age.*

HOWEVER slow the progress of mankind may be, or however imperceptible the gain in a single generation, the advancement is evident enough in the long run. There was a time when the most part of the inhabitants of Britain would have been as much startled at questioning the truth of the doctrine of transubstantiation, as they would in this age at the most skeptical doubts on the being of a God.—*John Locke.*

FRANCES E. W. HARPER.

The following letter, written by this well-known colored orator to William Still of Philadelphia, published in the *Press* a few days since, will no doubt be read with interest by many. It is supplemented by a lengthy editorial from the *Mobile* (Alabama) *Register*, referring to one of her addresses delivered in that city, in highly complimentary terms. The editor says, "she is giving her people the best kind and the wisest of advice:"

MOBILE, July 5, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—It is said that truth is stranger than fiction, and if ten years since some one had entered my humble log house and seen me kneading bread and making butter, and said that in less than ten years you will be in the lecture field, you will be a welcome guest under the roof of the President of the Confederacy, though not by special invitation from him, that you will see his brother's former slave a man of business and influence, that hundreds of colored men will congregate on the old baronial possessions, that a school will spring up there like a well in the desert dust, that this former slave will be a magistrate upon that plantation, that labor will be organized upon a new basis, and that under the sole auspices and moulding hands of this man and his sons will be developed a business whose transactions will be numbered in hundreds of thousands of dollars, would you not have smiled incredulously? And I have lived to see the day when the plantation has passed into new hands, and those hands once wore the fetters of slavery. Mr. Montgomery, the present proprietor by contract of between five and six thousand acres of land, has one of the most interesting families that I have seen in the South. They are building up a future which if exceptional now I hope will become more general hereafter. Every hand of his

family is adding its quota to the success of this experiment of a colored man both trading and farming on an extensive scale. Last year his wife took on her hands about 130 acres of land, and with her force she raised about 107 bales of cotton. She has a number of orphan children employed, and not only does she supervise their labor, but she works herself. One daughter, an intelligent young lady, is postmistress and I believe assistant book keeper. One son attends to the planting interest, and another daughter attends to one of the stores. The business of this firm of Montgomery & Sons has amounted, I understand, to between three and four hundred thousand dollars in a year. I stayed on the places several days, and was hospitably entertained and kindly treated. When I come, if nothing prevent, I will tell you more about them. Now for the next strange truth. Enclosed I send you a notice from one of the leading and representative papers of rebeledom. The editor has been, or is considered, one of the representative men of the South. I have given a lecture since this notice, which brought out some of the most noted rebels, among whom was Admiral Semmes. In my speech I referred to the Alabama sweeping away our commerce, and his son sat near him and seemed to receive it with much good humor. F. E. W. H.

SECRET OF SUCCESS.—A Christian merchant, who from being a very poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend to what, under God, he attributed his success in life.

"To prompt and steady obedience to my parents," was his reply. "In the midst of many bad examples of youths of my own age, I was always able to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believe that a blessing has, in consequence, rested upon me and upon all my efforts."

A TOUCHING STORY.

A curious story, and one in which Irish landlord and tenant play a hitherto unique part, reaches us from Galway. A certain Captain Nolan, coming many years ago into possession of large estates, while still a very young man, made some effort to improve them, and for this purpose evicted three Irish families from the land they had held for one or two generations, in order to hand their farms over to a man named Murphy, already the tenant of a holding amounting to a gross area of four thousand acres. Captain Nolan, of course, had the unquestionable legal right to do what he pleased with his own, and was amenable to no earthly tribu-

al for his course of action. Murphy succeeded with the land, and the former tenants scattered.

As Nolan grew older, however, he began to be conscious that humanity had higher and broader rights than are given by the sharp-edged rules of the law, and to feel that he had wronged them. Most men broaden into more liberal justice as they advance in years, but few are minded to go back and atone for their early errors. The Captain, however, it appears, after great labor and expense, brought together the three families he had evicted, sixty six in number, all in great poverty, and placed their case and his own in the hands of three arbitrators, to decide what compensation it was just he should make them for their losses. He selected three gentlemen as judges in the case, chief among whom is Sir John Gray, M. P., all of them well known sympathizers with the Irish tenant farmers. The judgment was to make a future rule of Court. The arbitrators sat, therefore, at Oughterard, after receiving power to examine witnesses under oath. The testimony of the evicted tenants, given in Irish, was full of significant facts and a terrible pathos. The judgment was a remarkable one, when we consider that the party on one side was a man of vast wealth and political weight and the personal friend of the arbitrators, and that on the other a body of helpless, unprotected paupers, and proves how entirely Captain Nolan's motives were appreciated in their integrity of honor by the judges. He was required not to confine his remuneration to money, but to reinstate his tenants in their former holdings. "No mere payment in money," read the decision, "can adequately compensate a man for being driven from his home and land." We doubt if many Americans would consider this point of sentiment as weighty enough to give its place to a precedent in law, but it will be keenly appreciated by the Irish people.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WE want such an access of truth that the general mind can be fed with a worthier conception of God, which will make every thought of Him inspiring as the dawn of the morning, and will banish the superstition that this life is the final state of probation as an insult to His plan of eternal education and a chimera of a barbarous age.—*Thomas Starr King.*

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

"Baby, say mamma?"

Baby sat in his mother's lap, bright and pretty as a fresh rosebud, the very picture of health and good nature. His whole vocabu-

lary, so far, amounted to just three words, and these three he could say perfectly. He would almost always talk when alone with mamma; but a friend had come in, and she very much wished her to hear the little music-tones. But baby was shy, and only curled his head down on her breast, a roguish smile lighting his blue eyes, and dancing in the dimpled cheek and rosy mouth.

"Won't baby say mamma? Just once,—mamma?"

"Well, what does the dog say? Baby say bowwow?"

But no, baby wouldn't. Mamma tried again and again; and then, patting his round, plump knee, asked: "What is this?"

Baby only smiled, and cuddled closer.

"What's this, baby? Baby say knee?"

"Don't press him, Mary," said her friend. "It's no use, and in one way will do harm."

The mother seemed surprised.

"If you urge him, when not inclined to talk, it will only induce a habit of setting his will in opposition to yours; a habit that will 'grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength,' and will become obstinacy. Now, of course, you cannot reason with him; and there is no more moral wrong in his refusal than in refusing his milk when he is not hungry. But this, like all childhood, is seed time. Much may be done, almost from earliest infancy, by inducing, unconsciously to the child, habits of obedience, and preventing their opposites—thus making the afar-way far easier for both child and mother."

"I see it now," the lady said, frankly; "I never thought of it in this light before; but it is reasonable, and I will remember it. Of all things, I desire to avoid a 'contest,' as it is called, in the future, with my children."

"That it can be prevented—nay, ought to be prevented—is my firm belief," rejoined the friend. "Temporary and external obedience may be obtained by it, in some cases,—though not always even that, but at what a fearful cost! Not only of suffering, but affection and confidence between child and parent are never the same with as without it, and 'breaking the will,' as it is called, instead of training it, is a dire mistake. There can be no self-governing force, no stability of character, without a resolute, well directed will. The young tree, you know, must be pruned—never broken. The colt must be trained by gentle firmness, not severity. And immortal souls and human hearts need no less care and watchfulness."—*Home Magazine.*

As sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, but in

prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are of long duration.

MINGLING WITH STRANGERS.

The effect of mingling with new people, who have new ideas and new methods of thought, is very salutary. Always to see the same people, do the same things, feel the same way, produces a stagnant condition of the mind and heart that is very distressing to behold. There are thousands of invalids who might be greatly benefitted by getting away from home, if only for a short time, to mingle with strangers, and be touched with the magnetism of the great world as it courses in its accustomed rounds. And there are mental and moral invalids, who need the same change, to get their minds and hearts enlarged, and let in a little more of the great light of life. Outside influences are very valuable to those who at home have been well trained by healthful influences in early youth, so that they can avoid the snares and pitfalls into which those who go blindly often fall.

ITEMS.

OZONE DEVELOPED BY FLOWERS.—From Professor Mantegazza's experiments on this subject, we have the following: The essences of mint, turpentine, cloves, lavender, bergamot, anise, juniper, lemon, fennel, nutmegs, cajeput, thyme, cherry, laurel, in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light, develop a very large quantity of ozone, equal if not superior in amount to that produced by phosphorus, by electricity, and by the decomposition of permanganate of potash. The flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope, lily of the valley, etc., develop ozone in closed vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and those which have but slight perfume develop it only in small quantities. As a corollary from these facts the professor recommends the use of flowers in marshy districts and in places infected with animal emanations, as the powerful oxidizing influence of ozone may destroy them. The inhabitants of such regions should surround their houses with beds of the most odorous flowers.

EARTH EATING.—It is well known that, in different parts of the world, there are people who eat earth; among them are some of the natives of Java, who eat a red kind of earth as a luxury. This earth, which is soft and smooth to the touch, has been analyzed by a German chemist, who finds it very rich in iron, with a small quantity of potassa and soda. Some tribes eat earth to stave the pangs of hunger, by filling their stomach, and because at times they can get nothing better; but the people in Java eat their earth, baked in thin cakes, as an agreeable variety in their general diet. The cakes, when slightly moistened, are rich and unctuous, and the enjoyment in eating is supposed to consist in the sensation produced by a fatty substance. It is a curious fact in the history of human habits.

PROBABLY the most curious ant in the world is the parasol ant of the West Indies, if the accounts which we receive of its habits are correct. Dr. Forbes Winslow, in his work on Light, referring to

Mrs. Somerville as his authority, says that these ants walk in long procession, each one carrying a cut leaf over its head as a parasol, in the sun, and they deposit these in holes ten or twelve feet under ground, apparently with no other object than to form a comfortable nest for a species of white snake, which is invariably found coiled up among them on digging up the deposit.

HOW TO QUIT USING TOBACCO.—"How can I abandon the use of tobacco without subjecting myself to excessive prostration, as has been the case heretofore when attempted?" It is impossible to quit the use of tobacco after it has become a settled habit, without more or less bad feeling and prostration. The man who would free himself from tobacco-using, must make up his mind that he has a hard struggle to pass through, call all will-power to his aid, and resolve to quit at once and forever. This leaving off by degrees seldom succeeds. It is better to make the battle short, sharp, and decisive. A thorough course of bathing to eliminate the tobacco from the system, will make the struggle much less severe, and prove the greatest aid that can be given.

THE handsome mansion, school building and grounds, well and favorably known, not only to Philadelphia but to other cities, as belonging to Dr. Saunders, President of the Courtland Saunders College, West Philadelphia, were recently transferred by their proprietor to trustees in use for the Presbyterian Church as a hospital for every creed, color and nationality.

PALM LEAF HATS.—The only place in the United States where palm leaf braid is manufactured is in Massachusetts, the principal towns where the trade is carried on being Amherst, Palmer, Barre and Fitchburg. The raw material is brought from Cuba to New London, Conn., in bunches of twenty-five leaves from four to five feet long. The bunches, placed on the stock end, are packed in the bleaching rooms and subjected for sixteen days to the fumes of brimstone. The leaf, after being bleached, passes into the hands of the splitters, and about one-third of the material is rejected. This waste, until recently, was useless, but is now sold as paper makers' stock for fifty dollars a ton, when delivered at the mills. The split leaves are now sent out into the country to be braided into hats and woven into webs for Shaker hoods. This work is done by the wives and children of the New England farmers, and large teams are constantly passing over the steep hills and into the most remote recesses of the country, carrying the raw material to be braided and bringing back the finished work. A large number of persons find employment in braiding, and nimble fingered girls can earn as much as an adult woman. The pay is small, but odd moments which otherwise would be disengaged are devoted to this labor.

THE pitcher-plant of California grows sometimes to a height of twenty-four inches. Within the surface is smoothed for a little way; but beyond that is armed with stiff, needle-like, colorless hairs, pointing downward. The size diminishes from two inches to nothing. Flies and various insects travel down this road, never to return. The needles converge, and the poor creatures find their death at the bottom, without the possibility of retreat. Cutting into an old pitcher, one may find a layer from two to three inches deep of densely-packed insect remains. Whether the plant is insectivorous no one can say. It is allied to the *Sarracenia*, so common in our swampy woods.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

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.From "The Life that now Is."

PATIENCE.

BY R. COLLYER.

JAMES i. 4: "Let patience have her perfect work."

The apostle, in speaking of patience, intimates that it is not a belonging, but a being, a spirit separate, in some manner, from the human spirit, as the angels are; trying to do something for us, but only able as we will give it free course; so that his charge to his fellow Christians all the world over, to let patience have her perfect work, is not so much that we shall do something, as that we shall let something be done for us. All the help required of us towards patience, is not to hinder her working; then she will do all that is needed, in her own time and in her own way, and we shall be perfect and entire, lacking nothing. So that, when a man or woman says, "I will have patience," they speak closer to the truth than when they say, "I will be patient." To say, "I will be patient," has a touch of assumption in it; to say, "I will have patience," denotes humility. The one word means, I will be what I will; the other, I will be what God will help me be. It is as if one man said, "I will be learned," and another said, "I will have learning." And a very brief reflection will enable us to see that the apostle is borne out in this happy distinction by the nature and grace of things as we see them all about us, and by what we feel within us. Patience is not there to be-

gin with. It is no inborn grace, like love. It comes to us by and by, and tries to find room in our nature, and to stay and bless us, and so make us altogether its own.

The first thing we are aware of in any healthy and hearty child, is the total absence and destitution of this spirit of patience. No trace of it is to be discovered in the eager, hungry outcries, and the aimless, but headstrong, struggles against things as they are, and must be, but that never would be for another moment if these young lords and kings of impatience could have their way. But presently Patience comes, and rests on the mother's lifted finger as she shakes it at the tiny rebel, and puts a tone he has never heard before within the tender trills of her voice, and he looks up with a dim sort of wonder, as if he would say, What is that? But if the spirit be really and truly with the mother, it goes then to the child, and sheds upon him the dew of its blessing.

Then, in a few years, she looks at him out of the face of the old kitchen clock. It seems impossible that this steady-going machine should be so impassive, and persist in that resistless march; should not be quick to strike the hour he would drag before its time out of the strong heavens, or should not delay a little as he sits in the circle when the day is done, and dreads the exodus, at the stroke of eight, to his chamber. Poor little man! he has got into the old sorrow. It is not the

clock, but the sun and stars he would alter, and the eternal ways.

Then, as the child passes into the boy, he has still to find this angel of patience. It is then very common for him to transfer his revolt from the sun to the seasons. If he is in the country, he rebels at the slow, steady growth of things: they never begin to come up to his demand. It is with all boys as it was with John Sterling. His father gave him a garden-bed, to till as he would; and he put in potatoes. They did not appear when he thought they should; so he dug them out, and put in something else; and so he kept on digging in and out, all one summer, because the things sprouted and bloomed at once in his hot little heart, like Jonah's gourd. It was an instance of the whole boy life. Nature can never come up to his notion of what she ought to do until patience comes to help him. She shows him at last that the seasons must have their time, and he must bring his mind and action into accord with the everlasting order; for without that he can do nothing.

But every boy, of any quick, strong quality, struggles with things as they are and must be—wants to alter them to suit himself. It seems as if he had brought the instinct, but lost the memory, of a world and life that were just what he wanted; and he cannot give it up until this angel comes and helps him conform to his new condition, and he only minds her at last when he feels he must. The only children in whom she has her perfect work are those small martyrs that begin to suffer as soon as they begin to live, and are never released from their pain until God takes them to His breast in heaven. There is no such patience besides as they show, as there is no such pity besides as they win.

But your big, healthy boy fights it out, hard and long; nothing is just as he wants it. Christmas comes like a cripple, and school, when the holidays are over, like a deer. It is a shame cherries and apples will not ripen sooner, and figures find their places more tractably, and geographies run as straight as a line. He knows no such felicity besides as to run to a fire, or after a ball, or to burn fireworks, or scamper away on a horse. The reason is just that which we always give as we watch him, when we say, "Now he is in his element." He is striking out, like a strong swimmer, on a splendid tide of impatience. He hears the mighty waters rolling evermore, and deep calleth unto deep in his heart.

It is easy to see, again, that these habits of the child and boy are only the germs of a larger impatience in the youth and the prime. We soon get our lesson from the angel about the kitchen clock, and the courses of the sun,

and the limits of our power to make this world turn the other way. We learn to come to time, and set ourselves to its steady dictation in all common things; and patience, so far, has her perfect work.

I wonder to see the patience of some children, at last, about what they know they have got to do and be, in their tasks and strivings. I see small girls of ten who might well shame big men of forty as they buckle to their lessons, and go steadily through them; and even boys are sometimes almost admirable; though the angel of Patience must always feel about boys, I think, as that man in New York must feel, who keeps in the same cage the cat and the canary, and the mouse and the owl, with half a dozen more of the sharpest antagonisms of nature. Patience must feel about boys as that man feels about his animals,—that, after all his pains, there is no telling what they may do at any moment.

But if the boy does learn all he ought to learn about times and seasons, and tasks and treats, and lines and limits, it is very seldom that the lesson holds good as he begins the march to his manhood, or when he gets there. Patience, then, has to teach him deeper things: time still says one thing and his desire another, and he hungers again for what God has forbidden in the very condition of his life. But now it is unspeakably more serious than it was ten years ago, as she comes to him and tries to teach him her great lesson. She has to remember what myriads of young men, strong, and eager, and headstrong as he is, have broken away from her, after all, like the impatient prodigal in the Gospels, and have only come back and listened to her word when they had run through their whole possessions; and had to be patient under pain and loss, when they might have rejoiced with exceeding joy over powers incorruptible, undefiled, and of a perennial strength and grace.

Fortune and position, weight for weight, with what faculty the Maker has given him, is just as sure to come to a man in this country as the crop to the farmer and the web to the weaver, if he will only let this angel have her perfect work. The bee does not more surely lay up her honey, or the squirrel his nuts in store, enough to last until May brings the new bloom, and the tender shoots break forth in the woods, than a man, with the same temperate and enduring patience, can lay up life enough, and all life needs, to last him from the time when the frost seals his faculties to the new spring that waits where the Lord is the Sun. But what multitudes want to do, is to trust themselves to some short cut across the dominion of the sworn enemy of this angel.

Travellers in India tell us they have seen a magician make an orange tree spring, and bloom, and bear fruit, all in half an hour. That is the way many believe fortune ought to come. They cannot wait for its patient, steady, seasonable growth; that is all too slow, as the time-piece and garden bed are to the child; they must put the time piece forward, and that will bring thanksgiving, and gather their crop when they sow their seed. Patience comes and whispers, "It will never do; the perfect work is only that done by my spirit; the magician can never bring his thirty-minute oranges to market, because they can never nourish anybody as those do that come in the old Divine fashion, by the patient sun and seasons." He gives no heed to the wise, sweet counsels; takes his own way; and then if he wins, finds that somehow he has lost in the winning; the possession is not half so good as the expectation: but the rule is, that the man who will not let Patience have her perfect work in building up his position and fortune, ends bare of both, and has nothing but a harvest of barren regrets.

No man, again, comes to middle age without finding that this is the truth about all the noble sensations that give such a color and grace to our life, and are such loyal ministrants to its blessing, if we can say "No" to the enemies of our good angel when they come and counsel us to disregard her ways, to let our passions take the bit in their teeth, and go tearing where they will.

Twenty years ago last June, when I had been a few weeks in this country, I tasted, for the first time in my life, an exquisite summer luxury; and it seemed so good that I thought I could never get enough of it. I got some more, and then some more, and then I found, for the first time, I think, what it is to have too much of a good thing. I ate, that day, of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; and now I care nothing for that good thing any more when I taste it. The angel is there with his flaming sword, insisting that I shall only eat of it out of Eden. It has been to me ever since a parable of this deep old verity. I disregarded the angel whispering, "You had better take care; if you eat that for a steady diet, through a whole June day, you do it in spite of me; the hunger for some more, which has been growing all your life, is a pledge that the good of this will abide with you as long as you live, if you will always let hunger wait on appetite." I had no idea of doing that. Impatience got the rein, and I gathered and ate the whole harvest of that good thing between dawn and dark. I mention this, because it is one of those experiences we all buy at a great price by the time we are forty, and

then offer to give them away to young friends of twenty, but can seldom find anybody who wants them. In our youth, it is our misfortune, in a great many of these ways, to refuse to let Patience have her perfect work, and then to rue it as long as we live.

Every glass of wine, or dram of whiskey, drunk by a healthy and strong young man, is an insult and injury to this good angel, and makes it so far impossible for her to do her perfect work, because he is spending ahead of his income of life, and bringing a fine power of being to beggary, if not to worse than that. He can only get that glow and flame at a heavy discount, both of life itself and of all that makes life worth living. Patience would help him to infinitely finer pleasures from her simple and wholesome stores, and they would stay with him as long as he lived; but he will not listen to her counsels, and will have none of her reproofs; therefore will she weep at his calamities, and mock when his dole cometh.

This is but one way in which we can make this vast mistake through our impatience and desire to forestall the good that God will give us in his long, steady, seasonal fashion. There is a whole world of evils of very much the same sort, some more fatal still than the one I have named. It is the same thing whichever way we turn. Nature says one thing, and desire another. Only the perfect work of Patience can make both one, and then the result of both is grace. She comes to you, young men, as she came to us when we were young; some of you will put your life into her hands, as some of us did, whose hair is gray, and she will lead you forth into peace and joy. Some will refuse, and go for a short life and a merry one, and they will get the brevity but miss the mirth, and be dead at forty, though for twenty or thirty years after they may still remain unburied. Byron was a dead carcass long before he went out to the Greeks.

All this, in all these ways, as it comes to us from our infancy to our prime, is only the outward and visible part of a patience, or want of it, that touches the whole deeper life of the heart and soul, and makes the most awful or the most celestial difference to our whole being.

This is true, first, of our relation to one another. The very last thing most of us can learn of our relations to each other is to let Patience have her perfect work. Very few fathers and mothers learn the secret this angel is waiting to tell them about their children until perhaps the last is born. It is probable that he will give more trouble than any one of the others. If his own bent is not that way, the big margin he gets, when we

are aware this is really the Benjamin, is likely to make that all right: we bear with him as we never bore with the first. Then love and duty were the motive powers; now it is love and patience. We would fain undo something now we have done to the elder ones, and the young rogue reaps all that advantage; and then the angel, by this time, has had her way, if Solomon, with his axiom about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, has no more weight with us than he ought to have. She has shown us what power and grace are under the shadow of her wings, and how in each of these little ones we have another life to deal with, that is only fairly to be brought out to its brave, strong beauty, as the season brings out the apples and corn. Patience is the only angel that can work with love. To refuse her blessing is to refuse God's holiest gift, after what he has given us in the child's own being. I think the day is yet to dawn when fathers and mothers will feel that they would rather scourge themselves as the old anchorites did, than scourge their little ones; and will not doubt that they, and not the child, deserve it, when they feel like doing it. I suppose there is not an instance to be found of a family of children coming up under an unflinching and unfailling patience and love turning out badly; the angel prevailing with us prevails with the child for us, and turns our grace to its goodness. The fruit ripens at last all right, if we have the grace to let the sun shine on it, and to guard it from the destroyer. All the tendencies of our time to give children the right to have a great deal of their own way, are good tendencies, if we will understand that their own way is of course the right way, as certainly as a climbing vine follows the turn of the sun; all we have to do is carefully and patiently to open the right way for them wherever they turn.

Patience, again, must have her perfect work in our whole relation to our fellow-men. It is very sad to read of the shameful things that have been done in the name of Religion, for the sake of conformity: how the fagot has burned, and the rack has wrung. We cannot believe that we could ever do that, and very likely we never should; yet we are, most of us, inquisitors in our way, and want to force human beings into conformity with the idea we have of fitness, though it may not be theirs at all.

It is reported that the flitch of bacon at Dunmore, in Essex, is hardly ever claimed. It is a noble piece of meat, you know, always ready, with ribbons for decorations, and no little rustic honor besides, for the man and woman that have been married a year, and can say, solemnly, that their life, the whole

twelvemonth, has been a perfect accord. Only once in many years is it claimed, though to many an Essex peasant it must look very tempting. The loss lies in the fact that they did not take this angel with them, and make her the equal of love. They imagine that love is omnipotent, and can guard them from that sharp word. Love very often leads them on to it, since love, they know, is justified of love; but when all hope of the flitch is lost, if they are true and good, the angel comes, and stays, and has her way. . . .

We have very much the same thing to learn in our relation to each other in the whole length and breadth of our life. Ministers with their people, and people with their ministers; employers with their servants, and servants with their employers; men in their dealings with men, and women in their judgments of women. We would all be very much more careful in what we say and do, if, when we pray, we should say, "Our Father, give us grace to let thine angel have her perfect work, to guide and keep us till we reach the line at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue; and then, if the storm must come, make it like the lightning that cuts its quick way through the clogged and dead atmosphere, only to restore and bless, to set all birds singing a new song, and deck the world with a new beauty,"—that would be a blessed prayer.

For, finally, there must be a Divine impatience, too. Jesus Christ felt it now and then; but you have to notice that it is never with weakness or incompleteness, or even folly or sin; for all these he had only forbearance and forgiveness, and pity and sympathy. What roused him, and made his heart throb, and his face glow, and his voice quiver with Divine indignation, was the hollow pretence and ugly hypocrisy he had to encounter, and the judgments one man made of another out of his from a sense of superior attainment. That is our right, as much as it was his right, as we grow towards his great estate. I have seen an impatience as divine as ever patience can be; but this is needed only now and then, and can only come safely and truly to the soul in which her great sister has her perfect work. The perfectly patient man is always justified in all his outbreaks. Nobody blames the flaming sword, or the quick stroke home that comes from a noble forbearance, any more than we blame the thunderbolts of the Lord.

Last of all, for this angel of Patience we must cry to Heaven. One of the old pagan kings would not let the sage go, who came and told him that when passion was like to be his master, he would do well, before he gave way, to recite to himself all the letters of the alphabet. The counsel seemed so ad-

mirable, that the king cried, "I cannot do without you." It was only a dim pagan shadow of the sheen of the patient angel as the apostle sees her. There she sits, the bright, good servant of the Most High, ready to help all who cry to Him. The good servant that, through untold ages, wrought at this world to make it ready for our advent; laying together, an atom at a time, this wonderful and beautiful dwelling-place, with all these stores of blessing in mine and meadow, mountain and vale; then when her great charge came, she was waiting for him, to nurse and tend him, own sister of faith, and hope, and love, and twin-sister of mercy; tireless, true, and self-forgotten, anxious only for her charge, and never to leave us, if we will let her have her perfect work, until, through all hindrance, she leads us through the golden gate, over which is written, "Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus;" then she will have her perfect work, and we shall be perfect and entire, lacking nothing.

DO NOT speak of the evidence of Christianity being inadequate. Have you ever tried it? There is here a celestial chemistry which no man can learn, who does not go into the laboratory himself, and use his own crucibles and his own fire.—*Dr. McClinton.*

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF JOHN GOODWIN.

BY JAMES GOUGH, OF ENGLAND.

John told me that his father and mother were both convinced of truth about the same time, and received it in the love of it. At that time his father was clerk of the parish, and master of the free school thereof; but upon his joining with Friends, and giving up faithfully to Divine conviction, he was turned out of both these places, and obliged to have recourse to hard labor, wherein his mother heartily joined. But that himself, their eldest child, then well grown toward the state of a youth, not understanding their case, thought them fools to turn Quakers, and resolved he would not be like them in that. Nor did they offer any compulsion to him therein; but their prayers, put up to the Lord for him, were manifestly answered, and they had in their son the comfort they desired. At this time Friends were grown numerous in Wales; but soon after, upon the encouragement given by William Penn, most of the Friends in some parts of this principality removed and settled in Pennsylvania, and amongst the rest John's father and mother, with most of their children. From inclination he would have removed with them; but a higher power directed his stay in his native

land, and to that he gave up father and mother and everything. This good man recounted to me the great favors of the Lord to him all along to that day, to the following purport: "When the Lord pointed out poor Wales as a field of labor for me, He promised that if I was faithful to Him in it, He would be with me and favor me therein; and now I have in my heart a testimony for Him in my old age, that He hath abundantly made good His promise to me, both outwardly and inwardly, far beyond what at that day I could have ever expected." Which favors, in divers respects, he related over to me in a very edifying, thankful frame of mind; and speaking of his wife in particular, he related the steps by which the Lord (whom they loved and served) conducted and joined them together; lively adding, "I think I may say, if ever man in the world got his right wife, I got mine." He further told me that he lived and maintained his family on a farm of four pounds a year, but at length had purchased it and improved it, so that at that time he reckoned it worth six pounds a year. The first journey he travelled in the ministry, being to visit Friends through Wales, he had then got of clear money above forty shillings in all; and he was free to spend it (if there were occasion) in the Lord's service, knowing that He could give him, or enable him to get more; that the first time he began to entertain travelling Friends (most of the meeting being then gone to Pennsylvania), he had but one bed, which he left to them, he and his wife taking up their lodging in the stable. Divers have been convinced by his ministry; and one of the principal worthies of our age I have esteemed him.

The foregoing narrative of this worthy elder was edifying and profitable to me, not only at the time, but frequently since in the review and recollection thereof; and I thought it worthy of recital as conveying profitable instruction to every class of readers, whether of high or low degree. To the former a lesson of instruction, how humbly thankful they ought to be to the gracious Giver of all good things, for His extensive bounty to them, when they consider this truly good man, in circumstances we should reckon mean indeed, and a manner of living suitable to his circumstances, bearing a lively and grateful testimony to the goodness, mercy and truth of the Lord, in His gracious dealings with him. Also when he dedicates his little all (in faith) to his Lord's service, doth he not in the silent and reaching language of example, convey this intelligence to thy soul, who art blessed with abundance? Go thou and do likewise; honor the Lord with thy substance and the first fruits of all thine in-

crease; "love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God;" deeply pondering in thy heart "how much owest thou to the Lord?" And those of low circumstances from hence may learn that happiness is confined to no station in this life, but is the result of observing the law of God in the inward parts, being (as it prescribes) content with the things which we have, not minding high things; but reducing our desires to the level of our station in life, that so we may fill it with propriety and act our parts well. If we thus walk by the unerring rule of truth, though we be esteemed poor in this world, we shall be rich in faith, and, with this worthy man, enjoy in the obscurity of the humble cottage what palaces too seldom afford—solid content, the consolation of a conscience void of offence, and, in the reward of well doing, "the peace of God that passeth the understanding of men." The most splendid and extensive earthly possessions, when laid in the balance against durable possessions like these, are indeed as nothing and lighter than vanity.

EARNESTNESS.—No man can ever become eminent in any thing, unless he work at it with an earnestness bordering upon *enthusiasm*.—*Robert Hall*.

COMMUNICATED.

Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

Reading your editorial in last *Intelligencer* referring to S. M. Janney's previous communication, recalled to my mind that excellent article by Benjamin Hallowell in No. 20, and still more vividly brought before me the exhortation of the Apostle Paul, wherein he says, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your ownelves; know ye not your ownelves how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates," and he further says, speaking to the Romans, that whatsoever may be known of God, is made manifest in man. Jesus says, "Behold the kingdom of God is within," and that a good man out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things; while an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is evil," and the experience of every individual will, I think, verify the statement, that all the evil that exists in the world, all the darkness, all the superstition, all the error, exists in and comes from the heart of man! This being true, we can realize Paul's zeal in urging boundless charity, and the vital importance of self-examination; for in proportion as we institute a thorough examination of our own selves, do we discover our frailties, and aspire to a higher and purer life, and with the aspiration the power is given, which, if we will ac-

cept and follow closely our Guide, keeping our eye single to the Light, will carry us to the height of our aspirations, and unto perfection. Jesus said, "If I go away, I will send you another Comforter, even the spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Why does not the world see and know him? because no two things can occupy the same place at the same time; hence if we be filled with "the lusts of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," which are of this world, we cannot fully know the "Spirit of Truth," for it pertains to the life eternal. Then, just in exact proportion as we know our errors, and aspire to be freed from them, does the power and wisdom of God enable us to rise above them into the fulness of Truth. The blessed Master has declared that when we know the Truth, the Truth shall make us free. If Truth is freedom, then bondage is its opposite, untruth or error. Hence, if we are bound by the observance of customs, traditions, rituals, creeds, dress or address, we are in error, in exact ratio to our conformity to others' views, rather than such as are revealed to us: as B. Hallowell truly says, our society has sustained a loss, I think a great loss, "from withholding the honest expressions of our soul." I speak this with a living concern for the welfare of our Society, and the world at large, for I believe we are upon the eve of a still higher development of Truth, from the recognition and adoption of that *great Truth*,—individual freedom of conscience—which necessarily leads to self-examination and aspirations after purity, perfection, and fulness of Truth. Shall we then rest quietly in the traditions of the past, while the world is bursting the barriers and restraints that have bound it, and preparing to stand upon that higher plane? Not that we should move *merely* because the world moves; but let us examine ourselves and see for ourselves if we are dwelling in the full light of Truth. If the spirit of Truth is given to every human being in proportion to his capacity to receive it, there must be some common ground upon which all mankind may unite; we know that it is not in creed, ritual, observance, or form of worship, for these are various. What then? That only which is essential, which all believe, which all strive after, which the spirit of Truth declares to be necessary for our salvation, and which all accept as from God through His Holy Spirit, which is righteousness, holiness and godliness.

BENJ. E. HOPKINS.

Cincinnati, Seventh month 24th, 1871.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

There may be Pauls yet found whose spirits are stirred within them by the Holy Spirit, to declare the God that made the world, and that is not worshipped by *men's hands*. But of the means and operations by which Divine Providence carries on his own work in the earth, we know but little. The Babylonish monarch, in the pride of self-consequence, and the might of his *own power*, and for his *own honor*, pleased himself with what he had contrived and built in the city of confusion, with his golden god, higher than any other, and set up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon; but in an unexpected moment, there came a voice from heaven, "The kingdom is departed from thee," and he was degraded to a beastly life, until he knew that the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and overruleth their contrivances and their pride, and giveth the power to whomsoever He will. So, as what has been, may be again, there may be a Divine interposition in the affairs of the present day. "Wherefore lift thou up thy prayer for the remnant that is left."

Faith, living, operative, saving faith, is a firm belief in the immediate revelation of the Holy Spirit in the soul of man, and a correspondent obedience to the manifestations of the Divine will. This I consider to be practical saving faith, and hence the truth of the saying, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved." And again, "Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin." All the work of man's contrivance to promote any other kind of worship that is not of and from the revelation of the Divine will, are only like Nebuchadrezzar's image, or great Babylon built for the house of *his* kingdom (not Christ's) or like the Athenian altars, among which was one to the unknown god.

Paul, and all other faithful servants of the living God, fought, and still have to fight, the good fight of standing opposed to and wrestling against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of the wisdom of this world, and even against spiritual wickedness in high places. But Paul kept the faith, and in it was made victorious; so will all be who keep in the faith, and the word of faith abide in them; the crown of the righteousness of the obedience of faith is laid up for them. But alas! for all them that depend on a historical faith, or assent to gospel truths, even to the belief in inward immediate revelation, if they *keep not this*

faith, they will be overcome by the policies of the world, the serpentine deceptions of the reasoning powers of man, and they will become as the branches that abide not in the Vine, cast forth and withered, and trodden under foot of men. For these I mourn. For these things I weep—for the slain of the daughter of *my people*, and for the world of intelligent beings around me, in bondage to the spirit that ruleth in the children of disobedience.

My mind has been introduced into a nearer sympathy with Noah when he had been floating on the unstable waters for upwards of one hundred and fifty days, than I ever before remember to have felt. What patience he must have had in his new and unknown manner of life, in the ark; but as if hope and confidence were about to fail him, and he wanting a greater evidence of his release from this watery floating habitation, he opened the window of the ark, he wanted to see firm ground again, but all was fluctuating around him, and no rest appeared. He sent forth a winged messenger, to see if there was hope of release or relief; but it was a raven, who went to and fro and brought him no tidings. Finding his mistake, he next sent a *dove*, emblem of innocence and peace and love. But as yet there was no rest even for her, so she came back again to the ark. Ah! what discouragements attended poor Noah, who had a vast weight of charge and responsibility on his shoulders for the passengers in the ark. But he waited patiently another period, and again sent his innocent peaceful messenger, who having industriously surveyed the vast expanse of waters, at length discovered an olive leaf (emblem also of peace and rest) that appeared *above* the unstable element. This she plucked off, and in the evening returned with the joyful and expressive tidings in her mouth to Noah. Who can conceive his emotions? Who can paint his feelings? Who can estimate the value of this certain evidence that the waters were abating from off the earth? Who can measure the depth of his gratitude for this renewal of his hope of salvation and deliverance? But the faithful, the innocent, the peaceful dove, the very spirit which on another occasion was made the evidence of the coming of the Messiah, the prince of *peace*, how precious to the aged, tried, tribulated, and often tossed mind! I indulged a little view of the application of the emblem and state of Noah to us who are yet in the ark of probation, passing down the current of time and drawing towards its close. I felt an ardent desire that all those in this stage of life who had ever known the Truth, might

feel this anchor of hope, from the evidence of having this dove in their ark, in their hearts. But my attention was turned to the state of the Baptist, who was premonished (in his looking for the coming of the reign of peace) that on whomsoever he should see the spirit *like a dove* descending, and *remaining* on him, that same is the sent and anointed of God that taketh away the sins of the world. John saw, and bare record or witness of this joyful truth. Oh! that all who assume to stand as witnesses and testimony bearers, may not only see this dove-like spirit, but feel it abiding and *remaining* in and *on them*. What greater evidence of their being Divine-ly anointed to bear witness to the Truth?

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 5, 1871.

WE have received from the publishers, Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, a copy of a manual, descriptive of Fairmount Park. It contains a chart; also thirty-five engravings, illustrative of points of interest, which will give some idea of the beauties of the scenery that characterizes these "pleasure grounds." We think the little work, so neatly prepared, will be an acquisition to those who may wish to visit the Park and are unacquainted with its localities.

DIED.

SHAW.—At his native place, in Solebury, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 13th ult., Mathias Shaw, in the 69th year of his age. The great concourse of people of all classes and religious professions, who met in Buckingham Friends' Meeting-house on the afternoon of the 16th inst., to perform the last tokens of regard, filled that spacious house to overflowing, where he had so long assembled with his friends to worship the Father of Spirits; and during the hour spent there great order and solemnity prevailed, although all appeared desirous of taking a farewell look upon the lifeless form of a good man. He has left a beloved wife to deeply feel her bereavement; his friends and the community are also aware of the loss they have sustained. In the early period of his life he was a justice of the peace, a member of the State Legislature, and treasurer of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Mutual Insurance Company; but his love for the retirement and serenity of domestic duties was much more congenial to his inmost feelings, than political or public honors, though he continued in the care and management of the funds of others. He was not quick to discern the faults of others, but watchful over his own spirits. To a friend who remarked that he was glad to find him always in so happy a state of mind, he replied, "I am grateful for the favor." After a pause he added, "By the grace of God I am what I am; I don't feel to claim any merit of myself, but I feel at liberty to say that on life's journey I have felt desirous of

doing no harm, and have tried to do some good, but I might have done more. I have been blessed with a plentiful store of the treasures of *this* world, but now *they* are all naught—naught." Those who have been thus concerned through life to do their Heavenly Father's will, may feel an assurance of an entrance into His kingdom. P.

BLACKBURN.—On Fifth-day, the 29th of Sixth month, 1871, Clara Jane, aged 6 years and 8 months; on First-day, the 2d of Seventh month, Anna Della, aged 5 years and 3 months; on First-day, the 9th of Seventh month, Edith Rebecca, aged 2 years and 11 months; and on First-day, the 16th of Seventh month, Sarah Lizzie, aged 1 year and 3 months: all of scarlet fever; daughters and only children of Uriah and Hannah M. Blackburn, of Dunning's Creek, Bedford Co., Pa. Thus, in the brief space of sixteen days, has this little flock of birdlings—scarce fledged for the journey of life—been clothed with angel plumage, and safely gathered under the sheltering wing of Divine Goodness. The fond parents who, with so many tears, have given back their treasures, find a sweet solace in the thought that their dear ones are safely housed from the storms and besetments of a terrestrial life.

WHEN men are most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have then given views to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.

AN APPEAL.

Believing there are Friends who have plenty and to spare of this world's goods, we are willing to call their attention to some cases that have come under our notice as members of the Finance Committee of Swarthmore College.

We refer to young women who desire to educate themselves for teachers. Some of these were among our best pupils last year, but were unable to remain on account of the expense, being orphans or children of Friends in straightened circumstances. Are there not those who will give of their abundance something for this purpose? We know of cases where less than one hundred dollars, loaned for a year or two, in addition to what has previously been saved or can be raised among their friends, would be sufficient to give them a year's schooling. We had an application from a teacher aged 18, who was so anxious to become better qualified for her duties, that she proposed to assign to us a legacy of \$300 which she was to receive on coming of age, for a year or part of a year's tuition. Such pupils will be a credit to our Institution.

Persons in country neighborhoods in which it is difficult to get well qualified teachers, by applying to us can hear of good pupils in our Freshmen or Sophomore classes, who for a year's tuition advanced to them will engage to pay it back by teaching.

The cost of a year's tuition at Swarthmore is \$350, but we will be pleased to receive any amount Friends can spare. Any funds placed in our hands for the above purpose will be carefully used to the best of our judgment.

We hope this appeal will meet an early and liberal response. Please address

WILLIAM DORSEY,
925 Market St.,

CLEMENT M. BIDDLE,
513 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

For Friends' Intelligencer,

EXTRACTS FROM CALIFORNIA LETTERS.

CALAVERAS Co., Cal., 6th mo. 21st, 1871.

I write lying on the ground in the Mammoth Grove, in the dense shade of a forest, the like of which I have never seen before. There is inspiration here for favored ones, but if I have caught any in thought, I have no way of communicating it in writing. Our measurements do not quite correspond with those in the printed description, being *less*. One big fellow, lying on the ground, we measured, and it was over 400 feet long. Part of the top was sawed off, and from the diameter at this part, as well as the indentation in the ground made by the tree in falling, it must have measured at least 50 feet more.

To compensate for the lack of timber in many parts of this western region, Nature seems to have gathered all her forces, and in one mighty effort to have displayed her powers. The trees are not only of mammoth size, but they have a grandeur and beauty which must be seen to be felt. Like the mountains and the ocean, no tongue or pen can make us sensible of their real sublimity and beauty.

We left San Francisco on Second day at 4 o'clock P. M., on a steamer for Stockton. There we took the cars for Milton, a distance of twenty-eight miles. At this place we took the stage to this spot, a ride of thirty-six miles. Over this dusty, parched country, it is very unpleasant to travel in this way; but here among the foot hills of the Sierras, about four or five thousand feet above the tide, we have a cool retreat, and an overcoat is pleasant mornings and evenings.

SAN DIEGO, 7th mo. 9th, 1871.

We left San Francisco on Fourth-day last, on the "William Taber," a coast steamer, that runs between this and the former place, touching at a number of towns on the way.

Passing round a portion of the city into the mouth of the bay, we soon passed the "Golden Gate," just one mile and an eighth wide. There were frowning forts on both sides, with large black cannons lying on the

embankments, and seen through port holes. A light house stands on high ground, both north and south of the channel.

Soon we round the point, and steer southward, pass the cliff house and "seal rocks." They seem to have been once a portion of the land, but probably being harder, and of a more resisting nature, have stood the ocean's shock, while the softer ones have been disintegrated. They stand several hundred yards from shore, and are three or four in number, the largest of which has an archway through which the surf passes and repasses, dashing the water into spray at every shock.

The lower ones are covered with seal or sea lions, some in apparent sleep, while others are barking, and growling, and contending with each other about the right of occupancy. They move very awkwardly on the rocks, but are swift in the water, and all are very fat. They appear to live in great harmony with the sea fowls, whose nests are on the higher points.

In going down the coast, which we never lose sight of, the Coast Range, and often the Sierra Nevada, are in full view, the latter far beyond and above the former. They never lose their attractiveness. They are continually varying in shape and size like the thunder clouds of evening.

At this season of the year there are almost continual fogs, for several hundred miles south of San Francisco, and the air is cold and raw. Winter clothing, with overcoats and shawls, are a necessity for comfort. The vegetation thrown on the beach, and growing upon the rocks, and in the channel of this bay, is entirely different from that of the Atlantic coast.

Just before entering the bay of San Diego, there is a growth of sea weed called "Kelp," that has its root on the bottom, rises to the surface, and floats a long waving vine, with beautiful alternate leaves as large as a small hand.

The vessel passes through acres of it, breaking and mangling it to pieces. We are told it is this that is first dried and then burned, and the ashes are made into soda.

The pelican, the cormorant, the gull, and ducks of different kinds are very numerous, and the waters are sometimes black with them.

The little islands near shore and the isolated rocks in the sea, are their roosting places, and are covered with a white deposit, that were it not for the seasons of rain would be excellent guano.

It is very interesting to watch the fish,—jelly fish of the brightest colors throwing out their feelers,—porpoises, traveling in schools faster than the steamboat,—flying fish a foot

long going through the air, just skimming the surface of the water,—whales spouting up fountains, and many others I cannot name.

As we approach San Diego, the atmosphere clears of fog and mist, and the ocean changes into a deep indigo blue, and the mountains of Mexico come in view. Before us are two or three lonely islands, or naked, rocky-looking cones,—they belong to Mexico.

About fifteen miles from here is the line, marked by a white marble monument, and east is Arizona, abounding in mineral wealth, but little developed, because of the lack of transportation, and Indian hostility. This place has one of the finest harbors in the world. It is completely land-locked. Two peninsulas put out from the mainland, and come together within rifle shot, keeping out the sea. All within is smooth, where ships may ride in deep water in perfect safety.

The town is new, and has a population of two thousand five hundred. The wonder is how they live, as there is the same dryness and want of timber here, that has been so common in all California. Our captain told us they lived on "their climate for breakfast, their harbor for dinner, and the railroad for supper." Here we have an excellent hotel—the best of beef, mutton and ham, fresh fish in abundance, gas-lights, and as *pure* air as I ever breathed. The mercury scarcely varies twelve degrees throughout the year, and the soil is rich and productive, all it wants is moisture. The gardens about town that are watered grow everything in abundance. They are about to sink artesian wells, and if successful in getting a plentiful supply of water, may change the whole face of the country, which is now treeless. All their timber comes from Oregon.

They are confident that in a few years they will have a railroad across the continent, and town lots are held at enormous prices. It is true their prospect is good, for there is no other good harbor this side of San Francisco. Then the timber of the Sierra Nevada may be brought here by rail, probably not over a hundred miles away.

With best wishes for thy happiness, I am truly thine,

N. HAINES.

GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.,
7th mo. 15th, 1871.

We wrote from San Diego, but found it would take longer for the letter to reach thee across the country, than to carry it with us on our return here by steamer.

We left San Diego on Third-day morning last, at 9 o'clock, and on Fourth-day morning reached San Pedro Bay; then took a little steamboat to Wilmington, a military station; and thence to Los Angeles, twenty miles by rail.

Having about seven hours there, we took a carriage and drove round the place, and on the heights that overlook the valley, and on which Gen. Fremont had his fortifications and took the place from the Mexicans. It is the *most* beautiful place we have seen in California.

The Los Angeles river, now reduced by long drouth to a small stream, is taken out of its channel above the city, partly to distribute the water throughout the town, and the balance is conveyed by artificial ditches all about through the valley, making a green spot, as it were, in the desert.

This greenness may extend ten miles in length by three or four in width, and seen from the heights, contrasts strangely with the nakedness around. In this green spot are raised nearly all kinds of vegetables and fruits. The orange orchards are beautiful, and lemons of the largest size seem going to waste on the ground. Apples, pears, peaches, pomegranates, olives and the date palms are seen everywhere. Here, too, are large vineyards, and wine is made in abundance.

The boat stopped an hour and a half at Santa Barbara, a half day's sail north of Los Angeles, where we went ashore and gathered shells and moss.

This, too, was another green spot, and an old Catholic mission stood on the hill back of the town, to which one of our party drove, and reported a beautiful place, with its old olive grove, and date palms.

About ten miles this side, the ocean is covered for miles with an oily substance resembling petroleum, that in the sunshine and waving of the waters reflects all the colors of the rainbow. Oil has not been bored for on the land, but I do not doubt it could be struck not far from the surface. Our captain said it proceeded from springs under the sea.

It was very interesting to watch the porpoises, or boneta, as some call them, playing for miles just before the bow of the ship. Their tails are horizontal, and the slightest motion drives them through the water with bird-like rapidity. They are brown above and white below, with white fins and sharp noses. They pitch their whole length out of water. They weigh from 100 to 300 pounds, and have teeth like a hog, and at night a phosphorescent light shines along their pathways.

N. H.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

BOTANIZING.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

In this paper I do not intend to treat of the nomenclature and classification of plants, nor of the laws of vegetable physiology. There is a branch of this science, not involy-

ing any deep research, but serving rather to amuse the mind than to store it with knowledge, to which I invite the reader's attention. I allude to the study of flowers, or that part of botany which belongs to poetry and romance, rather than philosophy, and affords more exercise to the taste and imagination than to the higher mental faculties. This study is generally regarded by the female sex as one of the most interesting branches of natural history; but the pleasure of the pursuit is derived principally from the cheerful exercise attending the search for plants in field and forest. A ramble in the haunts of birds and flowers on any pleasant day of the year, even when we go out for no particular purpose, is always delightful; and this pleasure is greatly magnified if we have some interesting object in view, like hunting, fishing, or collecting plants and minerals.

But women cannot conveniently become hunters or anglers, nor can they without some eccentricity of conduct follow birds and quadrupeds to the woods, and study their manners and habits in their native haunts. The only part of natural history which they can pursue out of doors is the study of plants. Even in this field they meet with obstacles not encountered by the other sex. A young woman cannot safely roam at will in any place and at any distance. She is exposed to many annoyances and to some dangers not to be overlooked or despised. While a young man may traverse the whole country in his researches, his sister must confine her walks to the vicinity of her own home and to the open fields and waysides, and in these limited excursions she sometimes needs protection.

My own interest in botany was first awakened by collecting flowers for my sisters which they afterwards analyzed and named. Thus I came to know the names of many plants before I had learned the first rudiments of botany, and could designate their respective haunts before I knew anything of botanical classification or science. Even to this day I am more acquainted with the habits of our native plants and with their forms and beauty than with their botanical characters. While thus employed by my sisters, I felt conscious that I enjoyed the principal pleasure of the pursuit, while they performed all the drudgery; for half the pleasure of the study is lost, if the students be not the collectors of their own specimens. In this case, however, my sisters shared from sympathy a great part of the interest I felt in my own adventures, and valued a flower which had cost me a great deal of search, and some perilous and perplexing travel through bogs, brambles, and thickets, before I could obtain it, as a great prize. My ad-

ventures, when I recounted them, gave them an interest in my acquisitions which they could not have felt, if I had just picked them up from the roadside. If at any time I had got a ducking, or had come home covered with mud, or with bruised limbs, or a scratched face, in my scrambling after a rare plant, my mishaps gave it in their eyes an additional value. There is a philosophy in these matters, which has never yet received the attention it deserves, and is still very imperfectly understood, especially by those who would make the path through every field of learning so smooth and easy as to excite nothing of the spirit of adventure.

Hence the perfectly uninteresting character of the study of botany when pursued in a garden. We meet with no adventures here, no dangers, no obscurity and uncertainty of course, no perplexity or suspense, no mysterious intricacy of paths to be unravelled, nothing of that gratification which is the reward of patient and diligent search, no excitement, indeed, of any kind. Botanizing in a garden is like gunning in a poultry-yard. It is like sitting at a sumptuous feast and being fed, instead of killing your game and making your repast under the shade of a wood. Every hunter knows that the pleasure of any excursion is increased by the scarcity of his game and by the roughness and intricacy of his hunting-ground, provided the game exists there, and the difficulties of his pursuit are not insurmountable.

Though I was never addicted to perilous adventures, I still remember those with the most pleasure that partook in the highest degree of this character, and were followed by the greatest weariness. One of my most agreeable reminiscences was an occasion of a long day's journey with a fellow-student, in quest of the three-leaved Solomon's Seal,—a very rare species, which some years before had been found in a swamp about eight miles from our homes. Our rambles through narrow lanes, and past rustic cottages, with their lilacs and roses, their simple gardens, and their loquacious inhabitants; then down through woodland paths, and over meadows spangled with violets; through bogs and over potato-patches; scaling precipices and wading through ditches, slaking our thirst with the water of musical streams, and appeasing our hunger with a few scattering strawberries, made the whole day one of intense delight. How completely would the pleasure of this excursion have been destroyed, if on our road some florist had exhibited to us a profusion of these flowers in his conservatory! All the pleasures of expectation, of action and resolution, of alternate hope and uncertainty, and finally of fruition, made a hundred-fold

more delightful by the toils and hardships of which it was the reward, would in this case have never been felt.

On the next morning, when we were to commence another similar journey, I found my comrade in a fit condition to be photographed as a *lusus naturæ*, his eyes being entirely closed and his face swollen and inflamed with the poison of Sumach. Indeed, his features were not discernible at all; but in the place of them were certain indentations or dimples in his rotund face, giving it the likeness of an enormous red skinned potato. Here was a new cause of excitement and philosophic inquiry. It awakened our interest in identifying the poisonous plants and learning their properties. Our journey was postponed, but my comrade, who was both a wag and a philosopher, amused me during his blindness with a lecture on toxicology.

Of the poisonous plants which many persons dread as they would a serpent, there are only two that are known to communicate their effects by being touched or handled. These are two of the Sumachs, one bearing the common name of Poison Ivy, the other that of Poison Dogwood. But, as I am not writing a botanical description of plants, I will only say that neither of these two bears conspicuous or beautiful flowers. Their flowers are of a greenish clay-color, very minute, borne in irregular clusters, and possessing no beauty of any kind. Their fruit also is small, and offers not the least temptation to the sight or to any other sense. The young rambler may therefore put aside all fear of gathering or handling any plant in our woods that bears a beautiful flower or an agreeable fruit. Flowers of great beauty are often the product of plants which, like the Aconite and Stramonium, are deadly poisons, if their juices are taken into the stomach. But any of these may be safely handled. It is remarkable, however, that the flowers of such plants never emit an agreeable odor: they are always fetid and offensive. Nature has so qualified her vegetable productions, that animals shall recognize all those of a poisonous character by their disagreeable odor, and those of a wholesome kind by their agreeable properties of taste and smell.

It will not be denied that the dangers as well as the annoyances to which we are exposed in the wilds of nature are the source of half the pleasure of botanizing as well as of hunting and angling. The interest we feel in a garden is of a different kind. It is generally one of taste, perhaps of ambition; the love of a quiet and voluptuous employment, enlisting all the senses, and gratifying in the highest degree a passion for beautiful forms and colors and their harmonious arrange-

ments. It is like a love of painting, drawing, music, and reading verses. But the study of wild-flowers is intimately associated with action and adventure, and the rude and sublime as well as the beautiful scenes of nature. Hence we do not find these two habits of mind always united in the same person, and neither of them is like a taste for science, which is quite a different thing. In the garden we generally admire profusion, artful arrangement, and splendor. But, as I have said before, profusion in the fields would destroy all the fascinating interest that attends a botanizing tour. The same flower that would hardly gain from us a look of recognition among the hosts of a garden, awakens the most intense delight when discovered, after several hours of wearisome search, dangling from a high rock or glowing upon us from the opposite bank of a river. In either of these cases our zeal is heightened by our partial disappointment, and by the new difficulties we must encounter, before the flower can be gathered.

I cannot describe the joy I felt, mingled with about equal chagrin, when, after a long and tiresome journey in quest of the yellow Lady's-slipper, I discovered one on the opposite wooded side of the Shawsheen River,—a beautiful stream that wanders through the classic grounds of Andover and Boxford. I thought at first of swimming for it; but there were so many clumps of Button Bush and Dutch Myrtle scattered about the stream, which in this place was widened into a muddy shallow, that it was not safe to wade or swim across it on account of the soft mud at the bottom, and the tangled roots of these aquatic shrubs. My only alternative was to follow the river about half a mile down to a bridge, then cross it and return on the other side. My pains were doubly rewarded by obtaining the plant and by the rare discovery of an oven-bird's nest, which I had never before seen. Thus any such disappointment in traversing the woods may lead to new discoveries by changing our course and guiding us into new paths.

Yet while we are aware that certain perils and inconveniences increase the pleasures of botanizing, it is not to be understood that we should neglect to study the art of avoiding and surmounting them. This is an important part of the science of botanizing; and it should include knowledge of the best hours of the day for rambling, and the means of performing our intricate and often pathless journeys, and finding our way through the woods without guide or compass. It should treat also of the habitats of different plants and how they are to be discovered. The art of preserving flowers is another thing. This

is one of the fine arts, and seems more nearly allied to that of painting.

Several hours of the morning must elapse, before the dews will be dried from the grass and shrubbery. These are a source of great discomfort unattended with any satisfaction, especially to the female sex, who cannot with impunity draggle their garments through the wet grass and bushes. For them, if not for all, the best time for botanizing is the afternoon during the three or four hours preceding dewfall. There is a serene delight attending an early morning walk that may be compared only with the bliss of paradise. The earth never seems so much like heaven as on a fine morning in summer, a little while before sunrise. But a walk at this hour is a luxury which only the hardy and robust can safely enjoy, except with great moderation. Some flowers, like the *Convolvulus*, are bright only in the morning; some close their petals before noonday. Some, like the white Water-Lily, do not open until they meet the direct rays of the sun; others, like the Evening Primrose, wait, except in cloudy weather, until the sun begins to redden in the west. But hundreds of species are bright and beautiful nearly the whole day; so that an early morning walk is not necessary, except to obtain sight of certain flowers of peculiar habit.

We may by chance discover a rare and interesting plant in a situation that would be the last to invite our attention. The apparent unfitness of the place for aught but common weeds may have preserved it from observation. I have sometimes encountered by the roadside a species for which I had long vainly traversed the woods. On the borders of some of the less frequented roads in the country, the soil and the plants still remain in their primitive condition. In such grounds we may find materials for study for several weeks, without leaving the waysides. Indeed, all those old roads which are not thoroughfares—byways not travelled enough to destroy the grass between the ruts of wheels and the middle path made by the feet of horses—are very propitious to the growth of wild plants. The shrubbery on these old roadsides, when it has not been disturbed for a number of years, is far more beautiful than the finest imaginable hedgerow. Here are several *Viburnums*, two or three species of *Cornel*, the Bayberry, the Sweet Fern, the Azalea, the Rhodora, the small *Kalmia*, and a crowd of Whortleberry-bushes, besides the Wild Rose and Eglantine. The narrow footpath through this wayside shrubbery has a magic about it that makes it perfect bliss to pass through it. Under the shelter of this shrubbery Nature calls out the Wood Anemone, blue, white, and pedate Violets, and in damp places the Erythro-

num, the Solomon's Seal, and the Bellwort. When I see these rustic ornaments destroyed for the improvement of the road, I feel like one who sees his own paternal estate swept of its productions and measured out into auction-lots.

There are indications by which we may always identify the haunts of certain species, if they have not been eradicated. We know that fallow grounds are inhabited by weeds, and that mean soils contain plants that seem by their thrift to require a barren situation; but they are like poor people, who live in mean huts because the better houses are occupied by their superiors. These plants would grow more luxuriantly in a good soil, if they were not crowded out by those of more vigorous habit. Every one is familiar with a species of Rush (*Juncus tenuis*) called Wire Grass, which is abundant in footpaths through wet meadows. It is so tough that the feet of men and animals, while they crush and destroy all other plants that come up there, leave this uninjured. This remarkable habit has caused the belief that it thrives better from being trampled under feet. The truth is, it will bear more hard usage than other species, and is made conspicuous by being left alone after all its companions have been trodden to death. The same may be observed of a species of *Polygonum*,—the common "knot grass" of our back yards. A certain amount of trampling is favorable to its growth by crushing out all its competitors.

(To be continued.)

From the Christian Register.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

"I hear it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light—
Where is the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

"Oh, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A *spirit-sky*, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God Himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

"O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be judge, be friend, be Father still,
And in thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine—my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong,
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

"They send me challenges to fight,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my Peace, be still!

They ever seem to say, My child,
 Why seek me so all day?
 Now journey inward to thyself,
 And listen by the way!"
 —John W. Chadwick.

WAIT AND SEE.

When my boy with eager questions,
 Asking how, and where, and when,
 Taxes all my store of wisdom,
 Asking o'er and o'er again
 Questions oft to which the answers
 Give to others still the key,
 I said, to teach him patience,
 "Wait, my little boy, and see."
 And the words I taught my darling
 Taught to me a lesson sweet:
 Once when all the world seemed darkened
 And the storm about me beat,
 In the "children's room" I heard him,
 With the child's sweet mimicry,
 To the baby brother's questions,
 Saying wisely, "Wait and see."
 Like an angel's tender chiding
 Came the darling's words to me,
 Though my Father's ways were hidden,
 Bidding me still wait and see.
 What are we but restless children,
 Ever asking what shall be?
 And the Father, in His wisdom,
 Gently bids us "Wait and see."

—Anon.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

This, one of the most extraordinary engineering labors ever projected in this country, was undertaken with the view of forming a more direct railway connection, and one more central to the State of Massachusetts, between the Hudson river and Boston, than that afforded by the principal route hitherto existing (the Boston and Albany Railroad). The Tunnel route—if carried to a successful culmination, and of this, the untiring energy and engineering talent of the Messrs. Shanly, the present superintendents of the enterprise, furnish the strongest grounds for belief—will have for its western terminus the city of Troy, and will be about ten miles shorter between that point and Boston than the existing route; while in respect to gradients, the tunnel line will have greatly the advantage over the latter, in having no inclines exceeding forty-five feet in the mile, against gradients of from eighty to ninety feet on the other.

The railways of which the tunnel is designed to be the connecting link, are already completed up to the mountains on either side. At the present time and until the completion of the tunnel, stages are in requisition to carry travelers over "the Hoosacs," to complete connections on either side. The westerly portal of the tunnel is at North Adams, fifty miles distant from Troy, and the easterly one is in the valley of Deerfield river, 136 miles from Boston.

The Hoosac Mountain, through the ribs of which the tunnel is being pierced, is, at its highest point along the line, 2508 feet above tide, and the two portals a trifle over 760 feet above the same. Lithologically, it consists, almost throughout, of mica schist, the westerly side displaying for half a mile or less a fault of somewhat altered granite, beyond which again a very hard quartzite is encountered for another half mile or more, which has not yet been fully penetrated. The east end workings, now upwards of 8,000 feet inwards, are in unmistakable mica schist, occasional narrow veins of quartz being met with. At the "central shaft," which is located nearly midway between the two ends, and is 1030 feet in depth, the workings are through the same material.

The tunnel is designed for a double line of rails; its length, when completed, will be 25,031 feet; its width is 24 feet; height in centre, 20 feet; and it is graded from each end to the centre 6 inches in the 100 feet, ascending from either end.

The mountain has already been penetrated:

From the east side,	8,200 feet
From the west side,	5,820 "
And at "central shaft,"	200 "
Showing a total progress in the	—
work of	14,220 "

And leaving still to be accomplished, 10,811 feet.

The daily progress averages at present 15 feet, which it is anticipated will be increased to 18 feet when machine drills have been introduced into the central workings; this, we understand, will take place in about two months.

The system of working varies with the locality. At the east end, where the greatest advance has been made, the work is more simple than at the west end or at the centre. Here (east) the rock is run out by an engine and train of cars, and disposed of in the valley of the Deerfield river. At the east end two operations are going forward. Nearly one half mile from the portal inward is in bad ground, requiring to be arched with brick, the progress of which is necessarily slow, and the appliances for this work taking up the whole space of the tunnel, the rock from the solid workings farther in cannot be run out through the portal. This unlucky state of affairs necessitated the taking of the "bad ground" in the rear, by sinking a shaft, called the "west shaft," 318 feet deep, through which all the rock from the western workings, behind the portion requiring arching with brick, is hoisted. This is effected by a double lift, worked by steam power, one bringing to the surface a car loaded with

rock, the other taking an empty car to the bottom. This alternate process goes on with great regularity, a car of rock emerging at the surface every 2½ minutes.

Nearly midway between the ends of this tunnel, and in a deep depression of the mountain, another shaft has been sunk. Its depth is 1030 feet, its shape oval, and its dimensions 27 by 15 feet. This is termed the "central shaft," and has recently been completed, and the work of driving the tunnel east and west therefrom commenced. The method of hoisting the rock here is identical with that at the "west shaft;" the machinery is, however, more powerful, and considerable pumping is required to keep the bottom workings free of water.

The drilling is chiefly done by the machine known as the "Burleigh Rock Drill," worked by compressed air, the air compressors being also of the Burleigh Rock Drill Company's make, the drills working either horizontally or vertically, as occasion requires. The material is taken out, full tunnel width, with the aid of eight of these machines, mounted horizontally on two carriages, which are run back—with the drills still in place—far enough to be out of harm's way during the operation of blasting, which is performed twice in each "shift" of eight hours. Of the drills it may be mentioned that each weighs about 540 pounds, and under a pressure of 60 pounds to the square inch will make upwards of 200 strokes per minute, drilling a hole 1¼ inches in diameter.

The air power for the drills is obtained through the agency of water power at the east end, and with the aid of steam at the other two points. It is compressed to give a pressure of 65 pounds on the square inch, and is conveyed to the point where it is needed through cast iron pipes, 8 inches in diameter, which are fitted with air tight joints.

At the east end the work of compressing the air is carried on upwards of 9,000 feet from the point where the drills are in operation, the difference in pressure at the working points being only two pounds per square inch compared with that recorded without the tunnel. The exhaust from the drills furnishes a good supply of fresh air to the workmen, and the atmosphere of the workings, now 8,000 feet from the outer world, is perfectly endurable.

The blasting is principally accomplished by means of nitro-glycerine, manufactured on the place by G. M. Mowbray, an experienced chemist. This material, which must be handled with the most intelligent caution, is allowed only in the hands of those who are adepts in its use, and who are employed especially for that purpose.

Though its cost is ten times that of blasting powder, it is nevertheless found advantageous to employ it in certain portions of the works. In the nitro-glycerine blast, the number of holes simultaneously charged varies from ten to fifteen, their depth is usually 60 to 72 inches where the hole is horizontal; where it is vertical, the glycerine charge is put down 10 feet and upwards. These figures will, of course, vary with the nature of the rock and other conditions.

The labor employed in the work is chiefly of the kind termed "skilled labor," the underground workers being, for the most part, regularly bred miners (a large proportion of them being of the very best and most intelligent class of Cornish miners.) There are also a large number of Irishmen employed underground, who are highly prized; while of the French Canadians, who are well represented, it is said their aptitude for learning has already made excellent miners of many of them. The overground men employed are chiefly mechanics and American. The employees number about 900, men and boys.

The work is carried on day and night (except Sunday,) the twenty-four hours being divided into three working days or shifts of eight hours each.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the nature and present status of this most important work, the rapid and satisfactory progress of which reflects eminent credit upon its talented superintendents.—*Journal of the Franklin Institute.*

DUNCES.

Fisher Ames entered Harvard at the age of twelve, and Edward Everett at thirteen; Bishop Heber translated *Phœdrus* into English at seven; Anna Seward repeated from memory the first three books of "Paradise Lost" at nine; and Lord Brougham wrote on philosophy at eighteen.

But all eminent men have not been remarkable for early attainments. Some of the grandest spirits that the world has ever known—men whose works and memory are enduring—were regarded in youth as dunces. They flowered late, but bore the rarest fruit.

It is somewhat discouraging for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished in childhood what he can do only by hard study in the best years of his youth. But such a boy should not relax his efforts. He will succeed, if he gives his heart and mind to the work.

That distinguished teacher, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, after speaking of those who zealously cultivate inferior powers of mind, said of such a pupil, "I would stand to that man

hat in hand." He once spoke sharply to a dull boy, who replied :

"Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can."

Dr. Arnold said he never so felt a rebuke in his life.

Sir Isaac Newton was a pronounced dunce in his early school days. He stood low in his classes, and seemed to have no relish for study. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick in the stomach, which caused him severe pain. The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship. He applied himself resolutely to study, and, ere long, stood in his classes above the boy who had kicked him, and ultimately became the first scholar in the school.

Newton owed his pre-eminence in his philosophical studies more to perseverance and application than to any marvellous natural endowments.

Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no boy could appear more stupid, was the butt of ridicule at school. A school dame, after wonderful patience and perseverance, taught him the alphabet, a thing which she deemed creditable to her skill, and which she lived to mention with pride when her pupil became famous. He made no progress in the exact studies, but liked history and Latin poetry.

He was a sore trial to his ambitious mother, who made many fruitless efforts to quicken his wits by her sharp words. His relatives, teachers and schoolmates all told him that he was a fool, which verdict he did not dispute, but took good humoredly. Even when he had produced the "Traveller," an eminent critic said to a friend, "Sir, I do believe that Goldsmith wrote that poem, and that, let me tell you, is believing a great deal."

Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and when attending the University at Edinburgh, he went by the name of "The Great Block-head." But he wasted no time on trifles, and, in pursuing a study that he loved—as, for example, history or the classics—he was persevering and methodical. He was one of those whose knowledge on a subject that interested increased, until it lay like a great volume in his mind. When Walter Scott began to make use of that knowledge, society gave him another name, somewhat different from the Edinburgh appellation. It was "The Great Magician."

Hutton, the antiquarian, whose knowledge of books was deemed remarkable, was slow to learn when a boy. He was sent to school to a certain Mr. Meat. He thus tells his experience: "My master took occasion to

beat my head against the wall, holding it by the hair, but he could never beat any learning into it."

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys. Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce," and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his teacher as an "incorrigible" one. Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner, settled it that the boy was a "fool."

Teachers are apt to become impatient over dull scholars, and predict of them that they will never come to anything. Such uncalled for prophecies ought to discourage no scholar who tries to do well. A certain Edinburgh professor once pronounced upon a student his severe opinion: "Dunce you are, and dunce you will ever remain." That student was Sir Walter Scott.

If a dull boy feels an inspiration stirring within to do something worthy in literature, science, or art, let him set his face as a flint towards his object; let him be patient, hopeful and self-reliant, unmoved by laughter, undiscouraged by evil prophecies.—*Moravian.*

ITEMS.

SPECTACLES, according to "Once a Week," are not such a recent invention as might be thought. Although they did not come into use in Europe until about the year 1300, they are, it is stated, of unfathomable antiquity in China, being made, it is true, not of glass, but of rock crystal. The Esquimaux also, although ignorant of the manufacture of glass or even of pottery, and, therefore, not able to construct a lens, have devised an instrument of wood and bone, with a narrow slit, which assists the visual powers of the eyes. The Esquimaux call these instruments "ittee-yaga," or "far sight," a term which is the exact synonym of the English telescope.

COMPLEMENTARY COLORS.—Complementary colors, by reflected and transmitted light, are admirably shown by a simple arrangement, to which attention has been called by Prof. E. C. Pickering, of Boston. A plate of glass is coated with a layer of the violet-colored ink, made from aniline color, now much used, and this fluid is allowed to dry upon it. If we then place this in such a position that light is reflected from its surface to our eyes it will appear of a metallic golden color, as though coated with a gold bronze; but if we look through it at the light, the color will be a very rich purple. There are many other bodies having a similar action, but in none that we know of is it so striking as in this.

Thus, glass flashed with silver has a green color by reflected, and an orange-red by transmitted light. Salts of the sesquioxide of chromium, which are green by reflected, are red by transmitted light; a solution of ordinary litmus is blue by reflected, but red by transmitted light.—*Annual of Scientific Discovery*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

"THE REVELATION OF TRUTH."

I have been deeply interested as well as instructed by an article that appeared in the *Intelligencer*, from the pen of Benjamin Hallowell, entitled, "The Revelation of Truth."

And, although I am fully persuaded that the qualifications that should attend the conclusions that may be drawn from it are fully understood and appreciated by that dear friend, yet I am somewhat apprehensive that such may not be the case with all his readers. For neither in the scientific nor spiritual world are the advances made by one generation on preceding generations uniform and continuous. The knowledge thus derived is an accumulation of human experience, and is of advantage to us all; and is doubtless the chief agent in advancing the cause of true civilization, which may be defined as a desire on the part of mankind to live in accordance with the laws established by Divinity for the government of mind and matter in all their various relations. But the question will arise, How is a knowledge of these laws to be obtained? Our friend very properly says, by labor, which is quite true. But no one knows better than he how much of this labor is requisite to obtain even a partial knowledge of a few of the laws by which matter is governed. A large part of mankind has to accept the conclusions of the learned with unquestioning faith, or it will know but little. Now, if the

spiritual world is governed by the same laws of enquiry, it naturally follows that, to advance the race, many things must be regarded as accepted truths, which the individual has not been made acquainted with by his own experience. Hence, no one should deny a thing to be true which has been so acknowledged by the good of former generations, unless it clearly conflicts with his perceptions of truth as made known to him by a close communion with the Author of all truth; for there is a unity in truth that is to be found in nothing else. Opinions vary, and the closest deductions of the human understanding often lead astray; but, as our friend justly remarks, "every truth, however recently discovered, has existed through all time."

It is this indestructible quality of Truth, and of the things which are true, to which I desire to call the attention of Friends. Acknowledging, as we all do, that there may be and generally is a direct communion between the soul of man and its maker, and that it is through this agency men are to look for the unfoldings of such truths as more immediately affect their individual condition, yet we all admit that there are various other sources to which we may also look for aid in the work of spiritual education. Thus a spiritual truth, once clearly revealed through the action of the Holy Spirit, must be acknowledged as a truth ever afterwards. But the question arises whether there must not

necessarily be a similar condition existing in the soul receiving the truth on testimony, as was existing in the soul on which it was first impressed, before this acknowledgment can be truly made? If this be so, as I fully believe, then it does not follow that each generation has fuller and clearer perceptions of spiritual truth than the ones preceding it. The individuals of which it is composed must be baptised with the same spiritual baptism with which their fathers were baptised before they can realize their spiritual conflicts, or receive the fruits that come of them. These are not transmissible by inheritance, as is the garnered wisdom of intellectual knowledge. Each individual soul has to undergo the second birth for itself, and until it has done so it cannot feed on the food which nourishes the soul to eternal life. How much less, then, can it act as an instrument in furnishing food to others! How fully is this exemplified in the present condition of the church of Rome as compared with primitive Christianity! Rome professes to believe all that Christ and his apostles taught. She has not shortened the hand of God by denying an existing revelation of his will, but contends that, in some mysterious way, this power is confined to certain channels, and is transmissible by human agencies, until finally she has raised a man to the position of a god and made his dictum equal to the Divine will. This result is not brought about by denial, but by substitution. The fact she admits is true, but her mode of applying the truth destroys its essence.

Now, we all admit that Christianity wrought a wonderful revolution in the spiritual condition of mankind; not by denying any of the truths that God in many ways had revealed to his children, but by casting off the errors with which these truths had become associated by tradition, and by an increased enlightening of the souls of men, growing out of a greater dedication of heart on their part. They were born of the Spirit, and of the Spirit received instruction.

But by the conflicts to which Christianity was afterwards exposed, it became corrupted, and ceased to be the pure word of God. A remnant kept it alive, and at the Reformation a spasmodic effort was made for its re-establishment with only partial success. The early Friends were enabled to see, with much clearness, wherein its efficacy lay, and, by much dedication of heart, did, through much suffering, restore it to its original simplicity. They were an earnest body of workers in the Lord's vineyard. *But they did not claim to have discovered any new thing.* To restore primitive Christianity was the work at which they labored.

And, although the records of the Society prove that advances have been made by individuals in spiritual growth, it is a question whether, as a body, we of the present day are as advanced in righteousness as were our fathers of two hundred years ago. That the world has been benefitted I have not a doubt; nor do I deny that we might have progressed also had we been equally as dedicated. But is it not true that whilst the world at large has received many of the truths taught by our early Friends, it has, by its allurements, won us to its way of seeing many other things that are not true?

If we make advances on former generations, and truth is indestructible, our progress must be upwards and onwards. We will not only be enabled to have clearer perceptions of those things that qualify the soul for everlasting life, but we shall also be strengthened to avoid those ways which are inimical to the best interests of mankind. We will not follow its foolish fashions, nor will our best energies be devoted to garnering its perishing riches.

But, as we are obedient to the light we already have, we shall be strengthened from day to day, until our vision will be strong enough to bear the light of that day that has no ending.

W—s.

7th mo., 1871.

IF we save the moments of time, we will have enough for every needful work. Moments are the material of which days and years are made. If these be well improved, we will have years devoted to profitable employment.

THE ELDER SISTER.

There is no character in the home circle more useful and beautiful than a devoted elder sister who stands side by side with the toiling mother, lightening all her cares and burdens. How beautifully the household machinery moves on with such efficient help! Now she presides at the table in mother's absence, always so neatly attired that it is with pride and pleasure the father introduces her to his guest as "our oldest daughter." Now she takes a little troop with her into the garden, and amuses them, so mother may not be disturbed in her work or her rest. Now she helps the boys over their hard lessons, or reads father's paper aloud to rest his tired eyes. If mother can run away for a few days' recreation, she leaves home without anxiety, for Mary will guide the house wisely and happily in her absence. But in the sick-room her presence is an especial blessing. Her hand is next to mother's own in gentleness and skill.

Her sweet music can charm away pain, and brighten the weariest hours.

There are elder sisters whose presence is not such a blessing in the house. Their own selfish ends and aims are the main pursuit of life, and anything that stands in the way of these is regarded with great impatience. Such daughters are no comfort to a mother's heart.

Which kind of an elder sister are you in the household?—*Presbyterian.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WHAT HAS BEEN, MAY BE AGAIN.

To rightly estimate blessings, we must look to the channel through which they come; to appreciate privileges, we must count their cost, especially in relation to the free exercise of all the faculties, in the fulfilment of those solemn duties that stand immediately between God and the soul,—the inestimable boon of liberty of conscience. Who that looks into these things will say the reformation was naught, that Protestantism is a failure? Think of a Huss, a Latimer, a Ridley, and thousands whose names are lost in oblivion, who wore away their lives in loathsome prisons and in dungeons, enduring all the tortures evil men could inflict upon them, and in the midst of all these miseries stood as true as the needle to the pole! The work assigned them was to pull down the walls of superstition and bigotry, to rend old systems and structures that stood in the way of advancement and enlightenment, to creep by slow degrees from under the iron rule of a dominant Priesthood, and to break the bonds of tradition. That all these should be swept away, and give place to the sublime sentiment of universal saving grace, which is freely offered to all mankind,—that the great doctrine of the Christian religion was simple and adapted to all states and conditions, opening wide the channels of investigation and of free action,—let us rise up and call them blessed, who were instruments in the Divine Hand in clearing away this rubbish, and in opening a more pleasant pathway for us to the kingdom of heaven which is within, and which stands not in meat, nor drink, but in righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. Call not such a great work a *failure*. Though all mankind are not yet regenerated, and much remains to be done, the work is on the wheel, and many who still rest under forms, and who still cling to ceremonials, acknowledge the Holy Spirit to be a teacher sent from God, to guide in the way of life and salvation,—and that conversion must be the result of conviction. "Old things must be done away, all things become new, and all of God." This change must be wrought by the redeeming power of "Christ within the hope of glory."

Here he stands in all his beatific majesty, saying, "I am he, look not for another."

Here no clerical monopoly rules the consciences of men, for whom the truth makes free, are free indeed. These drawn together by the indwelling life constitute the Church of Christ, to whom he is Head and High Priest forever. None can move these away from the hope of the gospel, that stands not in word but in power. Here they rest their eternal all, building on the Rock of Divine revelation—immediate revelation of God's will to each mind through the gift of grace. God be thanked for the cloud of witnesses whose names are as way-marks to the cross-bearers in this our day—whose unflinching faith sustained them in persecutions, in prisons, in dungeons and at the stake, when fire and faggot encircled them.

One host of veterans leaves the stage of action; another succeeds them. Luther, Melancthon and Zuingli follow close upon their martyred brethren before spoken of. Where should we have been now, but for these threshers of the mountains of wickedness in high places?—who set their faces as flint against Pope and Prelate, unveiled the fallacy of monk and recluse, and by their assiduous labors roused the people to think for themselves, and conform their lives to the example and precepts of Jesus Christ, the despised Nazarene. Do not let us look at what they left undone, but at what they accomplished, and see to it that we act our part as well, lest it be said to us as to the Jews of old: "It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for you." Every testimony we let fall, we prepare suffering for generations to come. "God will not give His glory to another, nor His praise to graven images," and if we of this age and generation do not faithfully vindicate His ways to men, He will arise in His might, and assert His supremacy through other means.

Next in the line of co-workers come Whitfield, Wesley and Fletcher, armed with the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God,—not the written word alone, but a vital power and energy that made the transgressor tremble, melted the obdurate into contrition, and caused them to cry, "What shall we do to be saved?" Thus step by step was an advance made, until the time came for the bursting forth of that greater effulgence by which all shadows were to be removed, all obstacles from between the soul immortal and its Redeemer and Judge taken away. Then rose a Fox, Penn, Barrough and Barclay, who called, to Christ within, a light "that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world," always present, teaching the way of life and salvation

without money and without price. The pearl hid in the field was at last discovered and brought to light, to the great joy of thousands of sickening souls; a highway was opened leading directly to the Paradise of God.

My theme is exhaustless, but I will close with "thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

SARAH HUNT.

OFFERINGS TO GOD.

The most indifferent actions cease to be such, and become good, as soon as one performs them with the intention of conforming one's self in them to the will of God. They are often better and purer than certain actions which appear more virtuous,—first, because they are less of our own choice, and more in the order of providence, when one is obliged to perform them; second, because they are simpler and less exposed to vain complaisance; third, because if one yields to them with moderation, one finds in them more of death to one's inclinations than in certain acts of fervor in which self-love mingles; finally, because these little occasions recur more frequently, and furnish a secret occasion for making every moment profitable. It is not necessary to make great efforts, nor acts of great reflection, in order to offer what are called indifferent actions. It is enough to lift the soul one instant to God, to make a simple offering of it. Everything which God wishes us to do, and which enters into the course of occupation suitable to our position, can and ought to be offered to God; nothing is unworthy of him but sin. When you feel that an action cannot be offered to God, conclude that it does not become a Christian; it is at least necessary to suspect it, and seek light concerning it. I would not have a special prayer for each of these things; the elevation of the heart at the moment suffices.—*Fenelon.*

LIFE'S DETAILS ENNOBLED.

To those who are interested in the great problem of life, and its practical working, a question will often be presented as to what is the best preparation for life's small and simple duties. All agree that to conduct worthily large and weighty affairs, demands breadth of view and loftiness of purpose, but it is commonly supposed that for the ordinary business of men, for what we are pleased to term menial or petty offices, no special dignity or elevation of mind is necessary; that the virtues of plodding industry, patient frugality, and unthinking honesty are all sufficient; and that great ideas, deep thoughts, and exalted aims rather unfit than prepare a man for ordinary duties. Such a notion as this, however, proceeds from undervaluing

the practical every-day occupations that fall to the lot of the majority of mankind, and of not perceiving the secret of their worthy performance. It is a truth that few appreciate, and yet it lies at the root of all excellence, that where the mind is occupied with the noblest ideas, small duties will be most perfectly performed. The services of social life, petty and trivial as we are apt to think them, demand the generalship of a clear mind, a strong will, deep affections and pure motives, to steer safely through the daily trials, the innumerable cares, the complicated relations which they involve. How much of home happiness is sacrificed for the want of a comprehensive grasp of all that is necessary to it. Some single point, such as frugality or the maintenance of authority, absorbs the mind and is carried out at the expense of comfort, or to the destruction of those sweet affections which alone can bind a household together. Or the desire to please and gratify overcomes the sense of duty, and abuses are suffered to creep in and poison the home circle. Where an intelligent desire for moral beauty unites with a deep fountain of domestic love, narrow and one-sided notions disappear; the various wills and tastes of the family are harmoniously adjusted, innocent pleasures multiply, and the home circle becomes one of peace, love and mutual improvement. Such results ensue from a breadth of moral view that can only be had by living on an eminence. Just as, when standing on a hill-top, we discern the objects beneath in their just proportions, so when our thoughts are raised above the many details of life, we shall accord to each their just value, allowing none to absorb us to the exclusion of the rest.

The spirit of contempt with which some people regard offices called menial, will utterly fade away before a soul of large and comprehensive ideas. It is the narrow mind that adopts paltry rules of judgment concerning the dignity of occupations as such, and shrinks from certain offices as degrading. To the pure all things are pure. It is the *purpose* which ennobles or degrades the action. The most menial service wrought in love is no longer menial, but a pledge of the tenderest affection. The kindly offices rendered to the sick and suffering by the willing hands of compassion and benevolence are no longer petty and trifling, but sweet privileges that bring a double blessing to the giver and receiver. Just as the widest and deepest root brings forth the tender blossoms in the richest profusion, so the largest heart and deepest sentiments will produce the most perfect performance of the minute details of daily duty.

If this truth bears strongly upon small

duties, equally does it apply to the smaller trials and annoyances of life. Every one is beset with many vexations, but few know how to bear them with dignity and repose. It is not a mere matter of volition. Hard striving may repress the outward expression of irritation, but it is only as we can raise our spirits above the little stinging causes of it, so as to view our life as it were from an eminence and see how its troubles subside and are lost, that we can gain that real tranquility of soul that shall make us gentle and serene in the midst of annoyances, disappointments and cares.

If any one despises small things, throws contempt upon menial occupations, scorns manual labor, or ignores petty offices of kindness and benevolence, it but proves him narrow-minded, small souled, and unable to view things in their just proportion. To the large hearted man, who takes a broad and comprehensive view of life, and studies its meanings, nothing is small and nothing trifling. Pure motives glorify the smallest action, and make it noble; high purposes dignify and exalt the life, however commonplace it seems to the superficial. It is the principles we hold, the heart we bring into our work, the soul energy we exert, which alone can make us efficient or worthy actors in the scene of life. Only as we cherish the great truths and broad views that lie at the foundation of life's activity, can we maintain the peace and love of our homes, the serenity of our hearts, and the moral beauty of our lives.—*Philada. Ledger.*

INDUSTRY will make a purse, and frugality will give strings to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality directs, and you will always find a useful penny at the bottom.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST. NO. 6.

(Continued from page 296.)

Life among the Dakotas.

FROM MY DIARY.

6th. mo. 24th. After early tea G. and I started out for a walk over the hills to the south of us. The extreme heat of mid-day has given place to a cool refreshing breeze that adds greatly to our enjoyment. We strike one of the numerous Indian trails that diverge from the agency village in every direction. These trails are wonderfully direct, always the nearest route to any given point, and trodden as hard as a macadamized road—just wide enough for the footsteps of one person, they seem lost in the luxuriant growth of grass and wild flowers, but when we are once started, there is no difficulty in keeping the

path. Following the one we select, we are led through a wilderness of tall prairie grass, glowing in the bright colors with which nature adorns her lowly children, the flowers, and fragrant with the perfume of the roses, and, after a little time, we come to a ravine, through which flows a lost creek, so called from the fact of its losing itself at intervals in the quicksands and re-appearing again, a peculiar feature of many of the streams in this prairie land.

I confess to an instinctive dread of snakes. Every unfamiliar sound of insect startles me. A rattlesnake, to my imagination, is ever ready to spring from the underbush upon us, and the assurance that such reptiles seek sunny hillsides and rocky hiding places is scarcely sufficient to repress my fears, therefore the dread of a bite from some huge creature abates, in no small degree, the enjoyment of our walk.

The ravine through which the creek flows is deep and in places precipitous, worn through the gravelly and chalky hills, by the rushing torrents that pour down with every hard rain, carrying trees, sand and rocks along in tumultuous confusion. This chalk stone has been quarried, and though soft enough to be cut with a knife, becomes harder after exposure to the weather, and is used for building purposes. The agency mill, just completed, has been built of it, and is a very fine structure.

We find Larkspur and Yucca out of flower, but gather some seed, as both differ from home varieties. Roses have nearly done blooming, but are still fragrant. Wax bush grows everywhere, and is just coming into flower in profusion. Clematis, convolvulus, hops and grapes are tangled up in every clump of shrubs. We see white ranunculus in bloom, also spiderwort and oxalis. Euphorbia and Asclepias grow all over the bottom land, but are not yet in flower. Besides these familiar plants, we see a great variety with which we are entirely unacquainted, some of them delicately beautiful. A native gooseberry is now ripening; there are currants, but neither the one nor the other is equal to our cultivated ones; these and a seedy whortleberry are offered for sale by the Indians. Black cap raspberries are ripening and appear to be plenty.

We follow the course of the creek (which at this point is dry except after heavy rains), until we strike a trail leading to a distant hill, used as a place of sepulchre. The Indians always bury on the tops of their highest hills. This air is so bracing one may walk a long distance without fatigue. As we follow our narrow path, something larger than a grasshopper stirs the grass before me, and

my heart beats more quickly, but it is only for a moment. A poor harmless little gopher in his elegantly shaded brown jacket was the innocent cause of alarm; I beg for his life, but he is an enemy and must be killed. We climb to the summit of the hill and stand among the rude monuments, placed by the hands of affection; many of the graves are without other mark than a stick at the head and foot. Over one a house has been erected, which is neatly covered with white cotton cloth, and at a distance it looks like marble; others are enclosed with fences, made of such material as the means of the survivors enable them to procure. We take possession of two rude seats near an inclosure containing two little graves. The view from here of the surrounding country is of great extent. To the north we see the tortuous course of the Missouri, its muddy waters lit up by the slanting beams of the setting sun. Across to the right, the village of Bon-homme is all aflame with golden light, streaming from every window pane—far away beyond the river, in direct line stretches for more than fifty miles, the level prairie-land of Dakota, dotted here and there with the cabin of some enterprising Bohemian. On this side the river, a skirt of timber covers the bottom land which is at least a mile in width, and then begin the bluffs, bordered by a line of lofty cotton-wood trees; on the table land, between the bluffs and this range of hills, the Santee agency buildings lift their humble proportions; and humble enough they are. Whatever may be said about the luxury and extravagance of *other* government officials, it can never be charged against the employees at this point, that they used the money of the government for their own profit, or lived in luxurious ease; so rigid has been the economy in the construction and arrangement of these buildings, that even the privacy of the home circle, so dear to every family of cultivation and refinement, has no centering point, but is at any hour subject to invasion.

I can scarcely see the propriety of Friends who come out here as agents for the government, cutting themselves down to the barest necessities of physical life—food and shelter from the storms. I think all this and more as we sit on the rude seats, placed here by the hand of some mourning mother (for I have come back again to this little plot.) The heart of the Indian woman has a mother's love to which an answering chord in my own heart responds. Here she comes to weep over her babes, and a tear for the loved—gone, but not lost—wells up. Submission to the providence, faith in the promise, brings comfort. Has the sad mother of these buried

babes, bowed to the one and found peace in the other?

The shades of evening gather around. The full moon, in clear silvery beauty, is shining down through the dewy twilight, and we turn our footsteps into a trail which leads directly to the village. On our way we pass the lone grave of the unfortunate Cook, who was murdered by the Indians about a year ago. He is said to have been a man of violent temper, and in a quarrel with some Indians who were working under him, he became so enraged that he fired upon them, killing one. The others then took the gun from him and beat him to death with it. It was a sad affair, and spread a feeling of gloom over the settlement. In one of my walks among the people, I met with the widow of the murdered Indian. How many occurrences of the kind might be avoided if we only learned to rule ourselves, before we undertook to govern others.

L. J. R.

LAMPS do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

St. Francis de Sales so constantly manifests an extraordinary love of nature in his writings that they have been compared to the sacred veil of Isis, on which was embroidered all created things. Here is an extract taken at random from his writings, which lose their rare *bouquet* in translating: "It had been snowing, and there was in the court at least a foot of snow. Jean swept a small space in the centre, and scattered grain on the ground for the pigeons to eat. They came in a flock to take their food there with wonderful peace and quietness, and I amused myself with looking at them. You cannot imagine how much these little creatures edified me. They did not utter a sound, and those who had finished their meal immediately made room for others, and flew a short distance to see them eat. When the place was partly vacated, a quantity of birdlings that had been surveying them came up, and the pigeons that were still eating drew up in one corner to leave the more space for the little birds, who forthwith began to eat. The pigeons did not molest them. I admired their charity, for the pigeons were so afraid of annoying the little birds that they crowded together at one end of their table. I admired, too, the discretion of the little mendicants, who only asked alms when they saw the pigeons were nearly through their meal, and that there was enough

left. Altogether, I could not help shedding tears to see the charitable simplicity of the doves, and the confidence of the little birds in their charity. I do not know that a sermon would have affected me so keenly. This little picture of kindness did me good the whole day." And again, in writing to Madam de Chantal on the repose of the heart on the Divine will, he says: "I was thinking, the other day, on what I had read of the halcyon, a little bird that lays on the seashore. They make their nests perfectly round, and so compact that the water of the sea cannot penetrate them. Only on the top there is a little hole through which they can breathe. There they lodge their little ones, so if the sea rises suddenly they can float upon the waves with no fear of being wet or submerged. The air which enters by the little hole serves as a counterpoise, and so balances these little cushions, these little *barquettes*, that they are never overturned."—*Catholic World*.

It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may, and often do, fail of producing just deeds; but just deeds are sure to beget just thoughts.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

When the "love of God is shed abroad in the heart," and is the moving spring of our actions, then it is that our fruit glorifies the Father. Even in simple things we speak His praise, and when we feel the blessed influence of this heavenly love, we can availingly speak to one another, if it should only be to portray the feelings and exercises of our own minds. There is often a little encouragement conveyed through such intercourse; for knowing that others are poor, that they too are tried and heavily laden, we feel assured that no new thing has happened unto us. Thine of 5th mo. 8th was as "deep calling unto deep." While sitting alone this afternoon and musing (as I often do) on the state of our Society, some of the prominent weaknesses were held up to my view, with a disposition to reflect upon and trace effects to their causes; and though there are many discouraging things, yet my mind was a little cheered by the renewed evidence that there are in the younger ranks those who will be made instrumental in exalting the standard of Truth. I desire that these may faithfully fill up their appointed stations in the church,

that the failings and missteps of those who are older may not cause them to stumble. "Truth is truth, though all men forsake it," and it is able to preserve all who cleave unto it. I feel a concern for the welfare of my own dear children, but I am often discouraged on account of the inability I feel to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and when I cast my eye over our religious Society, and discover a disposition in parents to lay waste the testimony to simplicity and plainness, and see so few of the children of ministers and elders that promise usefulness in the church, being apparently strangers to the cross of Christ, I feel discouraged, and hardly know whether to attribute this state of things to the unfaithfulness of parents or whether I must conclude there is nothing in what is termed a guarded education. We see many valuable men and women, who were in early life left to try for themselves the *broad way*, and who knew no restrictions from parents or guardians. But, my dear friend, though I am not always able to answer these questions or to solve this problem to my own satisfaction, I feel sure such considerations must not come in as an excuse for individual unfaithfulness in the care of the lambs that have been committed to our care. We must do our part, then I am sure a blessing will attend the effort, even if it comes not to us exactly in the shape we would desire. It may be even religiously minded parents often miss it, by trusting to their own powers, instead of asking heavenly direction and blessing. "Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is the Lord alone that giveth the increase."

You and I have been differently situated, but I feel we have all been working toward the same end—trying to do the present duty in the strength that our Heavenly Father gives—in the belief that He will take care of us and of our interests, if we trust in Him and follow the guidings of His Spirit. How good He is! and how He has been with me through all these trying years. I cannot tell it, but you have felt it, and know how sweet it is to rest as a tired child in the arms of a loving father. I have learned to feel that God marked out my way in love, and brought me by a way I knew not, into a place and situation better calculated to lead me to Himself, and to advance me in the Divine life, than the one I would have chosen in my ignorance. I have often blessed the Father that left me not to myself.

HE who commences with certainty will end with doubts; but he who is content to begin with doubts may end with certainty.—*Bacon*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 12, 1871.

We have been frequently requested to ask our contributors to attach their full names to articles designed for publication. It is especially pleasant to us to have that liberty, when the essay sent refers to anything which has been previously published. We shall be glad if this practice should obtain.

A correspondent who has written in reference to a "National law to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks," may be interested in an article in our paper this week, entitled, "A Great Need." As the subject is very fully discussed in this essay, we think it may take the place of one sent by him.

DIED.

BRIGGS.—In Knox, Albany Co., N. Y., on the 8th of Fifth month, 1871, Lydia C., wife of Hebron W. Briggs, and daughter of William and the late Phebe Davenport, in the 54th year of her age. Her disease being cancer, she suffered most intensely for months, yet not a murmur escaped her lips,—bearing all not only patiently, but cheerfully. "That life is long that answers life's great end;" and she remarked to a friend shortly before her departure: "I have seen how unwise it is to defer a preparation for death until sickness comes;" adding, "If I had that work to do now amid all this bodily suffering, it would be poorly done." But she had been wise in time, and had most conscientiously performed all her various duties. Always cheerful and kind, ever ready to visit the sick and afflicted, she is sadly missed; but as we looked upon her face so sweet y peaceful in death, we felt it was all well with her, and that we ought rather to rejoice than mourn that she was done with suffering. She was a member of Duaneburgh Monthly Meeting.

DOUGHTY.—In Albany, N. Y., on the 28th of Second month, 1871, after a lingering illness, Elizabeth, daughter of Martin and Lydia Doughty, deceased, aged 77 years; a member of Albany Monthly Meeting. Having become a member of our Society by conviction, she was strongly attached to its principles, a faithful attender of meeting while strength permitted, and advocated by precept and example the beauty and excellency of Christian simplicity. She had long anticipated her departure, and we believe was ready for the change.

FROST.—Of consumption, in Tenth month last, at the residence of his uncle, I. M. Arnold, Folsom, California, where he was sojourning on account of ill health. Leonard, son of Gideon and Mary W. Frost. His remains were brought to Long Island for interment. At a time of severe physical prostration, and in view of an early departure, he wrote: "I have but little to say, but that I feel not only willing but happy to enter the spirit world."

KNIGHT.—On the 8th of Seventh month, 1871, Ruth, widow of Andrew Knight, in the 92d year of her age; a member of Blue River Monthly Meeting,—formerly from New Garden, N. C. She was a diligent attender of meeting as long as her health permitted, and her mental faculties were nearly as bright as in the morning of her day.

PRICE.—At Shrewsbury, N. J., on the 4th of Fifth month, 1871, at the house of her son-in-law, Preston Lafretra, Susan, widow of the late Ichabod Price, in the 88th year of her age; a member of New York Monthly Meeting.

WALTON.—In New Garden, Chester Co., Pa., 7th mo. 16th, 1871, Grace, infant daughter of Joel M. and Lydia Y. Walton, aged 3 months and 3 weeks.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS

- 8th mo. 13. Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.
 " Port Elizabeth, N. J., 10 A.M.
 " 20. Haverford, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A.M.
 " Catawissa, Pa., 4 P.M.
 " Orange, N. J., 10½ A.M.
 " Gunpowder, Md. (old house), 10 A.M.
 " No meeting in other house.
 " Orangeville, N. Y., 11 A.M.
 " Cape May, N. J., 3 P.M.
 " 27. West Nottingham, Pa., 3 P.M.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

I notice in the *Intelligencer* of 6th mo. 24th, an article under the heading of "The Indians," in which extracts have been taken from a private letter written to a Friend in Philadelphia.

I know very well that the written word does not always convey just the meaning that the author intends, but our time and thoughts here are closely occupied, and the earnest demand for letters is often granted in that hurry and despatch which is but poorly calculated to do justice to any. I wrote, and in said letter I may not have given my views clearly, but feel it right to say, that while I cherish the deepest respect for the motives of my friend "R." in thus extracting, that justice to the Indian, to the noble efforts of our friends in the east, and to our labors here, requires a little different construction on parts of said article.

The box of clothing sent from Philadelphia was "particularly valuable" indeed; and although copies of Children's Friend and portraits of William Penn, which it contained, were truly acceptable, yet I *did not* mean to infer that it was "particularly valuable" on that account, but for the *real value* of the clothing contained, and the demand that there was for it at that time.

The Indians of the east no doubt do "revere the name of William Penn," but I might say that as far as we can learn, no tradition had ever reached these Indians concerning him until within the last two years.

The clothing that we have been enabled to give these poor people has certainly been a great strength to our hands, and comfort to them, and goes far toward breaking down the long-established blanket custom, yet we have all the encouragement we could expect in their willingness to buy clothing, and to dress in accordance with our views.

I have feared that a wrong impression

might also be received from the passage, "most of the Iowa tribe *have houses*, and although some of them are made of bark, are quite comfortable."

'Tis true that most of them *do live* in houses, yet several families are housed in those that are or have been connected with the agency buildings, and should not be understood as their own houses; the bark houses are "quite comfortable" only as *summer homes*, but are open and very cold for winter, the fire being made on the ground floor, while the smoke is allowed free access to a hole in the roof, which it does not always find until the whole room is filled, and to which cause we attribute much of that common complaint of the Indian—sore eyes.

I might also add that the general condition of the Indians at this agency is encouraging, labor is no longer considered degrading, and the old custom of the women having to do all the field labor, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

The Atchinson and Nebraska R.R., which has lately been constructed through this Reservation, has been a source of great help to the Iowa Indians, not only from the money received for right of way, but made a market for railroad ties, which the Indians cut, dressed and hauled, getting from forty to sixty cents apiece for them.

Their crops of corn, and some little oats, look well, and promise a fair yield; but spring wheat is almost a general failure in this section of country, having been destroyed by an insect called the chintz bug. This is very discouraging to our Indians, who for the first time have been influenced to sow it. We hope after this to get it all seeded in the fall, as fall wheat is much more successful.

The appearance and behaviour of the children is really pleasant to look upon, and often as I view them, at their innocent romps and plays, or as they may gather in the store, I can but feel that they are quite as modest, as gentle and as well-behaved as any class of children I ever saw. Quarrels and tale bearing are of rare occurrence, but often do I see them in pairs with encircled arms, evidencing a feeling of love and affection that it would be well for some to pattern after who may give to these little children the name of savages.

How often I have thought, as I have stepped in the school-room and beheld them in their classes, or assisted them in their lessons, or as they gathered around their teacher, mother, friend, while she arranged their sewing, or fitted on some needed garment, that a blessing is indeed now being given to them, and I have so often felt that could these children be only kept entirely aloof

from the degrading influences of Indian life, as it has been in the past, and will be to a greater or less extent for some time yet to come, that they might indeed experience a bright and useful future.

The mission house, so lately opened, now cares for fifteen children, nearly all orphans; its success is no longer a question, but a reality that is indeed gratifying to us. The children seem contented and happy together, under the kind care of those who have charge of them; their regular and early attendance at school is a great source of satisfaction to Mary L., their teacher; and we most earnestly hope that it may receive the encouragement and support that it truly merits, so sure are we that its value is not to be estimated as a means of educating these poor neglected little ones in all that pertains to civilized life, and the nobler and higher laws of Christianity and religion.

M. T. B.

Great Nemaha Agency, Neb., 7th mo. 5, 1871.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

BOTANIZING.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

(Concluded from page 365.)

Most of our naturalized plants inhabit those places which were once reduced to tillage and afterwards restored to nature. Such are the sites of old gardens and orchards, and the forsaken enclosures of some old dwelling house. The White Bethlehem Star is a tenant of these deserted grounds, glowing meekly under the protection of some moss-covered stone wall or dilapidated shed, fraternizing with the Celandine, the sweet Chervil, and here and there a solitary Narcissus. The Euphorbia and Houseleek prosper in similar places, growing freshly upon ledges and heaps of stones, which have been carted by the farmer into abrupt hollows, mixed with the soil and weeds of the garden. In shady corners we find the Coltsfoot, the Gill,—a very pretty labiate,—and some of the foreign mints. Spikenard and Tansy delight in more open places, along with certain other medicinal herbs introduced by ancient simplers. These plants are seldom found in woods or primitive pastures.

Wild plants of rare beauty abound in a recent clearing, especially in a tract from which a growth of hard wood has been felled, if afterwards the soil has remained undisturbed. In the deep woods the darkness will not permit any sort of undergrowth except a few plants of peculiar habit and constitution. But after the removal of the wood, all kinds of indigenous plants, whose seeds have been wafted there by the winds or carried there by the birds, will revel in the clearing, until they are choked by a new growth of trees and

shrubs. Strawberries and several species of brambles spring up there as if by magic, and cover the stumps of the trees with their vines and their racemes of black and scarlet fruit; and hundreds of beautiful flowering plants astonish us by their presence, as if they were a new creation. We must look to these clearings, and to those tracts in which the trees have been destroyed by fire, more than to any others, for the exact method of nature. Among the very first plants which would appear after the burning, beside the liliaceous plants whose bulbs lie too deep in the soil to be destroyed, are those with downy seeds, which are immediately planted there by the winds. One very conspicuous and beautiful plant, the Spiked Willow Herb, is so abundant in any tract that has been burned, the next year after the conflagration, that in the West and the British Provinces it has gained the name of Fireweed.

But the paradise of the young botanist is a glade, or open space in a wood, usually a level between two rocky eminences, or a little alluvial meadow pervaded by a small stream, open to the sun, and protected at the same time from the winds by surrounding hills and woods. It is surprising how soon the flowery tenants of one of these glades will vanish after the removal of this bulwark of trees. But with this protection, the loveliest flowers will cluster there, like the singing birds around a cottage and its enclosures in the wilderness. Here they find a genial soil and a natural conservatory, and abide there until some accident destroys them. Nature selects these places for her favorite garden-plots. In the centre she rears her tender herbs and flowers, and her shrubbery in the borders, while trees form a screen around the whole. I have often seen one of these glades crimsoned all over with flowers of the *Cymbidium* and *Arethusa*, with wild roses in their borders, vying in splendor with a sumptuous parterre.

While strolling through a wood in one of those rustic avenues which have been made by the farmer or the woodman, we shall soon discover that this path is likewise a favorite resort for many species of wild flowers. Except the glade, there are but few places so bountifully stored by nature with a starry profusion of bloom. The *Cranesbill*, the *Wood Anemone*, the *Cinquefoil*, the yellow *Bethlehem Star*, the *Houstonia*, to say nothing of crowds of *Violets*, adorn the verdant sward of these woodpaths; and still beyond them, cherished by the sunshine that is admitted into this opening, *Ginsengs*, *Bellworts*, the white starlike *Trientalis*, the *Trillium*, and *Medeola* thrive more prosperously than in situations entirely wild and primitive. It

is pleasant to note how kindly nature receives these little disturbances which are made by the woodman, and how many beautiful things will assemble there, to be fostered by those conditions which accident, combined with the rude operations of agriculture, alone can produce.

Leaving this avenue, we ascend the sloping ground, and passing through a tangled bed of *Lycopodiums*, often meeting with the remnants of a foot-path that is soon obliterated in a mass of vegetation; then wandering pathless over ground made smooth by a brown matting of pine leaves, beautifully penciled over with the small creeping vines and checkered foliage of the *Mitchella* and its scarlet berries, we come at last to a little rocky dell full of the greenery of mosses and ferns, and find ourselves in the home of the *Columbines*. Such a brilliant assemblage reminds you of an aviary full of linnets and goldfinches. The botanist does not consider the *Columbine* a rare prize. It is a well-known plant, thriving both in the wood and outside of it; but it is gregarious, and selects for its habitation a sunny place in the woods, upon a bed of rock covered with a thin crust of soil. The plants take root on every rocky projection and in every crevice, hanging like jewels from a green tapestry of velvet moss.

As we leave this magic recess of flowers and pursue our course under the pines, trampling noiselessly over the brown, elastic sward, we soon discover the purple, inflated blossoms of the pink *Lady's-slipper*. These flowers are always considerably scattered, and never grace the open field. Often in their company we observe the sweet *Pyrola*, bearing a long spike of white flowers that have the odor of cinnamon. Less frequently we find in this scattered assemblage some rare species of *Wood Orchis* and the singular *Coral Plant*. If we now trace the course of any little streamlet to a glen full of pale green bog-moss, covering the ground with a deep mass of spongy vegetation, there we may be lucky enough to discover the rare and beautiful *White Orchis*, the *Nun of the Woods*, with flowers resembling the pale face of a lady wearing a white cap. This plant is found only in certain cloistered retreats, under the shade of woods. It is a true vestal, and will not tarnish its purity by any connection with the soil. It is cradled like an infant in the soft, green bog-moss, and derives its sustenance from the pure air and dews of heaven. Like the *Orchids* of warm climates, it is half parasitic, and requires certain conditions for its growth which are rarely combined.

Flowers are usually abundant in pleasant situations. They avoid cold and bleak ex-

posures, the dark shade of very dense woods, and wet places seldom visited by sunshine. Like birds, they love protection, and we are sure to meet with many species wherever the singing birds of the forest are numerous. Birds and flowers require the same fostering warmth, the same sunshine, and the same fertility of soil to supply them with their food. When we are traversing a deep forest, the silence of the situation is one of the most notable circumstances of our journey; but if we suddenly encounter a great variety of flowers, our ears will at the same time be greeted by the notes of some little thrush or sylvia. If I hear the veery, a bird that loves to mingle his liquid notes with the sound of some tuneful runlet, I know that I am approaching the shady haunts of the Trillium and the Wood Thalictrum. If I hear the snipe feebly imitating the lark, as he soars at twilight, and warbles his chirruping song far above my head, I know that when he descends in his spiral course he will alight upon grounds occupied by the Canadian Rhodora, the Andromeda, and the wild Strawberry plant. But if the song of the robin is heard in the forest, I feel sure that a cottage is near, with its orchard and corn fields, or else that I am close to the end of the wood and am about to emerge into the open plain.

A moor is seldom adorned with plants that would prosper in the uplands; but if it be encompassed by a circle of wooded hills, a gay assemblage of flowers will congregate in its borders, where hill and moor are imperceptibly blended. We may always find a path made by cattle all along the border. If we thread the course of this path, we pass through bushes of moderate height, consisting of Whortleberries, Clethra, and Swamp Honeysuckles, and now and then enter a drier path, through beds of Sweet Fern, and occasional open spaces full of pedate Violets. The docile animals,—the picturesque artists who constructed this path,—while grazing upon the clover-patches will turn their large eyes placidly upon us, still heeding their diligent occupation. We keep close to the edge of the moor, not disregarding many common and homely plants that lie in our way, till we discover the object of our search, the Sarracenia, or Sidesaddle plant, with its dark purple flowers, nodding like Epicureans over their circles of leafy cups half filled with dew. This is a genuine "pitcher plant," and is the only one of the family that is not tropical. The *Geum rivale*.—Water Avens,—conspicuous for its drooping chocolate-colored flowers,—and the Golden Senecio, congregate in the same meadow, bending their plumes above the tall Rushes and autumnal Asters not yet in flower.

Very early in the season, if you are near an oak wood, standing on a slope with a southern exposure, enter it, and if fortune favors you, the *Anemone hepatica*, or Liverwort, will meet your sight, pushing up the dry oak leaves that formed its winter covering, and displaying its pale bluish and purple flowers, deepening their hues as they expand. When they are fully opened, there are but few sights so pleasant as these circular clusters of flowers, on a ground of dry brown foliage, enlivened with hardly a tuft of verdure, except the trilobate leaves of this interesting plant. As oaks usually stand on a fertile soil, there is a greater variety of species among their undergrowth than in almost any other wood. A grove of oaks, after it has been thinned by the woodman so as to open the grounds to the sun, becomes when left to nature a rare repository of herbaceous plants. Yet there are certain curious species which are found almost exclusively in pine woods. Such is the genus *Monotropa*, including two species, the Pine Sap and the Bird's Nest, plants without leaves or hues, with stems resembling potato-sprouts grown in a dark cellar; outside of pine woods, however, on their southern boundary, we may always look for the earliest spring flowers, because no other wood affords them so warm a protection.

In our imaginary tour we have visited only the most common scenes of nature; we have traced to their habitats very few rare plants, and have yet hardly noticed the flowers of autumn,—those luxuriant growers, many of them half shrubby and branching like trees. Some of them have no select haunts. The Asters and Goldenrods, the most conspicuous of the hosts of autumn, are found in almost every soil and situation; though they congregate chiefly on the borders of woods and fields, and seem to take special delight in arraying themselves by the sides of new roads, recently laid out through a wet meadow. The autumnal plants generally prosper only in the lowlands, which have not suffered from the summer droughts. Hence when botanizing in the close of the season, we must avoid dry sandy places, and follow the windings of narrow streams, that glide through peat-meadows, and traverse the sides of ditches, examining the convex embankment of soil which has been thrown up by the spade of the ditcher. On these level moors we meet with occasional rows of Willows affectionately guarding the waters of these artificial pools where they were planted as sentinels by the rustic laborers. The Gentians, which have always been admired, as much for the delicacy and beauty of their flowers as for their hardy endurance of au-

tumnal frost, are often strown in these places, glowing like sapphires on the faded green-sward of the closing season of vegetation.

The great numbers of wild plants which are often assembled in a single meadow seem to a poetical mind as something more than a result of the mere accidents of nature. There is not a greater variety or diversity in the thoughts that enter and pass through the mind than of species among these herbs. Each of them has distinct features, and some attractive form or color, or some other remarkable property peculiar to itself. How many different species bend under our footsteps while we are crossing an ordinary field! How many thousands are constantly distilling odors into the atmosphere, which is oxygenated by their foliage and purified and renovated by their vital and chemical action! There is not a single plant, however obscure, minute, or unattractive, that is not an important agent of Nature in her vast and mysterious economy.

There would be no end to our adventures, if we were resolved to continue them until our observations were exhausted. Hence the never-failing resources of the botanist for rational amusement and pleasure, who is within an hour's walk of the forest. The sports of hunting and fishing offer their temptations to a greater number of young persons; but they do not afford continued pleasure to their votaries, like botanizing. The hunter watches his dog and the angler his line; but the plant-hunter examines everything that bears a leaf or a flower. His pursuit leads him into all the green recesses of nature,—into sunny dells and shady arbors, over pebbly hills and plashy hollows, through mossy dingles and wandering footpaths, into secret alcoves where the Hamadryads drape the rocks with ferns, and Naiads collect the dews of morning and pour them into their oozy fountains for the perfection of their verdure.

A ride over the roads of the same region is nothing like these intricate journeys of the botanist. He fraternizes with all the inhabitants of the wood, and with the laborers of the farms which he crosses, not heeding the cautions to trespassers. He meets the rustic swain at his plough, and listens to his quaint discourse and his platitudes about nature and mankind. He follows the devious paths of the ruffled grouse, and destroys the snares which are set for his destruction. He listens to his muffled drum while he cools his heated brow under a canopy of birches overarched with woodbine, and picks the scarlet berries that cluster on the green knolls at his feet. He lives in harmony with created things, and hears all the voices of the woods and music of the streams. The trees spread their

shade over him, every element loads him with its favors. Morning hails him with her earliest salutation and introduces him to her fairest hours and sweetest gales. Noon tempts him into her silent woodland sanctuaries, and makes the hermit thrush his solitary minstrel. Evening calls him out from his retreat, to pursue another varied journey among the fairy realms of vegetation, and ere she parts with him curtains the heavens with splendor and prompts her choir of sylvan warblers to salute him with their vespers.

From The Christ an.

MY LEGACY.

BY HELEN HUNT.

They told me I was heir. I turned in haste,
And ran to seek my treasure,
And wandering as I ran how it was placed—
If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met and said: "A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? Some message sent to me, whereby
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"

Some asked me in; nought lay beyond their door;
Some smiled and could not tarry,
But said that men were just behind who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day were spent,
While, empty-handed, up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
As through the mists he hasted;
"Poor child, what evil ones have hindered thee,
Till this whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one named Christ, who waits the goods to
share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places, vainly;
I heard men name his name in many ways;
I saw his temples plainly;
But they who named him most gave me no sign
To find him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before his face,
I knew him by no token,
Save subtle air of joy which filled the place;
Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my brother and "joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my elder brother's hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed;
My brother had not where to lay his head.

My share! The right, like him, to know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with Him to keep
A watch by day and night with all who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
 I see the joy and life to-morrow;
 I thank our Father with my every breath
 For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
 And through my tears I call to each: "Joint heir
 With Christ, make haste to ask him for thy share."

NAMELESS MARTYRS.

BY F. HEMANS.

The kings of old have shrine and tomb
 In many a minster's haughty gloom;
 And green, along the ocean's side,
 The mounds arise where heroes died;
 But show me on thy flowery breast,
 Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest;—

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
 Have made one offering of their days;
 For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
 Resigned the bitter cup to take;
 And silently, in fearless faith,
 Have bowed their noble souls to death.

What though no stone the record bears
 Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayer;
 May not our inmost hearts be stilled,
 With knowledge of their presence filled,
 And by their lives be taught to prize
 The meekness of self-sacrifice?

From the Liberal Christian.

A GREAT NEED.

BY M. F. A.

There are certain sins which in their nature seem to defy legislation or any generalized treatment; there are certain reforms which God has manifestly entrusted to individual hands, and at the very head of these divisions stand the sin of drunkenness and the reform of temperance. In the present wide-spread ferment of thought, this evil—old as our physical life, and yet always new in the diversity of forms which it takes on—is confronting the nations, the philosophers, the philanthropists, as the danger which, above all others, threatens social order. Physicians know that the body has no worse enemy than this mad longing for stimulant. Clergymen can tell us what its work is with the soul. None of us have far to look for proof of the power of this terrible, inexplicable passion. Just now we are finding—we creatures who call ourselves civilized—that we are paying a higher price than we can afford for the comfortable ignorance of our past in regard to this matter. We have had our theories, our hot-headed crusades, our superficial legislation, but the root of the sin we have not touched, or even pruned its branches. Down deeper than we dared to look for it, intergrowing with the very strength of our nature, is that general physical love of stimulant which, under certain common moral conditions, yields us the drunkard. In these days, when we are acknowledging that our bodies are as much God's creation as are our souls; when not a

few strong men hold that in material law is to be found the secret of our being, no such question as this can be dealt with merely from the spiritual or moral side. However honest and earnest we may be, we shall never lessen this sin, nor even the results of this sin, until we draw upon our heads as well as upon our hearts for the motives of action.

Now any statistician can tell us how much our national intemperance costs us in hard cash; any moralist can compute for us the sum of sin and shame and folly which it represents; but what we need to know is why it is the most expensive and least inevitable of all the mistakes into which our animal nature leads us; why, in short, it is the commonest form of ruin. Within this great question are included various minor ones, as for example: Is one sex more prone than another to this form of sin? Has it increased with civilization? How far is it dependent upon the influence of climate and race? Are the causes of it to be found chiefly in physical or mental conditions? etc. And we must be moderately sure of the facts which supply the answers to these questions before we have any right to theorize or need look for any result from our experimental philanthropy. To perfect a system of work in this field it would be necessary to have a profound knowledge of the law, whose stern face meets our mistakes at every turn, and to possess a clear understanding of the relative value of man's material and spiritual life. Then we should neither commiserate sinners as the fire doomed victims of an insatiable thirst, nor condemn them as souls lost for eternity by their own weakness. We should deal with them neither as criminals condemned under the law nor as men diseased, and therefore not accountable, but as we gained a deeper insight and a wider view we should find, it may be, that vice is often but the mysterious shadow of possible virtue, and that only by cultivating the virtue do we overgrow the vice. As yet, however, we can scarcely approximate to any perfected system; our knowledge is too crude, too much distorted by prejudice, for us to hope to do more than disentangle from the perplexities with which our ignorance surrounds the subject, some fact, some suggestion, which shall show us the sort of work required of all who intend to fight intemperance intelligently.

A lack of self-control in individuals demonstrates at once the presence of physical or mental weakness or disease. Therefore we find that sound minds in sound bodies are self-controlled, and consequently temperate, and this at least gives us a starting point,

though it is a distant goal and a hard path that are thus placed before us, and we need look for no swift progress, for it even seems as if the best we can do for the moment is to avoid retrogression by making no false advances. The physical side of drunkenness is the result of the very strength of the life within us. Men and women refuse to stagnate. Our instincts teach us to avoid monotony as life avoids death. We want interest, excitement; in short, our bodies demand their rights, which are summed up in one word—health—such health as comes only from due exercise of every faculty; and, failing in its delicious stimulation, we turn to the ruinous imitations of it which civilization offers, and find brief, destructive satisfaction in opium and alcohol and kindred poisons. Possibly it would not be difficult to determine just what proportion of mankind are made drunkards by physical suffering or imperfection, and fortunately this class is apparently the most numerous, for its members are indubitably more susceptible of cure than are those highly strung, sensitive natures who sink into sin only when they despair of better things. When we lose our hope of worldly success; when the aspirations of our youth die within us from sheer inanition, and the faith which should take their place is beyond our grasp, when we find nothing but doubt here and darkness beyond, then drink, the Lethe of alcohol, is the most potent temptation this world can offer us.

Millions of men take it from the love of physical excitement; thousands take it only to forget. What shall the world do with the terrible aggregate? We have our answer, Make their bodies healthy, their souls pure; but the acknowledgment of our end does not give us the means to attain it. To reach the absolute virtue which is our safety humanity has a long journey before it; and, whether it be by evolution or revolution that the change is consummated, neither process is likely to be anything but immeasurably slow. In the meantime, as a practical question, have we no means of protecting the victims, and defending ourselves against the vice of intemperance? Legislation, except in the most modified form, is in defiance of the principle of republican government, and is, moreover, in general, either useless or harmful. Pledges, as a rule, only help those who have already helped themselves, and are not of any permanent assistance to the inebriate. Asylums can at best provide for so small a number, and their success is still so doubtful that they cannot be considered as of any general value. Associations are of more or less importance according to the intelligence which organizes

them; but it is becoming evident that in them, in one way or another, the temperate portion of the race are finding the most available channel for the application of their force. Associations of individuals not binding themselves to special abstinence, to political or theological dogmas, or, indeed, to anything beyond a general system of work, can advantageously include all shades of opinion, and in almost any community. Such associations, composed of men and women who bring to bear upon the question of intemperance the acuteness and energy which they exhibit when their own more immediate interests are concerned, find themselves able to control, both indirectly and directly, such offenders as are injuring themselves and their neighbors by supplying or consuming liquor. Their influence is felt in the general moulding of public opinion in the scarcely-to-be-estimated power of individuals over individuals, and in a wisely moderate local legislation, or adaptation of existing law to local exigencies. The first of these results is easiest of attainment, inasmuch as temperance, being in itself respectable, and having outwardly, at least, the adherence of the better classes, it is not difficult to raise, if need be, an exaggerated sentiment in its favor. But such sentiment is necessarily spasmodic and usually weak, and the individual exertion which must keep it strong and steady is the product only of earnest conviction and deep, tender desire for the exaltation of humanity. No man or woman will penetrate into the miserable details of drunken lives; will study the hidden curses which produce the awful, visible results; will know why the corner grocery stands here and the gin palace there, without a veritable God-sent inspiration—an inspiration which reaches every sense and makes the brain as quick to know as is the heart to feel. And this sort of personal devotion to an abstract purpose; this sin hating and sinner-loving, it is, which makes the power of individuals in a reform so disproportionately great, and creates the force which keeps in motion the machinery of associations. The question of the application of law needs to be carefully handled, and must be finally settled beyond the narrow limits of communities.

We have never had more interesting or useful discussions than those which the bills before the English Parliament, during the present session, have excited among all classes, from the honorable gentlemen in the House to the publicans and sinners who feel that they have got to do fierce battle for their favorite sin. The measures especially recommending themselves to general atten-

tion are comprised in certain clauses of the aforesaid bills permitting rate-payers to regulate the number of public houses within the limits of their jurisdiction, and giving them a well defined amount of power in respect to the sale of liquor, especially regarding its quality and the hours of closing public houses, etc. This makes legislation local, and affords safe opportunity for experiment, the necessary test of theories. A strong point is made of the early closing clause; for it is asserted that a large amount of the liquor consumed on the premises is drunk after nine o'clock P. M., and would consequently be at once diminished by a careful enforcement of this clause. Public houses in England have become so common an evil as to be scarcely recognized as such; and in our own villages and small towns there is a surprising lack of opposition to that deterioration in the public morals which an uncontrolled sale of liquor produces. At the same time, it is quite certain that only the most scientific legislation in America, England or anywhere else will permanently and surely assist these unfortunate human beings who, having lost their own self-control, are only driven deeper into sin by any but the wisest and most carefully-applied restraint. Legislators, as a rule, have neither sufficient breadth of views nor purity of principle to fit them to treat this matter successfully, and thus far in the history of the temperance reform legislation has only achieved its object when it has been purely local and fitted exactly to the circumstances. And, furthermore, it has even then been only a makeshift unless it had behind it the strong hands and earnest hearts of determined individuals, and it is pre-eminently such intelligent, loving labor that is needed just now in our nation of whiskey drinkers. The legislative problem has still to be demonstrated. The daily work is ready to our hands, and the amount of it to be done is out of all proportion to the number of willing and able workers. There is not one of us, man or woman, who, with a true conception of the misery which drunkenness causes, may not in some measure alleviate it. We can strengthen, we can restrain, we can sometimes remove, temptation, and oftener still can supply good food instead of bad, wholesome exercise and pleasure for body and mind instead of deceitful stimulants, which aggravate, instead of allaying, the craving which, in its last analysis, we may hereafter find to be only the demand of our natures for that full measure of life which is their birthright. Our duty to our fellows in this matter cannot be pressed too closely upon us, and our neglect of it is all the more shame-

ful because the claim upon us is not based upon any temporary phase of humanity's need, but upon hard, ugly facts which have been since time was. We Christians, who clothe ourselves daily in purple and fine linen, and intrench ourselves behind our theories of life, our cut-and-dried system, our logical faith, are in danger of forgetting that against these barriers in which we put such complacent trust, beat and rage the blind, uncomprehended passions of developing humanity. We satisfy our intellects with icy definitions of God and life; we crust our hearts over with an indifference which we flatteringly misname liberality, and take no heed of the death-in-life of our brothers, of the sins whose sinfulness is not lessened when we call them "tendencies," and "accidents of progress."

The danger from which our American society has most to fear is the indulgence of this appetite for drink. We are tempted by our national impetuosity, our love of excitement, our immense opportunities, and we have practically no curb upon us except that which the individual conscience supplies.

Here, now, is tangible work, which can be done among our neighbors, our friends, too often in our very homes. It need scarcely take us from the daily routine of our lives, so omnipresent is it, and to deny the demand upon us is folly and cowardice. For God's sake, for man's sake, in remembrance of him whose most blessed name is "Saviour," let us do what we can to save men and women from the shameful agony of drunken lives. Remember what intemperance costs us as a nation; remember the brains that it sears, the waste of love and strength that must be put to its account; remember the little children whose angels do behold the face of our Father in Heaven, who on earth are crushed and warped, and, for all good uses, made useless, and then remember that whether we be of one sect or another, whether we be Christians or unbelievers, religious fanatics or scientific materialists, each one of us most surely is his brother's keeper, and, as such, may here or hereafter have to answer for his brother's sin.

BENEVOLENCE.

A benevolent man is a happy man; he cannot be otherwise, for it is a universal law of our nature to be made happy by making others so. Those evil passions, such as envy, hatred, malice, pride and such like, do not exist in the heart of a benevolent man. These malign passions are found within the heart of the selfish man, which lead him to deception, fraud, murder, or crimes of the most heinous nature. Yea, the very worst elements in such

a one's nature are in activity against him.

A benevolent man has a heart cleansed from all those evil passions that would have a tendency to cause him to consult any act of injustice. He lives to make others happy, for their happiness is his, and he thus realizes the verity of the Divine assertion, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Bunyan once put the following riddle into his own peculiar verse:—

"There was a man, though some did count him mad,
The more he gave away the more he had."

The benevolent man has no difficulty in finding its solution, for he has already learned that for every act of liberality he has received a rich reward; and if not in like, which is often the case, it has been in the true enjoyment of doing good, and making others happy by tenfold. Conclusively every benevolent man, by experience, has found that acts of benevolence bring home to his heart happiness and joy which the cares of this world can neither give nor take away.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

SEVENTH MONTH.

	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	13 days.	20 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	0 "	0 "
Cloudy, without storms.....	2	1
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	16 "	10 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.

	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 7th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	80.61 deg.	76.68 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	97.00 "	97.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	61.00 "	60.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	3.94 in.	6.81 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 5 current weeks for each year.....	2340	1985
Average of the mean temperature of 7th month for the past <i>eighty two</i> years....	75.83 deg.	
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1793--1838).....		81.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1816),.....		68.00 "
COMPARISON OF RAIN.		
Totals, for the first 6 months of each year,	25.43 "	21.32 "
Seventh month,	3.94 "	6.81 "
	29.37 "	28.13 "

It cannot be denied that we have had an unusually large number of rainy days; that the quantity of rain is in excess of what generally falls, and that many days of the month have been quite cool, if not cold; and yet the figures show the temperature

to have been about three quarters of a degree above the average for the past *eighty-two* years.

There was frost at the White Sulphur Springs on the morning of the 22d.

In response to our query last month, "Have we had an earthquake?" (referring to the evening of 18th of ditto), we have received the following;

From a friend of ours residing at 3304 Hamilton street, who states that he was about retiring a few minutes before ten o'clock, when he was much surprised at the violent shaking of the house, he, at the time, occupying the room in the third story.

He also informs of another person, well known to both of us, who felt the shock distinctly at the same time while walking in Callowhill street, near Fifteenth.

We have received another written statement of a young lady that she "felt the bed raise up, and in alarm called to her mother in the next room."

These statements are confirmatory of the account we published last month, detailing a communication received stating that "the shock was distinctly perceived at Twelfth and Berks streets in this city—the bed on which the writer lay going twice from east to west, with a returning motion, and, with the chamber floor, appearing to be somewhat raised and lowered, as a boat moved by a swell on the river, attended by a rattling of the window sash and shutters."

A reliable correspondent writes from Bristol, Pa., that on the evening in question one of her daughters in the belief that some one was under the bed felt it raised up three times in quick succession, as if some person was lifting it in the act of creeping from under it. The house was searched carefully but no one was found.

Two of her friends in cheerful conversation the next day (the 19th), thus gave their experience: "Oh, we were so frightened last evening; we retired early in the same room, but in separate beds, and each of us felt the beds move as if some one had run against them, and called out at the same time, "Who's there?" &c.

While on this subject it may be well to mention that they have prevailed in other sections this month. Witne's Boston, Portland, Saco, Brunswick, Portsmouth, N. H., &c., all occurring on the 20th ult., about one o'clock in the morning. Concord also experienced one at the same time, severe enough to cause a church bell to ring.

Indeed, it has not only been a month of earthquakes, but of tornadoes, waterspouts and thunderstorms. This section of country has suffered but little from any of these.

Our correspondent at the Santee Agency, Nebraska, (Geo. S. Truman,) furnishes for the preceding month, but too late for our review, the following:

Mean temperature,	74.69
Highest average of any one day,	84.00
Lowest " " " " " "	65.00
Highest point attained during the month,	95.00
Lowest " " " " " "	58.00

He speaks of several hail storms, one of which "wound up with a most magnificent rainbow, such as is never seen in your city, and rarely in the country. The two ends resting on the earth and bent outward at the base, doubtless caused by reflection from the earth. The prismatic colors to the violet were more clearly defined than I have ever seen them on such occasions."

Other similar displays are noticed by him, as also an aurora on the 10th of the month.

Philadelphia, 8th mo 1st, 1871.

J. M. E.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

OLIVE DAVIS.

Memoir of Olive Davis, who departed this life in Mendon, Monroe Co., N. Y., on the first of the Ninth month, 1870, aged nearly 82 years.

She was born in Northbridge, Worcester Co., Mass., and sprang from an ancient family of Friends by the name of Southwick, from whom she inherited many of those elements of character which when properly directed adorn the true Friend and Christian.

It was the care of her concerned parents to endeavor thus properly to direct them, and she gave evidence early in life that the seed had not fallen on barren soil, and that the labor bestowed had not been in vain. It grew with her growth and ripened with her maturity, until she became a mother in our Israel.

About the year 1810 she removed in company with two of her brothers, and settled in the town of Scipio, Cayuga Co., N. Y., where she formed the acquaintance of a young man named Martin Davis, who subsequently became her husband.

His religious education had been widely different from hers, having been among the Presbyterians, although not in membership with them. As he was not committed to any particular religious organization, and was free to follow where divine Truth should lead the way, she felt it her duty through

Divine aid to endeavor to draw him into that fold where she had found true rest and peace. With the gentle moulding influence of her sweet and quiet spirit and example, she was instrumental in bringing him into the organization of her choice, and they became true co-workers in the same vineyard.

They were the first family of Friends who settled within the limits of what is now known as Mendon Preparative Meeting.

Though surrounded through all the middle period of her life with a large family, the care of which demanded her close attention, yet her religious duties were not neglected. She was a constant attender of her religious meetings when health permitted, and often in the latter portion of her life, when it was impracticable for her to attend, she would at the appointed time retire to her room, and there spend the usual time of the meeting in silent divine worship.

For several years previous to her death she was disabled by a fall from using one of her limbs, by which she was closely confined; but amid all her suffering and deprivation, she manifested the same patient resignation which so conspicuously marked her active life.

The few hours previous to her final close seemed the index of the life she had lived; she passed on sweetly and calmly, sleeping life's latest hours away.

Such is a brief notice of the life of one who

was most loved where best known; whose life, though quiet and unobtrusive, has left its traces in the characters of her children, who may well acknowledge that they are indebted for the embracing of that truth which has brought spiritual happiness to them, to the careful training and bright example of that mother to whose memory they offer this brief tribute.

Mendon Centre, 7th mo., 1871.

WE should be careful to practice, and treat the humblest menial with courtesy as delicate as we would show the children of affluence and honor. So shall we transfuse in them a corresponding refinement, which will tend eventually, perhaps, to make them purer in morals and more elevated in mind.

From Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Women Friends, held in Fifth month, 1871, to its absent and isolated members.

Gathered in this our Annual Assembly, we have been favored with the renewed evidence of our Father's love, and have felt that His wing of everlasting goodness has been extended also over you, our beloved absent sisters; under which feeling you have been brought near, even as though present with us. Our spoken word cannot reach your outward ear, but we are drawn to send you a greeting of Gospel love, especially to you who are in isolated positions, when you feel like the one of a family, or two of a tribe, and under a sense of this loneliness, as to social and religious fellowship, your hands sometimes hang down through discouragement. It is to such that our minds have been attracted, with earnest desires that you may "hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering," remembering that He who is in you, and who sticketh closer than a brother, is greater than all, and is able by His holy presence not only to sustain, but to strengthen you for every good word and work. Our tender and merciful Father is near the solitary, the afflicted and lowly, who feel they have no might of their own. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," was the comforting language of Him whose promises have never failed to the children of men. Then may your confidence and trust in the Lord grow stronger and stronger, and your faithfulness to Him make you flourish as the willows by the water courses. We feel that the testimonies of truth held up so faithfully by the forefathers of our Society are noble and precious, and that the few, or even solitary one, in a neighborhood, if firm in the support of these, is holding up a light in the world, especially in relation to spiritual worship and a free gospel ministry.

We therefore offer you words of cheer and sympathy. May you hold on your way though it be under a sense of weakness, and the language seem applicable to you, "by whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small." When we find how, in former ages, the faithfulness of a solitary one has been blessed to the many, we ought to be stirred up to diligence in the work of our day; we ought to respond to the quickening influence of the Divine Spirit in our own souls, which is able to make us all living members of His Church.

If this was yielded unto, there would continue to be judges raised up as at the first, and counsellors as at the beginning. We would encourage those who are remote from meeting, to gather their families at times into silence, for we believe if there was more of this silent waiting, we should receive instruction from the Fountain of Love sufficient for every work, even the little duties of life.

May we all, dear sisters, know an increase of faithfulness and obedience to our Heavenly Father, walking by the light He has given us, and glorifying Him by all our thoughts, words and deeds.

With a salutation of love, we are your sisters.
PHEBE W. FOULKE, *Clerk.*

LET us accept different forms of religion among men, as we accept different languages, wherein there is still but one human nature expressed. Every genius has most power in his own language, and every heart in its own religion.—*J. P. Richter.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BRIEF NOTES ON THE BURIAL SERVICE.

Most nations of people, of whom we have any record, whether ancient or modern, savage or civilized, have considered, and practically acknowledged, the burial of the dead to be a religious rite. Their ignorance and superstition, their idolatrous objects and modes of worship, may sometimes have disguised, but could not altogether obscure the religious sentiment, which everywhere underlies and influences the various modes of sepulture.

Resting, as this sentiment undoubtedly does, in the constitution of the human mind, it might be expected that every advance to a higher civilization—to a purer and more rational religion, should give a corresponding higher expression of devotional feeling in those who attend the funeral obsequies.

Looking in this direction, I have been gratified to observe a disposition to revive the ancient practice of Friends, of assembling at funerals in their meeting houses instead of the houses of their deceased members. Thus the family is relieved of a great burden, and better accom-

modations furnished to the attendants than can usually be afforded in private houses. There the company can sit down in solemn silence, and may find it a fit opportunity for entering into close sympathy with the mourners, or into a still closer retrospection of their own past lives, and of their fitness to respond to the awful summons, "set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." How much better this than to meet at the funeral house, where the company become separated in different apartments, or collected in groups out of doors. In those isolated groups, the trivial concerns of time too often occupy the attention, to the exclusion of the more important concerns which pertain to eternity. In this way the ostensible purposes of the meeting are frustrated. Those who so demean themselves, neither show respect for the dead nor sympathy for those who mourn their bereavement. Nor is the solemn warning likely to penetrate their apathetic souls, and awaken them to a proper sense of their own unprepared condition. It is needless to say how grating such thoughtless—may I not say rude conduct must be, not only to the family, but to all sober and reflecting minds; when the most trivial conversation, perhaps the loud laugh, falls upon their ears.

But, if abuses have crept in when assembled at the house of the deceased, so they may gain admission when gathered at the meeting house. Vigilance and care are necessary to preserve good order in the one, as in the other. I hope that I shall be excused for referring briefly to some of those abuses, as I understand them.

1st. Large Funerals.—When it is appointed to assemble at the meeting-house, the tendency is for too many of the relatives and friends to gather at the house, that they may accompany the corpse to the place of meeting. In this way the family may have its burden increased—not lessened—by the combination of the two modes of gathering, with the evils of both.

There is, also, in some places, an increasing disposition to extend funeral notices, and thus to gather larger companies of relatives and friends. This disposition is cherished by the extraordinary facilities which the wire and rail afford for prompt notice and easy transit.

So long as human nature remains to be human nature, so long there will be danger of a desire to imitate—of a spirit of rivalry—of a wish to excel in formal devotion to the dead. May we not sometimes discover a feeling of pleasure—of gratification—may I not add of pride, where there has been a very large funeral attendance? There is danger in this; may we guard against its insidious approaches.

2d. Funeral Feasts.—The same inducements which gather large companies at funerals, will lead to extensive and sumptuous preparations for the funeral table. The same dangers attend both. The occasion demands that the hungry should be fed—their physical wants supplied. The rights of hospitality should not be neglected. Would it not be more accordant with the occasion to make this the objective limit, without getting up a fashionable funeral feast on the occasion of a death in the family? Let there be good and sufficient food provided, but without extravagance or ostentation.

I have sometimes thought that, if a stranger were to be dropped into one of our funeral festivals, he would be led to conclude that some very joyous event had occurred in the family, for which "the fatted calf had been killed, that they might rejoice and be merry." There must be absolute servility to custom before the serious and reflecting mind can indulge in such feasting.

3d. Excess of Preaching.—The delicacy of this part of my subject may have shielded it from scrutiny, and permitted the evil to pass unrebuked. I do not—I dare not attempt to limit the operations of the Spirit. I do not accuse any one individually. They must answer to their own consciences and to God, for their faithfulness to His requirements. But it is often a less invidious task to judge in the aggregate, and to say that too much time had been occupied in declamation, and not enough allowed for silent meditation. There is no more fitting occasion for true gospel service—none in which the audience ought to be better prepared to receive its awful warnings, its glorious promises, than a funeral, with the sure evidence of mortality lying before them. But a few words "fitly spoken" are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," and are greatly preferable to long and prosy disquisitions. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

It has been urged against the assembling in meeting houses, that it would promote the evil just spoken of. That a precocious and prurient ministry would take hold of the occasion, and appropriate it to its own selfish purposes; and our experience, thus far, has not removed the objection. It may, therefore, be proper to present the case in a more practical form.

A death occurs. The family and friends may have been worn down and exhausted by long and anxious nursing under affliction—the weather may be inclement, cold, hot, stormy—the road may be long or difficult to travel. The extended notice; the notoriety of the deceased; many circumstances may combine to bring a number of ministering

Friends together. It must be obvious that all of these cannot occupy the time of the meeting with long discourses, without unduly prolonging it and burthening their hearers. It is fair to presume that each one has a concern to communicate. Common courtesy ought, therefore, to admonish them to be brief, without either burdening the meeting or forestalling the exercises of a brother. Where a proper discretion is observed in this respect, there need be no occasion for the enforcement of the ten minute rule.

E. M.

New Garden, 8th of 8th mo., 1871.

A GREAT many persons distress themselves because they cannot have the experiences which they see such a brother and such a sister have. My advice to these persons is, Do not aim at any vague, indefinite ideals. Take your own condition, and carry that up as far as it can be carried. Take care of yourselves where you are.

For instance, a humble sign-painter, having diligence and a homely talent, gets sight of *chef d'œuvre* of some great artist, and goes back to his shop, and looks mournfully at his tools, and says, "I have got to paint signs, and I have got to paint houses, and I have got to do humbler things in painting; I wish I could paint like Raphael, but I am afraid I never shall." I do not think you ever will; but then, while no amount of diligence will ever make you a historical painter, you may be a great deal better sign painter than you are.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

REMEMBER THE SCATTERED ONES.

Happening to be in Chicago a few weeks since on a First-day, I made inquiry about Friends' meeting, and learned that those Friends called Orthodox have recently built themselves a meeting house, and have quite a large meeting; but that a few of our Friends (seven or eight) continued to meet in a room of the Methodist Mission House, corner Madison and Clark streets, with a company of Norwegian Friends. I was told that there were about fifty of them. From thirty to thirty-five were present. After a time of solid silence, Otto Tolsom spoke in the Norwegian language for ten or fifteen minutes. From the attention paid and the solemn covering of the meeting, I was satisfied that his testimony was satisfactory to his people. M. A., from Hamburgh, N. Y., gave such as could understand our language some words of counsel and encouragement, a supplication by a young man in the Norwegian tongue, and an impressive silence, closed the meeting. Al-

though the speaking was mostly in a tongue unknown to me, yet from the feeling that attended my mind and a little conversation held with some who could converse in English after meeting, I felt satisfied that the meeting was owned by the Divine Master, and that they comprehend our view of the inward Christ. I have noted this circumstance, hoping that it may claim the notice of Friends who may be travelling, particularly those who are going forth to strengthen the brethren. John Atwater, 116, or William Law, 277 Madison street, would, I think, be suitable Friends to apply to for further information.

J. C.

New York, 8th mo. 7, 1871.

SATISFACTION OF DOING GOOD.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

Life is an aggregate of moments; kindness seeks to seize these moments in order to lay down in each of them a seed of comfort for the sufferer.

Now it is called rest, anon cheerfulness, sensation of comfort for body and soul—aye, even flattery; kindness can flatter, but only the unhappy one. It acts like the sun in spring; melts slowly away winter's snow and ice, and sheds warmth everywhere; and then earth begins to get green, and then come the flowers—the wish to live.

In this world, so full of suffering and of enjoyment, of splendor and misery, of greatness and littleness, of strength and weakness, of life and death, above all others, happy is he in whose soul lies active kindness, holiness and peace. He alone stands in this restless world as if it were a paradise, whose sanctuary no tempests can reach. He alone goes on his way in joy and affliction, in wealth and in poverty, in life and in death, calmly and unwaveringly; suffers and enjoys alike silently, loves, forgives, does good, and feels peace. In order to work on uninterruptedly, in order not to weary in his work for the weal of fellow-men, he does not want the "desire of a name which shall survive him;" not glory's beautiful *vision*, which a great Roman calls "the only passion of the wise," and without which to many a one "the past were nothing, the present a narrow and sterile sphere of action, and the future vanished." No, no laurel wreath shall be laid upon his forgotten grave; no line in a funeral oration shall be dedicated to him; no patriotic bard shall sing what he did for his native country. He will be forgotten, he knows it, and yet he labors night and day, and his lamp is not extinguished until with his life's last spark.

Here a fellow creature has been comforted, there another has been given work to do, and with it hope; here a seed has been sown of a

future noble laurel, which will confer honor upon his native country and upon mankind ; there again a spark has been kindled, a flame kept burning, and here happiness secured—the good has been done ; that is enough.

“ Doth pure religion gather here below
A harvest of unfruitful treasures ? No,
Unpaid, unthanked, she with unceasing toil
Sows seeds of blessedness in sorrow's soil.”

Fall freely, O days of our life ! silently, like yellow leaves from life's tree ; cover its stem and branches, ye winter snows ; oblivion ! take his memory. What to him is all this ? The good has been done—that is enough.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST. NO. 7.

(Continued from page 296.)

Life among the Dakotas.

FROM MY DIARY.

7th mo. 7th. Accept an invitation to ride with the agent this morning to the grist mill, about eight miles distant. We start early, as the day is likely to be hot ; but a high wind is blowing in true Nebraska style. It is impossible to keep an umbrella raised, we cannot even keep our hats on without tying them down with our handkerchiefs. Little attention is paid to the looks out here ; one has at times quite enough to do to keep from blowing away entirely. I have been seriously threatened with being taken up bodily,—but so far have stood ground, and am safe on *terra firma*.

The road runs through the bottom land, at the foot of the bluffs. From these to the river the bottom is covered with tall coarse grass, interspersed at intervals with patches of cultivated ground and Indian houses. The mowing machine has been at work in several places. We pass some very comfortable-looking homes ; one especially pleases me. It is on the edge of a ravine, the ground a little elevated, and surrounded with beautiful shade trees ; is just the spot a lover of nature would choose, and where he who speaks for her—the poet—might feel himself at home. I have seen no place so charming since I came out here. The owner has fine crops ; is raising stock, and has an ice house. He and another man carried ice from the river a quarter of a mile off, on hand-barrows, last winter, to fill it. Men who are so persevering are bound to succeed. I think there are few white men who would do the same with such a means of conveyance ; for these hand-barrows have no wheels ; they are simply willow saplings bound together with withes, ending in two shafts forming a bed, on which they contrive to tie whatever load they wish to carry ; usually the pony is geared in some

fashion to it, but often it is dragged along by themselves.

The bottom land gradually narrows ; after a few miles we come to where the lofty bluffs are washed by the river. The road here winds over the bluffs, and the view from their summit is very fine. Beautiful ravines lying between come down to the water's edge ; clumps of oak and walnut and wild plum and alder, tangled up with innumerable vines, add to the charm of their appearance. The country is broken by a series of hills, some of which are bald on their summits, looking like giant sentinels keeping watch over the treacherous river ; usually they are covered with the various grasses native to the country, and are adorned with the many tints of the wild flowers. Some of these hills are fearfully steep. With the wind blowing at the rate it does, there seems to be danger of being blown off into the river. We go up precipitous heights only to go down equally precipitous ones on the other side. Our equipage is terribly strained. We keep our seats, and the wagon holds together : the difficulty is in keeping the horses right ; now one side is going on respectably, while the other rebels at the rough usage, and lets go its hold ; straps of leather and a few strings put that in a good humor, and we travel along nicely again ; but another hill, with its corresponding declivity, and the well-behaved side gets offended, and refuses to proceed ; again it is coaxed into duty, and we get on. I conclude it is all the fault of this terrible Nebraska gale, blowing the horses out of the harness.

After sundry detentions, we reach the charming little valley through which the Bozile finds its way to the Missouri. On this creek, not far from its mouth, stands the grist mill of the Santee Agency. It is a neat chalk stone building, apparently well adapted to the purposes for which it has been erected. The first flour was ground on the 4th inst. It has cost the agent much labor and anxiety. Owing to the peculiarities of the soil, the dam had to be constructed in a different manner from that in which they are built in our eastern states. He has the satisfaction of seeing all the difficulties overcome, and the whole in complete running order. It is thought there will be nearly enough wheat raised on the Reservation to supply the Indians for the ensuing year.

We dine at the miller's, rest ourselves, and return to the village about sundown. The wind lulled, and the drive home was delightful.

Third day, 11th. It is reported that a company of Yancton squaws are coming across the river to dance. It is raining ; but they are not to be put off. The shower soon passes

over: we hear the clatter of their castinets over the ravine; all the curious hasten to witness the performance. I am among them, and join the crowd of lookers on. There are about twenty in all; several men take part. Many of the women are young, and would be good looking were it not for the stripes of red and blue paint with which they have disfigured their faces. One especially attracted my attention; she is a model of queenly dignity, and might sit for a Pocahontas to adorn the Capitol. Her dress is of red flannel, cut low in the neck, with short sleeves, and rather short skirt; it fits loosely, and is bound with a purple braid. Over this she wears a costly long shawl, woven in alternate stripes of red and white. It is put on with the most studied attention to the effect; a girdle confines it at the waist, and it is so arranged that the fringe just reaches to the top of the binding on the skirt, making it look like a walking dress open before. The part above the sash or girdle is folded so that she can throw it over her head at pleasure. She wears long ear jewels carved out of pearl shell, and hung in the upper part of the ear; a wreath of green willow crowns her ebony tresses, which are plaited and hang down her back; her foot and ankle are cast in nature's finest mould, and the leggings and moccasins are gems of Indian bead-work. She is the best dressed Indian woman I have yet seen, and the taste which she displays in the arrangement of her toilet astonishes me.

This dancing, too, might put to shame the gay waltzes of our polite society, it is so decorous. The party are formed in a circle, a few men with rattles and other things to make a noise with, taking part; many wear wreaths of leaves—some have hats. They sing in a wild monotonous manner, now and then adding a yell for a flourish. They move slowly round, rising on their toes, but scarcely lifting them from the ground; keeping time to the din of what is intended for music. All are painted, and the men wear feathers; an old man who appears to be their leader, calls out to them to be more lively, whereupon they throw up their hands, squeal, laugh and get up a general excitement, in the midst of which the first dance concludes. Later they arrange for a dance in another part of the village, but a letter from their agent, requesting A. M. J. to send them off the Reservation, arrives just in time to put a stop to the fun. Flour and beef are given them, and they are requested to return to their homes. I am surprised to see how readily they submit to the powers that be; a lesson for some of our imported chivalrous citizens who indulge in street brawls.

14th. The Superintendent arrived to-day,

in company with the new agent and his family. There will be busy times here for awhile, as all the annuity goods are to be distributed; and there will be councils and meetings of various kinds. The influx of six new comers is an important event, which is duly appreciated by us all. L. J. R.

THE springs to which we resort for our reading should be only the purest and sweetest. Whether it be the discussion of cherished opinions, the developments of science, the history of the past, the news of the day, the poem, or the work of fiction, we may safely adopt it as an unvarying rule, to read none but the very best. The best works are easily discoverable; the world presents them in the volumes it has allowed to live while so many spring up and die for want of root. Time is too short and books too many to disregard this law of literature.

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF THE SOUL.

An unrestrained flow of talk is a sure sign of a trifling, dissipated mind; and no one can turn readily from useless, frivolous conversation to recollected prayer, or spiritual reading, so as to profit by them. But there is another kind of silence to be cultivated, besides that of the tongue, as regards others. I mean silence as regards one's self—restraining the imagination, not permitting it to dwell over-much on what we have heard or said, not indulging in the phantasmagoria of picture-thoughts, whether of the past or future. How hard this is, those only who have struggled with the difficulty know! And yet how necessary it is; for how can we hope to hear God's voice amid the invisible, but no less real, whirl of moral dissipation which such a mental habit induces? How can we gather these wandering thoughts into a recollected attitude of prayer? Be sure that you have made no small progress in the spiritual life, when you can control your imagination so as to fix it on the duty and occupation actually existing, to the exclusion of the crowd of thoughts which is perpetually sweeping across the mind. No doubt you cannot prevent those thoughts from arising, but you can prevent yourself from dwelling on them; you can put them aside, you can check the self-complacency, or imitation, or earthly longings which feed them, and by the practice of such interior mortification you will attain that spirit of inward silence which draws the soul into a close intercourse with God.

You must resolve not to be disheartened, but even if you were to fall a hundred times a day, determine to rise up each time, and go onwards. What will it matter though you have fallen by the way, if you reach your

journey's end safely at last? God will forgive the falls; they often are caused by undue haste, which prevents us from taking fitting precautions, or, with timid souls, from a perpetual looking round for imaginary dangers which cause them to stumble.

If God requires anything of us, we have no right to draw back under the pretext that we are liable to commit some fault in obeying. It is better to obey imperfectly than not at all. Perhaps you ought to rebuke some one dependent on you, but you are silent for fear of giving way to vehemence; or you avoid the society of certain persons, because they make you cross and impatient. How are you to attain self control, if you shun all occasions of practising it? Is not such self choosing a greater fault than those into which you fear to fall? Aim at a steady mind to do right; go wherever duty calls you, and believe firmly that God is an indulgent Father, and will forgive the faults which take our weakness by surprise in spite of our sincere desire to please Him.

A holy man writes to one of his spiritual children (a religious novice), "If you can learn to walk slowly and speak slowly, I shall have hopes of you."—*By Pere Jean Nicolas Grou, —born 1731, died 1803.*

HAPPINESS.—Christians might avoid much unhappiness if they would but believe that God is able to make them happy without anything else. God has been depriving me of one blessing after another, but as every one was removed, He has come in and filled up its place, and now when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety.—*Dr. Payson.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I acquiesce with thy opinion that we have within the limits of our Society, in common with the rest of the world, undeniable evidences of the fallibility of human nature; but our discouraged spirits are enabled at times to rise above this thought and to repose upon the sure knowledge that if weakness abounds, grace doth yet much more abound, and we profess to believe that this grace is an ever-present power, nigh, even in the heart, ever ready to guide, to sustain, and to preserve. I trust with us this belief is not merely an assent with the lips, but an

experimental knowledge, which is often available in heights and in depths.

The country indeed looks beautiful to-day. Everything seems to say verily there is a God over all, and were our minds in that state of humble dependence and trust which can give thanks in all things, we would find much in this life to make us happy. My ride home was as pleasant as good company could make it. May not help and strength be derived from mingling with those who desire to walk in the path of apprehended duty, and who are also far in advance of us in a faithful adherence to their convictions of right? But there is need of care lest we lean too much upon such help. We may thereby fail to know that increase of strength which results from a proper use of what we have had given us. "Use strength and have strength," is an old adage that is of value. If instead of using our own strength (by which I mean the strength that has been conferred upon us,) we draw upon the strength of others, we need not expect our powers to expand. Our observation upon outward things may bring this lesson closely home, and we need look no further than a little child for a full exemplification.

I often look at ——— and think she is no doubt fulfilling the weeks of preparation and eating the roll of prophesy. I wish we had more such—I mean such as are being rightly qualified to water the flock. I remember the promise is, those who water shall be watered themselves. How small is the number of those who are as "polished grown up in their youth"; and as "polished shafts, polished after the similitude of a palace." May not this be partly attributable to a want of patience under the forming hand? Therefore the work of preparation is often marred, and the instrument not being properly tempered, fails to work rightly. How often we may, if we will, be instructed through outward things. To an unpractised eye there appears but little difference between a polished *iron* and a highly tempered *steel* instrument, and yet how different is their work and how different the preparation of each for the work designed to be accomplished by each—and what certainty of failure if the iron instrument is used instead of the steel.

If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, don't be anxious to avenge it: let it drop. It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 19, 1871.

HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM COLORED PERSONS.—On more than one occasion we have called attention to this institution in Philadelphia, organized seven years ago with but moderate expectations on the part of its early promoters (the first contribution towards it being fifty cents from an elderly Friend), but with faith that it would succeed,—that faith is now receiving confirmation much earlier than was anticipated.

The managers have, we believe, endeavored to make the best and most economical use of the funds entrusted to them, and as their means increased, they have extended the influence of this commendable charity until the institution now has twenty five aged women under care. Several of these are between ninety and one hundred years, and one is noticed in the last report as having attained the mature age of one hundred and ten. Her hair is white, soft and almost silky in its fineness and lustre. She scours the knives and forks of the establishment, takes care of her own room and insists on doing many other things, saying that "*strength* was given to her and she meant to do all she could while it lasted."

Though they belong to different religious sects, yet they all unite in social worship, and at stated times a meeting is held after the manner of Friends, which they appear to appreciate and enjoy. Good feeling and harmony prevail throughout the household, and it is often touching to witness the evidences of their gratitude for the provision made for their comfort.

Until recently, this "Home" has been located at Front and Pine streets, but through the liberality of two colored persons, Stephen and Harriet Smith, an acre of land was donated and \$20,000 contributed for the erection of a new building at Belmont and Girard avenues, to which the inmates were removed on the 7th inst. The situation is salubrious and cheerful, affording a view of Fairmount Park and the adjoining country, and enlivened by the passing and repassing of frequent railroad trains, which afford, to

those mostly confined within doors, variety and interest.

"The new building has a length of one hundred and ten feet, and a width of fifty feet; is four stories in height, including the Mansard attic, and has a cellar beneath all. The exterior walls are of Trenton brownstone, having interior lining of brick, while the partitions of the rooms and passages are likewise of the latter material, by reason of which, the safety of the inmates, in the event of fire, is made reasonably secure. On the first floor are the dining-hall, kitchen, laundry, two parlors and four other rooms. The three upper stories are alike in their arrangements and subdivisions, each having nine rooms, four of which will be provided with six beds, (single,) four with four beds, and one with two beds. There is also a bath-room and a general wash-room, &c., on each story. It is designed that there shall be accommodations for about one hundred and thirty persons. A wide corridor runs the length of each of the upper stories, and as the building faces nearly east and west, a plentiful sunlight and a free circulation of air will be secured; while special care has been taken, by the introduction of ventilating flues, to guarantee a like amount of healthfulness and comfort in winter as in summer."

The moving was felt to be a serious undertaking to some of the more feeble and advanced, who parted from the old familiar spot with tears and sighings, but when they reached the new abode and found it in all respects so superior to the one they had left, songs of rejoicing broke forth, and in many ways they manifested their thankfulness to their kind benefactors and their gratitude to their Heavenly Father for having disposed the hearts of the managers to confer upon them such benefits. Through the kindness of *one* of their friends, a tea was provided on the afternoon of their removal, to which we were invited, and as we sat in the spacious dining-room and partook with them of the repast furnished, we felt the happier for the comfort and liberality dispensed to them.

Heretofore the benefits of this charity have been confined to women, but as there are applications for admission from aged men also,

it is in future designed to include these as far as their funds will enable them to do so. A large part of the building is still unfurnished, and contributions and donations for that purpose, as well as for current expenses, are earnestly solicited. The institution may be reached, *via* Hestonville R. R., (entrance through Olive Cemetery gate) and we think a visit to it will repay those who feel interested. There are few more laudable charities, and we hope those who have abundance of this world's store will bear in mind the "Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons." Our friends, Joseph M. Truman, Jr., 717 Willow street, and Henry M. Laing, No. 30 N. 3d street, will receive any amount that may be forwarded for this object.

DIED.

HALLOWELL.—On the 26th ult., at his residence in West Medford, near Boston, Edward N. Hallowell, son of Morris L. and Hannah P. Hallowell, in the 35th year of his age.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

8th mo. 20.	Haverford, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A. M.
"	Cattawissa, Pa., 4 P. M.
"	Orange, N. J., 10½ A. M.
"	Gunpowder, Md., (old house) 10 A. M.
"	Orangeville, N. Y., 11 A. M.
"	Cape May, N. J., 3 P. M.
" 27.	West Nottingham, Pa., 3 P. M.

INSECTS.

BY LEO HARTLY GRINDON.

THE most populous part of the empire of Nature is that which is occupied by the various tribes of Insects. The little creatures which bear this name are the most diversified and splendidly-adorned of living things. Their histories are so romantic as to exceed the wildest flights of fancy; their habits and customs embody everything that we are accustomed to witness in the larger animals; their instincts are prophetic types of the utmost ingenuities of human reason, as brought to bear upon what ministers to our physical comfort and welfare. Many kinds furnish substances of singular excellence and beauty, such as honey, silk, and the rich crimson dye called cochineal; others are so destructive, when unchecked in their ravenous appetites and in their territorial invasions, that the result of years of peaceful growth is ruined by them almost before we are aware of the attack. And yet we are apt to pass by insects as worthless and insignificant;—we look with pleasure, it is true, upon the lovely wings of the butterfly, and upon the bees, resting on the honeyed bloom, or as they work at their

amiable task with that admirable assiduity which makes them a lesson to us all, if we would "improve the shining hour;" and the sight is a fascinating one, even to the incurious, when on a warm summer's day the brilliant dragon-flies dart like winged javelins of blue steel among the grasses, and meadow-sweet, and willow herbs that hide the margin of rural stream and river. But *other* insects, so far from being objects of interest, are for the most part disliked and hated, and it is thought very little harm to suppress them summarily with the sole of the foot. When insects are positively injurious to man, and when they infest his dwellings, of course they must be treated like other vermin. There is no more cruelty in putting certain little flat-pattern creatures to death, or in catching, if we be sharp enough, the nimble members of another race, for the same purpose, so that we may thereafter "be at rest," than there is in the trapping of foxes, or the destruction of poisonous serpents. Intelligent and kind hearted interest in the wonderful little beings which it has pleased the All-wise to sow in such vast multitudes upon our planet, by no means requires endurance of such kinds as are offensive; our true course should be to consider the endless miracles of beauty or of adaptedness to particular purposes, which we find in insects as a class, allowing our feelings of dislike to weigh with us only where they are really deserved.

Much, perhaps, of the popular dislike of insects arises from their being seen under circumstances at once foreign to their nature, and painful to them. Garden and rustic insects, borne unwillingly on the breeze, through open windows, into our houses, or losing their way, and entering unwittingly and probably frightened, may well appear uninteresting. They are out of place. They are like those unfortunate quadrupeds which Italian organ-boys carry about the streets. Could we see those identical monkeys in their native woods, playing forth their sprightly instincts amid the branches,—living, in a word, as nature intended them to live,—they would no longer be odious. We should perceive that the tree was made for the animal, and the animal for the tree; we should then be highly entertained and be filled with admiration. Just so, in order to form a true idea of insects, we should not think merely from the parasites and the vermin, the beetles, the meat flies, and the wasps; nor yet from the long-legged *Tipula* that struggles against the window-panes, conscious only of its imprisonment; but from their kindred and from themselves, as inhabitants of the fields and woods and waters, their proper homes, where they are always beautiful, and which they, in turn,

make more beautiful by their presence. Whoever has enjoyed the sweet and serene delight of a day in the woods, while midsummer is saturating them with sunshine, would sadly miss one of the most charming attributes of sylvan life, were the hum of their invisible myriads to be hushed when he went again. Even the still pools and tiny lakes, which we admire for their limpid clearness, and the sweet inverted pictures that lie painted in their depths, gain perhaps a richer beauty from the eccentric dances of the water-beetles, whose polished corselets twinkle with light like that of dew drops.

Let us, then, consider in detail a few of the facts of Entomology. They are fully as attractive as those of Botany; and, being connected with the history of active and conscious creatures, they open our perceptions still more powerfully in regard to the inexpressible goodness of God.

We found, when considering flowers, that *protection* is a leading idea in relation to them. The same principle is manifested very wonderfully in insects, especially in the care with which the parent disposes her eggs. Few insects ever see their offspring. The blessedness of human life consists in the feast of the eyes of father and mother, when round, happy faces form a shining circle in the firelight, and proud rich hope skips twenty years for each, and fashions all that is good and noble for their destiny. Birds, that build pretty nests for their young, are probably happy in feeding the little featherless occupants. Brute creatures that give suck, have been envied before now. Even fishes, even reptiles, live sometime after the birth of their progeny. But insects, excepting ants, wasps, and social bees, end their little lives unknowing either progenitor or child; every successive generation is isolated from that which precedes and follows; they exist, feed, repose, associate in love, leave eggs, and depart in peace. Moths, butterflies, and others, seldom live more than a few days after laying their eggs, and although some of their kinds do certainly survive for several months, they are only exceptions to the general rule that insects, after depositing their eggs, very soon die. We find accordingly, that the Divine Benevolence has endued the female insect with the most amazingly acute knowledge of the wants that will be felt by her unborn young, when they have no mother to direct or provide for them. The solitary bees and wasps (which constitute different races altogether from those that live in companies, and construct waxen or paper cities) labor with inexpressible industry in excavating cave like nests in wood and stone, and in building cradles of clay, leaves, cotton, and

other materials, according to their special requirements and opportunities.

Other insects, though they themselves take little or no food, and that little in the shape of honey procured from flowers, and which cannot be supposed to have any personal care about eating, deposit their eggs upon the leaves and stems of particular plants which will supply abundance of agreeable diet to the infant grubs. A third set, not satisfied with depositing their eggs in a place of safety, cover them up tenderly against the cold of winter. The female of the gypsy-moth has the lower portion of her body thickly clothed with soft down of the color of brown human hair, and with this, while laying her eggs, she forms a little bed for each, detaching the hairs with consummate ingenuity, and consuming about two days in the operation. Her partner in married life has no such down upon his body, evidently because he would find no such useful purpose to apply it to.

The brown-tail and the golden tail moths, whose caterpillars spin warm nests for themselves before winter sets in, understand the importance also of protecting their eggs from the too great heat of July and August, at which time they are generally laid,—excessive heat being quite as hurtful as excessive cold. They adopt precisely the same plan as that in use among the Neapolitan peasantry, who convey snow from Mount Vesuvius to Naples in the midst of summer,—covering it up in *wool*, wool being a slow conductor of heat, and preserving the snow unmelted. The female of each of these insects is possessed of a thick tuft of shining hair upon her tail, in which part she is also provided with a pair of living tweezers. The latter she employs to pluck out the former, a pinch at a time, after which she places the egg in the centre, cements it down and smooths it over. Another curious kind of defence from the rays of the sun—not however on the part of the parent, but practiced by the child insect—is one with which everybody who has ever noticed things in the country, is familiar. We allude to the oozing out of those little masses of white froth which hang so thickly upon the herbage of the hedge-banks in early summer, and in the interior of which we find the cool little tenant. This froth is popularly referred to the cuckoo, and commonly called “cuckoo-spit.” The creature is green, with large and conspicuous eyes, like those which the phrenologists say are indicative of great capacity for language. When mature, it is brown, and if its tail be touched it will jump the length of a yard. In English it is called “frog-hopper,” in Latin, *Tettigonia spumaria*.

(To be continued.)

"A DEMONIAL WORK."

When, about the year 1600, a young girl of Dijon, in France, formed the plan of a school for girls, her father, a member of the provincial parliament, doubted its propriety. M. de Saintonges called together four doctors of the law, to decide whether it was not a demoniacal work to instruct women, *qu'instruire des femmes n'était pas une œuvre du démon?* The lawyers in this case approved the measure, and the father assented. But when the city rose in riot against his daughter, and the children stoned her in the street, he withdrew his assent. Then Françoise de Saintonges, taking fifty livres, which was all the money she had in the world, hired an obscure house, and on Christmas Eve took five young girls with her into it, and said to them: "This is the first Ursuline school of Dijon; all my money is spent in paying my year's rent; we have no beds, but we can spend the night in prayer." The next day M. de Saintonges charitably sent them the broken victuals from his dinner-table, and thus the school began its work. Twelve years after, the City of Dijon held high festival; the streets were strewn with flowers, the bells rang; forth from that humble abode walked a hundred maidens in white, bearing wax candles, and preceded by the provincial parliament and the soldiers; and the procession marched through the streets to the stately building which is still the Ursuline Convent of Dijon.

Like the change which twelve years brought to the daring enterprise of Françoise de Saintonges is the change that every year is maturing as to the collegiate education of women in America. It is not yet six years since the very existence of such a sex as that called "the fairer" was absolutely ignored by that other sex (which must certainly be called, in this case, the unfaier) upon all collegiate anniversaries. The college it is true, was usually called "mother" at these festivals, but it never was hinted that she had, or ever could have, any daughters. Or if by possibility any younger women were mentioned, it was only the class of devout and well-portioned ladies, who were willing to leave their daughters untaught, provided they could endow scholarships for other people's sons. Many a worthy professor "in the highest degree poor and pious" (as Jean Paul said of his grandfather) dated his own prosperity from the day when some woman's purse had saved him from academical starvation; but not one out of all these felt moved to bestow so much as the crumbs from the college table upon women in return.

How all that is changed! Each year, at the annual college banquet, rises now the phantom of the COMING WOMAN. Last year

she was summoned before the Harvard graduates by the Rev. Dr. Hedge, almost the senior professor of the University; while Dr. S. G. Howe and the Hon. F. W. Bird (each the father of fair daughters) brought her before the graduates of Brown. This year Williams College appoints a committee to consider the expediency of her admission; so does Amherst, whose committee is Henry Ward Beecher. Among these expectant colleges, Amherst now takes the lead, thanks mainly to the prompt action of ex Governor Bullock of Massachusetts, President of the Alumni Association, who quietly drew his check for a scholarship, the income to be paid, other things being equal, to a woman. This was instantly met by a similar offer from another graduate; and these are pungent arguments. Whatever else may be said of our colleges, no one can deny that they have a keen eye to the "main chance" just now; and if the men of wealth begin to demand it, there is no certainty that they would not (just by way of a Darwinian experiment) open the academic doors to well-qualified gorillas.

So far as young women are concerned, the only New England college which has yet got beyond these preliminary inquiries is Bates College, at Lewiston, Maine, whose President boasts with reason, in his annual address, "We know no sect, and, what is more, we know no sex." But the younger Western colleges seem to be going steadily in the same direction, and following the older traditions of Oberlin and Antioch. The July *Old and New* contains full reports from the State universities of Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, as well as from several other Western institutions, all agreeing that the introduction of women has done only good in those cases, and no manner of harm.

It is idle to ignore a tendency so universal. If anything is clearly "on the cards," it is the collegiate education of women. Even where it is not openly conceded, it is covertly brought about, and women now attend lectures and recitations, more or less upon sufferance, in various departments of Harvard and of Amherst. The newer schools of Harvard (as the University Lectures and the Bussey Agricultural School) avowedly admit them—while they are allowed to study theology and mathematics on the sly, just as M. de Saintonges sent cold food to his persevering daughter. Meanwhile, the "Female Colleges," such as Vassar, go on their praiseworthy course, and, though their standards of study are still far below those of the masculine universities, they yet rise far above the old standard, which was starvation. We believe that, in the main, they are engaged in a work for the sex more practical and benefi-

cent than any that the colleges for men can undertake for them. But though the great mass of girls to be educated are still likely to prefer, as their parents are likely to prefer for them, institutions devoted to their exclusive benefit, we insist that they shall have every chance they will take, for the highest education, wherever they will take it. The "demoniacal work" still goes on, and who knows how soon we may see academic processions of maidens in white, as in Dijon; or, as in Tennyson's picture—

"Prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl graduates in their golden hair."
—*Late paper.*

SHALL I teach you what knowledge is? When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it,—this is knowledge.—*Confucius.*

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

The Almond Tree.

The blossoming of the almond tree must have been watched for with peculiar interest in Judea, as it was the first of all the trees to blossom, a never failing harbinger of spring, flowering in January, and its fruit ripening in March. Its Hebrew name signifies a waker, or watcher, because it is the first of all the trees to awake from the sleep of winter. "The height of the tree is about twelve or fourteen feet; the flowers are pink, and arranged for the most part in pairs; the leaves are long, ovate, with a serrated margin, and an acute point. The covering of the fruit is downy and succulent, enclosing the hard shell which contains the kernel." To the vision of the prophet Jeremiah (i, 11), the rod of an almond tree was presented; perhaps to denote the speed with which the Lord would perform His judgments upon Jerusalem—the almond blossomed speedily, and speedily should trouble spring up—"I will hasten My word to perform it;" or, as it might be read, "I am waking or watching over My word;" the almond was both a waker and a watcher. In the beautiful metaphors of old age which we have in Eccles. xii, it has been usually supposed that the flowering of the almond tree (v. 5), which was profusely covered with white flowers, represented the grey head of the aged pilgrim; but if, as others tell us, the flowers were pink, this could not be; therefore a great deal of useless argument has arisen upon this trifling point, for might it not have been, as with many of our own trees, there were great varieties—some blossoming one color, and some another?

That this tree flourished in the desert of Arabia we may infer from Numb. xvii, where

Moses commands the children of Israel to take twelve rods, a rod for each tribe; and we know Aaron's was the rod of an almond tree, for, after it had been laid up in the Tabernacle, it brought forth buds, and blossomed blossoms, and yielded almonds. The miracle was marvellous—life springing out from death, fruit and blossom appearing together! That the almond was reckoned among the best fruits of Canaan in the time of Jacob we find from its mention with balm, honey, spices, and myrrh, which composed the father's choice present to his long lost son (Gen. xiii, 11). In each branch of the candlestick which stood upon the table of the Sanctuary (Ex. xxv, 33), the flower of the almond comes forth in its golden beauty—"three bowls made like unto almonds, with a *knop* (in the form of a pomegranate) and a flower in one branch."

Thus we have the almond tree and fruit in its several scriptural bearings. But how does it bear upon ourselves? Let us take the two renderings of its name—a watcher and waker—and see if we can claim them for our own. Habakkuk had a watch tower, where he went to watch (ch. ii, 1), and what for? A word from the Lord, that he might answer when reproved. And if we look closely into this verse, there is much meaning in it: thus it may be read, "I will stand upon my watch, and get me upon my fenced place, and will watch to see what He will say in me, and what I shall say when I am argued with, or upon my reproof." It was the Lord speaking in him—to his heart—that the prophet was watching for; he was looking for reproof, not commendation. His soul was just in the frame to get a blessing, and he got one—no reproof—but the promise of a speedy coming of the glorious gospel vision (v, 3, Heb. x, 37).

There are more sleepers than wakers among us; much supineness, little watchfulness. Yet how much is there around us and within us to be wide-awake about! Wordly contact, outward temptations, and inward too! In the midst of them all can we say, "I sleep but my heart waketh?" (Cant. v, 2). Oh! to be more in our fenced places—places fenced in by grace—fenced off from the world! Oh! for the spirit of the prophet to await His reproof, and then indeed the answer may come to us as it did for him—"Though it tarry, wait for it: it will surely come, it will not tarry."—*Episcopalian.*

"Could Protestants but consent to agree in their agreement, and peacefully differ in their petty differences, how would the aggregated impulse of a simple faith roll down before it all the impediments of error."

SPEAK THOU THE TRUTH.

BY THE LATE DEAN ALFORD.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, though elouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoods;
Thou shalt thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream:
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
Cry not, "The way is plain:"
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole half-heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou the light. If conscience gleam,
Set not thy bushel down;
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on; thou hast the rock,
Thy foes are on the sand;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand.

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's True.

THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.

Out of the shadow into the sun;
Out of the winter into the spring;
The world wheels on, and the air is filled
With the wind-of-the-south's low whispering.

The waking heart of the mountain throbs;
The valley, under the pallid snows,
Feels at her breast the soft, sweet stir,
Of baby-violet, lily and rose.

Under the ice the brook laughs on,
Under the snow the crocus dreams,
And that is but warmth and gentle sleep
Which cold, and rigid, and deathly seems.

Sweetheart, a winter infolds our day;
A winter of darkness, and grief, and pain;
Yet never a winter was bravely borne,
But there came, in time, the April rain.

Under the ice the brook laughs on;
Under the snow the crocus dreams;
And that may be wisest, tenderest, best,
Which hard, and cold, and hopeless seems.

—Hearth and Home.

CHILDREN'S TREASURES.

I thought I knew before that grown up people should regard the rights of their children, and be careful not to destroy any of their precious little possessions. But it seems that I needed a little bitter experience to make me know it thoroughly.

In cleaning up the room I gathered up some torn pieces of newspaper, and with them a leaf from an old blank book, scrawled all over with the curious hieroglyphics my little boy delights in. I crushed them all up together and stuffed them in the stove, with a sudden fear, as the flames devoured them, that the child might miss his drawings. But he had made so many scrawls, I could hardly see why he should wish to preserve any of them.

After breakfast I heard him saying, "I wonder where that paper is that I marked on last night. I wish I could find it. Don't you know, mamma, that piece of 'count-book I made machinery on when you lay on the lounge? Where do you suppose it is?"

"Can't you make another like it?" I asked.

"I can't remember just how that was," he said; "and it had my *dental cars* on it. I want *that*. I must find it." And he emptied his box of playthings and tools upon the floor, to make sure whether it was among his books and papers or not. I had not the courage to tell him it was gone past all recovery, and by the cruel thoughtlessness of his own mamma. At last he concluded to try again on a fresh leaf of the old account-book. Presently he came to me, saying, "Oh, I do want that piece I had last night so much. Can't you find it for me?"

Suddenly I found grace to say, "My little boy, I am afraid that is what mamma burned up this morning, with some torn newspaper."

"Oh, I can't live!" he burst out, "I want it so *very* much." For a minute or two I suppose his loss was quite as severe for him to bear, as was Carlyle's for his man's heart, when he first discovered that his maid servant had kindled his fire with the precious manuscript of the "French Revolution," on which he had labored so long.

My boy saw that I was sorry, and soon became reconciled to a loss for which there was no remedy. It is one of the greatest wrongs little children have to bear—the failure of grown up people, who should be their guardians and helpers, to appreciate their feelings and aims. We expect the little ones to understand us, and to try to conform to our standards, but we lose many beautiful lessons in not trying to enter into their spirit and plans—matching the outreachings of their growing faculties with wise and gentle guiding, so that

all their happy play shall really be useful education.

My mother told me how she learned to enter into a child's feelings and bear with its "litter." Her first-born son—a child always dear to her heart, because the angels took him so early—had got possession of an old jack-knife. She had just swept the carpet and put the room "to rights," when she discovered Henry, with a pine stick and his knife, making little chips all over the bright, clean carpet.

"Oh, Henry!" she said, "you have littered my clean carpet. See how badly those little chips look on the floor." With wondering gravity he gazed at the dear little chips he had been so proud to be able to scatter, then, lifting his frank, innocent eyes, he said earnestly, "They look *pitty* to me."

Instantly the whole scene was beautiful to my mother—little chips and all; and she carries the sweet picture with her ever since, and all the little children love her the better for it, without knowing why.—*Faith Rochester, in Hearth and Home.*

From the Liberal Christian.

A MODERN "ATONEMENT."

In Mr. Bush's interesting book of Siberian travel called "Reindeer, Dogs and Snow-Shoes," we find at the 427th page the following interesting and instructive passage:—

"One incident of an old Tchutchu chief, who lived years ago, was told me by an old Chuansee, and is worth recording among the noblest deeds of mankind.

"It was during the prevalence of the small-pox, cholera, or one of those epidemics that have proven so disastrous to mankind the world over. The Tchutchus were dying off very rapidly, and the shamans or priests, all over the country, were employed night and day trying to appease the wrath of the great evil spirit. Dogs were sacrificed by the score, and the snow was reddened by their blood about every habitation; but death was king, and its ravages increased daily. Failing in all their incantations, the shamans assembled from all parts of the country, and held a grand consultation to decide upon the next step to be taken. They decided that the Great Spirit was very much wroth, and that nothing but more and continued sacrifices would appease him. Again blood flowed in streams; hundreds of deer were led to the altar to be slain. From morning to night, day after day, the settlements resounded with the noise of drums, and the shrieking and howling of the madmen. But this did not suffice. Their great tribe was melting away like the snow in Spring, and soon there would be none left to relate their sufferings to posterity.

At this stage the shamans again held a consultation, and after a long and solemn deliberation, decided that nothing short of the death of the old chief would propitiate the evil spirit. Their word was law, and the edict fell like a thunderbolt upon the tribe. The old chief was loved by all, and many offered to be sacrificed in his stead, but the doctors said no other sacrifice would be sufficient atonement. Then the tribe resolved to be swept away by the epidemic rather than pay the price demanded for their safety. At this stage the old chief assembled his people together, and begged them to accept his life, which he would willingly give for their welfare, but no one could be found who would make the fatal thrust. Then the old chief called his only son to him, a mere lad, and, handing him his own spear, placed the point opposite his heart, and commanded the boy to thrust. This he refused to do until threatened by his father's curse, when the stroke was made, and a wail arose throughout the whole land. Shortly afterwards the epidemic subsided, which, of course, was attributed to the death of the old chief."

Nothing can well be more touching, and few things more sublime, than this authentic incident. Everybody must see how wonderfully it matches, so far as small things can compare with great ones, the popular scheme of "the atonement," and we can well understand how skilfully and eloquently a receiver of this immensely accepted dogma of the Church would use this incident as an illustration of the universality of the feeling in human nature that God is appeased only by bloody sacrifices, and that the principle of vicariousness, or the acceptance of the sufferings and death of the innocent in place of the guilty, is provided for in the fundamental feelings of humanity. We are not in the least disposed to deny the wide spread of the idea. It is only the inferences drawn from it that we should dispute. We should be compelled to turn the whole argument round. We have no doubt that the erroneous and superstitious feeling exhibited by the tribe and by the noble chief and partaken by so many savage and barbarous peoples is the origin of the Church dogma of the atonement, and that that is just as mistaken and just as superstitious as the bloody sacrifice exacted by the fears and ignorance of most savages. They are all founded upon what seems to be the elementary form of the religious sentiment, namely, a feeling of fear towards gods supposed to be jealous, angry, vindictive and cruel. It is certain that dread of the enmity of the gods is vastly more active even than a desire for their favor in all crude intelligences. No idea of the justice or mercy or holiness of the

supernal powers seems to have had any existence in this Siberian tribe. That for some unknown reason the gods had visited them with pestilence they felt, and their shamans or priests had advised them to sacrifice freely of their most precious wealth; their reindeer, to appease their wrath. The pestilence not abating, the shamans suggested the expedient of humbling themselves before the angry power by sacrificing their beloved chief. They nobly refuse safety upon such terms, and it is an honor to their rude humanity that they prefer to die in a body to taking the life of their best earthly friend. But the chief is not to be outdone in magnanimity. He insists upon offering himself to the unappeased deities, and finally by threatening his son with his curse if he refuses to pierce him with a spear, falls beneath the blow he had compelled him to aim at his very heart.

Is there not a profound lesson here for that extravagance which would make Christ's death the chief evidence of his Divine goodness, and which considers his willingness to die for the people as the most superhuman act of his life? Here is a barbarous chief, who compels his own son to put his father, himself innocent of all offense, to a violent death to save his people merely from the spread of a pestilence. The Church represents God as entering into a plan of salvation which makes Him—a Father—acquiesce in, if it is not more just to say enforce, the death of His own innocent Son to appease His own anger with His human offspring, and enable Him to withdraw an eternal curse from their hereditary misfortune. If we feel that the poor chief's son would have shown himself a nobler creature to have died cursed by his father sooner than have driven that spear into his generous heart, how must we feel towards an Infinite Father who allows Himself to accept the self-sacrifice of His spotless and only Son to obviate a metaphysical or legal difficulty in the administration of His government? It is not Christ's death which makes the trouble for lovers of justice and mercy; it is the human reasons which superstition and fear have allowed themselves to give for the death of Christ. Christ's death was a holy, lovely and most affecting sacrifice; as much sweeter and more subduing than the death of ordinary martyrs as his character and precepts are more exalted and divine. But that God required it or accepted it as a bloody propitiation we hold to be just as senseless and superstitious as the Siberian tribe's feeling that the abatement of the pestilence was due to the noble chief's self-immolation. When will the world learn that God is not a cruel, capricious tyrant or an awful heathen fate? When will Christ be suffered to teach the

world that God is love; that mercy and justice are equally active in His loving holiness, and that there is nothing in Him which require anything but repentance and a godly sorrow for sin to turn His worst enemies into beloved children. The Infinite Father, his God and ours, might almost as well not be, considering the neglect, the apathy, the infrequency with which His name and praise are said, or the secondary or vastly inferior place He holds in the real prayers and hearts of His children. It is this half heathen heritage of the Church atonement, a doctrine unknown to the evangelists, and dragged into the Church mainly from the Epistle to the Hebrews, the work of an unknown writer, that has originated and still perpetuates this high and sad offense against reason, conscience and humanity. Let the lesson of the Siberian chief's self-sacrifice be carefully considered and fairly compared with that of the Captain of our Salvation, and it will be found that the ignorance and superstition of his tribe are paralleled by the feelings of millions of people calling themselves enlightened Christians, and still thinking God to be, as they love to term Him, "a consuming fire."

PAYMENT OF SMALL BILLS.

The payment of small bills is a matter of much more importance than is generally attached to it. There are not a few who, in times when business is a little depressed and the prospect for the future seems more than usually unsettled, will hold on to their cash on hand, and tell all the collectors who wait on them with overdue bills to "call again," while the payment would not give them any serious inconvenience, and would accommodate a large and deserving class of creditors. Indeed, we know of nothing that in a quiet way would go so far to give animation to the markets throughout the country as the universal fulfillment of obligations at the first opportunity. If all the little debts for the discharge of which the debtors now have the cash actually on hand were paid at once, the wheels of business would be lubricated, and a "general jollity" soon prevail throughout the land. The first serious effect on trade of any public excitement comes from the sudden check of those little streams.

It is true the large transactions are arrested, but if everybody went to paying these little debts the check would be momentary, as business would be forced along the current thus continually renewed. Let every man whose eyes fall on these lines pay out his ready money for bills he knows to be due, and not stop until his pockets are emptied. Probably before this is realized the return current will reach his pockets, too, and he be

able to fulfil his obligations. There is as much money as ever; as much currency as ever. Who stops its flow? Let it move on for a prompt payment of bills now due, and new business will catch the inspiration and start off upon a fresh gallop.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

THE great lever by which to raise and save the world, is the unbounded love and mercy of God.

ITEMS.

IN Pekin, a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly on silk. It is said to have been published more than a thousand years ago. In 1827, a public officer caused some false intelligence to be inserted in this paper, for which he was put to death. Several numbers of the paper are preserved in the Royal Library of Paris. They are ten and a quarter yards long.

LAWRENCE MINOR, the colored man recently appointed to a Professor's chair in Alcorn University, Miss., by the Governor, was taken from the laborious vocation of porter on a steamer to perform the scholastic duties of a Professor. He has been known and noticed for years on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers as a man of superior abilities, and his appointment is commended very warmly.

THIRTY TWO years ago a negro man by the name of David Walke, owned by a gentleman in this city, was sold and sent to New Orleans. At the time he was living as her husband with a woman by the name of Nancy Gibbs. He remained in New Orleans until last year, when he paid a brief visit to this city and returned home. A few days since he packed up, bag and baggage, and came back to Norfolk to live. One of his first acts on arriving here was to procure a marriage license, and the next evening he and his former wife were legally reunited, he being 83 and she 74 years of age. Such constancy and inabitable evidence of affection out living time and absence deserves notice. Both negroes were slaves of the old regime, and are both highly respected.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

THAT the freedmen are not a shiftless, improvident race, as has been charged by their enemies time and again, is shown by the monthly exhibit of the condition of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company of Washington. It appears from the report for the month of June last that the deposits were \$1,028,312.87; drafts, \$954,420.80; gain in thirty days, \$73,892.07. This is the dull season of the year among the people who constitute the great bulk of the depositors in this bank, yet the rate of saving as above being carried through the year, would show a gain of nearly one million.

SAFETY ENVELOPES.—It is stated that the thick, tough sap, found in large quantities in the leaves of New Zealand flax, may be converted into a gum for sealing envelopes, which, when dry, unites the surfaces of paper so thoroughly that no process of steaming or soaking will permit them to be separated again. For this reason, it is now being used in large quantities in England, in the preparation of what are called "safety envelopes."

THE *American Naturalist* is the authority for the statement that the rapid diminution in the number of sea-fowl on the coast of Great Britain, of the

gulls especially, in consequence of the wanton destruction of the birds and their eggs by summer tourists, induced Parliament to pass a law a few years ago, imposing a heavy fine upon all offenders during certain months. The economical argument adduced in favor of this restriction was that the birds themselves destroyed great quantities of insects in the fields, and served as scavengers for the removal of putrid flesh on the shore; and also that by their cries over their feeding grounds, usually in shallow, rocky places, the sailors were warned during fog of their approach to such localities, and thus enabled to act accordingly. Of the reasonableness of the first mentioned plea we have ample evidence in our own country, since on more than one occasion, the crops in Utah have been saved by means of the immense flocks of gulls which came to the rescue from their different abodes on the Great Salt Lake and other bodies of water of the Central Basin. The result of the enactment is just beginning to make itself manifest in a greatly increased abundance of sea fowl on the English coast, where they are said to be many times more numerous than heretofore and to be much more tame—coming close to the fishermen while cleaning their fish almost as familiarly as domestic fowl, swimming freely among the boats within reach of the hands, and enjoying a gratifying immunity from disturbance. It is even asserted by some that before the passage of the act they were much tamer on Sunday, seeming to be aware that by the customs of society and the restriction in regard to the use of guns, they were safer on that day than any other.

THE history and natural history of the compass plant is presented in the *Naturalist* in a manner which offers some hope that the debate whether it is a compass or not may be soon brought to a close. Gen. Alford was the first to bring it to scientific notice, in 1842. He asserted that the radical leaves of the plant (*Silphium laciniatum*) present their edges north and south and their faces east and west. The stem leaves, however, do not follow the same law. A want of care in making this plain distinction has led to contradictory statements, by different individuals, as to the main fact. The first attempt at explanation of the phenomenon, which became too well attested to be set aside, was in a search for iron in the tissues of the plant, which proved fruitless. Its resinous character was appealed to as perhaps provoking electrical currents; but this could not stand. Prof. Gray, with his usual clear insight, suggested, in 1849, that, granting the fact it was due to a disposition on the part of the plant to put the leaves in such position that they might share equally in the benefits of sunlight, this would incline them to a vertical position and their edges to a north and south direction. This suggestion, which is a very simple one, has been followed up more recently and confirmed. Ordinary leaves have a marked difference in the two faces, in that the lower one has a much larger number of stomata or breathing-holes. The two faces of the compass plant are in appearance quite alike, and it remained to examine them microscopically, as to the prevalence of breathing-holes. The two sides have the same number, as nearly as can be determined, while in other allied species, which are not compass plants, the ordinary rule prevails. As, then, there is no proper under side to these leaves, both seek the light equally; and, under this tendency, the edges will in northern latitudes stand north and south, between the minimum and maximum of illumination.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohu, New York.

Benj. Strattan, Richmond, Ind.

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From "The Life That Now Is."

OLD AGE.

BY R. COLLYER.

PHIL. 9: "Such an one as Paul the aged."

Old age is the repose of life,—the rest that precedes the rest that remains. It is the Seventh day, which is the Sabbath of a whole lifetime, when the tired worker is bidden to lay aside the heavy weight of his care about this world,—to wash himself of its dust and grime, and walk about with as free a heart as a forehanded farmer carries into his fields of a Sunday afternoon, at the end of harvest. For "old age should be peaceful," Dr. Arnold says, "as childhood is playful; hard work at either extreme of life is out of place. You must labor in the hot sun of noon, but the evening should be quiet and cool. It is the holy place of life, the chapel of ease for all men's weary labors."

But it has been the misfortune of old age to be generally unwelcome, with some noble exceptions among those who can see how nature never makes a mistake about time. The aged would rather be younger, and the young admire most in the old what they call their youthfulness; so that, "How young he seems!" is our finest praise of an old man, and "How old I feel!" is very often the old man's most pitiful complaint.

Now and then we come across a beautiful and contented old age, in which those who possess it seem to be aware how good that

blessing is which can only come through a long lifetime, and give what their age has brought them. Such persons surprise us that we should ever have been content to admire in any old man or woman merely their poor traces of youth, while what is so much better than youth makes up the substance of every well-ripened life. It is as if one would persist in admiring the shrivelled petals that linger at the end of an apple, because they retain about them the dim memory of a blossom, and care nothing for the fruit that has come through their withering.

I am not to deny that we can find reason enough if we want it for this idea. There is plenty of evidence, to those that care to hunt for it, on the misfortune of growing old, from that outcry of the heathen, "Those the gods love die young," to the moan of the last man we found weary of his life, but loath to leave it. We can see sometimes in those who are growing old all about us such an isolation, passing at last into desolation, and such utter inability to bear up against the burden of the years, that we pray in our hearts we may be saved from an old age like that. Then we remember how Solomon called these the evil days, when we shall say we have no pleasure in them; and how a great philosopher wrote in the diary of his old age, "Very miserable;" and we can see Milton, sitting in the sun alone, old, blind, stern, and poor; and Wordsworth, walking in his old age by

Rydal-water, but no longer conscious of the glory and joy of which he had sung in his prime; and a host besides, to whom old age has brought, as Johnson said, only decrepitude; and then we say with Lamb, "I do not want to be weaned by age, and drop like mellow fruit into the grave." We shrink back at our whitening hairs, and wonder how anybody could ever be so lost to the fitness of things as to call us—except in a sort of splendid jest—the old lady, or the old gentleman. The child longs for and welcomes his boyhood, and the boy the youth, and the youth his manhood. But very few and far between are the men and women who will desire their age, as a servant earnestly desires his shadow, or feel that the white head is a crown of glory, when they see in their own many threads of silver, and cannot hold it up for the burden of the years. In the face of this unbelief in the goodness and blessing of old age, I want to say, that no period of life can be more desirable than this, if it be what every old age ought to be; that old age is the best of all the ages, when it is a good old age, and it ought to be so considered. Such a conviction, as you may well believe who are still young, or in middle life, can only come fairly through a true personal experience; but this comes of itself; that if life be good as bud and blossom, and in its greenness, and the days when it is ripening, then there is no reason, in the nature of things, why it should not be good when it is fully ripe and waiting to be gathered. If the soil be good, and the sowing, and the seasons, then it is not a thing to mourn about that there should be a harvest. If the preparation and opportunity be good, what is to be said of the consummation? Can that be a thing to lament about, to beat back, a condition so unwelcome that it is polite not to be aware of its presence? I cannot believe in such a termination of these great, sacred processes of life. If it be a misfortune to grow old, it is a misfortune to be born, and to be a child, and youth, and young man, and in our prime. If the rest of our life is meant to be enjoyed, then this must have some better meaning in it than to be endured. It must go up and stand with the rest, or they must come down. Old age is a beautiful consummation, or it is a bitter mistake.

That it is a beautiful consummation, we can sometimes see for ourselves, when we meet some aged person in whose life there is such a bright and sweet humanity, and true love, and restfulness, and grace, that we feel in their presence how a good old age must be desirable after such a life as all men are called to live in this stormy era, when, as the Psalm has it, "They mount up to heaven,

and go down again into the depths, and their soul is melted because of trouble." Then "He maketh the storm a calm, and men are glad because they be quiet, so He bringeth them unto their desired haven." And we have all had to contrast an old age like that with another, in which there was no beauty which should cause us to desire it; restless, suspicious, hard, and graceless; that has never abandoned its sin, but has been abandoned of it, as the fire abandons burnt-out ashes; whose threescore and ten years' experience of the world has only gone to confirm their unbelief in it, while they still hug it, and dare not let it go, because when they peer with their poor, preoccupied eyes into the hereafter, they can only feel that "darkness, death, and long despair, reign in eternal silence there;" and when we ask what can make such a difference, we reach what I want especially to say: How to come to a good old age; and, what then?

And this is to be first, and truly understood; an old age of any sort, is the result of the life I have lived, whatever that has been. That above all outward seeming, or even inward feeling, is that solid, solemn sentence, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." I can live so well, that at seventy earth and heaven together shall say, "I am such an one as Paul the aged." Yet from exceeding self-distrust, and want of the instant power to trust in God, I may not feel this at all, but look back on the way I have come, and say, "Better I had never been born than to live to so little purpose." Or I may shake at the impending change, at that other life into which the young *may* go soon, and I *must* go soon, and say, "I toil beneath the curse; but knowing not the universe, I fear to slide from this to worse." It is no matter what I feel, any more than it matters that a fruitful summer day shall gather a curtain of thick cloud about it as it sinks to rest, shutting out the shining heavens, and veiling all things in the mist. It has been a fruitful day all the same, and now the substance of it is in every grain of wheat, and in the heart of every apple within the zone, and its incense has gone into the heavens before it, so the fruitfulness abides, and its blessing rises, and the sun and moon would stand still, sooner than that should be lost.

On the other hand, my life may have been worthless as withered leaves, selfish and self-seeking since the day when I cheated my small schoolmate swapping marbles; hard to man, base to woman, abject to power, haughty to weakness, earthly, sensual, devilish. Yet, in my last days, the very selfishness that has been the ruling passion of my life, may lead me to grasp the delusion that another can

bear my sin, and then lift me instantly into Paradise; and the good of feeling that the last bargain I have made, and the last advantage I have gained, is the best, may make me pass out of life in the euthanasia of self-deception, into the pit. It is no matter what I feel, what I have done, if my life has been like that, it determines what I shall be. Angels, no more than men, "gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; and when they come to the gathering because the harvest is ripe, they will gather what there is. * *

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," whether the harvest be gathered here or yonder. I get what I give. So, then, what I feel in my old age may be a very small matter. Wilmot was very happy; Luther, on the whole, was very miserable. He said, that rather than have much more of life, he would throw up his chance at Paradise, and felt every day, after he was fifty, what such a one as Paul, the aged, meant, when he said, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." What I am, is the great thing; the feeling may answer to the fact, or it may not; that depends upon a great many matters that never disturb eternal verities at all.

Now, what I am from sixty to seventy, is the sum of what I have been from sixty back to sixteen. I have been getting together, letter by letter, and page by page, that which, good or bad, is now stereotyped, and stays so. Talking once with a friend who had been very sick, he told me that one remarkable fact in his sickness, while he was unconscious of all that went on about him, was the coming back of his life like a succession of pictures. Things that he had long forgotten, that were buried down deep in the past, came up again one by one, and were a part of himself. It was a dim intimation of what we have all been led to suspect from our own experience,—that things are not lost, but laid away, everything in its own place; and it is but another side of what I have tried to show you by a figure—our thoughts and deeds are the words and pages in the Book of Life. Slowly we gather them together, page by page, and when old age comes the story is told. Letters may be missing then, and words here and there obscure; but the whole meaning and spirit of it, the hardness and falsehood, or the tenderness and truth and love, the tenor and purpose of it, are then all to be read. It is noble or base. It will inspire or dishearten. It may be the life of a king like George the Fourth of England, in which there is not a line the world would not gladly forget, or the life of a cobbler like John Pounds, who lived in the kingdom under that king, and out of his poverty lured

with little gifts the poorest children in Plymouth to his small shanty, that he might teach them to read; and better things besides, giving his whole life for their salvation, whatever it be. I would not dare to say one word of old age before this,—that the most certain thing about it is, it is the solid result of a lifetime. It is no matter how we may feel who have to face it, that is what must abide at the heart of it, and be the warp and woof.

This brings me to say again, what may seem to have been left doubtful as I have tried to state this first thing,—that there is a line to be drawn, on the one side of which any man may look forward to an old age full of contentment, but on the other, if we take it, only of misery. It is that line which runs between what inspires the life and soul, and what merely exhausts it; what perishes in the doing or the using, and what abides forever; the fashion of this world that passes away, and the spirit of that which is as fresh and full forever, as the sea is of water or the sun of fire.

(To be continued.)

From "The London Friend."

RETICENCE VS. GENIALITY.

(To the Editor of *The Friend*.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have read with considerable satisfaction the remarks of J. H. B. in this month's number of *The Friend*, on the *Reticence of Friends versus Geniality*. If the writer has given any tinge of caricature to his paper, as he quietly asks (to which I must say articles of this kind are rather prone), it is at least modest and not needlessly offensive. He speaks of what is more than a slight defect, of what I believe is in many places a *positive evil*; and, as he observes, in our smaller meetings for discipline more than in our larger.

Where there is the want of an honest freedom of expression in our Monthly Meetings, their end and purpose is much frustrated, and it is very unfair to criticise and complain out of meeting of the proceedings, when the *Friend* so doing had given no assistance, by expressing his judgment in the meeting, where it might have been of use. To such a one we may fairly say, "Thou condemnest thyself."

Mere talk, we admit, is out of place. What is said should be well considered, and express the thoughtful judgment of the speaker. It is grievous to hear mere crude opinions authoritatively laid down by individuals in our Yearly or Quarterly Meetings, by which, through the loss of time, we are deprived of hearing the sound opinions of men of experience; and often, too, the theories expressed are against the general judg-

ment of those assembled. Persons of these unsettled views should be listeners and inquirers, rather than directors. In these large meetings the majority properly give their assent by silence; but in our more local meetings, I think all true brotherly members should be ready to take their part, share in appointments, and give their opinion, as the occasion requires. For want of this the meeting is in danger of becoming really "profitless," "formal," and "uninteresting."

Meetings for Discipline *ought to be serious*, but not dull. They are preceded by a time of united worship, which should lead to a warmth of feeling and Christian fellowship. And this should continue in the Meeting for Discipline, tempering its proceedings with love and harmony, and true sympathy one with another. Than shall we easily see when our assent may be expressed by words as well as by silence. A brotherly confidence will grow, in which we can suggest a difference of sentiment, and leave it with the meeting to adopt it or not, as seems best. Even an imperfect judgment will often be of use, in leading to a wiser decision. There are routine matters that may pass in silence, except to correct errors or give explanations; but when a judgment is wanted, or a feeling arises, or a question suggests itself, does it not become a duty to speak in simplicity, and in freedom of Christian love? and are not those who draw back from this duty so far unfaithful to their brethren and (shall I say) to their Master, even Christ? We are often fettered by habit: this reticence becomes a habit with many, and, like other habits, requires an unusual effort to break through it. I have personally felt it to a painful degree, both in Meetings for Discipline and in the openings of the ministry, making a burden of that which should be a willing service.

J. H. B. mentions a case—I suppose an exceptional one—in which the women Friends went miles to a Monthly Meeting, and had no business to transact. Of course this means no routine business; but was it really true that they had no business to transact? or had they so accustomed themselves to the "formal" inquiries of the Monthly Meeting as not to see any other business? Had they not an excellent opportunity, with this unlooked-for leisure, to consider the state of their particular meetings, calling them over individually, and in the freedom of Christian fellowship speaking of their condition, their loneliness or otherwise, how the young were getting on, inquiring also after the aged, if others were drawing towards Friends, &c.? What a lively, animating meeting it might have been!

Monthly Meetings are not so fettered as to forbid this; but they were established, as I have always understood, for these very ends—for oversight, and to look after the prosperity of the truth.

J. H. B. also speaks of the power of sympathy, and its religious value. It is, indeed, the inevitable fruit of a true obedience to our blessed Lord's injunction, to love one another as He loved us; and of His great doctrine, "One is your Father, who is in heaven, and all ye are brethren." It binds old and young together in a holy fellowship, to their *mutual* help and comfort.

I am not prepared to grant that to any of great Christian experience, even those of stronger natures, it is needless; but I believe the free and affectionate manifestation of it would benefit all, allay many fears, remove many anxieties, correct irregularities, enable us to instruct one another in the way of God more perfectly, strengthen our faith and our hope, "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers" in the Lord. And greatly does the enemy of all good triumph when, under any disguise, if it be even as an angel of light, he loosens the bond of union, and thereby weakens the army of the Lamb, and retards their victory.

From thy sincere friend,

JOHN NEWBY,

Seventh mo. 4th, 1871.

EVENTIDE.—In that hour which of all the twenty-four is most emblematic of heaven, and suggestive of repose, the eventide, in which instinctively Jacob went into the fields to meditate,—when the work of the day is done, when the mind has ceased its tensions, when the passions are lulled to rest, in spite of themselves, by the spell of the quiet, starlit sky,—it is then, amidst the silence of all the lower parts of our nature that the soul comes forth to do its work. Then, the peculiar, strange work of the soul, which the intellect cannot do—meditation—begins. Awe and worship, and wonder, are in full exercise; and Love begins then in its purest form of mystic adoration, and pervasive and undefined tenderness—separate from all that is coarse and earthly—swelling as if it would embrace all in its desire to bless, and lose itself in the sea of the Love of God. This is the rest of the soul—the exercise and play of all the nobler powers.—*F. W. Robertson.*

"The articles of faith strongest in the soul will be those which have crystallized there from the combined action of truth and experience."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE COMPASS PLANT.

Our friend B. Hallowell, in the course of one of his Indian talks (perhaps), in alluding to the overruling care of Divine Providence over the residents of these western wilds, spoke of the compass plant as a means provided for the purpose of guiding the weary traveller on his course over the trackless prairie. After I came to this Indian country, I inquired for the plant, but could find no one that knew it; but after several months' observation of the various plants met with in my rides, I arrived at the conclusion that the plant does exist here. The leaves, which closely resemble those of a coarse-leaved fern, rise directly from the soil on stiff stems, and are almost universally parallel with each other north and south, or nearly so. The leaves on the flower stem are an exception to this rule. But of what avail would a compass be to a traveller unless he knew which the north end of the needle was. So with this plant, as both edges of the leaves are alike, in the absence of the sun it would be impossible, however near the meridian they be, to tell which is north or south; but further observation has showed me that a large majority of the flowers were on the east side of the flower stalk, and this would enable an observant person to shape his course with considerable certainty. As this plant exists in great abundance on our hills and upland prairies, I shall be able to furnish my friends, who may be curious in this matter, with some of the seed at the proper time.

Since the foregoing was written, I find the following in the U. S. Agricultural Report for the past month.

S. J. H. Snyder, of Monrovia, Kansas, writes to the Department as follows: "Having been a resident of Kansas for sixteen years, I have had abundant opportunity to become fully acquainted with the plant and its habits, and I am fully persuaded that the course north or south is so infallibly indicated by its leaves, that I would not hesitate to follow their directions for hundreds of miles. The leaves of the plant from which the accompanying sketch has been made, were taken from my orchard, which has been tilled for years, and the plants cut up and turned over and under and every way; yet every time they come up, either from the old roots or from seed, they invariably turn their leaves in the same direction. There can be no question of this fact, and if in a group of these plants here and there, a leaf varies from the true course, the appearance of the stem and its relation to the other leaves show the cause of the discrepancy. The average of such a group is infallible." Although not quite so enthu-

siastic as the above writer, still there is much of what he says to which I can subscribe. The flower resembles a miniature sunflower, and grows singly and in clusters on stalks from three to five feet high. The botanical name is *Silphium laciniatum*, though most commonly known as "Resin Weed," from a resinous gum which exudes from the leaves and stems, and which has medicinal properties. G. S. T.

THE FLIES AND THE SPIDERS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Why has God created the flies and spiders?" a young prince often said to himself; "such insects are of no use to man; and, had I the power, I would cause them to disappear from the earth."

One day, during the war, this prince was obliged to flee before the enemy. At night, being very much fatigued, he lay down under a tree in the middle of a forest, and soon fell fast asleep. He was discovered by one of the enemy's soldiers, who glided softly up to him, sword in hand, intending to kill him. At this moment a fly suddenly alighted on the cheek of the prince, and stung him so sharply that he awoke. He started up, drew his sword, and fought with the soldier, and at last escaped. Then the prince went and hid himself in a cavern of the same forest. During the night a spider spun her thread across the entrance. Two soldiers, who were in search of the fugitive prince, came so near the cave that he could hear their conversation.

"Look," said one; "no doubt he is hidden here."

"No," replied the other; "he could not have entered without tearing down that spider's web."

As soon as they had gone, the prince cried out with emotion, raising his hands to heaven, "Oh, my God! What gratitude do I not owe thee?" Thou didst save my life yesterday by means of a fly, and to-day thou hast preserved me by means of a spider. Truly, there are use and purpose in all the works of thy creation!"

THE DIVINE BENEFICENCE.

Suppose that, early in this year, the whole world had bent itself in supplication to the Infinite Ruler—every man and woman, from the Arctic Circle to the hot equator, kneeling in the humility of conscious dependence, and lifting up from every zone the prayer, "For-sake us not this year, great Benefactor, but bless us in our helplessness, from the treasury of thy goodness!" And suppose that, after such a verbal petition, the supply had come—that in every house had been found the

water and the stores, the bounties of vegetable and animal food—how surprising would the miraculous mercy have seemed!

But how much more surprising and inspiring is the real wonder than such a shower upon the barren globe would be! With few prayers for it, the great miracle has been wrought, and in the double way of beauty and bounty. For what is the destiny of the seasons? Is not the quickening of nature in the early months of the year as though God smiles upon the earth at the equator, and then the spreading wave of that benignity sweeps northward, rolling back the winter line, loosening the fetters of the frost, melting snows into fertilizing juices, pressing the cold clouds further and further back, and from the tropics to the edges of the polar seas, gladdening the soil till it utters in spreading verdure the visible green lyrics of its joy? And the summer! Is it not the warm effluence of his breath that flows northward and reveals the infinite goodness as it floats through the southern groves and fills the fruit with sweetness, thickens the sap of the sugar-fields, nourishes the rice plants, feeds the energies of the temperate clime, blesses the hardy orchards and the struggling wheat and corn, and dies amid the everlasting ice, after completing the circuit of its mission in clothing the northern woods with life? And then the many-hued pomp of harvest comes, when the more ruddy light and the gorgeous coloring repeat the joy of the Creator in the vast witness of his beneficence, and the tired fields yield the laborers their ample bounty, and seem to whisper, "Take, O children of men, and be grateful, until the course of the stupendous miracle is renewed."

If we could see the wheat woven by fairy spinners, and the apples rounded and painted and packed with juice by elfin fingers—or if the sky were a vast granary or provision store, from which our needs were supplied in response to verbal prayers, who could help cherishing a constant undertone of wonder at the miraculous forces that encircle us? But consider how much more amazing is the fact! Consider how, out of the same moisture, the various flavors are compounded! The dew that drops in the tropics is transplanted into the rich orange liquor, and banana pulp, and sweet substance of the fig; the pomegranate stores itself with fine fragrance and savor from it, the various colors and qualities of the grape are drawn from it, and on the temperate orchards the rain is distilled in the dark arteries of trees, into the rich juice of the peach and the pear, the apple and the plum. When a traveling trickster pours several different liquors from one bottle into cups for the spectators, it is called magical. Yet

nature, not by deception, but actually, does pour for us one tasteless liquid into all the varieties of taste which the vegetable world supplies. If by a miracle kindred with that of Christ at Cana, a jar of water could be tonight converted within your houses into wholesome wine, would it be so admirable as the ways in which the vines make wine upon the hillside, out of vapor and sunlight at the bidding of God?—*T. Starr King.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST. NO. 8.

Life among the Dakotas.

FROM MY DIARY.

(Continued from page 390.)

7th mo. 17th. The assorting and allotting of the annuity goods begins to-day. As there is less than half the quantity asked for, the agent is at a loss to know how to distribute with satisfaction. They are divided into six parts for the six bands, and a council of the chiefs and head men has been called to advise further procedure.

There is an immense amount of writing to be done; every cup, barrel and basin, belonging to the government must be duly enumerated, and five copies of all property held in trust by the employees have to be made out.

It would seem next to impossible to defraud the government, with all the safeguards that are thrown around the expenditure of money, and yet there are said to be men, who have heretofore held the position of Indian agent, that have amassed large fortunes while so employed.

18th. The council is to be held this afternoon at 4 o'clock. In the meantime the parcelling out of the goods is completed.

At the appointed hour, the Superintendent, the retiring and the incoming agents, with many of the employees, and others, meet the chiefs in council. The Superintendent, through an interpreter, informed them of the amount of goods that had been sent, and his surprise at the smallness of the quantity. He stated that he did not know who was to blame, possibly it might be a mistake, but he had called them together to receive what had been sent, and to sign a paper releasing him.

They listened attentively to all he had to communicate; talked awhile among themselves, giving the "ho," an exclamation of approval, to whatever met their wishes, and then the head man of those present (Wapusa, their chief, being absent from sickness) advanced, and offered his hand to the Superintendent, the agents and all the white persons present. Stepping back a few paces, after this ceremony, he began his speech, prefacing it with an acknowledgment of the uniform kindness of the Superintendent and the agent,

and his belief that their intentions towards the Indians were good. In what he had to say he did not blame either of them, but his "young men and all the head men wanted him to speak for them. They were not willing to sign the paper. When the goods came last year, there was plenty, and they were glad because all the men were set on the same footing as their white brothers; now it will not be so. You asked for the same amount for us, and they have sent us so little. We want you to send word to the department at Washington, that we are not satisfied, and to ask them to tell us why they have treated us so." At every pause in the speech, a simultaneous "ho" broke from the lips of every Indian of influence present.

The Superintendent responded by telling them that he was willing to write to Washington and inquire for them. Another chief then came forward, went through the ceremony of shaking hands, and made his speech, which was somewhat similar to the former, only that he wanted the Superintendent to inquire whether the coffee, sugar and bacon they were receiving were taken from their annuity. If they only knew how they were paid for, they would be better satisfied. They would like to have more clothing, but they did not want to give up the other things.

The paper was prepared and then read to them. It met with their approval, and each of the chiefs signed it by touching the pen at their several names. This ended the council. I have only given a brief outline of what was said. The decorum of the Indians throughout this interesting occasion was worthy of all praise. The speakers were earnest and fluent, and their gestures were appropriate. I was very glad of the opportunity of being present.

19th. All the goods are being boxed up again to await further orders from Washington. This unlooked for delay interferes with the Sewing School, which it was proposed to open, for the purpose of having such of the goods made up as would most likely be traded off by those who could not make them up for themselves.

20th. C. and I go out to see what can be done respecting our Sewing School, as Genesee Friends, in reply to suggestions respecting the advantages of such a school, promptly responded by sending a check, which places it in our power to begin. We engage an intelligent woman, who speaks English, to assist; and request her to give notice among her neighbors, and conclude to open on next Third-day. Make several calls while we are out. In one of the houses we saw a woman preparing porcupine quills for moccasin work. She is an industrious and tidy housekeeper;

has nice patchwork, which she took pleasure in showing us.

Dropped in upon an old woman, who is a real squaw; civilization has never made the least impression on her strong Indian character. She has one of those large wooden bowls which were formerly used in their incantations. These Santees were in former times the medicine tribe of Sioux; many of their medicine men have shown considerable skill in the use of indigenous roots and herbs, and little bowls carved out of oak, which were used for administering their drugs, are frequently seen. For a dime G. became the possessor of one of these; the other day the old Indian who sold it to him, lapped in it with her tongue, to show him how the medicine must be taken.

These old women are mostly very hard favored, and many of them repulsive to look upon. Their grizzly hair hanging in unkempt disorder over their grim and wrinkled faces, make them almost hideous. They are always civil, and sometimes give a pleasant greeting, which for the time lights up their features, and reveals the human heart within.

I lagged behind in our homeward walk to chat with the Smith's wife. Though she knows but little English, and I less Dakota, we managed to have a pleasant time. She is a very agreeable woman, and has a nice baby. She was busy dressing a deer skin, but stopped with true womanly courtesy, and invited me into her house. Of course I must see the baby. It was cuddled up in bed, the mosquito net drawn carefully down over it, and it lay there the picture of homely comfort. Her house looks as well as an earthen floor can, and her things were put back with neatness. She said she could not keep things nice with such a *bad floor*, and I thought as much. She is very sociable; likes to show me all her nice things; had been dyeing quills for moccasin work, which she does very neatly, and makes considerable money by their sale. Herself and husband are one of the comparatively few couples that have remained true to each other. They go to church together, and seem entirely devoted to their own little home circle; the baby being their only child, several older ones having died.

The fondness of these Indians for their babies has been before alluded to. I asked a middle-aged woman, who had become entirely blind, the cause of her affliction. Her reply came out so full of tender pathos, that I felt my heart draw closely to hers: "I cried them out for my children that died," said she; her sad face bore testimony to the depth of her sorrow.

In a tent where we stopped I saw one of

those beautiful saddles which the Santee women make. It was elaborately worked with beads in artistic patterns, on a very nice buckskin. They are worth from fifteen to thirty dollars; the price being regulated by the amount of bead work on them. There was considerable bustle in front of an adjoining house. We discovered that a number of women were saddling their ponies for a ride to Yankton, thirty miles off; one of them taking her baby on in front. Slight attention had been paid to the toilet of either baby or mother. I suggested the propriety of using a little soap and water on the baby's face and hands before starting on so long a journey. A dry cloth was made to do duty, and they trotted off as happy as their simple hearts and rude surroundings could make them. They had not worn themselves out with preparations, as many of their pale-faced sisters would have done, and were fresh and strong, and no doubt will have a nice time with their Yankton friends. L. J. R.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

If I thought thou wast unacquainted with the way through which some of us poor pilgrims have to walk, a way wherein there is nothing found to give to a friend and scarcely anything to subsist upon ourselves, I should think it allowable to offer an apology for my long silence. But thy own experience has taught thee that these seasons, if endured with patience, will introduce the mind into that humility, that state of entire dependence, that will find acceptance with the Holy One;—and when this suffering dispensation has performed its office, then there is an arising from the deeps, and sometimes a song of thanksgiving is put into the mouth. How trying to human nature to have to walk by faith and not by sight. Sometimes the grain of faith is as the heart of all seeds, and yet it is powerful in its operations, even to the removing of mountains. The great Apostle Paul could testify of its excellence, for, said he, "I have kept the faith." No doubt at the moment that he uttered these words, he felt it to be of great importance. He fought the good fight, he had kept the faith, and was furnished, no doubt, with an evidence that there was a crown of glory laid up for him, and how encouraging is the remembrance of his further declaration "not only for me, but for all those who love the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ." In the family of mankind

how many precious minds there are who "love his appearing," and yet shrink from the endurance of that baptism wherewith he was baptised, and therefore remain in a dwarfish state, never arriving at the state of perfection and usefulness that was designed by the Great Head of the Church.

I have abundant cause to acknowledge "faith is an excellent anchor." The Yearly Meetings were seasons of instruction to my own mind, and I believe they were seasons of refreshment to many. At times it seemed as though the windows of heaven were opened, and blessings descended as the dew upon the tender grass. The sick, the blind, the deaf, and the lame were affectionately recommended to Christ, the great physician, whose power continues to be altogether sufficient to heal them. The souls in prison were called upon to come forth and join in commemorating the goodness of Israel's shepherd, inasmuch as His eye is over all; none are so obscure but that He sees them, and in the right time will feed them with food convenient. The word of reproof went forth to the worldling, who is secreting his "wedge of gold in the tent;" and also to them who are clothed in the Babylonish garments, being contented with a name to religion. The Women's Yearly Meeting was very interesting and conducted in much harmony. There were a number of infants in attendance. One woman told me she had come near 200 miles, and brought her babe six months old, and another came 17 miles with her babe two months old. Several of these mothers acknowledged they had been compensated for the exertion made to assemble with their friends. When the state of society was before us, there was a *deep travail of spirit experienced* and much counsel flowed. Mothers were exhorted to begin early with their tender infants to "train them up in the way that they should go." Friends were encouraged to be more faithful in the attendance of meetings, and the youth were invited to forsake the vanities of this perishing world, and submit to the turning of the Lord's hand upon them, in order to prepare them to take the places of those who ere long must be removed from works to rewards.

WHAT after all is the end of most wars? Nothing but this: that a number of elderly gentlemen meet together, in an official room, and sitting round a table covered with green cloth, quietly arrange all that might just as well have been arranged before the war began.—A. Helps.

THIS one thought might check inconsiderate reading, namely: that we are filling up a

vessel, which is not infinite in capacity, w what is useless or harmful. As far as we know, this vessel does not leak at all; or if it does leak, it is with indiscriminate leakage and does not allow folly only to permeate and wisdom to remain.—*A. Helps.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 26, 1871.

DIED.

MARSHALL.—At the residence of his daughter, E. J. Gaige, Duaneburg, N. Y., Eighth month 6th, 1871, after a protracted illness of paralysis, which he bore with Christian fortitude, seldom if ever being heard to complain, Asa Marshall, in the 69th year of his age; a member of Purchase Monthly Meeting, of late a resident of Brooklyn, L. I. Thus has passed away a devoted husband, a kind and affectionate father, and one who, by his uprightness of character, was greatly beloved by the large circle of friends.

MURRAY.—On the 15th of Seventh month, at her residence in Lockport, N. Y., Anna Murray, widow of the late James Murray, in the 78th year of her age; a member of Rochester Monthly Meeting.

WAY.—At his residence in Half Moon Township, Centre Co., Pa., on the 6th of Eighth month, 1871, his 79th birthday, John Way; a member and elder of Centre Monthly Meeting. Meekness and humility and an earnest adherence to the testimonies of Truth as professed by the Society of Friends, marked his every-day life. His end was peaceful under the assurance that a blissful immortality awaited him.

THISTLETHWAITE.—At his residence near Richmond, Ind., on the 13th inst., in the 80th year of his age, William Thistlethwaite; a consistent member of White Water Monthly Meeting. He bore his sufferings with patience and resignation, passing away without a struggle.

An adjourned meeting of "Friends' Indian Aid Association of Philadelphia," will be held in the Library Room of the Meeting-house 15th and Race Sts., on Fourth-day, the 30th of Eighth month, at 12 o'clock.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

8th mo. 27th. West Nottingham, 3 P. M.
 9th mo. 3d. Reading, 3 P. M.
 " Westfield, N. J., 3 P. M.
 " Chester, Pa., 3 P. M.
 " Mt. Vernon, 10½ A. M.
 " Constantia, Nr Y., 10½ A. M.
 " Abington, Pa., 3 P. M.

INSECTS.

BY LEO HARTLEY GRINDON.

(Concluded from page 365.)

The immense *capacity for enjoyment* given to every creature in some way or other, strikingly manifests itself when we consider it in connection with the insect tribes. Descend from the noble forms which enjoyment possesses in man, through the successive grades of animals below him, we still at every step find representations of it. There is not a

creature unacquainted with gratification, in some shape or another. All derive it from the circumstances amid which they exist, which fact quietly suggests to us that the purest and most lasting pleasures are to be found at our very feet,—that they are not necessarily the fruit of toil and outlay, but that they flow to us out of the very nature of things, if we will be content with what is simple and genuine. Insects, above all the minor creatures, seem to relish life. The inhabitants of the pretty shells that strew the sandy expanse uncovered by the retiring waves, adorning its brown wrinkles with sea-born jewelry, yellow, white, and pink, no doubt have their full enjoyment of existence, but one would imagine it must be marred by their exposure every time they are forsaken by the tide; the little fishes that play about in the clear water-brooks are doubtless brimful of satisfaction; the lizards on the sand-hills, glittering with green and gold; the tritons in the weedy ponds, and the small birds that hide amid the leaves, no doubt have in every instance their abundant share of animal happiness; still they none of them seem to manifest so much enjoyment as insects do. This may perhaps be accounted for, at least in part, by the fact of insects being principally—always, indeed, when in their perfect form—*aerial* creatures. In this respect they agree with birds. All things, indeed, that get much fresh air, and can sail when they like, and in whatever direction they may fancy,—through the sunshine and scented atmosphere that hangs over the green fields and sweetens the dear pastoral or healthy hills of the country—must needs have a larger and wider sensation of physical pleasure than those which are confined to the surface of the earth, or unable to travel far from a given spot.

Do we not find it so ourselves? The foot that is familiar with the grass belongs to a man of lighter heart than he whose soles seldom wander from the pavement; and the best *elixir vite* is a run, as often as we can contrive it, amid the sweets of new and lovely scenery, when nature sits, fresh from the hands of the Creator, almost chiding us for our delay. To take special instances, however, of the enjoyment given to insects, and thus of the benevolence of Him who ordains all these good things, let us cite the dancing gnats. Every one has noticed, in calm summer evenings, what vast multitudes of these little creatures thus disport themselves. They may be traced, while the light wanes, till the eye can follow no further, and as the motions evidently serve no purpose of sustenance or reproduction, it cannot be doubted that the object is purely one of pleasure. Whenever

we see the wings of insects vibrating, unless they are actually using them to pass from one place to another, we may be assured that it indicates the same kind of pleasant sensation which induces the nestling sparrow, when fed by its mother, to stretch its little pinions, and the lambkin, while sucking, to wag its tail. The birds called—from the circumstance of the movement they make when feeding—"wagtails," would seem to have a special pleasure, as members of the feathered tribes, when fulfilling this great instinct of their being. What can be more beautiful than the gayety and frolic of butterflies in the air? They frisk about, ascending, descending, moving in every possible direction, performing zig-zag pirouettes of the most elegant and varied kind, just as kittens do when upon the ground, in their more clumsy but not less sportive gambols.

Here, again, there is no purpose of direct physical utility subserved,—the movements are all tokens and expressions of pleasure. Have bees no pleasure in rambling from flower to flower, and securing the sweet spoil for the security of which they have built those beautiful little many chambered warehouses we call honeycombs? Pleasure always attends honest and productive labor, and it would be contrary to all the analogy and harmony of nature to suppose that the bees work with no more enjoyment than a watch possesses. It is difficult to suppose that they have not indeed a pleasure in the exercise of their little wits, over and above that of collecting the floral nectar. We hardly think what excellent botanists the bees are. They do not know what "species" are, it is true; and for the matter of that, no more do our philosophers and *savans*. But they *do* know how to distinguish "genera," and may be watched going from one kind of flower to another, as cleverly as if they had received lessons from a professor.* The physical allurements of course consists in the greater or less quantity of honey that particular kinds of flowers secrete; some producing it in large drops, others yielding only a taste. See, too, how admirably the bees are provided with instruments for procuring what they desire. Many flowers are so constructed that the bee cannot enter bodily; to meet this difficulty the little creature is provided with a long sucking-tube, which it can push far down into the blossom, so as to reach the contents.

It is beautiful to note how thoroughly the bee and the flower are adapted one to the other. They are like the old tree and the

woodpecker, the fir-cone and the cross-bill; and it is wonderfully interesting, too, that in reading the records of primæval ages, held up by Geology, we find that it was not until flowers, essentially so named,—honey-yielding, fragrant, and painted flowers,—began to unroll their sweet petals to the sun of this world, that the little creatures we call bees were introduced as members of its annual population. Trees and plants, as well as animals, both small and great, have existed upon the surface of our planet from a past so remote that no man can speculate on the date of its beginning; but *flowers* have *not* so existed—at least there is no trace of them among the myriad fossils that are wrapped up in the rocks beneath us, while of all other parts of plants, and of organs equivalent to flowers, for the purpose of reproduction, there are abundant traces. Butterflies also would seem to be a comparatively recent dynasty. Neither they nor bees existed upon this earth very long anterior to the commencement of the human period; showing again that nothing appears in nature before it is wanted, but that all comes in at the right time, and, when its purpose is accomplished, departs. It is in this grand fitting together of things, this method, this universal adaptation and harmony of nature, that we have the best and truest external evidences of its Divine origin. The forms are superb, the colors are inexpressibly exquisite, but it is the unity of the whole that impresses us most deeply.

A few words respecting the life of insects may not be altogether superfluous. And, first, as to their changes of shape. The larger animals—quadrupeds, fishes, and birds—step into existence in their perfect forms, diminutive, it is true, but still complete; all they want is either a little more hair, or a robe of feathers, or teeth to bite with after they have been weaned, as the case may be. But insects, and several other of the lower tribes of creatures, go through a very wonderful sequence of changes. Every butterfly begins life as a grub; then it becomes a "chrysalis;" only in its third and last stage is it a winged creature. Not that the grub is metamorphosed; it contains within its soft little body the whole of the future butterfly, and, when the chrysalid condition is assumed, the butterfly often shows as plainly in it as a flower while wrapped in its calyx. In other words, the transition from the grub to the butterfly is not a "transmogrification," but a simple casting away of outer vestments, and a growth of the immature creature within to full and royal ripeness. This it is which gives so much beauty to the correspondence theologians are fond of pointing out between the life of man and his entry upon the angelic

*The observation of my valued friend, Mr. R. Holland.

state, and the gradual development of the insect. All is in man that he will ever have; "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body;" the former is cast off by degrees—first the grub skin, then the chrysalid skin; lastly, the genuine immortal, who was always there, stands free and unclogged, and can mount aloft, just as the new-born-insect angels, with their lovely wings—representative of man's new and magnificent spiritual powers when he is disencumbered of his "natural body"—soar up sunwards, our mortal eyes in vain essaying to follow.

A HARMLESS REPTILE.

Not only are toads harmless, but they are absolutely and directly useful to us, perambulating our fields and gardens at night, and devouring vast quantities of injurious insects which could never be destroyed by the hand of man. The mode in which a toad takes its prey is very curious. The singularly beautiful eye of the toad is as quick as it is bright, and if within the range of its vision an insect or a grub should happen to move, the toad is sure to see it, and nearly certain to catch it. First, the toad holds its head as high as possible, so as to make sure of its prey, and then crawls slowly toward it, preferring to get under it if possible. When it is nearly within reach it gazes intently at the insect, its mouth being gradually brought nearer and nearer. Something pink then flashes from its mouth, and the insect vanishes as if by magic.

The pink flash is the tongue of the toad, which is formed in a rather curious way. The base of the tongue is fixed close to the front of the upper jaw, and is long and tapering, the tip pointing down the throat when it is at rest. When, however, it is used for catching prey, it is thrown out with a sort of "flick," and the tip, which is covered with a glutinous secretion, adheres to the insect, and conveys it down the toad's throat before the prey has had time to make an effort for escape. When the toad swallows its prey, it does it with a mighty effort, during which the eyes almost disappear, the size of the insect having little to do with the vehemence of the demonstration. Sometimes when a large beetle is swallowed it does struggle, but too late, and for some time its struggles may be seen through the thin and ribless sides of its capturer, the toad sitting the while in perfect composure, not in the least affected by the scratchings and kickings that are going on in its interior.

Indeed, the stomach of the toad seems as devoid of feeling as if it were of iron. Moreover, the toad not only cares nothing for the scratchings and kickings of a large beetle, but

is equally indifferent to the stings of wasps, bees and insects similarly armed with venomous weapons, and will eat them with marvellous appetite, as if the sting acted as a sort of gentle aid to digestion, like cayenne pepper with cucumber.—*Cassel's Magazine*.

CONCERNING SLEEP.

There are thousands of busy people who die every year for want of sleep. It may be that too much sleep injures some; but in an excitable people, and in our intense business habits, there is far more mischief for want of sleep than from too much of it. Sleeplessness becomes a disease. It is the precursor of insanity. When it does not reach that sad result, it is still full of peril, as well as of suffering. Thousands of men have been indebted for bad bargains, for lack of courage, for ineffectiveness, to loss of sleep.

It is curious that all the popular poetical representations of sleeping and waking are the reverse of the truth. We speak of sleep as the image of death, and of our waking hours as the image of life. But the activity is the result of some form of decomposition in the body. Every thought, still more every motion, any volition wastes some part of the nervous substance, precisely as flame is produced by wasting the fuel. It is the death of some part of the physical substance that produces the phenomena of intelligent and voluntary life.

On the other hand, sleep is not like death; for it is the period in which the waste of the system ceases, or is reduced to its minimum. Sleep repairs the wastes which waking hours have made. It rebuilds the system. The night is the repair shop of the body. Every part of the system is silently overhauled and all the organs, tissues and substances are replenished. Waking consumes, sleep replaces; waking exhausts, sleep repairs; waking is death, sleep is life.

The man who sleeps little, repairs little; if he sleeps poorly, he repairs poorly. If he uses up in a day less than he accumulates at night he will gain in health and vigor. If he uses up all that he gains at night he will just hold his own. If he uses more by day than he gathers at night he will lose. And if this last process be long continued, he must succumb. A man who would be a good worker must see to it that he is a good sleeper. Human life is like a mill; sometimes the stream is so copious that one needs care but little about his supply. Now, often, the stream that turns the mill needs to be economized. A dam is built to hold a larger supply. The mill runs the pond pretty low through the day, but by shutting down the

gate, the night refills the pond, and the wheels go merrily around again the next day. Once in a while, when spring rains are copious and freshets overflow, the mill may run night and day; but this is rare. Ordinarily the mill should run by day and the pond fill up by night.

A man has much force in him as he has provided for by sleep. The quality of action, especially mental activity, depends upon the quality of sleep. If day time is the loom in which men weave their purposes, night is the time when the threads are laid in and the filling prepared.

Men need on an average eight hours of sleep a day, or one-third of their whole time. A man of lymphatic temperament may require nine. A nervous temperament may require but seven, or six, and instances have been known in which four hours have been enough. The reason is plain. A lymphatic man is sluggish in all his functions. He moves slowly, thinks slowly, eats slowly, digests slowly, and sleeps slowly, that is, all the restorative acts of his system go on slowly, in analogy with his temperament. But a nervous man acts quickly in everything, by night or by day. When awake, he does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours; and so in his sleep. He sleeps faster, and his system nimbly repairs in six hours what it would take another one eight hours to perform.

Every man must sleep according to his temperament. But eight hours is the average. If one requires a little more or a little less, he will find it out for himself. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but Nature keeps close accounts and no man can dodge her settlements. We have seen impoverished railroads, that could not keep the track in order, nor spare the engines to be thoroughly repaired. Every year track and equipment deteriorated. By-and-by comes a crash, and the road is in a heap of confusion and destruction. So it is with men. They cannot spare time to sleep enough. They slowly run behind. Symptoms of general waste appear. Premature wrinkles, weak eyes, depression of spirits, failure of digestion, febleness in the morning and overwhelming melancholy—these and other signs show a general dilapidation. If, now, sudden calamity causes an extraordinary pressure, they go down under it. They have no resources to draw upon. They have been living up to the verge of their whole vitality every day.

There is a great deal of intemperance besides that of tobacco, opium or brandy. Men

are dissipated who over-tax their systems all day and under-sleep every night. Some men are dissipated by physical stimulants, and some by social, and some by professional and commercial. But a man who dies of delirium tremens is no more a drunkard and a suicide than the lawyer, the minister or the merchant that works excessively all day and sleeps but little at night.—*Beecher.*

A BIT OF A SERMON.

Whatso'er you find to do,
Do it boys, with all your might!
Never be a *little* true,
Or *little* in the right.

Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright;
I'd not give a fig for him

Who says *any* lie is white!

He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me

To *himself* he is a sneak!
Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry, hold your tongue.

In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely

As a kernel in a nut!
Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!

'Tis the glory of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Our hearts without it,
(Never doubt it,)
Are as worlds without a sun!

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.

Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain!

Whatso'er you find to do,
Do it then with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.

Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever,
Now or never,

Be as thorough as you can.
—*Good Words for the Young.*

AN INVALID'S PLEA.

BY ALICE CARY.

O Summer! my beautiful, beautiful Summer!
 I look in thy face, and I long so to live;
 But, ah! hast thou room for an idle new-comer,
 With all things to take and nothing to give?
 With all things to take of thy dear loving-kindness,
 The wine of thy sunshine, the dew of thy air;
 And with nothing to give but the deafness and
 blindness
 Begot in the depths of an utter despair?

As if the gay harvester meant but to screen her,
 The black spider sits in her low loom and weaves
 A lesson of trust to the tender-eyed gleaner,
 That bears in her brown arms the gold of the
 sheaves.

The blue bird that thrills her low lay in the bushes
 Provokes from the robin a merrier glee;
 The rose pays the sun for his kiss with her blithest,
 And all things pay tithes to thee—all things but
 me.

At even, the fire-flies trim with their glimmers
 The wild, weedy skirts of the field and the wood;
 At morning, those dear little yellow winged swim-
 mers,
 The butter-flies, hasten to make their place good.
 The violet, always so white and so saintly;
 The cardinal, warming the frost with her blaze;
 The ant, keeping house at her sand hearth so
 quaintly;
 Reproaches my idle and indolent ways.

When o'er the high East the red morning is break-
 ing,
 And driving the amber of starlight behind,
 The land of enchantment I leave, on awaking,
 Is not so enchanted as that which I find.
 And when the low West by the sunset is flattered,
 And locusts and katydid sing us their best,
 Peace comes to my thoughts, that were used to be
 fluttered,
 Like doves when an eagle's wing darkens their
 nest.

The green little grasshopper, weak as we deem her,
 Chirps, day in and out, for the sweet right to
 live;
 And canst thou, O Summer! make room for a
 dreamer,
 With all things to take, and with nothing to
 give?

Room only to wrap her hot cheeks in thy shadows,
 And on thy daisy-fringed pillows to lie,
 And dream of the gates of the glorious meadows,
 Where never a rose of the roses shall die!

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

BY SCHUYLER COLFAX,

Vice-President of the United States.

The daily papers of New York City tell us of the great numbers of our citizens who leave our shores during this summer and cross the Atlantic to visit the Old World and its historical regions. On each of two successive Saturdays seven crowded steamers sailed from the Bay of New York for Europe; and the *Herald* estimates the total number of American health-seekers and sight-seers who will cross the ocean this year at forty-thousand, who, at the average of

three thousand dollars each spent abroad, will leave in Europe over one hundred millions this year.

While confessing to a similar longing to scale the Alps and roam through the Black Forest, to travel over vine clad France, and enjoy the sky and scenery of Italy, to journey over the British Isles and to sail on the Mediterranean, and to push my footsteps even as far as the frozen Neva and the torrid Nile, I have still believed it wiser, and have acted on that belief, to postpone so extensive a pleasure trip as this, full of interest and adventure as it might be, that I might travel over our own land, learning more thoroughly, by actual observation, of the grandeur of its more than imperial domain and the vastness of its almost illimitable resources.

No portion of our country presents stronger attractions to the tourist than that region between the snow-capped Sierras, the Andes of our North American Continent, and the ocean, known as the Pacific slope. For many years after its settlement practically inaccessible, except by sailing on two oceans, or traveling thousands of miles over the unsettled mountains and plains of our vast interior, the Pacific Railroad, when opened, almost annihilating distance and time, brought it virtually to our doors. As near to the Mississippi Valley in hours as that valley is to Maine, and as easily reached, so far as the toil of traveling is concerned, its superb scenery, its magnificent natural splendors, its manifold attractions, should have drawn toward it a large proportion of those who seek enjoyment in a foreign land, and who, under their own flag, could have here found rarer pleasures and even more satisfying feasts to the mind as well as to the eye. Are we told of the Alps? Grand as they are, they are but a dot on the map of Europe. In our distant West the mighty Sierra Nevada lifts itself towards the clouds, rolling away in a billowy succession of mountains, seventy miles and over in width, clothed in the living green of gigantic forests, till the line is reached of perpetual, unmelting snow. Do we hear of Mount Blanc and the Matterhorn as special objects of interest? Think of Shasta (in California), Hood (in Oregon), and Rainier, (in Washintgon Territory), each rising beautiful in form and towering in grandeur, from the plains around them, nearly three miles toward the sky, while their white mantles worn and never disrobed since the hour of creation. Are we told of the beauty of that famous river in history and in war, the Rhine? Contrast it with the grand and impressive scenery of the Columbia, where amid frowning mountains and overhanging cliffs it has torn its way through the mighty

mountain range, which there changes its name from the Sierras to the Cascades. Do we hear of the wonders of the Mount Cenis tunnel? With all its immense cost, it is dwarfed, indeed, when compared to the peerless Yosemite, that wonderful furrow ploughed by the Creator out of the mountain range, picturesque in its varied beauty, its charming river, its fascinating and extraordinary falls, and its luxuriant grass-sward, and yet awe-inspiring in its austere and startling scenery, and in the sublimity of the precipitous and verdureless mountains, which like grim sentinels rise grandly and solemnly on either side of this pre eminent wonder of our continent. The eulogies of the Bay of Naples are doubtless all deserved. But the Bay of San Francisco, large enough to float the navies of the world, and sparkling in its beauty, fronts, through the Golden Gate, on that vast Pacific sea which could engulf an hundred Mediterraneans, and on which in the not distant future our flag is to float, we trust and believe, with such pre eminence and power. And, further up the coast, visitors cannot but admire that charming sheet of water known as Puget's Sound, which, environed by mighty forests to the water's edge, and dotted with lovely islets and abounding in inlets and straits and arms, combines the attractions of lake and sound and inland sea, and on whose borders, though almost up to the latitude of Labrador, roses and fuchias and poppies are not injured by the frost in the open garden one winter out of four. In antiquities—such as ancient cities, crumbling fortresses, etc.—the Old World, of course, cannot be rivalled by the New. But where in Europe can they rival these gigantic relics of the centuries of the olden time, the big trees of California, over ninety feet in circumference, and which have braved the tempest and the storm from the time that Moses wrote and Pharaoh reigned and Joshua judged and David sang, living and growing while mighty dynasties have risen, flourished and fallen, and their history perished from the memory of man? The climate and the skies of Italy are doubtless all that they have been described in poetry and prose. But under our own Stars and Stripes you can find a California, abounding in fruits and flowers, with the productions of the tropical and temperate zones growing side by side; the olive and the fig in the same garden with the peach and the cherry, with strawberries every month in the year, with vineyards containing up to a half million of grape-vines, and with blooming out-door gardens from December to December. The lakes of Switzerland are beauteous, indeed. But can they rival that gem of the mountain

coast, Donner Lake; or the magnificent Tahoe, embosomed amongst the summits of the Sierra, sixty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, no less than twenty miles by ten in size, and so exquisitely clear that you can see a hundred feet down as if it were but ten?

I need but allude, in passing, to the many other objects of interest to be seen on our Pacific slope—the mysterious and Plutonian Geysers, which make you feel as if you were nearer the laboratory of the infernal regions than you ever wished to be again; the amphibious sea lions, always visible on the rocks they sun themselves upon, but a stone's throw from the Cliff House of San Francisco; the famous valleys of California and Oregon, as rich and productive in soil as they are beautiful to the eye; and the Dalles of the Columbia, where this great river (over a mile wide a hundred miles below, and widening, a hundred miles further, to six or eight miles before it enters the ocean), foams and dashes, with its boiling, chafing, riotous torrent, through a gorge compressed to fifty-nine yards in width. Or where can be found in Europe a city whose growth has been as magical as San Francisco?—where a quarter of a century ago a few cabins perched on sand-hills formed the village of Yuba Buena, but where now a city, counting its cosmopolitan population by the hundreds of thousands, welcomes the stranger and the visitor to superb hotels and palatial mansions, to crowded stores and mammoth warehouses, to churches and schools and libraries, to all the luxuries and comforts of metropolitan life, and to all the accessories of civilization and of wealth.

Do you wish to see one of the mightiest triumphs of American engineering? You can witness it in the 70-mile grade, of over an hundred feet to the mile, by which the Central Pacific Railroad—with its track cut often in the face of immense cliffs that lift their mighty forms straight upward out of the chasms below you—surmounts the Sierras. Would you feel and realize the temperature of the three zones—the Arctic, the Temperate, and the Torrid—on the same day? From some snow-crowned peak, where you can gaze at the smiling landscape, the fruitful fields, the pleasant pastures, and the vineyards green of California, spread out in all their sunlit beauty and richest verdure at your feet, you have only to descend to the Valley of the Sacramento or San Joaquin, and your wish will be fulfilled; but, happier for you than in some other torrid regions, you will, even in the hottest localities, find a blanket a welcome companion at night. Do you wish to see gold and silver mining in

all their varieties—placer, hydraulic, and quartz—by which are found the precious metals that attracted across a continent that continuous and slowly-moving caravan of daring men who founded the State, which so soon entered the Union in her golden robes of freedom? Do you wish to study the strange habits of the heathen Asiatics (who have come thither from that continent which was the birthplace of mankind), often wronged and oppressed as they are, but generally patient and uncomplaining? Less than a week's comfortable travel in a palaccar, without sea-sickness and without temporary exile from the protecting influence of your own flag or the realm of your mother-tongue, will bring you face to face with them, where you can see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears.

But not to the tourist alone is the Pacific slope attractive. To the emigrant, seeking a new home for himself and family, it has many attractions. Although the crop of gold for which California was originally famed has yielded in importance to its crop of golden grain, and stock-raising and sheep raising, especially in its vast mountain ranges, have proved uniformly profitable, yet farming and grazing lands can be bought more cheaply than two years since. It is true that droughts have injured the grain crops of California during recent years. But storms and floods are often quite as destructive East. And to those who seek a climate rather cooler, and where it is said that crops are never lost by drought, Oregon, now receiving such an influx of emigration, presents great attractions. The famous Willamette Valley, a hundred miles long and averaging thirty wide, between the Cascade Mountains and the Coast Range, the garden of the Northwest, where the grass grows all winter and the rains render irrigation needless, has fully four fifths of its splendid agricultural area yet untilled. And there are many other valleys in Oregon, less widely known, where farming lands can be purchased at remarkably low rates while the lumbering and fishing interests of Washington Territory, where two million feet of lumber are cut per day, and the fisheries are literally exhaustless, must attract to that portion of the Pacific slope many who would not be tempted by its agricultural resources.

But to those who believe in the brilliant future of our Republic the Pacific slope has a special interest. There our nation fronts on the greatest ocean of the world, and our citizens develop a self-reliance, vim, and elasticity fitting them admirably, for the work that seems opening before them. Already we see some of these footsteps of progress. In the last twenty years the Pacific

slope has furnished to the world over one thousand millions of the precious metals, a tenth of which has come from that single wonderful Comstock Lode of Nevada. But while ten years ago out of the forty-three millions exported from California forty-one millions were in gold, she now, out of her fifty-one millions of annual exports, furnishes nine millions in wheat, four millions in wool thirty-three millions in gold and silver, and five millions of other products; and the City of San Francisco has progressed so auspiciously in manufactures that her capital employed in them has reached seventeen millions, and material consumed twenty-three millions, with an annual production of forty-five millions. Already Australia consumes several millions per year of American manufactures; and China and Japan have embarked in the same traffic. Not only are the finest blankets in the world made at the Mission Woolen Mills of San Francisco, but wool-growing on the Pacific slope has increased with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of our other states, or indeed of the world. With an annual product of less than a half million pounds in 1855, the aggregate now is twenty millions, with not a tithe of the land eligible for sheep-raising yet in use.

I have not space, however, for further statistical details. The few cited give only a glimpse of the capacities, the possibilities, the sure future of this interesting portion of our land.

One railroad line already connects this region with the East. Two others are quickly to follow, striking the coast of San Diego on the south, and Puget's Sound and the Columbia River on the north, with the intervening regions bound together by the interior system of railroads, now being rapidly pushed forward and hastening the good work of development. Around the vast ocean which washes its shores dwell over one-third of the entire human race. Excepting Australia (if that British colony can be called national), ours is the only nation which is both civilized and maritime whose possessions border on this great sea. In every age of the world's history the trade of Asia has enriched all people who possessed it, even when carried on by the rude commerce of the caravan. In turn, Nineveh, Palmyra, and Alexandria achieved their grand historical positions by its enjoyment. And now London, for many obvious reasons, is being enriched by it. Already, however, this richer than golden tide turns towards our Pacific slope. By and through its people it is to be poured in large degree, over our land, promoting the interests of commerce, contributing to national prosperity, stimulating manufacturers and many

other branches of productive industry, and adding immensely to our wealth. A single steamer in May brought over five thousand packages of tea, a thousand bales of hemp, and seven hundred bags of rice for San Francisco, eight hundred and fifty packages of tea and three hundred and fifty of silk for New York, and eight hundred and eighty packages of tea for Chicago; while the July steamer of the same Pacific Mail Company brought to San Francisco from China the most valuable cargo ever landed in the United States from any quarter of the globe, valued at no less than two and a half millions of dollars! These are but the first drops of the coming shower in the rapidly hastening future of the Republic; for the American flour, lumber, axes, doors, tables, bedsteads, bacon, brooms, tubs, etc., which are now bought and used in Australia already indicate some of the exports for which the Asiatic dwellers of the Old World are to look to the dwellers of the New. With American shipbuilding, by wise legislation, revived and again flourishing, our flag will dominate in the waters of the Pacific, not by the bloody triumphs of war, but by the peaceful victories of commerce; and then shall we realize there the famous and truthful saying of Raleigh:

"Those who command the sea command the trade of the world; those who command the trade of the world command the riches of world, and thus command the world itself."
—*Ex. Paper.*

ITEMS.

CUTTING GLASS WITH STEEL.—The cutting of glass with steel has been demonstrated to be possible, provided its point is ground into the form of a common glazier's diamond. But while hard steel of this form will cut glass, it is difficult to bring a steel point to the required shape, and it also soon wears out and becomes worthless, until reground. Many efforts have been made to make a tool of steel that would compete at least approximately with the real diamond for this purpose. It has been discovered that a small cylindrical point of steel, when made to rotate upon glass in such a manner that its longitudinal axis shall make an angle of 45 degrees with the surface of the glass, approaches in effect so nearly to that of the real diamond that it is a very cheap and effective substitute.

The oldest rose bush is said to be one which is trained upon one side of the cathedral of Hildesheim, in Germany. Its age is unknown; but documents exist which prove that a Bishop Hezlo, nearly a thousand years ago, protected it by a stone roof, which is still extant. The largest rose bush is a white *Banksia*, in Marine Garden at London, which was sent there, the first of its kind, in 1813, by Bonpland. Its numerous branches, some of which measure eighteen inches in circumference, cover an immense wall to a width of nearly sixty feet, and at times in early spring as many as 50,000 flowers have been counted on this queen of all roses.

THE FREEDMEN'S SAVING FUND, in its sixth annual report, states that in the thirty-two branches of the institution in the Southern States, the total balance due depositors now amounts to \$2,455,836 against \$199,283 in 1866. These figures show that the colored people, instead of being idle and wasteful, are industrious and saving, and are fully conscious of the benefits to be derived from laying up a store for a rainy day.

At the recent session of the Legislature of this State a law was passed for the benefit of laboring married women, of which the following is the text:—

Be it enacted, etc., That the separate earnings of any married woman of the State of Pennsylvania, whether said earnings shall be as wages for labor, salary, property, business or otherwise, shall accrue to and inure to the separate benefit and use of said married woman, and be under the control of such married woman independently of her husband, and so as to be not subject to any legal claim of such husband, or to the claims of any creditor or creditors of such husband, the same as if such married woman were a *femme sole*.

THE ATMOSPHERIC BRAKE—This apparatus which, it is asserted, can stop in a few seconds a train of cars at full speed, is now being tried at various points throughout the country, and, it is reported, with great success. The brake is described as follows: On the right hand side of the locomotive, fastened to the running board and under the inspection of the engineer, is an upright direct air pump which is operated by steam supplied from the boiler, and pumps air into a reservoir hanging under the cab of the locomotive. This pump is entirely self-acting, and whenever there is a deficiency of pressure in the air reservoir, it commences working until the equilibrium is restored. Under each car of the train is a cylinder firmly bolted in such a position that its piston acts directly on the lever used for the ordinary hand brake, but does not at all interfere with its use by hand. The pressure of the air is conducted to these cylinders from the reservoir under the locomotive by a line of gas pipe, three quarters of an inch in diameter, running the entire length of the train, and the connection with each cylinder is made from the main line with an elbow one quarter of an inch in diameter. From each end of the car the pipes are extended by three-ply rubber hose, which are connected when the cars are coupled together. Should a car become detached, the valves of the coupling immediately close, the brake continues applied, and the car is prevented from running back on a grade. An air gauge placed immediately above the steam gauge, indicates to the engineer the quantity of pressure in the reservoir, and the management of the train is placed in the engineer's hands by means of a three-way cock.

At a recent trial of this brake on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, a train three hundred feet long, travelling at a speed of thirty-four miles an hour, was stopped in twenty seconds and at a distance of one thousand feet from the point where the brake was applied. The train travelling at the same rate was subsequently stopped by brakemen with a hand-brake; but forty-five seconds were required, and the cars continued in motion for 1750 feet.

The man who gives his children habits of truth, industry and frugality, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*

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From "The Life That Now Is."

OLD AGE.

BY R. COLLYER.

PHIL. 9: "Such an one as Paul the aged."

(Concluded from page 403.)

There is a dull, heavy book I read sometimes, for one great lesson that I find in it—the Life of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. His life opened into sickness, and almost constant pain, and such heavy depression of the heart and mind, that when he was thirty-four, he writes, "I greatly doubt whether the silent mansion of the grave is not the happiest place." There, we naturally say, if he do not die young, or get into his nature some vast compensation of religious feeling, is the making of a miserable old man; or, even if he be religious, he may become one of that unhappy number we are always meeting, who has a great deal of religion, but no rest. Well, Scott met him in a company when he was in his eighty-second year, and wondered at his cheerful presence, and how he was at home with everybody about him, talking to every one in a select company of the best men in Scotland with the keenest interest in what interested that particular man. Jeffrey had seen him a year before, and says he never saw him in his life more animated, instructive, and delightful. Campbell passed a day with him when he was nearly eighty-three, and says, "It was one of the most amusing and instructive days of my whole life."

Another writes of this time, that he was telling a Swedish artist how to make the best brushes for painting, and this lady how to cure her smoking chimney, and that one how to obtain fast colors for her dresses, and teaching a child how to play on the jews-harp, and how to make a dulcimer, and was altogether an inexhaustible fountain of interest and instruction to all that came to him, and only distressed and uneasy when anybody insisted on reminding him what a mighty work he had done in his long lifetime.

Now, I ask what made this vast alteration between James Watt at thirty-four and at eighty three, and hear some such answer as this: James Watt did dutifully what God set him to do on this earth, not caring so much for the profit or the praise his deed might bring, as that the work should be well done. That was one thing. The other was, that what he did, though it was only the perfecting of the steam engine, he wrought for a pure purpose of God, and for the help of humanity. It was a part of that great plan, of which the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the perfect crown—the glory of God and the salvation of men. That glory was only made greater by the application of steam, through law, to machinery; and humanity was only blessed by the lifting away of one of its burdens. But it was a divine work, in its degree, and it brought a divine reward. So the dutiful life, through sickness, depression, and

pain, brought a restful and noble old age, into which, while one by one his old friends left him, and he felt his own feet touch the chill of the great river, the consolations of God came pouring plentifully, banished all fear, and made him feel, as one has said, how "age is but the shadow of death, cast where he standeth in the radiant path of immortality."

And this is the preparation for a good old age: Duty well done, for its own sake, for God's sake, and for the sake of the commonwealth of man. When a man works only for himself, he gets neither rest here, nor reward hereafter. When I work for myself, and live for myself, I exhaust myself; but when I work for others, wisely and well, I work for God too; and for my work I get that bread which cometh down from heaven. And duty can find an infinite outcome. It can nurse a sick child, or teach a healthy one. It can be John Pounds or John Milton. It can found the firms and factories, that are the roots of civilization, and the schools and churches and libraries, that are its life's blood. In all these ways, and all others, the preparation for a good old age is my duty unselfishly done, trusting in God, and living purely.

II. I said, when old age comes, what then? The preparation for it is a pure life, and faithfulness to duty now. What comfort and advantage can come to it, and abide through it, until I die! If I may take such instances as I have met with in life, or in books, or have thought of as possible, I want, when I come to be an old man, to feel and to act something like this: First of all, I will try to make the best of it; not the best of what is bad at the best, as some seem to think, but of what is, if I will but understand it, the best of my whole life, because it is the last.

So that, if I should be favored then to feel clear and strong, and this organism, through which the spirit works, shall serve me, I will remember what good there was at eighty-three in a man like James Watt, and how Solon said that after sixty a man was not worth much, but himself lived to be over fourscore for all that, and at fourscore did the very best work of his life. I will then muster with these all the grand old men, away back to such a one as Paul the aged, whose age has brought its own peculiar power, and made the world glad they were spared so long to be such a blessing, and so I will keep on as they did, not permitting my best friend to cheat me out of the count of my years because I am still active, but will carry it all to the account and the advantage of my old age, and the blessing that may abide in that.

But if it be otherwise, and long before I have to go through the river the eye grows

dim, and the fires abate, and a grasshopper becomes a burden, and the tramp a shuffle, and I have the grace to see, what people may be too kind to say, that my active days are over, and I had better have done; then I will try to see also how this is the best that can happen, because it is the kind, good Master taking out of my hand the hammer I were otherwise loath to lay down, and putting out the fire, in which I should only potter, and waste material, and saying to me in this good, wise way, "Now sit down a while, until it is time to go. You have wrought long enough. Rest and be quiet." And then, please God, I will not break out into that shameful lamenting I have heard from old men, about "the tender light of a day that is gone, that can never come back to me, and powers and appetites withered away."

Perhaps, even, I will rise so high as to thank God it is so, and that the passions and appetites I have had to watch like wild beasts sometimes, are tamed at last, and I am free to be, in some poor measure, as the angels of God. I do think, indeed, that such outcries as we hear and read about the blight that comes to age in the loss of its powers, are as unreasonable and unpardonable as anything that can be thought of. I can think of nothing now that I shall more earnestly desire when, as Paul the aged said, "the outward man perishes," than that the inward man should be so renewed, day by day, as to make me feel there is no loss, but a gain, in that, because "there is a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," where mortality shall be swallowed up of life.

Then another thing which I want to be sure about, when that time comes, is, that the world is not rushing headlong into destruction because I am no longer guiding it. It may be cause, or it may be effect, I can never quite tell which; but I have noticed it is one of the keenest miseries of a restless old age, that it is quite convinced everything is going wrong, and getting worse and worse, from the little grandchild, who is not at all what his grandfather was seventy years ago, to the vast and solemn interests of the nation, going, beyond redemption, to ruin. It was this which made that misery in Luther's later life, of which I have spoken. He was sure the world was given over to the Evil One. His last letters speak of life as utterly hopeless. "The world," he said, "is bent on going to the devil." "It is like a drunken peasant." "Put him on his horse on one side, and he tumbles over on the other; take him in whatever way you will, you cannot help him." Now, the evil with Luther dated back many years before this, when he would not trust our

common humanity in as reasonable a request as it ever made, but took the side of the nobles against the peasants, and with his own hand tried to put back the clock of the Reformation.

It is one of the qualities of the most restful and joyful old age, that it believes in the perpetual incoming of the kingdom of our God and of his Christ. And so its heart is full of belief and hope in the new time and the new generation. "The former times," such old men say, "were not better than these, and I was not better than my grandson." Like Paul the aged, such an old age is not sure it shall see the coming kingdom and power and glory, but it is sure it is to come, so that infancy is to it a perpetual prophecy; and the old man can always take the young babe, and cry, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." It is one of the best blessings of a good old age, that it can believe in a good new age which it has helped to bring in, and in which it is permitted to stay for a little while, and welcome it. Such a one as Paul the aged is always quiet about that. Then I shall hope to realize how wonderful in this great, faithful Providence, which, since I can first remember, has wrought such marvels in the earth; how men and nations are in the hand of God. And while age will make my religious ideas so unalterable that, if one shall come as directly from God as Christ did, with a new Gospel, I shall not be able to give up this for that, I shall be able to feel that all the differences of good, true men are included within the great harmonies of God.

But all this, and all else, can only come in one way. In a wise little book, given me lately, on the art of prolonging life, the author says that in old age the system should have more generous nourishment. It is the correlative of a truth about the soul. Say what we will,—

"Except we are growing pure and good,
There can be no good in growing old.
It is a path we would fain avoid if we could;
And it means growing ugly, suspicious, and cold."

God help us if, as we are growing older we do not grow better, and do not nourish our souls on the most generous thoughts and aspirations.

A noble German thinker speaks of his intention to store up, for his death day, whatever is best in all he has thought and read. I would not wait for that day. I would have my store ready, when, some time after sixty, I begin to feel the first chill of the cold waters, and then feed my heart on it all the way along to the end. The great promises of the sacred books, the faith in the fatherhood

that was in Christ, the joyful hope that rings through great poems, like that of Wordsworth on Immortality, and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and this wonderful work of "Jean Paul" which I have just mentioned. Then the winter of my life shall not be the winter of my discontent. I will take a lesson even from the little creatures that hide in the woods, that in bright summer weather make their store house, and in the autumn lay up their store; then, when the storms sweep through their sylvan homes, and the frost and snow turn the great trees into pillars of ice, live snug and warm among their kind, and wait for the new spring.

"Grow old, then, cheerily;
The best is yet to be
The last of life, for which the first was made.

"Our times are in His hand,
Who saith, A whole I planned;
Youth shows but half trust—
God sees all;
Nor be afraid."

EVERY religious and political innovation is opposed by the timidity of some, the obstinacy and pride of others, and the ignorance of the bulk of mankind. All improvement, therefore, in religion and politics, must be gradual.—*John Locke.*

LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.

A man may, then, have very strong conscientiousness; he may be a just man, and a true man, and a moral man; and yet not have the critical test of Christianity; for that test is love. A man may have great fervor in prayer; he may have great fervor in all forms of social devotion; he may be rapturous and exceedingly happy; and yet he may not have a critical test of Christianity. It is not fervor. It is not devoutness, though it includes devoutness. It is benevolence. It is the power of love. He who knows how to throw out a flame from his affections; he who knows how to make persons around him, wherever he goes, happy; he who knows how to do it morning, and noon, and night; he who knows how to make love his uniform disposition; he who knows how to radiate sympathy, and gentleness, and kindness, and forbearance, and patience towards others, and to make men feel richer for his being with them—he has the critical test of piety. It is to do by men what the sunshine does by you—make them cheerful, and full of life, and full of love, and full of fruit. These are the New Testament tests of Christian character.

I do not undertake to say that if a man be naturally acerb and reserved he cannot be a Christian; but I do say that a man's Christian culture should work toward the breaking

up of what is called severity and sternness of conscience. A man ought to be just and true, but no man ought to be stern and cold. If you say, "I am so by nature," I reply that is not the nature which you ought to cultivate. When I went onto my farm in Westchester County, the surface was very compact gravel, and my business was not forever to say, "Well, I cannot do much with it." What did I do? I hitched three yoke of oxen to a plow, and ripped it up two feet deep, and made it what I wanted it to be. Nature is a thing given to start on, but it is given for the sake of cultivation.

When, therefore, a man's natural constitution lies in the direction of severity, and intense integrity, and cold, cautious self-respect, I do not undertake to say that he is not a Christian; but I do say that, as a Christian, what he specially needs is the subsoiling of benevolence. He needs to become more genial, more radiant, more condescending, more familiar. It is not for him who constitutionally tends toward integrity to screw up that string higher. Everybody tries to make more out of himself where he has got the most already, and to let the rest alone. So that if a man is naturally obstinate in his firmness, he is always afraid that he will be fickle, and flying off, like those men around about him who are wanting in firmness. He feels the duty of stability; and there is where he has a steel backbone already. A man who is very full of self-respect is always repeating wise saws and maxims on that subject. A man who is naturally conscientious is always speaking in the language of conscientiousness. But the Christian language is love, patience, sympathy, sweetness. It is light. It is joy in the Holy Ghost. The distinctive Christian character is *joy*, whatever may be its origin. It is toward this that your temperament should work. Men should see it in you.

And yet, it should not be expected immediately. God gives men time for plowing, and does not call for the fruit until it has had time to develop. God gives men time for sowing seed, and does not call for a harvest until it has had time to grow and ripen. And God gives us time to cultivate our characters and dispositions. And the thing which we are to aim at, the result which we are to look for, in disposition, is that we shall become constant radiators of light, and joy, and sweetness, and purity, and peace, and sympathy.

I recollect that one of the most severely proper and saintly persons that I ever knew never had one particle of religious influence on me. I had a perfect terror of veneration for her piety; but I would not go to tell her a secret, or to tell her my sorrows. The last thing that I should ever have thought of

would have been to go and bury my head in her lap, and ask for her sympathy or advice about any wrong doing into which I had fallen. But old Aunt Chandler, who was, I do not know what, in the family,—one of those happy fat women, bountifully big outside and in—was everything to me. * *

I would have done anything in the world for Aunt Chandler. I remember a circumstance which showed how strong a hold she had upon my affection. Once when my father offered me a privilege, which was the bright consummation of my ideal of joy, saying, "Henry, do you want to go a hunting with me?" and my heart bounced with ecstasy, she, not knowing anything of this, said, "Henry, I wish you would take my snuff-box, and run down to Collins's, and get me three cents' worth of snuff." My heart sank within me, and was heavy, but I went. And oh, how I did run, barefooted as I was! I got the snuff, and hurried back home; but when I got there my father was gone. Oh, what a black hour that was to me! I had lost the chance of going a-hunting. If you have been boys, any of you, six or seven years old, and had such a chance, and lost it, you can imagine what I suffered. If you want to know what sorrow is, look at the sorrows which young folks have. They are just as piercing as those which old folks have. I pity myself to this day, whenever I think of that event in my history.

But so it was. There was a person of the utmost propriety and elegance, of extraordinary wisdom, of extreme devotedness, and fidelity, and truthfulness, and conscience, and virtue; and toward that person I had not the least warming of sympathy. I could not have told her about a joy, or asked her about a duty. I never could have confessed to her any sin that I had committed. How to obey, and how to get rid of punishment when I had not obeyed—that was my endeavor. But here was an under person in the family, with no authority over me, and no direct relations with me, but whose whole nature made her beam upon me genially and kindly. And my fidelity went out to her. I would have served her. Nothing could have prevented me from doing it to the extent of my power. I was ready to give my life, almost, for her. This illustrates what the Scripture says: "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man, some would even dare to die."

Righteousness—that is, right living, integrity, stability—grand as this is, it does not draw out sympathy for another. But goodness, overflowing kindness, care for others, thought of others, the spirit that wraps other people not only in the mantle of charity, but

in the mantle of happiness as well; the living to make people about you better, as well as happier—that wins persons. A man would almost die for a good person.

This is very well for the lecture-room; but the trouble is that when men go home and undertake to put it in practice, up comes habit. We prefer to have others make us happy rather than to make them happy. We want the children to serve us. We do not want them to make a noise, because it disturbs us. We want our paper. We want our chair. We want this and that. We want everything to run in, and in, and in. That is the spirit of selfishness. But we must learn to get the circulation out.

And then, besides all that, there are a thousand sensibilities to be taken into account. There are those discrepancies which come in life. Even those who are in the practice of this genial, social benevolence, find it not easy. It will be very hard for any person not in the practice of it to institute it. All who attempt it will find that selfishness will corrode and lower the temper of it. Nevertheless, that is the royal road to piety. Not only do we help men so, but so do we serve God. I believe that there is such a thing as serving God by taking care of his children—our fellow-men. A man who performs a kindness to me, does that for which I feel grateful; but a man who takes the pains to do a great kindness to my children, does it for me more than if he had offered it to my own person.—*H. W. B. in Christian Union.*

PROVIDENTIAL CARE.—Who is it that waters fields of corn upon the Sabbath morning as upon the Saturday night? Who is it that makes the grass grow in Sabbath sunshine as well as amid Saturday's rains? Who is it that hears the cry of the raven on Sunday morning and feeds it? Who is it that keeps up the pulsations of the heart, from which if God were to withdraw His finger for a moment, each heart would be still and life would instantly depart? In our hospital wards and sick rooms; in the broken limb, where the bone is gradually united; in the severed muscle, where a mediatorial substance is put forth that rejoins it; in the health that returns to the withered frame—in all these our Father worketh, *hitherto*, on Saturday, and Sunday, and on all days.—*Cummings.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

“And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.” His theme is the same to-day that it ever

was, and as universal to all that dwell on the earth. He is still saying, “Fear God and give glory to His name.” This ever has been and ever will be the first step that must be taken in order to “worship Him that made heaven and earth the sea and the fountains of water.” The fear of the Lord is and has ever been the beginning of wisdom: not earthly and creaturely wisdom, but that which comes from God. This wisdom “is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits;” those fruits by which we must be known. The angel is not commissioned to compel any, but to invite all to the work of seeking this wisdom and glorifying God. Seeing then, that none of us can say that we are not included, we should ask ourselves this most important and solemn question: Have I heard this mighty angel, and where? Was it in this congregation or from that man? Was it in the Bible, that best of all books? Or was it not in the absence of all outward forms and ceremonies, when we have been permitted to look within our own hearts, and at precious and favored seasons felt the truth of the declaration of the blessed Master, that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us.

Yea, saith one who is at times permitted to feel this to be a holy truth, and desires that he may inherit a mansion in his heavenly Father's house, it is in this silence that the angel still preaches the gospel of life; and to those who are obedient to his voice it will prove to them redemption and salvation. This has always been and still remains to be Christ the true door into the kingdom, and all who enter therein know Him to be the light thereof. A MEMBER.

LET not the joys, or honors, or vanities of the world enfeeble and darken my spirit; let me ever feel that I can only perceive and know Thee in so far as mine is a living soul, and lives, and moves, and has its being in Thee.—*Bunsen.*

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

8th mo. 15th, 1871.

Editors Friends' Intelligencer, most respected friends:—I wish to express the pleasure given us, in our far-away home, by the arrival of the ever welcome *Intelligencer*, so replete with elevated and refined ideas. Although we have free access to a large number of the periodicals of the day, none seem to bring with them the calm, pure atmosphere of the *Intelligencer*. Our house during the past year has been, for the first time, in a community where there are no Friends except ourselves, so that our Friends' books and the *Intelligencer* are our only substitutes for

the Society to which we have always been accustomed. There are several meetings here among other denominations which we can attend, but we oftener prefer having a quiet Friends' meeting, where only two are gathered. One of our neighbors is also much interested in reading "the little Quaker paper," as she calls it, and I take each one to her for her perusal. I carefully preserve them, as we intend having them bound. In speaking to a friend of some of the ideas, in an article in a late number, upon Patience, she related to me an incident in the life of a near relative of her own. Her husband being a man of wealth, and they having no children, she felt that to sit with folded hands, simply enjoying the good things with which she was blessed, was too passive a gratitude. Prompted by the desire to express her thankfulness in action, and having obtained her husband's consent that she might take a child to raise, she visited the Foundling Hospital in New York, where among many children she saw a young infant so afflicted that it would be a deformed and suffering cripple for life. She made no selection upon her first visit, but upon her return home she was unable to remove the impression that it was her duty to provide this child with that comfort and care which she could give, but which it could not receive where it was. She yielded to the conviction, brought the child into her home and devoted herself to it. Not only was it very distressing to witness its sufferings, but the care of it required great patience, and while she persevered in ministering to its necessities, the language, "Let Patience have her perfect work," fell so often from her lips that the child in its first attempt at articulation repeated the words, "Let Patience have her perfect work." She survived the object of her patient care, although it lived to appreciate her great kindness and was itself an example of patience to its benefactress.

YES, thank God! there is rest,—many an interval of saddest, sweetest rest,—even here, when it seems as if evening breezes from that other land, laden with fragrance, played upon the cheeks and lulled the heart. There are times, even on the stormy sea, when a gentle whisper breathes softly as of heaven, and sends into the soul a dream of ecstasy which can never again wholly die, even amidst the jar and whirl of waking life. How such whispers make the blood stop, and the very flesh creep with a sense of mysterious communion! How singularly such moments are the epochs of life,—the few points that stand out prominently in the recollection after the flood of years has buried all the rest, as all

the low shore disappears, leaving only a few rock points visible at high tide!—*F. W. Robertson.*

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was too, although he was very poor.

One day, while he was watching his flock, which was feeding in the valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the forest and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy, "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter glanced at the crooked track and said, "My lad, I am hungry, tired and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They would stray into the forest and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would not be much to your master, and I'll give you more money than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep to me while you go to the village and get some food and drink, and a guide? I will take good care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," he said, "do not know your voice, and—" Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly conquered him. He said, "I see, my lad, that you are a good and faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt now offered the contents of his script to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it greedily. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased at the boy's honesty that

he sent for him shortly after and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day. Honesty, truth, and fidelity are precious jewels in the character of a child. When they spring from piety they are pure diamonds, and make the professor very beautiful, very happy, very honorable and very useful. May you, my readers, wear them as Gerhardt did! then a greater than a duke will befriend you, for the great King will adopt you as His children, and you will become princes and princesses-royal in the kingdom of God.—*Children's Hour.*

STUDENTS who apply themselves closely, need to be well nourished. It requires good food, and a great amount of it, to make the brain work well, and not impair the body. Sedentary habits often induce indigestion; therefore, many have supposed the less they ate the more they could study. About twenty-five years ago, earnest persons, with limited means, worked and studied very hard, and ate and slept very little. Many a good constitution was thus ruined. Nervous dyspepsia was often induced by overwork and lack of suitable nutrition. The more abstemious they were as to food, the less able they became to dispose of what was taken. Many of our ladies *not* pinched by poverty or pressed by hard work lose their appetite by too little exercise, too little sleep, and too much study. This course, if long continued, will induce indigestion. The nervous system being exhausted through brain-work, has not power to carry on the bodily functions, and the victim wonders that she should have any stomach trouble when she had eaten so very sparingly. The truth is, limited nutrition has induced indigestion.—*Herald of Health.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

How desirable it is to be able to feel that every thing over which we have "ward or watch," is kept in its right place—or, in other words, that we render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God, the things that are God's. We weary sometimes with the constant watchfulness that is needful, and our trust is neglected. It is *so easy* for the affections—the thoughts—the energies to be unduly absorbed by time things or the seeking after "creature comforts," as some call them, that our vigilance must not relax, if we desire to keep all things in order.

Thou, my dear friend, hast no cumbering, perplexing domestic cares to engross thy mind, therefore thou art exempt from some of the hindrances that others know,—and it may be thou wilt be called to go forth and see how the brethren fare. Be faithful even unto death, and thou shalt receive a crown of life. Our heavenly Father is good—recompensing for every act of obedience. Indeed, every act of obedience brings its own reward, by introducing the mind into that peace which passeth the understanding of men.

This evening, while reading the interesting writings of S. Grubb, thou wast brought to remembrance, and I desire to know something of thy welfare. When we look over the human family, we may conclude that thousands are going back into Egypt, rather choosing to serve Pharoah, though he is a hard taskmaster. This is, I know, a discouraging view, but there is a brighter side that we may look upon, where we shall behold an interesting company, composed of the aged, middle-aged, and the precious youth who have espoused the cause of Truth, and are exalting its standard as an ensign to the nations. May these faithfully perform their part, and not give back in seasons of trial. When I get a glimpse by the illumination of Divine light into the extensive field of labor that opens in our religious Society, I desire that more faithful laborers may be sent into the harvest field. But who shall go, or who will go? Many are ready to plead excuses. Some have one engrossing thing and some another; and yet there are those among us who give comforting evidence that they are yielding to the constrainings of heavenly love, and are being fitted for labor in the Church militant. It is encouraging and helpful occasionally to meet and mingle in close companionship with such, though I unite fully and feelingly with S. Grubb in the beautiful expression,—
"In silence we enjoy advantage, and in solitude we muse the wonders of unsearchable wisdom." Could we but partake of a larger share of retirement, I am sensible the works of an Almighty Hand would have a greater influence upon us for good, and the mind would not be so alienated from "this source, this pleasing source of every joy."

ALAS for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.

—Whittier.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 2, 1871.

DIED.

HOPKINS.—On Second day moruing, the 21st of Eighth month, 1871, Thomas Hopkins, an esteemed member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting, Pa.

YARDLEY.—On the 22d of Eighth month, 1871, Mary L., widow of the late Thomas H. Yardley, M.D., a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting held at Race Street.

‡ **HAZARD.**—At her residence in Mendon, N. Y., on the 13th of Seventh month, 1871, Dorothy F., wife of Thomas Hazard, aged 45 years; a member of Rochester Monthly Meeting. Our friend was an eminent instance of the influence of the religious principle in chastening and sweetening the affections and dispositions, rendering her patient and even cheerful under a very long and tedious indisposition. She was an affectionate sister, a devoted wife, and a kind parent, and maintained that dignity in her domestic relations which endeared her to all among whom she mingled. Her spirit was imbued with a deep and broad philanthropy that soared far above sectarian limits, and enabled her to rejoice in the Fatherhood of God and enjoy the brotherhood of man. As she drew near the close, she conversed in regard to it with as much composure as if in the anticipation of a pleasant journey. She gave good counsel to her husband and children; said "she was prepared to die, yet it would have been pleasant to stay with her friends."

FRIENDS' FIRST-DAY READING ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting (since the adjournment) will be held on First day morning next, Ninth month 3d, in the Monthly Meeting Room on Race St., at 9 o'clock. All interested in this Association, including the teachers of First-day Schools, are earnestly invited to attend.

CHARLES ADAMS, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE

At Friends' Meeting house, Chester, Pa., on First-day afternoon, Ninth month 10th, at 3 o'clock. Some of the Committee and other interested Friends are expected to be present. A train leaves Broad and Prime at 8.30 A.M.

THE INDIANS.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet in the Monthly Meeting Room (Race St.) on Sixth-day afternoon, Ninth month 15th, at 3 o'clock (same day as Representative Committee.) The Executive Committee meets at 2 o'clock. Full attendance desirable.

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' LIBRARY (RACE ST.)

The Committee of Management will meet in the Library Room on Fourth-day evening Ninth month 13th, at 8 o'clock.

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 9th mo. 3d. Reading, Pa., 3 P. M.
 " Westfield, N. J., 3 P. M.
 " Chester, Pa., 3 P. M.
 " Mt. Vernon, N. Y., 10½ A. M.
 " Constantia, N. Y., 10½ A. M.
 " Abington, Pa., 3 P. M.

FRIENDS' SCHOOLS at 15th and Race, Fourth and Green and West Philadelphia, will resume next Second-day, Ninth month 4th, 1871.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The First-day School Association held a session at Pennsbury Meeting-house, Bucks Co., Pa., on Eighth month 5th. Ninety delegates answered to their names, and it was estimated that about 600 persons were present, being many more than the house would accommodate. Those attending came from several localities in New Jersey, and from Bucks, Montgomery, Chester, and Delaware Counties, Pa., and Wilmington, Delaware. They were of various ages, from 86 down to childhood,—although the larger number were of the younger class.

The School reports, the information from the Executive Committee, and the verbal statements, were encouraging. Conferences had been held at Stroudsburg, Norristown, and Middletown, (Delaware Co.,) and others were to be held at Providence and Chester, Delaware Co., with the probability of one at London Grove. New schools were reported at Stroudsburg, Norristown and Fallowfield, Pa., and Upper Springfield, N. J. The latter was especially an interesting instance of faithfulness to an impression of duty. The meeting had become very small, and often but the two or three were present, when one of the members felt a concern to start a First-day school, not knowing that she would have any aid or even many children. The result has been, that after about two months it averages thirty, only five of whom are members of our Society, and there is a larger attendance of children at the meeting than for 25 years, or perhaps longer.

An essay entitled, "What shall we teach the children," was read, and an epistle to the Ohio and Indiana Associations adopted.

Remarks were made on various subjects connected with the cause, and especially in reference to publications, it being thought that there was talent enough among us, if properly encouraged, to furnish literature of an unobjectionable character for the perusal of children.

A caution was thrown out that care be exercised not to dwell too much on the outward, but to seek to be spiritually minded.

As the meeting was held in the locality where Wm. Penn formerly resided, one of the reports expressed the hope that the same spirit of Christian love which actuated him, would cover the assembly on this occasion.

The meeting was informed that copies of the proceedings of the Fourth Session of the General Conference lately held in New York,

could be obtained of Chas. A. Dixon, 715 Market St., Philada.

After holding two sessions, which were satisfactory, the Association adjourned to meet at Concord Meeting-house, Delaware Co., Tenth month 21st, at 10 o'clock.

Friends of Penn's Manor and surrounding neighborhood kindly provided refreshments for the company, and for this, as well as in conveying visitors to and from the landing, deserve the thanks of those who participated in the meeting.

If we save the moments of time, we will have enough for every needful work. Moments are the material of which days and years are made. If these be well improved, we will have years devoted to profitable employment.

APPEAL FOR SCHOOLS FOR FREEDMEN.

As the time is fast approaching when the re opening of these schools should take place, if at all, the serious question presents itself, as usual, *Will the means be forthcoming?*

The Education Committee of the Association of Friends for the aid and elevation of the Freedmen, feels the responsibility of its position in this respect; and in proportion as the *active* interest of the *number* in this concern decreases, so does the responsibility and anxiety of the *few* increase.

The Annual Report for the past season is about being distributed, and while it must be freely confessed, as much was not done as should have been, the writer believes it will amply repay a careful perusal, and that it shews the importance of continuing the work.

It has been frequently asserted that the strongest hope for effective and permanent good lies with the *children* of this race. Let it be borne in mind then, that *all* these have not been educated, and that it will take years yet ere these will have ceased to be children. But we must not, while encouraging this view, forget the fathers and mothers of these—they are also impressible and capable of receiving instruction and good advice.

The efforts of Friends through their faithful teachers have certainly had the effect, to a considerable extent, of *Christianizing* them, and in the evidences we have had of this fact, we have great encouragement to persevere in our labors.

We know that the liberality of Friends has been pretty severely taxed of latter times in aid of benevolent enterprises of various kinds, as well as for new meeting-houses, schools, &c., but we have a hope that something in addition may be spared for the special object of this notice. We therefore would remind such as may be disposed to help us, that the

Treasurer, Henry M. Laing, No. 30 North Third St., Philada., will gladly receive any contributions, or they may be handed to any member of the *Education Committee*, or to

JACOB M. ELLIS,
No. 606 North Seventh St.

Philada, 8th mo., 1871.

P. S. Why could not, as in the early days of this movement, the systematized efforts of one or more *active* members in each Monthly and Preparative Meeting be renewed, on behalf of these schools?

Address of Horace Greeley at the Laying of the Corner Stone of Butchel College, Ohio.

HUMAN CONCEPTIONS OF GOD AS THEY AFFECT THE MORAL EDUCATION OF OUR RACE.

AKRON, O., July 4.

To the piercing gaze of the astronomer, the universe is revealed as an innumerable multitude of orbs or globes, circling through a practical infinity of space. These globes, being opaque and of such consistency that one is necessarily excluded from points occupied by any other, he distinguishes their substance from the surrounding void as matter, without meaning to affirm the absolute non-existence of matter in any portion of space. Unable to conceive either that the heavens are veritably boundless, or what can exist outside of them if they have visible limits, he confesses that his apprehension is finite, and that there are doubtless far more worlds without than within the range of his most powerful telescope. Unable to see how the universe can have had a beginning, he is equally unable to conceive of it as having existed from all eternity. That it certainly has not always existed substantially as it now is, the little he can gather of its history abundantly demonstrates. Though our solar system may be comparatively modern, and though our planet is doubtless younger than the sun around which it revolves, science demonstrates not only its vast antiquity, but the fact that it has undergone signal mutations, and was long uninhabited and incapable of supporting animal life. By many concurrent and irresistible testimonies, we are well assured that the firm earth whereon we tread was long a wandering cloud of heated vapor—possibly resembling in substance, if not in form, a modern comet—that this formless mass, whirling through space, but kept within an orbit not unlike its present by the sun's attraction, gradually cooled, and contracted, hardening into rock at its surface, until it had slowly assumed nearly the shape it still wears. Still heated by internal fires, which have since receded further from its surface, it generated clouds of vapor, which, ascending to a

colder region skyward, were there congealed into rain, which profusely, persistently fell, washing and scouring the surface of the rocks, and triturating them against each other until their faces were ground into dust, which now forms the mineral portion of the soil. Heat and light, freely imparted from the sun, blending with moisture and earth, at length produced vegetation; this was followed in time by simpler and then by more complex forms of animal life, until, at length, man appeared, "the roof and crown of things" material and telluric, the being infinite in faculty, the master and lord of this visible world.

Such, as I read them, are the rude outlines of the mode in which all whereof we have knowledge came to pass, and the question at once arises, What and whence their impulse? or was none needed? Did the blind, inert, unconscious, soulless matter which was once all fog, then hardened into rock, gradually shape itself into living organism, ascending step by step from lower to higher, until it became at length Cæsar, Charlemagne, Shakespeare, Gœthe, Byron, Napoleon?

There are those who talk sonorously, stridently of law—of the law of development or progress—as though they had found in a word a key which unlocks all the mysteries of creation. But I am not silenced by a word. I demand its meaning, and then seek to determine how far that meaning bridges the gulf which the word was invoked to overleap. To my apprehension, law is *the dictate of an intelligent will*, or it is nothing. That it should please the author of all things to make each material body to attract every other in a ratio proportioned to their relative weight and with an intensity corresponding to their distance from each other, I readily comprehend; that such attraction should inhere in and be inseparable from matter as an unprompted impulse, an inevitable property, I cannot conceive. To my apprehension, gravitation, magnetic attraction, electricity, etc., are properties of matter which, in themselves, afford proofs of creative purpose, of omnipotent design. In short, whatever demonstrates the presence of law in nature attests the being and power of God.

Three diverse hypotheses exhaust all the possible explanations of the goodly framework of energies and activities, of uses and beauties, whereby we are consciously surrounded. They are—

1. The Atheist, which affirms the eternity of matter, and the evolution of all things therefrom by the blind, unknowing action and reaction of substances upon each other, uninfluenced by any conscious existence outside of themselves.

2. The Pantheist, which affirms a kind of God, but so blends and confounds Him with the material universe as to make Him its consequence rather than its cause—a resultant of forces which He did not create, which He cannot modify, and of whose very existence He has no real perception.

3. The Theist, which affirms God as the necessary, vital, intelligent author of all things; as truly, distinctly conscious as any being is or can be; directing, guiding, supervising, governing everywhere and always, so that nothing escapes His notice, and no one can thwart His purpose or successfully defy His power.

Now, I do not invite you to the consideration of metaphysical subtleties. I have neither taste for their discussion nor aptness in their elucidation. I profess not to know how or wherein God has His being. I know that we never can—at least, in this stage of existence—"find out the Almighty to perfection." If there be those who find any satisfaction in arguing that He is or is not properly characterized as a person, I leave them to enjoy that satisfaction without contest or cavil on my part. All that is most essential to my faith is an assurance that God sees, and hears, and feels, and knows, at least as truly as, doubtless far more clearly than any other being. Above all, I affirm that He is possessed of a love of justice higher, doubtless, but answering to what in man is conscience, which impels Him to hate sin and love righteousness, and that our deeds and lives are acceptable or abhorrent in His sight as we obey or defy that divinest, all-comprehending precept, which reads, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

That this can be affirmed of any Pantheistic conception of God any more than of blank Atheism, I am unable to realize. For the mere assertion that God is necessarily everywhere present, everywhere active, is not Pantheism. Ancient seers and sages felt this as deeply, asserted it as sharply, as any Spinoza or Hegel. "Whither shall I go from Thy spirit?" asks reverent David; "or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there," etc.

Pope paraphrases and versifies this, in affirming that the divine energy

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

* * * * *

To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

Not so much in what it affirms as in what

it precludes, or by plain implication denies, does Pantheism deprive us of Our Father, and, in making God everything, reduce Him intellectually and morally to nothing. "Alike to me are fame and shame," says the Brahma of Emerson; but not so the Lord God of Israel.

Let me not fall into the very error I would condemn, but remember that all definition is, in a sense, limitation and respect the warning that "we have no difficulty in coming near to God, unless we attempt to define Him." We know nothing of the mode of His existence, and can know nothing, unless it shall please Him to reveal it. Our aim is not to define, but to repel definitions which virtually divest Him of all practical, intelligent direction and control of His universe—of all moral government of His rational creatures. What we affirm is, that God is more than a blind, creative energy, an inexorable fate, a vitalizing, fructifying principle. He is the conscious, loving author and governor of all things. We revere in Him not merely justice, but compassion also—a spirit that can pity our infirmities, even while inflexibly punishing our sins. Wisdom, as well as piety, was evinced by David, when, being required to choose to receive his punishment at the hand either of God or of man, he said, "Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord, for very great are His mercies; but let me not fall into the hand of man." So that wondrous legend of Jonah, waited down for our instruction and comfort from we know not how gray an antiquity, wherein the prophet sits mourning for his gourd that had withered, as also for his falsified prophesy that the great city should expiate its sins by utter destruction, until God so forcibly remonstrates with him: "Thou wouldst have spared the gourd, which came up in a night and perished in a night; and shall I not spare great Nineveh, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons who know not their right hand from their left, and also much cattle?" How could we give up such precious glimpses of what I may call the relenting or tender phase of the Divine nature—that which differences it from the towering glacier and the adamant rock, and shows that our kindlier human impulses are but shadows of emotions far nobler, purer, higher, which were from the beginning, and shall endure when time shall be no more?

This, then, is my thought: To the moral education and development of our race a vivid conception of God's active presence, and conscious, intelligent interest in human affairs is indispensable. It was such a conception which made the Hebrews a peculiar people—nay, in spite of their conspicuous faults, a great people. Their invincible vi-

talities, their distinctive, unconquerable homogeneity, against which so many tyrant persecutors have hurled themselves in vain, would have been melted away in the course of any two of the last twenty-five centuries, had theirs been a Pantheistic conception of God. Their survival as a people, though long divested of a country, and even of a chief, is a striking proof of the conservative force that inheres in the idea of a God to whom those who will may draw practically, consciously nearer than are those who know Him not; though these, too, are subjects of His care.

The bloodless speculation which vaunts itself philosophy and enlightenment has rarified the ether wherein it works, until "the undevout astronomer" alone can tell what it believes or aims to teach with regard to our theme. But, whatever else may be affirmed or denied thereof, it can hardly be doubted that the general drift of this speculation is toward a weakened sense of moral responsibility. It inspires no such horror of sin or dread of Divinely decreed and administered retribution as do the canons of ancient faith. "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the children of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season" becomes absurd self-sacrifice in the contemplation of a philosophy which precludes all retribution which is not the necessary consequence of violating beneficent laws, in whose regard punishment is but another phase of gravitation. In such a philosophy self-denial finds no aliment, conscience no spur, and the love and practices of virtue no safeguard in that "fearful looking for of judgment" which pursues and overtakes the transgressor.

In the education of the intellect mankind have made great strides since the birth of this century. Whether we regard the number taught or the knowledge imparted, the progress made has been marvellous. Science and literature alike rejoice in augmented treasures, which they proffer with open hand to all. But there is no corresponding progress in our average moral culture; nay, the number of those who blend the knowledge of a Humboldt with the ethics of Dick Turpin or Jonathan Wild would seem to be rapidly increasing. That one is master of many sciences and many tongues affords no trustworthy assurance that he may not at any moment stand forth an Aaron Burr in lack of principle, and a Ruloff in revolting, hideous crime.

Hence, the higher education of our day—most wisely in purpose, if not always in methods—essays to base its institutes and processes on religion, and to ground the character it seeks to form on the firm foundations of Christian faith and love. It realizes that

the youth is but half educated at best, whose intellect is developed and instructed while his moral sense remains dormant, his conscience asleep, if not perverted. They are eminently right who hold the soul by far the better part of man's immaterial nature, whose health and training are far more essential than the due unfolding and nurture of his mind. In highly educated beasts the world already abounds, while it has never yet been amply blessed with devoted, reverent, saintly, loving men. To develop rare intellectual abilities is far less difficult and less useful than to persuade their possessor to consecrate those powers intently to the highest good of his fellow-men.

This, then, I apprehend, is the proper work of the college. To appreciate, and measure, and undistrustfully accept and commend the gigantic strides which physical science is making in our day, yet be not swept away by them; to lend an attentive and unprejudiced ear to the bold speculations of our Darwins and Huxleys, wherein they seem almost to lay a confident finger on the very heart of the great mystery of life, without fear that they will ever evict God from His universe or restrict Him to some obscure corner thereof; to welcome all that is true and beneficent in the impetuous currents of modern thought, but not exaggerate their breadth and depth, nor accept their direction as authoritative and final; to proffer a genial and gracious hospitality to whatever is nobly new, yet hold fast, and from time to time assert the grand old truths which are grounded in the nature of man and his relations to the universe, in the firm assurance that no discoveries in science, no advances in human knowledge, can ever invalidate or ever belittle the golden rule, and no conclusion of philosophy ever equal in importance that simple affirmation of the untaught Judean peasant who long ago perceived and proclaimed that "God is love."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NOTHING can work me damage except myself. The harm I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer save by my own fault.—*St. Bernard.*

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

One day at a time,
Through this journey of life;
O Lord, we thus pray;
The years they are long,
And temptations are strong;
Give us strength for one day.

One day at a time,
For how could we bear
All our future to know;
Thou hast veiled it from sight,
And Thy love will make light
Out of darkness below.

One day at a time,
O Lord, by Thy grace,
Give us daily our bread;
We are tired, we are faint:
Saviour, hear our complaint,
And our hungry souls feed.

One day at a time—
Thy wisdom is best;
We trust all to Thee.
Our hearts they are weak,
And in vain do we seek
From our sorrows to flee.

One day at a time—
Lift us upward to Thee
By Thy marvelous love;
Where to praise, not to pray,
Makes the pure perfect day,
Of the bright world above.

lected.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A little boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
Then gracefully he touched his cap—
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me!"
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the pump: "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the water run."
"Oh, then!" the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be),
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me:
Far up the hillside lives the Spring,
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head,
"Oh! don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring with silvery accents said.

"Oh! don't thank me—for what am I
Without the dew and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"Oh well!" then said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray don't thank us—without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me;
'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"O Ocean! thanks!" then said the boy—
It echoed back, "Not unto me—

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie—
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God! I thank Thee for this gift,
Thou art the Giver of all good."

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

The ocean has, like the firm land, its beautiful meadows, its vast forests. Its mountains and valleys are covered by a multitude of various plants, each species requiring its own particular climate, but the contrary one of that which it would choose on the surface of the earth. In ascending the mountain we see how vegetation decreases gradually as we ascend higher and higher; how it by and by gets a sickly appearance, and at last disappears entirely to give way to everlasting snow.

An entirely contrary phenomenon would be observed in the waters of the ocean. The further we descend into the deep dales of the sea, the more does vegetation diminish; and from a depth of 3,000 metres the plumb line never brought up any particles or trace of any plants; we are, therefore, entitled to argue that the deepest submarine abysses are totally deprived of vegetation. Land plants do not grow beyond the boundary of snow; so sea plants cannot exist in considerable depths. Some of the sea-plants prefer a quiet place, where they are not touched by currents; others attach themselves firmly to rocks or other solid masses, around which a constant whirlpool is roaring and raging. These latter seem to thrive best in the stormiest roaring of the surges. Cane, reed, grass, sedge, rush, salt herbs, etc., which require air and light, grow close to the shore or the level of the water, and while their roots are nourished from the shallow bottom of the sea, their branches and blossoms form charming little islands, on which water-fowls are building their nests.

In the transparent waters of the Pacific, the vegetation of the sea displays the greatest splendor and richness. Various kinds of moss, of the greatest tenderness and the most splendid blending of colors, forming the richest Oriental carpets that fancy's witchcraft is able to produce, are spread out in enormous dimensions. In the seasons of calms, we can admire the wonderful *nuances* of their colors, in a depth of more than one hundred metres. On the slopes of the elevations at the bottom of the sea, is the silky *Anferina*, its ribbed branches resembling trimmings of silk; and small, purple-red *algæ*, which, when standing together, give a red lustre to the sea. Sea-weed, or *fucus*, forming extensive meadow-grounds in the Atlantic ocean, is growing here also. These plants, when by some accident torn off from their native standing-place, swim for years on the surface of the water without fading; and we see them floating thousand of miles distant from their original place. A collection of floating berry seaweed (*Sargassum bacciferum*), ex-

tending from the Azores near Cape de Ferde, and covering a space of sixty thousand square miles, gives to this part of the Atlantic the name of the Saragasso sea.

In the waters surrounding the equator there are plants belonging to the delicate Floridæ, having a bright red and yellow color; these plants cast their seed vessels far away, which then burst open, leaving the contents exposed to the pleasure of wind and waves; thus grain is sprouting far away from its mother plant. The *Laminariæ*, resembling reptiles, when soaked and decayed sufficiently, are converted into a transparent gelatin, or jelly, which is regarded as a delicate dish in Chile, from Lima to La Concepcion. *Ulvæ* are found in great multitude in the waters of the ocean; some of them, by the name of lettuce, are eaten. But the most remarkable of all the sea plants is *fucus giganteus*, a species of seaweed. The cedar tree is called the giant of the mountains, but this *fucus* may justly be called the king of the sea. It rises out of a depth of 300 feet up to the water's surface; vast masses of this gigantic plant are swimming along on the waves, forming really floating islands, which seals and other sea animals and sea birds choose as their abode to bask in and to sleep in comfortably. Navigators avoid these *fucus* isles like dangerous cliffs, or other perilous obstacles on their voyages. Around the equator, where calms are prevailing, ships sometimes get so entangled in the vast networks of this seaweed, that they have to remain on the same spot for months until a violent breeze sets them free.

Among the sea plants growing close to the shore there are many which furnish palatable food to men; others serve for industrial purposes, and form a profitable article of commerce. The Borax species supply us with iodine, which finds frequent application as a medicament, especially for scrofula; besides, it has been a great medium for art purposes, since the invention of daguerreotypes and photographs. By washing in lye the ashes of certain prickly *algæ*, growing on all the sea shores of Europe in vast multitudes, soda is produced, which is a main ingredient of soap, and is used in many other ways. Remains of plants torn from the rocks by the ever-toiling surges and thrown up to the ocean's surface during a storm, are spread over the soil, an excellent manure for it, and serve therefore to increase the prosperity and wealth of the inhabitants of the coast.

The submarine vegetable kingdom has by no means unveiled all its wonders to us; and the constant investigation of those men, who apply themselves exclusively to this branch

of science, will reveal the greater discoveries in that department, in that it was formerly neglected by navigators and investigators.—*Scientific American.*

CLEANLINESS IN HOLLAND.

There is no stone in this country,—nothing but an adhesive clay, suitable for men and horses to mire their feet in. It occurred to the people, however, to bake it, and in this way brick and tile, which are the best defences against humidity, came into their hands. You see well contrived buildings of an agreeable aspect, with red, brown, and rosy walls, covered with bright stucco, white facades, varnished and sometimes decorated with sculptured flowers, animals, medallions, and small columns. In the older cities the house often stands with its gable to the street, festooned with arcades, branchings and leafage, which terminate in a bird, an apple, or a bust; it is not, as in other cities, a continuation of its neighbor,—an abstract compartment of vast barracks,—but an object apart, endowed with special and private character, at once interesting and picturesque. Nothing could be better kept and cleaner.

At Dodai, the poorest have their domicile whitewashed once a year, outside and in, it being necessary to engage the whitewashers six months in advance. In Antwerp, in Ghent, and in Bruges, and especially in the small towns, most of the facades seem to be newly painted or freshened the day before. Washing and sweeping are going on on all sides. When you reach Holland there is extra care, even to exaggeration. You see domestics at five o'clock in the morning, scrubbing the sidewalks.

There are stables for cows, the flooring of which is cabinet work; you can enter them only in slippers or sabots, placed at the entrance for that purpose; a spot of dirt would be scandalous, and still more so any odor. Vehicles are prohibited from entering the village; the sidewalks of brick and blue porcelain are more irreproachable than a vestibule with us. In autumn, children come and gather up the fallen leaves in the street, to deposit them in a pit. Everywhere, in the small rooms, seemingly the state-rooms of a ship, the order and arrangement are the same as on a ship. In Broeck, it is said there is in each house a particular room which is only entered once a week, in order to clean and rub the furniture, and then carefully closed; in a country so damp, dirt immediately becomes deleterious mold; man, compelled to scrupulous cleanliness, contracts the habit, experiences its necessity, and at last falls under its tyranny.

• You would be pleased, however, to see the

humblest shop of the smallest street in Amsterdam, with its brown casks, its immaculate counter, its scoured benches, everything in its place, the economy of small quarters, the intelligent and handy arrangement of all utensils. Guiccardini remarks, "that their houses and their clothes are clean, handsome and well arranged, that they have much furniture, utensils, and domestic objects, kept in better order and with a finer lustre than any other country." It is necessary to see the comfort of their apartments, especially the houses of the middle classes, carpets, waxed cloths for the floors, warm heat-saving chimneys of iron and porcelain, triple curtains at the windows, clear, dark, and highly polished window panes, vases of flowers and green plants, innumerable nicknacks indicative of sedentary habits, which rendered home-life pleasant, mirrors placed so as to reflect those passing in streets, together with its changing aspects,—every detail shows some inconvenience remedied, some want satisfied, some contrivance, some thoughtful provision, in short, the universal reign of a sagacious activity and the extreme of comfort.—*Paine's "Art in the Netherlands."*

TRAVELING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

South African weather is very capricious, and the range of its action very partial. On getting to the summit-level we seemed to have reached another latitude. The roads are so soft and muddy as to be almost impassable. Soaking rains drive bitterly across these tablelands, and as the bush has vanished from the scene there is no shelter from the elements. Now begins the other side of wagon traveling. Without the wagon all is wet and muddy—within all is close and dirty. The oxen labor wearily through the deep, heavy clay of the roads. At last we reach another wagon in great distress. The wheels on one side have sunk above the naves into a rut of exceptional depth, and that melancholy but common experience, a "stickfast," has occurred. It is an open, untented transport wagon, heavily laden with iron and beer. The big ponderous casks have all been unloaded, and our aid is enlisted to help our neighbor out of his trouble. Making up our minds to halt for the night, we "outspan," and join our oxen to those of the other wagon. By dint of lashing and shrieking, the thirty-six beasts are at last prevailed on to drag the stranded vehicle out of its resting place on to harder ground. The oxen are then set adrift, and we employ the afternoon in helping to load up again the released wagon. This operation will be repeated very many times before we reach the diamond-fields. Wagon-travelers even more than mariners are dependent upon

mutual offices of friendly service. Your neighbor's case may be your own to-morrow, as it was ours on many a weary occasion before the goal was reached.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

From "The Episcopalian."

AUNT BESSIE'S PROVERB.

"If a hole is made, put in a patch," was a constant saying of my aunt Bessie. And she used to practice what she preached; for many a hole have I known her to patch; but it was her tongue, not her needle that she used for the purpose. The holes that her proverb alluded to were not such as fingers could repair. When she heard a disparaging remark made of a neighbor, she called it "Making a hole in their character," and would instantly find some good word to say for them by way of putting a patch in. "A patch is better than a hole," she used to say, "though it is better still if the hole be not made at all so as to require one." If I were to attempt to write down half the instances that I can remember of how she carried her precept into practice, I should cover far too many sheets of these pages; so I will give but one to exemplify her character and the meaning of her words.

We lived in the village of Laveston, in Hertfordshire. My aunt (by name Elizabeth Welford) was the daughter of a farmer, who had left her a small competence, and she lived in a tiny house in Laveston. When I became an orphan she took me to live with her. Although her means were extremely humble, and though she was a most retiring person, it was wonderful how much she was sought after in different ways by her neighbors, and how greatly she was beloved. I believe the secret was that she was never heard to say an unkind word of another. If she saw people's faults (and she was a keen-sighted woman), she would never bring them forward into notice by any word of hers; but their good traits she was always ready to enlarge upon if they were mentioned.

Not far from my aunt's house lived a widow woman named Susan Styles, who sold prints, calicoes, ribbons, etc. She had no shop-window in which to display her goods; but, for all that, she did a pretty good business.

Susan was a good sort of woman in her way, but she always said what came uppermost, without pausing to think whether her words were quite kind or right; and so in speaking of people she was very apt to pick holes in them. I remember her coming to my aunt one evening, to show some specimens of new calicoes she had just received—an article for which the former had been inquiring. After some discussion as to its quality, Susan

changed the subject, and asked my aunt whether she had heard that Mary Knolles, the carpenter's eldest daughter, was anxious to go to service.

"And a very good servant she will make," remarked my aunt. "The girl is clever and active. I hope she will get a good place."

"There's a lady staying at the Hall wants a maid," said Susan. "She called at my house to-day with my lady, and they asked me about her."

"And you advised them to try her, I hope?" said my aunt.

"Well, I said she was well enough in her way, but that of course she knew nothing, and I thought she would be above being taught, for she had a pretty good conceit of her own."

"What makes you think that?" said my aunt. "I have always considered her a humble minded girl, glad to be advised; and I know her better than most of the girls about."

"I used to like her well enough," replied Susan; "but since she's grown up, she's got above letting one have a voice in the affairs of their house, and as she's got no mother, she ought to be glad if one drops in now and then to see how things go on."

My aunt was silent. I knew well what was passing in her mind. Susan was a well-known busy-body, who loved to meddle with her neighbors' concerns; and in more than one instance she had made mischief, though unintentionally. If Mary Knolles had not encouraged her to their house it was certainly prudent of the girl, and showed her good sense.

When she had left, my aunt said to me: "I am afraid Susan may have done harm to Mary, and prevented the lady taking her as her domestic; that's what I call making a hole in a character for want of thought."

"You'll try to put a patch in that hole, aunt, if it can be done any how," thought I. I was right in my conjecture. The very next day it so happened that Lady Grainger called at our house to ask about some poor woman who was ill, and then my aunt brought around the conversation to the subject of Mary Knolles wanting a situation. She was not surprised to hear her ladyship say that her friend, then staying at the Hall, wanted a young maid.

"But," said Lady Grainger, "I have heard that she is rather above being told how to do things which she must be ignorant of; so we are afraid of trying her."

Thus the hole had been made in Mary's character by a few thoughtless and really unjust words, and a good opportunity for a motherless girl to be comfortably started in employment likely thereby to be lost. But my aunt hastened to insert her patch: "Indeed,

my lady, if I may say a word, I think Mary Knolles is as humble and good a girl as any you would find. I have known her well from a baby, and many is the bit of advice I have given her since she lost her mother, and not once can I remember her returning me a cross look or vexed word. True, she must be ignorant of living; but whoever takes her will find her teachable, I am certain."

"I am glad you happened to mention her," said Lady Grainger; "for I think much of your opinion, Miss Welford, and will tell my friend what you have said; and I have no doubt it will decide her to engage Mary."

Thus the hole was patched, and with such good effect that Mary Knolles went to London with the lady in about a fortnight. She became an excellent domestic, and is at this time the wife of the butler, whom she married after she had lived ten years in the family. She never knew either of the hole or the patch, but she ever retained her affection for my aunt as long as the latter was alive, and regarded her as one of her best friends.

Dear aunt Bessie! It was actual pain to her to hear an unkind remark made of another. She could not be easy till she had said something to undo the effect it might have. So well was this known that rarely would any one venture to speak unkindly of a neighbor before her; and her example in this respect had its effect on others. The well-known saying of, "If a hole is made, put in a patch," became quite a village proverb, and it was a good and wholesome one to be circulated. Ten years have passed since my dear old aunt died, and still it is no uncommon thing to hear those words repeated in Laveston. And homely as they are, may they not give a hint to others besides the good folks of Laveston? In every place and in every rank, holes are too frequently made of the kind of which we have been speaking.

May this little tribute to aunt Bessie's memory incite some reader to begin and watch for opportunities of patching holes as she did—or, in other words, to be "kindly affectioned one towards another!"

C. E. BOWEN.

ITEMS.

THE population of London, as given by the last census—3,883,092—is 1332 greater than that of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco, Buffalo—the eleven largest cities in the United States—and Allegheny City combined.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN ITALY.—This subject is exciting the interest of Italian ladies, several of whom have devoted their time to giving lectures with a design to its improvement. In Milan, a course of literary and scientific conferences have been inaugurated by Signora Torriani, at which ladies have delivered addresses on matters connected with fe-

male education. Amongst them, Signora Malvina Franck gave lectures on the following subjects: "The Condition of Women amongst the Ancients;" "On Matrimony;" "On Ignorance;" "On Materialism in Marriage," and "On the Women of America." It is said that the excellent example set by these ladies will soon be followed in other cities of Italy.

IN Iowa the planting of trees is encouraged by law. Every acre of forest trees planted releases taxation for ten years on one hundred dollars valuation, and for each acre of fruit trees planted tax is exempted on fifty dollars valuation for five years; and the same for shade trees and hedges along the highways. There are now maple forests in several counties, from which sugar is made, where fifteen years since was nothing but wild prairie grass and hazel shrubs.

A BUREAU has been established at Frankfort-on-the-Main for the purpose of supplying German capitalists with information about American financial and other affairs.

THE STOCKING TRADE.—The cost of the labor, it is stated, forms a very large part of the price of stockings, amounting to fifty per cent. of the retail charges. A manufacturer, it is calculated, very seldom realizes ten cents a dozen on stockings, while the great bulk of hosiery sold nets as profit from three-fourths of a cent to two cents a dozen. A stocking, before it is ready for sale, passes through twenty different processes, such, for instance, as spinning the yarn, winding the yarn, knitting, cutting and raveling, footing, sewing and hand seaming, rough mending, trimming, bleaching and dyeing, boarding, wetting, finished mending, tacking, mating, folding, pressing, stamping, boxing and casing. The great centre of the trade for plain goods, it is reported, is in New England, while Philadelphia produces every year over two and a half million dollars' worth of children's and men's fancy stockings.

Shaker stockings are manufactured in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, over three fifths of the whole supply being produced in New Hampshire. In the latter State twenty eight factories are in operation, producing 4500 dozen pairs per day. These manufactories give employment to about 1400 hands in the mills, and over 13,000 women on the outside steadily employed in knitting on the heels and toes, and also a large number earning one dollar a dozen for this work, besides attending to their household duties. The monthly pay rolls of these establishments amount to fifty thousand dollars in the aggregate, and employ almost the entire female population within a radius of fifteen miles. In Massachusetts there are seventeen hosiery mills, each producing from 250 to 2500 dozen stockings daily. The five largest mills produce an aggregate of 6600 dozen stockings daily and employ one thousand hands.—*Public Ledger*.

CARBOLIC ACID PAPER.—Carbolic acid paper, which is now much used for packing fresh meats, for the purpose of preserving them against spoiling, is made by melting five parts of stearine at a gentle heat, and then stirring in thoroughly two parts of carbolic acid; after which five parts of melted paraffin are to be added. The whole is to be well stirred together until it cools; after which it is again melted and applied with a brush to the paper, in quires, in the same way as in preparing the wax paper so much used in Europe for wrapping various articles.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From Old and New.

THE TRUE RITUAL.

BY C. CARROLL EVERETT.

Religion is almost as universal as humanity; and ritual is hardly less wide spread than religion. So soon as the idea of a power that may in any sense be called divine dawns upon the soul, the mind begins to seek some means of propitiating it; or, rather, it seems to assume that certain gifts or certain rites are acceptable to this power, and at once these gifts or these services become the most important elements of life. The ways in which men have sought to please or soothe the divine beings or being that they worship are marked on the one side by a certain resemblance to one another, so far as their central idea is concerned; and, on the other, by an almost endless diversity in the way in which this idea is carried out. But, amid all this uniformity and these differences, there is present one feeling, and that is, that the act performed is, by its very nature, acceptable to the object of worship. The Hindoo believed that the gods loved the juice of the soma, nay, that they drank from it life and strength. Other nations have believed that the gods loved the flesh or the savor of the sacrifices that they brought. The Chinese believe that the mock money which they bring in offering passes current in the other world. The ascetic believes that the divinity is pleased with his privations and his self-inflicted tor-

ments. The Hebrew went through the solemn ritual with a single-hearted confidence that it pleased God. The thought of Jesus, that the sabbath was "made for man," was a new one to the Jews, who had taken it for granted that God claimed the sabbath for himself.

The same feeling exists even in the Christian world. The Catholic has the same faith in his ritual that the Hebrew has in his. The Calvinist insists upon the central articles of his belief as matters in themselves required by God. The great sacrifice of Jesus he regards as performed for the sake of its effect upon the divine mind. The justice of God must be satisfied; and no less a victim would suffice. The Christian must put his faith in this; must put all his hope upon this sacrifice; must make it his, in order that the divine justice may be satisfied in his individual case. The relation in which the Christian is thus brought to Jesus is one that may be helpful to him in many ways. It may purify his heart, and exalt his spirit; but the direct object of the relationship is not found in these effects which may be produced upon the Christian, but only in those which are produced upon the mind of God; indeed, it is probable that a large proportion of Christians believe that their religious observances are in themselves pleasing to God. They think that the keeping of the Sabbath, the going to church, and all the round of

what are considered religious duties, are things that God accepts for their own sake; and that, in accepting the gift, he accepts the giver. Thus are sabbath-keeping and church-going expected to balance the man's account with God. The sabbath is a sponge that wipes the sins of the week, not out of the soul, but out of God's record book.

And who shall say that with such services God is never pleased? The soul offers them to God believing that he loves them. They thus form an expression, poor and imperfect indeed, but yet real, of its religious life. God looks at the heart; and, where he sees the wish to serve him, doubtless he accepts the service. Thus the child brings his choicest pebble-stones to his mother. He believes that she will value them as he does; and she accepts the gift with joy, not that she cares for the pebbles, but she does care for the love that expresses itself through them.

But how will it be when the boy learns that his pebblestones are worthless to his mother? He may still bring them, because he wishes to do something to please her; and she may accept them, because she understands this. But what a piece of formalism has the whole thing become! The gift expressed his love when he thought his mother valued it. What does it express now that he knows she does not? She accepted the pebbles when she knew he thought she loved them. What meaning can they have for her now that she knows he does not? The child would express his love better by the simple caress, that has a meaning of its own; by cheerful obedience to his mother's will, and by searching the woods for the wild flowers that he knows she loves.

There comes a moment in the history of ritualism of every land corresponding to this that I have spoken of in the development of the child's consciousness. Man awakens to the thought that God cares nothing for all the pomp of sacrifice and ceremonial; that those acts with which he thought God was best pleased are indifferent to Him; that, at best, he accepts only the purpose of the heart, which he discovers in these childish manifestations.

The natural course in this condition of affairs would seem to be to select such portion of the ritual as is the natural expression of the soul's life, or is helpful to it, and retain this, throwing the rest away. The man would now do many things that he did before, only with a different motive. He would still keep the sabbath in such a way as might seem most expedient, not for God's sake, but for his own sake. He would go to church for the spiritual stimulus he might receive there. He would lift up his voice in sacred

song, because music is the soul's fit utterance. He would love the service of the communion, because there his best life is quickened by contact with the life of Him who was the exemplar and inspirer of the world. All this seems, looked at from without, much like the old ritual; but yet what a change there is in the whole spirit of it! Before, men did what they thought pleased God, because they thought it pleased Him. They brought their childish offerings, not dreaming that the smile with which they were received was not a smile of gladness at the offerings themselves. Now, they do what is most profitable to themselves, because it is most profitable, without any further sense of responsibility to God than is felt for the right use of all opportunities of getting good. The whole spirit, one might say the whole direction, of the thing is changed. The whole original idea of ritual is lost; that is, if that which we find in the earliest historic periods was the original idea. As Christ said, "The sabbath was made for man;" so we might say that our whole church organization and ritual thus becomes not divine service, but self-service. It does not please God, save as it helps ourselves.

It is not strange that such service should fail to satisfy fully the human heart. The original idea of ritual sprang out of the deep needs of the soul. It longs to bring something to God which is not merely helpful to itself, but which is pleasing to Him for its own sake. For this reason, it sometimes clings to the fulness and detail of its old ritual, elaborating most carefully those parts which have no direct relation to the soul itself; seeking, by means of these superabundant forms, to express and satisfy its longing to do something for God. Thus, after it admits that God looks not at the creed, but at the heart and the life, it will yet cling to some standard or other of orthodoxy, making this the test and measure of religious fellowship. Thus also there springs into being an elaborate ritual, which is rooted neither in a sense of the soul's simple needs, nor in a belief in God's requirements. It seems a matter of taste, and especially of a sort of antiquarian taste, instead of being a matter of simple faith and instinct. The men and women who take part in it must know, from the connection in which they stand with other churches, that God does not require candles and robes and posturing. They must feel that he cares very little about such things. They are certainly not the natural language of the spirit. And yet they go through these varied rites, and bring together this multiplied machinery of worship, because they feel the need of doing something which is for the service of

God and not of themselves, and because they find that this is what men did centuries ago, and they know nothing better to do now than to repeat their acts. The acts indeed may be the same, but their spirit is very different. The simple faith that they are what pleased God is gone; and what were forms before have become formalism now. The child fancies that his mother is a child like himself, and that what pleases him will please her. When he is no longer a child, he brings no longer the childish gifts; and shall men and women still bring to God the glittering toys that pleased their childish fancy, thinking they will please him still?

Thus the original need of ritual remains still unsatisfied. The soul will bring to God an offering that pleases Him,—that He will take, not simply because it is well meant, but because it is well chosen. The souls of men and women languish and long for such service. The poor expedients they take to satisfy this longing show its existence and its strength. It has been felt so long as men have been men, and it always will be felt till it is satisfied.

And yet the solution of the difficulty is not far to seek. Centuries ago, the apostle James answered the question in clear, straightforward words, although their clearness is somewhat marred by the shape which these words have chanced to take in an English version. "The true ritual and undefiled before God and the Father," he cried, "is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The clear-headed apostle did not affirm that this was all of religion, but that this was the true service of religion. All through the Hebrew history, this ritual of life was held up ever against the ritual of the temple. If we "had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice," we should not have become so bewildered seeking the true ritual by which to worship God.

A life of patience and purity and love, of kindly, helpful, generous words and deeds,—this is the true service of God. He does not ask that we should light candles upon His altar, cold and dim in the presence of His all-loving day, but that we should shed light upon the pathway of our brother who may be walking in darkness. Not the breath of incense does He ask, but the diffusive fragrance of a heart rich in its own self-forgetful love. The spirit that longs to bring to God some gift that He will accept for its own sake, has not then far to seek. It has only to learn that what is done for man, God accepts as done for Himself; that through human hands He takes the offering that we would lay upon His altar.

The trouble is, we do not put enough religion into our service for men, and we do not put enough service for men into our religion. Thus the heart remains unsatisfied. If we could really feel, that, when we draw near to men, we draw near to God, then we should turn more earnestly to meet and satisfy our brother's needs, and our hearts would find more of the fulness of that peace for which they long.

I CONCEIVE the true method of religious inquiry is the converse of that which men of science in our day commonly follow. Instead of beginning with the outward world of matter, and seeking God primarily in the phenomena of nature, in the laws of gravitation and electricity, and in the mysteries of the first existence of species, of organic life, of the stellar nebulae, I hold that we need to find Him first in the human soul, and then, and hardly till then, to see the traces of His wisdom and power throughout the universe. I conceive that, as a matter of fact, it is more than doubtful whether man would have ever found God in nature if he had not first found Him in his own heart; and I think that all the arguments which are supposed to prove the existence of a Deity have not derived their force from coming to us as fresh logical syllogisms, but because they corroborate what we already inwardly dimly feel to be true. As it has been well said of the great collateral doctrine of a future life, we do not believe it because we have proved it, but we forever seek to prove it because we believe it. We endeavor to see with the eye of the intellect that which we have heard with the inward ear of heart and conscience.—F. P. C.

From the (London) Friend.

ON THE PRACTICE OF THANKSGIVING BEFORE MEAT.

The origin of the practice of thanksgiving, or of "saying grace" before meat, is involved in considerable obscurity. I might suggest with Charles Lamb that it originated in the days when men obtained their food by hunting, and when a good meal was a precarious event, and so, more or less, looked upon as a special providence.

Or the somewhat analogous custom of the Greeks might be brought forward—who, 1,000 years before the Christian era, before drinking their wine, poured a little onto the ground as an offering or libation to any god or goddess whom they chose to name—saying, "this to Apollo," or "this to Ceres." See Homer's description of a stormy night during the Trojan War, "Iliad," Book vii. 562-70.

The Egyptians, we are told, were never

remiss in returning thanks to the gods for that peculiar protection they were thought to extend to them and to their country above all the nations of this earth. They never sat down to meals without saying grace; and Josephus says that when the 72 elders were invited by Ptolemy Philadelphus to sup at the palace, Nicanor requested Eleazor to say grace for his countrymen, instead of those Egyptians to whom that duty was committed on other occasions.—See Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians."

I do not remember any record in the Old Testament of the custom of thanksgiving before meals. We learn from other sources, that it was the habit of the Jews before eating the Paschal meal, for the master to give thanks for the fruit of the earth. So when Jesus Christ presided at the Paschal supper, He gave thanks both before handing the bread at the commencement, and the cup at the end of the meal. It is from this "thanksgiving," or "blessing," that we get the name of "Eucharist," from *εὐχαριστία*, *eucharistia*, giving of thanks. In the celebration of the Supper by the early Christians all the company united in the thanksgiving by shouting "Amen." Not only in the instance of the Supper have we the example of Christ in this custom of thanksgiving, but also in His miracles of feeding the multitudes, and at the private table when seated with Cleophas and his friends at Emmaus—

"He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word, And left them, both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord.'" St. Paul's words to Timothy—"For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving," &c.—seem to apply to the custom of giving thanks at table, and we have the comprehensive injunction, "In everything give thanks."

The practice of Christians now for eighteen centuries proves, I think, not only the general belief that it is desirable to have fixed times for thanksgiving, but also that there is a fitness in the choice of the time before meals—when we are about to partake of that without which life could not be supported.

Dr. Johnson, when travelling in Scotland 100 years ago, and speaking of the Scotch custom of saying grace at breakfast as well as at dinner and supper, remarked, "It is enough if we have stated seasons for prayer, no matter when. A man may as well pray when he mounts his horse, or a woman when she milks her cow (which is done in the Highlands), as at meals, and custom is to be followed."

This is quite true, only most men don't mount horses and only a few women milk cows—whereas all alike must eat. When

we recollect the good Doctor's weakness was to be very much of an animal when eating, we may see that there would perhaps have been in his case a fitness in the choice of other than meal times for this practice.

The mode of carrying out this custom has been, and is, very various. I don't know when it was first christened "saying grace," though this curious term is older than Shakspeare. In *Measure for Measure* occurs this passage:

"1st Gent. There's not a soldier of us all that in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

"2nd Gent I never heard any soldier dislike it.

"Lucio. I believe thee, for I think thou never wast where grace was said."

This extract proves not only that the custom went by the name of "saying grace," but also that it was a form of prayer in which there were various petitions.

Very long and wearisome to the undevo-tional mind must those Puritan "graces" have been. Sir Walter Scott has described one in his *Legend of Montrose*, when poor Captain Dalgetty, between every section of a very long grace, "handled his knife and fork as he might have done his musket or pike when going upon action, and as often resigned them unwillingly, when the prolix chaplain commenced another clause of his benediction."

I often think with wonder of the marvellous capacity for devotion which those old Puritans had who could join with fervor "in services which continued eight or ten hours without interruption." No wonder that their "thanksgivings" partook of the prolixity of their other devotions.

I have not succeeded in discovering how the Friends' practice of "having silence" instead of "saying grace" originated. I think George Fox's Journal does not contain any mention of the subject.

Was it that in the jealousy of all forms, and the desire to abstain from saying more than they actually felt, vocal thanksgiving was *gradually* discontinued by the early Friends, and a silent pause substituted for it?

Perhaps some readers of *The Friend* can throw further light on the matter.

The Society of Friends are not quite alone in this practice. A very interesting instance of a similar and perhaps rather preferable custom in the household of the Archbishop of Finland is thus recorded by Stephen Grellet:

"When we came to the dinner table, instead of sitting down at once, the company stood in silence behind their chairs, and then,

without uttering a word, we all took our seats. I was seated between the Archbishop and his wife, and took the opportunity to ask him respecting their having thus stood in silence before sitting down. He said that it is his regular practice in his family; he considers it much preferable to the formal habit of uttering set prayers which often the heart does not feel; but that in silence there is an opportunity for the heart to feel after and receive a qualification for secret prayer to God. . . . After dinner they all rose and placed themselves as before dinner, behind their chairs, and so continued for a while in silence."

I once travelled for a few days in the company of a Scotchman considerably older than myself, and this gentleman always said grace before our meals, I suppose in the orthodox Scotch fashion. It was in fact a prayer for things in general, and lasted perhaps two or three minutes.

The momentary bending forward of the body and muttering of a few unintelligible words, which so frequently forms the "grace" in England, conveys, especially to a Friend, a somewhat painful impression of mere formality. How true is it that "there is a kind of mechanical memory in the tongue which runs over the form without any aid of the understanding, without any concurrence of the will, without any consent of the affections; for do we not sometimes implore God to hear a prayer to which we are ourselves not attending?" and this is the great danger of a form which is so constantly repeated.

I therefore like the Friends' silence much better than any prescribed formulary, but am far from being blind to the fact that a silent may be every bit as formal as a vocal grace. What I think should be desired, during these pauses before meals, is a feeling of thankfulness, which is not necessarily embodied in either mental or vocal words. Perhaps, however, the occasional vocal expression of what is *felt* would be desirable.

I often recall the simple "grace" once heard at a neighbor's house, not gabbled, but said feelingly, "Thou who givest us all things, give us thankful hearts," and such an utterance now and then might tend to make these moments more what they should be.

C. D.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

There are many ways to scatter the good seed. Good words cost nothing, but are worth much. They have caused many bleeding hearts to thank God, take courage, and go rejoicing on their way.

Though the object of the First-day Schools

is not so much for the benefit of those more advanced in years as for the younger class,—the tender lambs,—yet the older ones often have to acknowledge their strength increased thereby. But that this may be realized, they must first seek refreshment from that never-failing source which alone qualifies to hand forth counsel and advice which may be as bread cast upon the waters, "found after many days."

I would that none of us may give way to the feeling that because we have no children of our own, we have no interest here, but rather encourage that universal love which will draw all thus to mingle together for mutual benefit.

Even as the dew refreshes the drooping plant, making it vigorous and causing it to send forth a pleasant savor, so if we are willing to open our affections and receive the still, but impressive teachings of heavenly wisdom, will our lives send out a pleasant savor which may be refreshing to those within our influence.

I feel a desire that we may all come to taste, see and know that the Lord is good. If we come unto Him desiring to work in His vineyard, He will appoint us a place suited to our condition. We are commanded to let our light shine and not put it under a bushel. Then let us gather the children in the simplicity of Jesus, and talk to them according to their capacity to understand.

If our First-day schools can contribute to the well being of any, our efforts will be blessed with the thought that we have done what we could. Then with this noble purpose in view, let us go on, daily seeking to drink at that Fountain of which Jesus told the woman of Samaria. This is the source of Divine help in every good work,—the beginning and the end of all goodness, and to this let us resort oftener than the returning morning.

C. W. C.

Mendon Centre, N. Y., 8th mo, 1871.

FATHER TAYLOR'S IDEA OF CREEDS.

Shipmates, if anybody were to ask you who made the heavens and earth, and all that in them is, you would very properly make answer, God; and if you should be asked who made all the creeds, you would say men, and be right in both cases. Now creeds, like Joseph's coat of many colors, are made of patches, no two of them alike, nor one of them to day what it was when first made. Even our new friends, the Millerites, since they broke their crank in trying to wind the world up, have been compelled to add a new patch to their creed to explain the blunders in their figuring. No man shall make a creed for me, and I am sure I do not wish to make

a creed for any one. My sea-faring friends know as well as myself, that a common danger gives men a common creed. A few days ago one of the brethren just returned from sea told me a story that will explain what I mean by a common danger giving men a common creed, or, if you like the phrase better, a common religion. He was one of the crew of a large ship bound from Liverpool for New York, with over 400 souls on board, mostly steerage passengers. Half passage out she was beset by a hurricane, which blew all her sails from her boltopes; the sea swept away her boats, bulwarks and everything movable from her decks, and, to add to the horror, when the storm moderated she caught fire below. New sails were bent, and she was headed for the Western Islands, while the passengers were employed pouring water below, in the hope of drowning the fire. It was all in vain. The fire increased. The pitch began to melt from the seams of the planking, the lower parts of the hold-pumps were burned, so that there were no means left to pump the water out; in short, after doing all that men could do to save the ship, they found themselves at their wits' end. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses. All work ceased; the captain called the passengers and crew together, and told them it was hardly possible for the ship to continue afloat another day, for she was leaky as well as on fire, and he therefore advised each one to pray for himself, in his own way. As if moved by a common impulse, they prostrated themselves on the deck without uttering a word.

Now what do you think they prayed for? A little Methodism, a little more Catholicism, a little more Presbyterianism, a little more Unitarianism, Universalism, or any other ism? No, no, brethren. A common danger had given them a common religion. Every soul communed with the same God. When they rose from the deck a young sailor had bounded aloft, and when he reached the royal masthead, shouted with all his might—"Sail ho! steering in our wake." In a moment the ship was hove to, after which the sailors swarmed up the rigging to see for themselves. Now wait a minute, shipmates, and I will show you how these poor souls, who but a few minutes before were all praying to a common Father, began to differ and make creeds according to their range of vision. Only one small square sail could be seen above the horizon, for the vessel was end on, and from this the sailors began to reason whether the craft was a ship, a barque or a brig. And this controversy continued until she was hull on, with the studding-sails

set on both sides. The signal of distress had been seen, and, as if by magic, she was clothed with all her drawing sail. Now what mattered it whether she was a ship, a barque or a brig? She was a saviour. Was not that enough? No; men are so crooked that they will even question the existence of a God, in whom they live, move, and have their being. It was a British frigate. She rounded to and saved every soul. Were they not grateful? I think they were. But suppose it had been at night, for God works at all times, and in all weathers; and the poor souls could only have seen her lights rising and falling with the roll of the waves, they would have been just as much given to speculation. Even in the darkness, somebody would have thought that he saw something better than his shipmates, and so on probably through the whole ship's company. Sailors as well as landsmen are not willing to take God at His word, and wait patiently for the working out of His ways, but they want to know all about Him right off, and because they can't, they go to work and make out what they think He ought to do, and call it a creed.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

BY WILLIAM S. BALCH.

There is a great power in Christian communion. I do not mean in the outward semblance of eating bread and tasting wine; but in the real, earnest, hearty sympathy and love which are drawn from the fountain of Christianity. There is no friendship so genuine; no confidence so complete and enduring; no touch so electric; no joy so pure and perfect; no fellowship so sweet and hallowing, as that produced by the attaching band of Christian love. That is the spirit of truth; "the seal of the covenant," the indwelling Christ; "the fulness of God." God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him. The pure in heart see God.

There is no real communion where there is not love. There can be none. The heart is blighted, withered, religiously dead, that is not filled with love. The forms of religion may be accepted; the behests of the church may be obeyed; every outward observance may be regarded punctiliously, and many and loud words be uttered in praise of the denomination; it all avails nothing, if love to God and man is wanting.

The forced demands of the church prevent religion in the soul, and the terms prescribed as conditions of fellowship beyond the testimony of a loving heart, are unchristian and pernicious. The soul must be free. It is made so in Christ. God in the conscience is

the only judge and rater of the Christian. He is the judge of all. To Him appeal may always be made and a true verdict be obtained.

Nothing has so militated against Christianity as assumptions of authority, and the *opinions* of others in the establishment of creeds as tests of religious character. There is no authority for such procedure in the New Testament. The rule of Jesus is, "By their fruits ye shall know them." He wrote no creed, established no tests, but in moral conduct, and gave no authority for His disciples to judge one another. The whole of His religion is condensed into the new commandment, "That ye should love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men *know* that ye are my disciples; if ye have love one to another."

What denomination has accepted this standard and acted upon it? It may be tacitly admitted in all; but by whom has it been given the importance that the Saviour attached to it? By whom is it made the test of fellowship and communion?

Christianity has suffered more from the lack of the Christ-spirit in its professing leaders, than from all other causes put together. Vain is it to murmur, and repine, and complain, at the wickedness of the world, the opposition of unbelievers, the hostility of infidels, the claims of science, so long as church-members "bite and devour one another, and are full of wrath, clamor, and evil-speaking." No wonder they are consumed one of another; while sin and shame are rampant the wide world over.

Ask thinking, serious, good men why they do not come into the outward communion of the church. What is their answer? "The church is divided, contentious, wrangling—its members are no better really than the world's people; but are more dangerous, because they pretend to be so much better. They deceive themselves and others." As honest and conscientious men, how can they consent to put on the cloak cut after the fashion of a sect to gain admission among religious hypocrites? Broad-brimmed hats and drab coats; deep water baptism, and sectarian Shibboleths; ritualistic bowings and priestly orders, do not procure nor testify to purity of heart nor excellence of life. They possess not the power to produce genuine communion. Christian communion goes deeper and higher. It permeates the whole soul, the heart and thought and purpose and action. It attracts and is attracted. It is a spirit of power. It is God's work, perfect in His Son, who was drawn to humanity that humanity might be drawn to the Father—be

reconciled to Him, and live in love one with another, and therefore live in God.

The heart that has never *felt* this communion is yet a stranger to the highest joys of which he is capable, to the blessings God has prepared for them that love Him. If one has felt the thrill of delight and sorrow which rushes through his whole being when brought into full sympathy with another, into whose condition of pleasure and suffering he fully enters, as really as if it were his own; he may have an *idea*, approaching, intellectually, to what Christian communion is. But he can never *know* it, till he *feels* it; and then he will not be able to find language to describe it. It is a "joy *unspeakable* and full of glory."

All we can hope to do for others is to give them the assurance—convince them that there is such a communion, such a "fellowship in Christ," that they may be drawn to it—ask and receive, seek and find it. Once obtained it will flow unto the house of the Lord. It will need no fetters to restrain, no cords, creeds, and sectarian names to bind it. Freely and lovingly and naturally it will live, and walk with the saints of the Most High, and reach out to all men the arms of a pure and loving communion.

Elgin, Ill., Aug. 1st, 1871.

—*The Golden Age.*



FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I have thought that a mariner who had often struck on the rocks or stranded on the shoals, and had finally been shipwrecked, might prove a safe pilot for others. It is a mortifying thought in connection with myself, but so it is. I feel tenderly with thee, and the language flows towards thee, "Cast not therefore away thy confidence, which hath great recompense of reward;" for though thy Beloved hath withdrawn Himself, it is but for a season. Though He may hide His face from thee, He is not afar-off. The dove in thee shall again find whereon to rest her feet; thy whole ark shall be stayed even on the Mount, only distrust not; it is by faith the depending children must often live.

I have but little at my command, but I cannot hear of the trials of my young friends, who have given in their names to serve the Lord, without feeling an ardent desire that after having thus surrendered self, they may not take back the gift. Let there be a full submission to the Divine will, and all will be well.

I transcribe for thy encouragement the ad-

vice of a faithful servant of the Lord, who spake with authority, when addressing a fellow pilgrim, "Oh, blessed soul, if thou would but be content and quiet in the fire of temptation and tribulation, and suffer thyself to be fully proved and tried, in patiently enduring the assaults of the enemy and the desertion of heavenly good, how soon wouldst thou find thyself rich in celestial pleasures—how soon would the divine bounty make a rich throne in thy soul, and a goodly habitation for thee to refresh and solace thyself in. Cast not therefore away thy confidence, which hath great recompense of reward, but keep constant, oh, blessed soul, keep constant, for it will not be as thou imagines, nor art thou at any time nearer to God than in such times of desertion and trial of thy faith, for although the sun is hid in the clouds, yet it changes not its place, nor loses any part of its brightness. The Lord permits these painful temptations and desertions, to purge and polish thee, to cleanse and disrobe thee of self, that thou mayst become entirely His, and give thyself up wholly to serve Him. How much is to be purified in a soul, before it arrives at the holy mountain of perfection. How resigned, naked, annihilated ought that soul to be, that would not hinder the entrance of the Lord, nor His intimate communion with it.

It is not a time, my beloved friend, for the servants to be idle, or the standard bearers to faint, though there continue to be discouraging things amongst us, at which sometimes I look and am ready to say, "Who shall stand?" Yet over against all, there is this consolation, the "testimony of God standeth sure, having this seal the Lord knoweth them that are His." How strengthening is this evidence. Were it not for this, very few would be enabled to struggle through the difficulties, and reach the haven of rest and peace.

On Seventh-day afternoon we went to see our valued friends J. H. and wife. In the evening, after a time of pleasant conversation, our minds were introduced into silence. It proved a heavenly season—one that I think will be long remembered by me. Dear R. bore a lively testimony to the excellency and all-sufficiency of Divine power—that indwelling, operative principle, to which we, as a people, have gathered, and which she had loved from her early days. Others also cast their mites into the treasury. It seems to me there is no way more likely to insure the flowings of life in our gatherings, whether these be public for divine worship or the smaller social companies, than to yield a simple obedience to every intimation of duty. Unfaithfulness has a contrary effect. I feel

willing to impress this sentiment on thy mind, not to discourage but to encourage thee. Did we, under all circumstances, more frequently heed the exhortation, "Keep silence before me, oh ye Islands," we would more frequently witness a renewal of strength.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 9, 1871.

DIED.

BALLENGER.—On the 25th of Eighth month, 1871, Anne Eliza, wife of Charles Ballenger, and daughter of Richard Roberts, aged 30 years; a member of Woodlawn Monthly Meeting, Va. Interred in Friends' burying-ground at Woodlawn.

WILLETS.—On the 20th of Eighth month, 1871, at the residence of her father-in-law Edmund Willets, Manhasset, L. I., Esther G., wife of Joseph Willets, of Brooklyn; a member of New York Monthly Meeting, a kind and affectionate wife and mother, aged 37 years.

BOND.—On the 27th of Eighth month, 1871, at the residence of her father in Warminster township, Bucks Co., Pa., Mary Emma, daughter of Charles and the late Mary S. Bond, aged nearly 18 years.

SPEAKMAN.—At her residence in Wilmington, Del., on the 1st inst., Ann, widow of Nathaniel Speakman, in the 75th year of her age.

COMLY.—On the 23d of Eighth month, 1871, at his residence at Rocksville, Bucks Co., Pa., after a short illness, Joseph Comly, aged 58 years; a highly esteemed member and elder of Middletown Monthly Meeting, Pa.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 9th mo. 17. Merion, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Manhasset, N. Y., 11 A.M.
 " Port Washington, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
 " Wheatland, N. Y., 3 P.M.
 " Gwynedd, Pa., 10 A.M.
 " Whitmarsh, 3 P.M.
 " 24. Octorara, Pa., 3 P.M.

CIRCULAR MEETING COMMITTEE

Of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet on 6th day evening, 9th mo. 15th, at 7½ o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting room at Race St.

The general attendance of the committee particularly desired. WM. EYRE, *Clerk.*

INDIANA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Will meet on Second-day evening, 9th mo. 25th, 1871, in the meeting-house at Richmond, Ind.

JONATHAN W. PLUMMER,
 ANNA M. STARR,
Clerks.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE

At Chester Meeting house, Pa., on First-day afternoon, Ninth month 10th, at 3 o'clock. A train leaves Broad and Prime at 8.30 A.M. At Darby Meeting-house Ninth mo. 17, at 3 P.M. Cars via Walnut St. line every half-hour.

Some of the Committee and other interested Friends are expected to be in attendance.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Of the General First-day School Conference will meet at Richmond, Ind., on Second-day afternoon of the week of the Yearly Meeting, at 3 o'clock.

EDWIN CRAFT, *Clerk.*

THE INDIANS.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet in the Monthly Meeting Room (Race St.) on Sixth-day afternoon, Ninth month 15th, at 3 o'clock (same day as Representative Committee.) The Executive Committee meets at 2 o'clock. Full attendance desirable.

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.

Notice.

The Clerk of this Yearly Meeting has secured half fare arrangements over the Pennsylvania R. R. for Friends from Philadelphia and the east attending their approaching Yearly Meeting.

Application must be made to the General Ticket Agent at Philadelphia. Tickets are also sent to offices where Friends are likely to take the cars.

It is also requested that to prevent any delay in providing for their accommodation, that all Friends who propose attending the Yearly Meeting forward their names to the Committee having this matter in charge, to the care of William C. Starr, Richmond, Ind.

THE first book read and the last book laid aside by every child is the conduct of its mother.

From "The Little Things of Nature."

THE VITALITY OF SEEDS.

Among the most wonderful things in Nature are to be reckoned the Eggs of Birds and of other creatures, and the Seeds of Plants. An atom often not so large as a grain of sand, and apparently endowed with no greater amount of living energy, expands, almost while we watch, into a lively animal; or it unfolds a green point, which nourished by the rain and sunshine, becomes the architect of a charming flower or a noble tree. Did we not behold the miracle repeated incessantly before our eyes, it would be difficult to believe that life could be so concentrated; but, like all other grand truths, it comes before us so much as a matter of course, that we are apt to overlook its marvellousness, bestowing our highest and foremost admiration upon the brilliant and the sonorous,—the lightning, the awful roll of the cloud-born thunder, or the beautiful upward-streaming glory of the Aurora. No doubt these are things that deserve our deep and most reverent interest, alike on account of their incomparable grandeur as natural phenomena, and of their fine significance as emblems of realities in the inner invisible world. We should, however, accustom ourselves to consider, with an equal delight, the common every-day occurrences by which nature is sustained, and upon which

we depend for our personal and daily comfort.

It is a great mistake to suppose, that to find the most striking illustrations of the Divine Love and Wisdom in the arrangements of the visible creation, we are necessitated to look at what is immense and magnificent. Just as the happiness of life does not depend upon the half dozen memorable enjoyments that make certain years and days stand out in the annals of our past, like the green and palmy islands of the desert to the traveller, but upon the small and unconsidered blessings that come fresh and fresh every hour and every moment; so does a truly intelligent idea of the munificence, the skill, the taste,—if such terms may be used,—also of the far-reaching providence that anticipates every want before it can possibly be felt, and of the care and the infinite power of Him who holds the heavens in his hands, come less of the consideration of mighty phenomena that happen rarely, and rather as exceptions, than of the daily observation of that quiet and pretty ripple of life through the tiny and tender forms of bee and butterfly, flower and fern, and feathered moss, which imparts a kind of immortality to the scenery amid which we tread, and makes us cry out, with old Isaac Walton, as he listened to the song of the nightingale, "O Lord! if these be thy gifts to thy creatures upon earth, what hast thou not prepared for thy saints in heaven!"

The preservation of the vital spark in Seeds, and its sudden burst into vegetable fire when kindled under the laws that at once protect and call it forth, is exemplified as well as we could desire in the most ordinary operations of horticulture. When the parent plant decays, those little germs in which, with a loving farewell, it wraps up its best energies, along with incredible capacity for bright color, and sweet smell, and grateful taste, are collected by the gardener, carefully dried, and put away; every seed, he well knows, is a storehouse of sleeping life, which, with the return of Spring, if placed where rain and sunshine can pay alternate visits, will leap into green infancy of fair blossom or wholesome vegetable. Nothing more is wanted to prove the *fact*; but over and above this ordinary, familiar proof, there is a class of occurrences less known than they deserve to be; which are calculated to excite our wonder to the utmost. Properly-ripened seeds, if placed in certain conditions, are literally *immortal*. That is to say, they are capable of retaining their growing power indefinitely; not merely for a few years, not merely for a few centuries, but for thousands of years,—how long, indeed, no man can say. The earthy crust of our planet appears to be stocked in every part

with seeds that have been produced in years gone by, scattered upon the surface, and subsequently covered up with soil. Whenever the ground is disturbed, either by the plough, or by the spade of the railway excavator, or for any purpose which causes its depths to be overturned,—that portion which was many feet below being thrown to the surface, and exposed to the air, the sunbeams, and the moisture of dew and rain,—immediately there springs up a crop of young plants, certainly not originating in seeds only just then brought from neighboring fields, and, as certainly, from seeds that have been lying in the soil for ages. How they came to be covered up is easy to conceive, when we see with our own eyes what is done by wintry floods, and the sweeping down of great masses of earth and soil, which accumulate often to a considerable depth, and are no doubt similarly charged with seeds, which, after waiting their turn, will some day grow. For it is a clearly established fact that no seed can germinate or begin to sprout, unless it have the threefold influence in direct operation upon it, of warmth, moisture, and the atmosphere. Let it be shut in from the access of these, and it lies passive, giving no sign of life or growth, and incapable of doing so.

How wonderful to think that this crust of the earth upon which we daily walk so thoughtlessly, is at once the cemetery of five or six thousand billions of men and women, so far as regards their terrestrial bodies, they themselves being all vigorously alive in another state,—and a storehouse of the germs of innumerable plants and flowers! What a provision in it for the perpetual renewal of the earth's green carpet! Let blight, or locusts, or the cold grip of an inexorable frost, change it to brown barrenness, the simple upheaval of a few feet of soil would soon furnish material for clothing it anew. God never leaves himself without a witness. The world is never so drowned but some little ark swims upon the water's top with a treasury of new blessedness; and could we conceive it possible that desolation should afflict the earth's surface, under the laws of natural calamity, we are assured that from the granaries below there would soon flow an abundant restoration.

Some persons have tried to refer this wonderful circumstance of the immediate growth of plants upon newly turned-up soil to an origin inconsistently called "spontaneous generation," that is to say, development out of earth, sand, and water, and any other odds and ends of inanimate matter which might happen to be collected together. No doubt, if it pleased the Almighty to sow life afresh upon our planet, he could do so. It may be

in conformity with the laws of his Divine Order so to do. But all that it has been permitted to man to learn and think in reference to this subject, is opposed to the idea of plants and animals ever now arising except from seeds and eggs produced by previous individuals or pairs of the same species. We are never justified in going to *supernatural* causes for the explanation of occurrences which a calm and reverent explanation will show to have their rise in *natural* causes; and no ground has ever yet been shown for supposing that the plants which appear on railway embankments and any similar places, cannot have originated in the way described.

True, there is a great deal that is very perplexing in regard to the apparently spontaneous development of *some* forms of living things, such as of grubs in flour or bran. But the perplexity is the sign merely of our ignorance of particulars that no doubt it will be granted to future generations of men to discover. It is certainly no proof that the hypothesis of spontaneous development is a reasonable one. We are under no circumstances justified in trying to accommodate facts that we do not understand to speculations that are not founded upon other and well-established facts. If they will not fit, our wisdom is to wait. No one can discern the seeds in the earth; yet they are there. So are the germs in the bran, waiting, like the former, for their needful stimuli. Nothing is ever got by arguing from our ignorance; nor is anything ever got by too much eagerness and haste to possess it. "Tarry ye the Lord's leisure," is a principal wise to observe alike in method of life and in philosophy. If materialists, who look with approval on such hypotheses as that of "spontaneous development," would first seek to learn all that it has pleased God to disclose concerning development according to the laws of order, as exhibited in the regular succession of plants and animals, and in the history of the human heart and mind, they would find that no philosophy is so wise and good, and will help them through so many difficulties, as that which starts from the spiritual and from MAN; and primarily from the Divine Humanity, which—with all reverence be it spoken—is the point from which run the avenues to all science and all nature, and in which they all converge, like the branches of a tree in its pillar stem.

Special examples of the growth of long-buried seeds upon newly turned-up soil are easy to cite. Some of the most extraordinary are those where poppies are the subject. No plant in nature is more remarkable than the poppy. Humble in its growth, its juice is one of the most powerful sedatives known to medicine, while the essence of that juice,

called *morphia*, is one of the most powerful of vegetable poisons. At night the flowers close in a peculiarly elegant manner,—sleeping as if lulled by their own lethean balm; the petals, instead of being laid smooth and flat in the bud, as happens with almost every other flower, are squeezed and crumpled together, so that they never become perfectly straight; and when they expand, they do so with such force as to thrust off the green chalice that encircled them as a cradle. Every capsule, or “poppy-head,” contains hundreds of minute seeds, which are beautifully chased upon the outside, so as to form exquisite objects for the microscope, without which the embossing cannot be seen; and lastly, these seeds, when they fall upon the ground, seem indestructible. They only spring up, however, and form new poppy-plants when the earth which contained them is lightly disturbed. Trodden in, so that the earth is compacted, and elbow-room, as it were, denied to them, they lie without any effort to grow. Of course, under such circumstances, they cannot be stimulated by the threefold essentials, sunshine, air, and moisture. There is little doubt that within these last few years, and probably this very last summer, crops of the wild crimson poppy of our own country have sprung up from seeds which were ripened at that remote period in the history of the fragment of Europe we now call Britain, when no portion of it was occupied by human beings. The geological character of the surface and adjacent layers shows that thousands of years must have rolled away since the parents of these poppies flaunted their gay apparel in the sunshine; and but for the accidental disruption of the soil that contained them, they would apparently have retained their growing power for ages to come.

When tracts of forest-land are cleared of the timber, as often happens in North America, and occasionally in our own country, the following season there springs up in abundance where the trees stood previously, some pretty herbaceous plant that was quite unknown there while the trees existed, and which had been patiently “biding its time.” The explanation of such curious appearances is perfectly simple. The herbaceous plant, whatever it may be, had occupied the ground when there were no trees there, forming some kind of herbage or meadow, and letting fall its annual progeny of seeds. In course of time trees have sprung up, their own seeds conveyed thither either by human agency, or by one or other of the wonderful contrivances of nature which insure propagation, whether man gives his aid or not. These trees have offered too dense a shade for the herbaceous plant, which retires, as it were, into private

life; but when they in their turn are cut down, the original plants return, covering the surface with the old imperishable carpet. Is the mortality or the immortality of nature the more wonderful? Every season the ranks of the vegetable population of our planet are smitten by death,—there seems no hope for their restoration. There is no sound, no movement, to show that life is still throbbing; yet, with the first kisses of the new-born year, the necropolis changes into a scene of nimble and beautiful growth, and we see that it was not destruction that was effected by the cold touch of winter,—that nothing had really perished; but that it was life that had retired awhile to gather itself up for a new effort,—simulating death,—and which now bursts forth again in all the old exuberance and sprightly sweetness. What looks like death in nature is never anything more than the highest and essential part of its life, pausing awhile that it may start anew. The forms in which it is clothed are cast away; but the life never gives way for a single instant.

And this is the grand lesson to be learned from the consideration of seeds, and their wonderful vitality. Every particular seed contains within itself the life of the plant, just as one's own true life resides in the spiritual body. Our leaves and blossoms drop away with autumn; the white snow descends upon our brows, its flakes tremble in the wind; the colors fade; the force declines; presently the whole of the poor, old, worn-out frame sinks helplessly in the dust, never to rise again; but who or what is *dead*? Cross the dark river, which in the material world is represented by winter, and then all that is worth having is found safe, and shining in the sweet lineaments of renewed youth!

Many kinds of seeds are gifted with powers not merely of retaining life under the ordinary circumstances of nature, but of resisting the most terrible attacks. When wine has been made from raisins, and the refuse has been scattered over the fields as manure, it has been observed that the grape seeds have vegetated, and produced young vines; and this notwithstanding the boiling and fermentation they have had to endure. The seeds of elder-berries have been observed to grow after similar trials. Many experiments have been made to ascertain exactly what amount of unnatural heat seeds can bear without being destroyed. It considerably exceeds that which plants can bear; and the same is the case with respect to extreme cold.

Thus are the wonderful phenomena of nature not only good and delightful to contemplate in themselves, but intrusted with the higher value of representing the great truths of religion. There is probably no true doc-

trine in matters of religion which is not somewhere illustrated in the processes of nature; certainly there is nothing in the benevolence of God with regard to man for which we may not find some exquisite parallel among the forms of humble nature, learning from them even to understand it better, because shown in so simple a way. The "diligent hand" always "maketh rich," both in worldly possessions and in the best of all knowledge, which is that of the Love and Wisdom of God.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Reliable Report of the Present Situation.

We take from the *Evening Bulletin* two letters written by Jonathan Richards, a Friend connected with the Indian Reservations under the care of "Orthodox" Friends.

We are glad to see a well authenticated correction of the false statements that have been widely circulated, and which are calculated to continue the prejudice too generally existing against the poor Indians.

AGENCY OF THE WICHITA AND OTHER AFFILIATED BANDS OF INDIANS, 8th mo. 10, 1871.

Editor of the Evening Bulletin,—Dear Friend:—I hereby enclose a short article for the *Evening Bulletin*, denying the Indian story taken from the *St. Joseph Herald* and published in the *Bulletin* of June 29th. The accounts given of Indian outrages, published in some of our Western papers, are prepared by parties interested in keeping up an excitement in the public mind in order to break down any system that will deprive them of plunder to be derived under the old state of things in Indian management.

With the exception of the Kiowas raiding into Texas to steal horses, and the attack made by a party of those Indians, under Satanta, upon a train in that State, and the arrest of Satanta, Satank and Tall Tree (sometimes called Feather Lance), no depredations have been made by any of the Indians along the frontier of this Territory. The Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, the Comanches and Apaches, hitherto a war like people, are now at peace, and are friendly towards the white people who treat them properly, and towards the Government.

Kicking Bird, Chief of the Kiowas, and a number of head men among these Indians, were here yesterday, on their way to Fort Sill, having collected 41 mules, to be given up to their Agent, to replace those stolen from the train. This was demanded of them by the Agent and Gen. Grierson, who commands the post. The Kiowas have given a good deal of trouble in Texas, having an

idea that it was perfectly fair to prey upon the people of that State. But the recent arrest of the Indians mentioned seems to have wakened them up, and they are now ready to make peace, which, I hope, will be more lasting than former arrangements with them have been. Satank was an old, hard-faced Indian, and as hard as he looked. When starting from Fort Sill for Jacksboro, Texas, for trial, he got his hands loose in some way, and, having a knife concealed under his blanket, made a desperate fight and injured one man seriously. Satank was shot and killed on the spot. Satanta and Tall Tree are younger men, Satanta being a pretty hard-featured and surly fellow, but Tall Tree is a fine-faced, good looking young Indian. They have both had their trial, were found guilty and sentenced to be hung in 53 days from the time of trial. But I understand that meetings have been held by the people of Texas, where the depredations had been made, and a resolution passed to ask the Governor to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life.

Satanta's father has been here within a week or two. He is quite an old man; was very friendly, and expressed a desire to establish a lasting peace. I understand he had told their young men that if any demonstrations were made by them against the whites in retaliation for the capture of his son and the other two Indians, he would shoot their horses. This is one of the greatest punishments that can be inflicted on the uncivilized Indians.

The article published in the *Bulletin* can have no connection with the one I have herein mentioned connected with the Kiowas, as time, place and Indians are all entirely different.

I am, very respectfully, thy friend,

JONA. RICHARDS.

WICHITA AGENCY, Ind. Ter., 8th mo. 10th, 1871.

Editor of the Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia, Pa.—Dear friend:—I have seen, from time to time, articles in the newspapers giving accounts of Indian outrages, Indian massacres, Indian barbarities in every shape—articles denouncing the Indians as heartless, cruel, savage, ferocious, and saying they ought not to live any longer. I would be glad to see these accounts placed in their true light. If this were done it would be found that most of the statements are groundless, having been published by parties interested in exciting the popular mind for selfish, if not wicked motives.

I have no sentimental idea to advance, my experience with the Indians having been too practical and real to admit of such an influence. But when I see papers holding a high

position, as that of the *Evening Bulletin*, publishing articles like "A Thrilling Story from Texas—The Train of a Government Contractor Attacked by Indians," as taken from the *St. Joseph Herald*, and copied into the *Bulletin* of July 29th, I think it is time to expose such an article as being untrue in every particular. As the *Herald* gives the party from whom the information comes credit for being well-known in St. Joseph, and having respectable relatives there, the article is well calculated to deceive, and, like most other such statements, do the injured Indians great injustice.

The article copied from the *Herald*, in speaking of this man's statement, says: "Early in June last he engaged with one J. C. D. Blackburne, a Government contractor, to drive a team to Fort Sill. Blackburne's train consisted of fourteen wagons and fourteen persons as drivers, and started from Smith Paw (Paul) Valley for the Fort. On Saturday evening, June 25th, the party had reached a small stream which was skirted with a strip of timber, about thirty miles east of Fort Sill, where they were suddenly attacked by two hundred and fifty Cheyenne Indians." And it then goes on to tell how the Indians dashed out, with horrid yells, murdered and scalped some of the teamsters, capturing the rest, and gives minute details of terrible Indian barbarities—burning at the stake, &c.

Having business that called me to Sherman, Texas, where J. C. D. Blackburne resides, I reached that town on the 2d day of the Seventh month. My wife and other members of my family were with me, and we were all hospitably entertained at his house by his wife and family, he being then in New York. I might state that he is not a Government contractor, but a merchant and cotton dealer. We remained at Sherman until 7th month 9th, when we left there and started for our homes on the Washita river.

During the week we were at Blackburne's, not a word was said about his having a train on its way to Sill—much less of such a train having been captured by Indians. It will be observed that I reached Sherman one week after the terrible raid; we remained there a week, and not a word had come to his family, in this time, to tell them what had happened.

On our way home we traveled the same road that Blackburne's train must have taken, had there been such a train on its way to Fort Sill, and we came on to Smith Paul's Valley, reaching it on the evening of the 12th. We met parties direct from the Fort. I was at Smith Paul's house—he being a prominent man, and known in all the country around—but not one word did I hear of

there being such a train on the road as the one mentioned. Had there been any Indian disturbance I must have heard of it, as the people on the frontier are awake to every rumor of Indian troubles. After leaving Smith Paul's we traveled on the same road towards Fort Sill, and reached a point near where this massacre is said to have occurred, but not a trace of this terrible conflict, and not a person was found to tell the tale. We then left the Sill road and came on to this place—thirty miles north from the Fort. I have been at Fort Sill since my return, and our mail is carried to and from the post weekly, but we hear no word of the Cheyennes massacre.

This man, who is so well-known at St. Joseph, and has relatives in high standing there, in telling of his escape from the Indians and reaching Fort Reilley, not only gives plain evidence of untruthfulness in his statement but ignorance of the country. The point where he states the massacre to have been committed is 400 miles from Fort Reilley, and there is no direction in which the Indians could have traveled with their prisoners and plunder that would have brought them within 300 miles of this Post. But this man says they made their escape on a certain night, and after traveling 150 miles they reached Fort Reilley, having made the journey in 2½ days.

The whole story is a canard, and worse than a canard. It is an attack upon the existence of an injured race of people.

The Cheyennes have not been on the "war path," nor attacked anybody during the last year, and this statement, like many others of the kind, had been set afloat by designing parties for some selfish end. These Indians, under Agent Darlington's admirable management, are desirous for peace, and are friends of the white man and of the Government, and if the same judicious care and system inaugurated by the Agent are continued, we may have great hope of seeing these people making commendable progress towards a civilized life.

Very respectfully,
JONATHAN RICHARDS.

THE COW TREE.—Among the many curious phenomena presented to the traveler, none affect the imagination more powerfully than the "Galactodendron Utile," or Cow Tree. This useful tree grows on the parched side of rocks among the mountains of Venezuela, and has dry leathery foliage, with large woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year the leaves are not moistened by a shower, the branches look dead and withered, but when the trunk is bored a bland and nourishing

milk flows from it. The vegetable fountain flows most freely at sunrise, and at that time the natives are seen coming from all quarters provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at the surface. Some empty their vessels on the spot, while others carry their contents to their children.—*Public Ledger*.

FIRESIDE ANGELS.*

When the snow-white clouds of ev'ning gather each
in silver fold,
And the glowing light of sunset tips their wav'ring
edge with gold,
Then far down the shining vistas, in the fading
depths of years,
Sweet memories gather round us, calling up forbid-
den tears;
And from out celestial portals, borne within the
floods of light,
Answer all the "Fireside Angels" to the call of
dewy night.

Love soars first on her floating wings,
Peaceful and sweet are the tidings she brings.
Though she writes on our hearts with a pen of fire,
Yet she soothes the flame with her quivering lyre.
And all the world, 'neath her banner of love,
Is shelter'd with care by the angels above.
Love! Oh, Love! thou art fond to tell—
Love! Oh, Love! thou art known full well
By the earth-born mother's heart of pain,
And the fancies sweet of a lover's brain.

Then Hope comes forth in her golden car,
Sending her light on the worlds afar;
Her robe is woven of silver threads,
She is crowned more richly than queenly heads;
For her jewels are blessings, and gladsome tears,
And smiles she has won in the passing years.
Her bright face glows with Heaven's own grace,
And the light of "Our Father" lies full on her face:
Our hearts are touched with her healing balm,
And lo! they are wooed into thankful calm.
Hope! sweet Hope! thy mission is saintly—
Hope! sweet Hope! oh, bear me not faintly
'Long the shores of life, 'mong the waving reeds,
Where daily and hourly I scatter my seeds.

Faith! dear Faith! thy pure restful brow,
And thy clear, sweet eyes look on us now.
Through sorrow, pain and trials sore,
Straight from Jerusalem's golden door,
Thou art come to the waters, troubled and dark,
And the trail of thy wings leaves a shining mark,—
Where with struggle and murmuring the turbid
waves

Come roaring up from the darksome caves.
Faith! Oh, Faith! thou art born of Heaven,
Faith! Oh, Faith! dark bonds are riven,
When at our hearts thou dost enter in
And conquer, triumphant, the revels of sin.

Charity, gentle, and noble, and true,
Forgiving the wrongs brought into thy view!
Too rare are the hearts that shelter the grace
Which ever beams forth from thy beautiful face.
Kind Mercy and Love stand ever beside,
And with willing zeal thy actions guide.
The prodigal blesses thy welcoming hand,
That leads him back to his native land.

Charity! Charity! better than gold!
Charity! Charity! wealth untold
Cometh to all who know thee well,
Fragrant with peace is the tale they tell.

Love, Hope, Faith, Charity,—fireside angels are
they all.

Every one will come to bless us, if we duly seek
and call:

Let us purify our garments, stained with meanness,
vile revenge,
And accept the guardian angels God in holy good-
ness sends.

From the path to which He pointeth, we will
great troubles frown,
And the way all sweet with flowers that the winds
have thither blown.

We will meet "the great hereafter" with a faith in
God's own "Word,"

And the "Well done, faithful servant," of our great
and holy Lord.

Eighth month 18th, 1871.

F.

BEARING-REINS.

At a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held at the Mercantile Library, in this city some time ago, Mr. George T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society, made a number of remarks which are well worthy of attention in connection with the objects for which these societies are formed. Giving the result of his observations on the manner in which animals are treated in the different countries of Europe, he stated that, as regarded horses, he had rarely seen a check-rein in Ireland or Scotland, and on the Continent comparatively few, and those seldom tight, while in England and in this country it was generally used, and frequently in a cruel manner. It is well that public attention should be frequently drawn to this practice, for many people are not aware how much horses suffer from it, and how much of their strength is wasted by their being compelled to hold their heads high. Long familiarity with the sight of horses, carrying their heads in a lofty manner, and tossing them proudly, has doubtless led many well meaning persons to believe that it was the natural action of the animal under all circumstances. So it is when left to himself, and when he is not grazing, but it is not so when drawing a weight; his natural action is then to bend his head down to his work.

The origin of the use of the bearing-rein was the belief that it prevented the animal from stumbling and falling. It is surprising that such a belief should have held its ground so long, for it seems to be clear that a horse is much more able to perceive and avoid obstacles in his path when he can move his head freely in every direction, than when it is held in a fixed position. Let any man apply the rule to himself by walking along the street with his head held rigidly erect; he

* Written for a Literary Society in Bucks Co., Pa.

will soon find himself stumbling over inequalities of the ground or pavement, and will be fortunate if he escapes without a fall or a sprain.

It would be a good thing if there were some way to calculate the physical torture inflicted on draught horses by the bearing-rein, and the consequent loss accruing to their owners through the premature decay of the animal's working powers occasioned by it. If a horse pulling a load has his head held up by a bearing-rein it is difficult to understand how he can throw his weight into his collar, as to all appearance he must be hindered from giving his body that position which is most natural and effective. He has to pull by the strength of his muscles only, the weight of his body being lost, and so much pulling force thrown away. What is done is effected by a general expenditure of the horse's power and health, to say nothing of his comfort. If a man pulls a load by a strap across his shoulders he bends his head and chest forward and relieves his legs. A horse does the same when he can. Moreover, the rein, when tightly drawn, galls the mouth of the animal, by the jerks and pulls on it at each step, the weight of the wagon, carriage, or cart being thrown on it. The bearing rein injures the horse not only in the way described, but the confinement of the head in a constrained position, while the heart and lungs are excited by work, hinders the breathing and the circulation of the blood in the head. These effects make the horse uncomfortable, and he becomes restless and irritable; in fact, his head pains him, and he gets many a jerk and blow because his driver cannot understand the cause of his restlessness. The bearing-rein inflicts unnecessary torture on the animal in another way. By holding the head upwards it puts the muscles of the neck in a constant strain, and they consequently become uneasy and tired. If the horse cannot bear it, he rests the weight of his head upon the rein, and his mouth is then violently stretched. Thus he only exchanges one kind of torment for another. The evil effects of the bearing-rein may be thus summed up:—It is likely to lessen the horse's strength; to bring on disease; to keep him in constant pain; to deform his body; to fret and gall his mouth, and to spoil his temper, the combined effect of any of these being to diminish his value and shorten his life. It ought to be plain to the owners of horses that their self-interest is identical with the cause of humanity. By studying the health and comfort, and husbanding the strength of their horses, they will gain as much in pocket as they will lose in trouble.—*Public Ledger*.

SPEAK TO HIM.

Speak, then, to the man who takes ashes out of your house. Make him feel that somebody thinks of him, and that that somebody is you. And do not forget your seamstress, your servants, your driver. And do not think of them by these names. Do not think of people by the service badge that they wear. The man that you call your driver is not your driver; he is your brother-man. Driving is his function; but he is not a driver. We come to think of men by outside names, and not by inside substance and inside feeling. But this ought not to be so. And in proportion as men are poorer and obscurer than you are, be more particular to sympathize with them, and to notice them.—*Beecher*.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHOES.

BY J. T. GRACEY.

Shoes, in the East, are considered unclean. No native of India goes into his own or the house of others with his shoes on, but leaves them always at the door; while it would be an almost unpardonable offence for a person to enter a temple, or appear in the presence of the gods, without putting off his shoes. It is often a matter of great annoyance to the native priests that Europeans pay such respect to their temples as to enter them with their shoes on. I was, however, never prohibited entering a temple on this account but once, when I could have done violence to the prejudice, but under the circumstances preferred to yield to it. My curiosity was unusually excited, as I wanted to see the god eating his dinner, and I went in my stockings. I may explain to the children here that the said god was sitting in a chair, with a pan of raw rice and some other grain in front of him, and a man sat near, beating a drum for his entertainment. I left before the meal was finished. I recall, too, that when visiting the great Mohammedan mosque in Delhi, the person in charge allowed us to enter the mosque wearing our shoes, but was very careful that we should not step on the places consecrated for prayer. The servant, however, who accompanied us was not allowed to enter until he had removed his shoes.

It is a singular spectacle on Sunday morning to find the whole veranda about the doors of the native Christian church covered with shoes. I have frequently had to have great piles of them removed before I could enter.

The dress of the natives is so entirely different from ours, that the absence of shoes does not much attract one's attention. It is not uncommon to see a person of wealth riding on

horseback, while a servant follows carrying the shoes, as he only wears them while walking.—*Heathen Woman's Friend*.

"FOR myself," said the great Spinoza, "I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's."

ITEMS.

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE.—Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some immortal passes to his Maker; some fellow-being crosses the river of death; and if we think of it we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.

Half of all who live die before seventeen.

Only one person in ten thousand lives to be one hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty.

The married live longer than the single.

There is one soldier to every eight persons, and out of every thousand born only ninety-five weddings take place.

If you take a thousand persons who have reached seventy years, there are of

Clergymen, orators and public speakers	43
Farmers	40
Workmen	33
Soldiers	32
Lawyers	29
Professors	27
Doctors	24

These statements are very instructive. Farmers and workmen do not arrive at good old age as often as the clergymen and others who perform no manual labor; but this is owing to the neglect of the laws of health, inattention to proper habits of life in eating, drinking, sleeping, dress, and the proper care of themselves after the work of the day is done. These farmers or workmen eat a heavy supper of a summer's day and sit around the doors in their shirt sleeves, and in their tired condition and weakened circulation are easily chilled, laying the foundation for diarrhoea, bilious colic, lung fever or consumption.

ALCOHOL IN DISEASE.—Professor N. S. Davis, of Chicago, has made numerous and repeated experiments on himself, and collated those of others, to show the effects of alcohol on the human system. Among those stated are its diminishing the atomic changes in the tissues of the body and the sensibility of the nervous system, and also diminishing the temperature, the strength and the power of endurance. Dr. Davis designates alcoholic drinks as anæsthetic and sedative—anæsthetic to the nervous system, and sedative to the properties of the tissues. As such they are capable of being used to fill a limited number of indications in the treatment of diseases, and yet there are other well-known agents in the materia medica that will answer the same purpose equally well or even better. So true does he deem this assertion, that for twenty years he has not prescribed for internal use the amount of one pint of alcoholic drinks annually, including both hospital and private practice.

MANUFACTURE OF KNIVES.—Few people have any idea through what a number of hands their pocket knives have passed in the process of manufacture. A bar of steel destined to furnish a number of blades is heated to redness, a length is cut off, and the forger speedily "moods" this—that is, shapes it roughly into the form of a pocket-knife blade. Another heating is then required to fit the end for being fashioned into the tang; and yet another before it can undergo the further operation of "smithing," the last stage of which is the stamping of the mark of the thumb nail, to facilitate opening. The tang is then ground and the blade marked with the name of the firm. The slight bulge on the reverse side caused by this operation is removed by fire or the grindstone. The blade is then hardened, by heating it to redness and then plunging it into water up to the tang.

The tempering process follows next, the bluish yellow tint being considered as indicating that the proper degree of heat at which to immerse the blade once more in cold water has been attained. After this the various kinds of blades are classified in the warehouse and undergo sundry grinding operations to fit them for being hafted. Twelve distinct processes have by this time been gone through, and many more are necessary before the knife is completely finished, although the number of hands which it has now to pass through depends in a great measure on the finish to be given to the handle, according to the quality of the blades with which it is fitted, and the price which the completed article is intended to realize.—*Engineering and Mining Journal*.

THE IRON MINES OF LORRAINE, which, by the peace of Frankfort, have recently passed into the hands of Germany, are the subject of great congratulation among the journals of that country. For many years, it is stated, the French have been anxious to open coal mines in these districts, so that they might convert the iron ore into pig metal at a reasonable rate; but now, by the change of circumstances, the Germans, it is contended, will be able to open additional markets for their coal, and thus work up the ore in the annexed tracts. The metallic zone of Lorraine, it is stated, lies along the rivers Moselle and Meurthe, below the table land of the latter, and extends from Pont St. Vincent, on the south, to Longwy, on the north. The most valuable portion of this district, it is reported, has become German. The ore in these districts is stated to be inexhaustible, to be easily smelted, and to yield an average of 33 per cent. of iron. The veins are found at depths of from 7 to 115 feet. Of the twenty-three mines at present worked, thirteen have become German. These mines cover a superficial extent of 22,306 acres, and five of them in 1867 yielded 500,640 tons of iron. The ten remaining mines, belonging to France, cover an area of 5849 acres, and five of them in 1867 yielded 140,281 tons.

ELECTRIC WAVES, it has been ascertained by Prof. Benj. A. Gould, are transmitted through the Atlantic Cables at a velocity of seven to eight thousand miles per second. The electric waves, it is stated, are conducted at more than double the above velocity along wires supported upon poles in the air, and it is reported that the higher the distance of the wires the greater is the velocity of the current. Thus when the wire is slightly elevated the signals are transmitted at a rate of twelve thousand miles a second, and those at a greater height are sent at a rate of from sixteen to twenty thousand miles a second.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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The following notice of John Woolman's Journal, taken from the *Independent*, shows an appreciation of certain testimonies once considered peculiar to Friends. This is cause for encouragement, and may strengthen the faith of some of our own members.

JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

Among the books which we had hoped to read in that good time coming when all deferred projects and purposes are to be accomplished, and in which, strange to say, we have still a little faith, this *Journal* of John Woolman has long been set down as one of the foremost. From browsings in the pages of Charles Lamb or of Crabb Robinson, we had derived an idea that it was a peculiar and attractive work; and, in that happy hereafter when it should be possible for us to seek it, we hoped to obtain a quaint old copy from the shelves of the public libraries, or to come upon it accidentally among the piles of small, weather-beaten volumes, in unlettered leather bindings and faded type, that grace the bureau-tops of respected Quaker aunts.

We owe to John G. Whittier a debt of gratitude that what we had expected thus to seek and to read he has laid before us in attractive modern guise, and has enriched with an introduction and explanatory notes. Our knowledge of John Woolman is no longer limited to the fact that he was an unlet-

tered American Quaker, who wrote long ago a diary full of serene, religious thoughts. We feel familiar with every page he has left us, and understand why it is that the world has not forgotten him or his work.

No external events have made his story attractive; it is the most subjective of autobiographies. The incidents, as he gives them, are very few, and always subordinate to the main flow of his thought; and yet what he discloses incidentally, in its unambitious fidelity to truth, has the charm which any faithful portraiture of real life, however humble, always wears.

Born, as he tells us, in 1720, in a small New Jersey town, where he followed the trade of a tailor, he spent much of his time throughout life in attending the religious meetings of his brethren in near and distant settlements, visiting Boston once or twice in his northern travels. He finally crossed the ocean on a similar mission to England; and there, as we learn from the supplement of a Friend, he died, in York, soon after his arrival, in the year 1772. The *Journal*, which he kept at irregular intervals, throws but little light upon that period of colonial history directly preceding the Revolution; though we find mention of the Indian wars that harassed his countrymen, and read of a pilgrimage of love that he made to the tribes dwelling then within the borders of Pennsylvania. These people seem to have made the same complaints of

the injustice and broken faith of his government (in the matter of repayment for lands) that the remnants of far Western tribes send us to-day in the strange, barbaric speech of their visiting chiefs. Little Raven and Buffalo Good re-echo in our ears the hopeless plaint of centuries. It would be well for us if their race had no tradition, as well as no literature, in which to preserve the record of such faithless dealing. The mode of Woolman's journeyings, no less than their nature and object, forcibly remind us how remote are the times in which he writes; for he travels on horseback through continuous forests to the distant settlements of his people where now a network of busy railways connects flourishing towns and cities.

John Woolman wrought much good in his time, and his efforts and convictions were too sincere not to affect all who may hereafter read their record. Crabb Robinson has well called his Christianity "fascinating"; but it was eminently practical and earnest. It was satisfied with no mere visions and sentimentalities of goodness; but sought to embody itself in the daily acts of daily life. Especially did he feel called upon to bear testimony, in his modest but persistent way, against the three evils that he thought most beset the people of his day—against war, against slavery, and against extravagance in living. The condition of sailors, as he saw them in his passage across the Atlantic, and the proper training of the young occupied his latest thought; but against the three former evils he protested from his youth.

A horror of war he shared with the sect to which he belonged, and whose opinions of war, let us hope, are influencing the public. Already the civilized world is looking upon it with greater condemnation, and is more ready to submit great differences to the peaceful arbitrament of councils.

Whittier claims for Woolman great honor as the first to deplore the evil of that accursed system of slavery which all his religious brethren at that time approved, and which was destined, as his prophetic eye foresaw, to cost the nation a terrible struggle before it could be removed. From the day of his first convictions upon this subject, when he was called upon by his employer to write a bill of sale for a negro woman, he lost no opportunity to awaken the conscience of his hearers and personal friends to the sin of holding and trafficking in slaves. Year by year the protest grew in depth and power, till at length the mighty force of public opinion and the mysterious logic of events wrought its overthrow.

Unhappily, the other evil of the society around him, which cost him so much anxious

thought, and which seemed to him so inconsistent with a Christian life, has waxed rather than waned in the century that has succeeded. Against foolish or, as he would say, wicked and unnecessary expenditure in living, with all its sad results of oppressive, ill-paid labor and excessive care and engrossment of the soul, his warning voice is needed more than ever. Nothing could be more foreign to modern practices than the course he took in regard to income and expenditures, curtailing both when he found them increasing beyond his positive needs and threatening to occupy his mind to the exclusion of higher interests. So little thought do we give to minor matters, the importance of which we undervalue, that we hear with half a smile of his conscientious scruples about the dyeing of clothes, about taking cabin passage in a fine ship, and about sending letters by post where men and horses were overworked. So gladly do we appropriate to ourselves the product of another's work, whether it be well or ill-paid, that his care to avoid any encouragement of unnecessary and unrecompensed labor appears like the workings of a morbid mind. Yet as we read we almost share his conviction of unrighteousness in what we had deemed the merest trifles.

No one could sympathize better than Whittier with the thoughts that Woolman has expressed and the services that he has rendered. The two are allied in soul and in conduct, as well as in religious training and in a deep abhorrence of the same great evil which each in his own way and in his own time did so much to overthrow. In a noble simplicity of heart and of life, in devotion to the leadings of conscience, and in an honest faith in principles these two men are brothers. John Woolman has found at least one reader worthy to be his editor and disciple.

In our author's denunciations of the sins of his time there is no caustic berating of the vices of individuals, no hint of the arrogant excellence of the Pharisee. His abnegation of self, his humility of spirit, and his tender solicitude to spare the feelings of those whom he felt constrained to advise, impress us with the sincerity of his goodness.

The various topics that engrossed his thoughts he has treated in a singularly sweet and attractive style. We may have called him illiterate; but let no one suppose his writing to be uncouth in construction or lacking in grace. He indulges here and there in quaint phraseology, and coins some unwarranted words; but the limpid flow and subtle tenderness of his style, its delicate sensitiveness to the finer shades of thought and feeling, is something unique and admirable. Learning and culture did not give it; it is

the reflex of discriminating truthful ness of purity of heart working itself out in pure speech.

REAL happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly are we in the habit of paying for its counterfeit!—*Ballou.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INTEMPERANCE.

Intoxicating liquors and tobacco are the most potent agents of the crime, licentiousness, and iniquity, that are now desolating our country and threatening to sap the very foundations of society. Their subtle poison extends even to the home circle and fireside of the most secluded and virtuous. My soul is made to rejoice at the awakening among Friends on this subject, and I trust their concern will result in an earnest inquiry as to the cause and prevention of these terrible evils. We are all witnesses of the desolating effects, and we know that the only way to avoid the effect is to remove the cause. In that excellent article from the "Liberal Christian," published in No. 24 of present volume of *Friends' Intelligencer*, entitled "A Great Need," the writer truly says, "There is in our nature that general physical love of stimulants which, under certain moral conditions, yields us the drunkard." Unquestionably many inherit a depraved appetite for strong drink from their parents; but these are nevertheless born to pass from the carnal into the spiritual life or second birth. God in His wisdom has made the attainment of this state the only condition in which man can enjoy complete happiness and peace; and as the desire for happiness and peace is an implanted principle of our life, we are of necessity continually in search of them; hence, if we do not fulfil the law of our Creator, by opening our hearts to the incoming and indwelling of the Spirit of God, "Christ within the hope of glory," we are driven by the necessities of this implanted desire to seek for it outside of ourselves and often in destructive stimulants. Paul realized this in his day, and said to the Ephesians, 5th chapter 18th verse, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Coming into this blessed state, we will realize the revelation made to the apostle John, "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple," (which is the sanctified heart of man) "and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them." If then we would save our fellowman and ourselves, let us first set the example, and then exhort our brother to turn from the spirit that degrades, and be filled

with that Spirit of Christ which will lead us into purity, peace, and the kingdom of God. Prohibitory laws have been upon our statute books for years; some of our greatest intellects have employed their wisdom and talents in discovering some sure preventive of these evils: but still they spread and grow, and will continue to increase, until man learns that coercion will neither save nor reform a single soul. We must recognize and live in obedience to the command given forth anew by Jesus Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Let us therefore, individually and collectively, take more interest than we have heretofore done in our neighbor's welfare—*love him as ourselves.* When he falls, instead of condemning and denouncing him, let us go to him like the good Samaritan, pour oil into his wounds, wrap around him the mantle of charity, take him to our homes, or place him where he will be surrounded by good influences, and prove by our example and good works that our Faith is of God. This is a Christian's duty; to this, my Friends, are we all called, if we would come to the high calling of God, as it is in Christ Jesus. The cause of the present lamentable state of society is, that religion has ceased to be a *life*, and has become a *profession*. If we would stay the progress of crime, let us return to the path of duty, and begin to live the life of a disciple of Christ. Let each reader of this resolve to do so at once, and the world's reformation is advanced, and a light kindled which will help to dispel the darkness that is slowly but surely encircling us, and which will lead us down to destruction unless we break the fatal spell that binds us. Some will say that it is impossible to quit these pernicious habits: but this is a fallacy, for the power is given from God, if we will ask for and use it, to overcome all evil. I was a slave to liquor and tobacco for fifteen years, and have seen the day when I could smoke fifteen cigars, and required a glass of whiskey before breakfast to steady my shattered nervous system. I have seen the day when I would have let my family suffer for the necessaries of life, rather than give up liquor and tobacco; and thought I would die if deprived of them. I lived to see the day when they brought me to poverty and degradation; but blessed be God forever, I have been brought to my Redeemer, and can therefore rejoice, even while thus declaring my past iniquity, and praise that power of God that hath appeared unto all men, and which will enable every human being that is yet in bondage to do as I have done—quit them entirely!

Some of the readers of this article will perhaps think as I once did, that such degradation as I have alluded to will never be their fate; that they have strength of mind to keep them from excess and from descending so low, and laugh to scorn their friends and parents as they warn them of their danger. My dear mistaken friends, it is just here that you stand upon the brink of ruin; and unless you turn at once, you are lost. O, believe me, there is no hope, no safety, except in the power of God, the indwelling Christ, and to know Him, our Saviour, we must heed Paul's exhortation as given in 12th chapter Romans, which I advise you to read every morning. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service, and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

B. E. H.

Cincinnati, 8th mo. 15th, 1871.

WHATEVER you would not wish your neighbor to do to you, do it not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is merely the exposition of it.—*Rabbi Hillel.*

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

From the Biography of J. Griscom of Burlington, N. J.

Friends, as a Society, manifest an increasing concern for the establishment of schools within their own limits, and subject to their own control. Many of these are sufficiently meritorious to secure the patronage of persons of property who are not in membership with us. But how is it with the schools for the masses? Have we not influence and culture among us that might be exerted for the improvement of these, as it is to these we must look for the diminution of our criminal classes. Who that has observed the number of children to be found in our streets during school hours, can fail to be impressed with the necessity for enlarged opportunities of education, and compulsory attendance when that opportunity is furnished?

Our public schools can never reach their maximum of value, until they combine industrial with intellectual instruction. The need of this is apparent from the number of adult men and women who have no occupation, no trained ability for labor, therefore no honest means of obtaining a livelihood. Did the State provide for this by teaching something that the hands could make available in time of need, we should have fewer demands upon public charity, less need of houses of correction, and fewer inmates in our

penitentiaries. How needful is it then, that the culture and intelligence of our Society should be turned in this direction, that means and measures should be put forth for the help of the helpless. We append a brief extract from an address by John Griscom, LL. D., to the School Board for Burlington Co., N. J., in which the importance of public school instruction is forcibly delineated. He says:

"I feel fully persuaded that of all the institutions and agencies which characterize the most highly civilized condition of human society, none can at all compare with the influence of common schools over the well-being and happiness of a people—none whose prosperity is *half so essential*, so indispensably requisite, to the sustenance and durability of that form of government under which we live; a form of government the most equitable, secure, and desirable, of all that has ever been tried upon earth, with an enlightened and virtuous population; but the most anarchical, insocial and oppressive, under the general domination of ignorance, prejudice, and passion. The prosperity of the common district, or public school, I regard, therefore, as the surest test of the enlightenment of any district, of any country. It is the thermometer of civilization. It is the pole star of the philanthropist. It includes the germs of all the virtues that adorn humanity. It is the regulator of those vast energies which are just merging into visible existence and power in the minds and muscles of infancy and youth. To keep the main spring of this embodied machinery in its proper degree of tension, is one of the noblest duties that man can fulfil towards his juvenile fellow-creatures. To awaken this native energy from its too frequent dormancy, to give it the proper stimulus, to open before it the just and noblest sphere for its exercise, to restrain it from every precipitous and dangerous impulsion, to exalt its views, to refine its motives, and to clothe it, as far as human aid can go, with the holy attribute of love to God and love to man.

"This is surely an engagement worthy, my friends, of your best efforts, worthy of the best faculties which any of us can bring to bear upon the duty of doing all the good we can in our day and generation."

THE ability to say no in life is so valuable, that it might be truly called the safe side of one's character. It is almost a sure sign of a strong mind and a sound heart.

MISTAKES IN LIFE.

There is no more prolific cause of repining and discontent in life than that found in looking back upon by-gone mistakes. We

are fond of persuading ourselves and others that could certain crises have been decided differently, our whole course in life would have been one of unmingled success, instead of the partial failure that it so frequently appears. This melancholy review is not wholly erroneous. None can tell how weighty may be the results of even trifling actions, nor how much of the future is bound up in everyday decisions.

The great error men make in this revision is in attributing their failures to circumstances, instead of to character. They see the mistakes which lie on the surface, but fail to trace them back to the sources from which they spring. The truth is that crises are the occasions for bringing out predominating traits of character. They are tests of the nature and qualities of the man, rather than causes of future success or failure. Chances are lost and opportunities wasted; advisers ill-chosen, and disastrous speculations undertaken; unhappy attachments formed, and ill-assorted marriages contracted; but there is nothing properly accidental in these steps. They are to be regarded as the results of unbalanced character as much as the causes of future misery. The disposition of mind that led to these errors would, under other circumstances, have led to different, but not less lamentable results.

We see this clearly in judging of others. We attribute their mischances without compunction to the faults that we see in them, and sometimes even make cruel mistakes in the investigation; but in reviewing our own course, self-love draws a veil over our imperfections, and we persuade ourselves that unavoidable mistakes or unfortunate circumstances are the entire cause of all our misfortunes. It is true that no circumstances are always favorable, no training perfectly judicious; no friends wholly wise; yet he who is ever shifting the blame of his mischances upon these external causes, is the very man who has the most reason to trace them to his own inherent weakness or demerits.

It is questionable whether the habit of looking much at mistakes, even of our own, is a very profitable one. Certainly the practice of moaning over and bewailing them, and charging upon them all the evils that afflict us is most injurious to our future course, and the greatest hindrance to any real improvement of character. Acting from impulse and not from reason, is one of the chief causes of these mistakes, and he who would avoid them in the future will submit all his sudden impulses to the searching and penetrating ordeal of his best reason before acting upon them. Above all, the steady formation of

virtuous habits, the subjection of all action to principle rather than policy; the stern and unflinching adherence to right, as far and as fast as it is discovered, are the best safeguards against mistakes in life.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE GIFT OF GOD.—The water-carriers in Egypt, as they bear about their bottles of water on their shoulders, cry, "The gift of God! the gift of God!"

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST. NO. 9.

Life among the Dakotas.

FROM MY DIARY.

(Continued from page 403.)

8th mo. 4th.—The sewing school to-day numbers 22; not more than half are children; several of the women are widows, others have husbands. The larger part are good needle-women, and are drawn to the school with the hope of receiving gifts. The unexpected delay in giving out their annuity goods, works badly. It is well that the disappointment comes in warm weather; were it cold, there would be positive suffering. Not being good managers, their clothing is very much the worse for wear; many of the boys are in rags. The old women clamor for under-clothing; some will hardly be put off.

Our efforts are mainly directed towards very small children. The material remaining on hand being more suitable for them, and the want of clothing greater. All work diligently; one little girl only has not learned how to hold her needle or wear a thimble. Some of the smaller girls are interested in making patchwork covers for sewing boxes, which I intend giving them. The older ones have cloth tops which they are working in designs of their own—their boxes will be larger. A box with hinges is a desirable gift. We find a great demand for them. We are finishing up sun bonnets. It is surprising how accurately some of the women have run the casings; the small girls do the hemming. They look well, and the children are pleased with the prospect of having them. It is so desirable to get the shawls off their heads; there will be little difficulty with the children—the trouble lies with the young women, who are so afraid of the ridicule of the older ones and the remarks of the men that few have the courage to adopt a more civilized covering.

8th mo. 8th.—The little girls came in to school to-day wearing their nice sun bonnets. They look so much better in them; we have them laid carefully by, to teach them neatness and order. There are among the boxes of things, many scraps of silks and velvets,

they will make pretty needle-books; several of the best sewers offer to make them. As there is not sufficient material on hand to keep all busy with useful garments, we think it right to have the pieces put to the best advantage. Each girl that makes one book for us, gets material to make one for herself. Maggie, our forewoman and interpreter, is admirably adapted to her place; she is quiet and patient, is tolerably well educated in English, and understands cutting out and making all kinds of clothing. It would be impossible to conduct the school without such assistance. Often little incidents come up that we wish the children to know: she is always ready to interpret. Stories are read to them, which she translates. I take occasion sometimes to tell them about the home-life of children where I live. They listen with marked attention, and think it very funny that they always wash and comb before eating their breakfasts.

15th—School very large to-day. The doctor turned his office into a hospital to accommodate an Indian who was bitten by a rattlesnake, last Third-day afternoon, so the school had to be adjourned for want of room. The man recovered, and the school, to the great delight of all, has been resumed. I am pained to learn that one of the most promising young women has eloped with a young married man. I could not have thought it possible for her to be led astray, and how I wish I could speak her language, it would be such a satisfaction to say to her all that my heart prompts. There is little hope for improvement until the women are made to see that they must be chaste to be respected.

The arrival of my box from Philadelphia adds greatly to our stock of material. The bundle of children's clothing from R. H. is most timely. The women who have little children are so glad to mend the garments that need it, and receive them as gifts. A number of hats sent by some of the kind-hearted little girls are just the things we wanted. One of us fixed them up from the scraps of ribbon, velvet and silk that were still on hand, and we have now the satisfaction of knowing that seven of the young women have nice hats of their own, which they evinced much delight at receiving.

4th day, 16th—Jennie comes to iron the clothes washed on Second-day. She does it beautifully, and is a valuable woman; she speaks a little English. A photographer has been here some time taking views; very many of the Indians have their likenesses, Jennie among the rest. It is excellent, and she is wonderfully pleased with her good looks.

Afternoon.—I go home for a few days with

L., who has been helping us in the school. The ride is very pleasant. The corn that was hardly in tassel when I traveled the road with A., is now ready for use. The Indians have booths erected all over the fields, where they remain until it is gathered, boiled and dried, ready to be stored away for winter use. We see the ears spread out over the tops of their lodges to dry. This appears to be a very easy way to harvest the green corn, as it saves much carrying back and forth. These fields are planted and hoed by several families, and the product gathered by each, according to the amount cultivated.

The flowers, too, are of a different kind. There must be acres of sunflowers; they grow everywhere. Small purple asters are just coming out. The grasses are heading; some of the varieties much taller than a man; where it was just mown on my former ride, a fine aftergrowth is ready for the scythe.

The river is low; huge sand banks lie high and dry in the very middle of the stream. Long bars, that must be half a mile in extent, show how dangerous the navigation must be in times of high water.

We pass the charming Indian home that appeared so beautiful, nestling among the trees. The clematis is doing its best to make it more beautiful, but the glaring sunflower seems bent on overshadowing everything. Wild grapes offer their rich purple clusters of tiny fruit, without stint. They and hops cover most of the low shrubbery. I find that I got my notes a little mixed up before, which I wish to correct. The ice-house does not belong to this place, but to the next one, which is nearer the river and not so prettily situated. Both belong to good and enterprising men, the former being a minister of the Presbyterian church. I am informed by G. T., with whom we are riding, that the estimate of the amount of wheat raised on the agency is much greater than will be realized.

19th.—The quiet of this place, the mill, is most grateful. I enjoy rambling over the hills and along the margin of the creek; no other houses than the mill and the dwelling-house of the miller are within sight, the nearest being a mile distant. Flocks of little birds come down to the creek to wash and plume their tiny jackets; wild ducks are seen in small numbers; soon there will be plenty. I return to the village in time for tea, but too late to send my weekly contribution to the *Intelligencer*. L. J. R.

THE BEST SOCIETY.

"No company, or good company," was a motto given by a distinguished man to all his young friends. It was a motto he had always endeavored to follow as far as in his power,

and it was a very wise one. The directions of the Bible are many with regard to evil company, and all through it we are taught to shun such society, lest we get a snare to our souls.

Another man, of high position in the world, made it a rule to associate with high-minded, intelligent men, rather than with fashionable idlers; and he said he had derived more intellectual improvement from them than from all the books he ever read.

Sir Fowell Buxton often spoke of the great benefits he had derived from his visits to the Gurney family. Their words and example stimulated him to make the most of his powers. "It has given a color to my whole life," he said. Speaking of his success at the University, he remarked, "I can ascribe it to nothing but my visits to this family, where I caught the infection of self-improvement."

Surely, if our visits have such an influence upon our characters for life, it should be a matter of serious importance to us in what families we allow ourselves to be intimate. Boys and girls form attachments very easily, and often with little forethought. In this, as in all things else, you should not fail to take advice of those who are older and wiser, and never, never choose for a friend one against whom you have been warned by those who dearly love you.

There are people whose very presence seems to lift you up into a better, higher atmosphere. Choose such associates whenever it is in your power, and the more you can live in their society the better, for both mind and heart. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."—*Presbyterian*.

WORK DURING MORNING HOURS.

The author of "Piccadilly Papers," in *London Society*, says:

"I know a remarkably able and fertile reviewer, who tells me that, though over his midnight oil he can lubricate articles with a certain sharpness and force, yet for quietly looking at a subject all round, and doing justice to all its belongings, he wanted the quiet morning hours. Lancelot Andrews says he is no true scholar who goes out of his house before twelve o'clock. Similarly an editor once told me that though his town contributors sent him the brightest papers, he always detected a peculiar mellowness and finish about the men who wrote in the country. I knew an important crown official whose hours were from ten to three. He had to sign his name to papers; and as a great deal depended upon his signature, he was very cautious and chary how he gave it. After three o'clock struck, no beseeching

powers of suitors or solicitors could induce him to do a stroke of work. He would not contaminate the quality of his work by doing too much of it. He would not impair his rest by continuing his work. And so he fulfilled the duties of his office for exactly fifty years before he retired on full pay from the service of the country. And when impatient people blame lawyers for being slow, and offices for closing punctually, and shops for shutting early, and, generally speaking, the wider adaptation of our day to periods of holidays and rest, they should recollect that these things are the lessons of experience and the philosophy of society and life."

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

"Blessed are they who endure temptation, for they shall receive a crown of life." Do not forget that our great Pattern, after He had had the descendings of the Holy Spirit upon Him in such a remarkable manner as to witness the saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," had to go into the wilderness, and there remain forty days and forty nights, *until He was an hungered*.

Though quietness has been mutually maintained, yet I believe we have had communion—yea, thou hast often been brought near with a renewed sense of the excellency of affection. Oh! the preciousness of sistership in the truth, and when this is in measure experienced and valued, let us not too long defer or delay the duty of encouraging and strengthening one another to a yet more faithful performance of the various requirements of Him who hath a right to the whole heart, and thus drawn unto Him in obedience we should become united to each other in pure and durable affinity.

My portion of late has not been in fields of plenty—having but little energy of either body or mind, and those who do not work cannot reasonably expect to eat; yet I am not satisfied without seeking a little food, and am comforted in remembering there is a blessing for the hungry. Thou mentions the want of evidence and qualification for the service before thee. Thou knowest that before new wine is put into the vessel, it is not only necessary that the vessel should be emptied of its old dregs, but be rinsed that it may receive the pure wine. And if this is the preparation required, I believe it may be said to be going on even to the rinsing,

and the language felt, "how am I straightened till it be accomplished." Yet we believe, too, none ever found but that God was able for His own work, how weak soever the instrument may be.

As regards thy prospects, the language of encouragement under a deep feeling of parental affection is that having seen clearly in the light thy appointed duty, thou mayest not let any little intervening clouds or difficulties act as a discouragement, but keep steadily in view the first *clear* prospects until the thing required be accomplished. The right time will clearly appear as well as the duty required, and way be made even to thy admiration as thy eye is kept single. But, dear, is it any marvel that clouds should at times rest on the tabernacle? So it was in ancient times, and so it remains; a powerful evidence of being under the preparing hand (when those clouds are not of our own making), and how beautiful, how animating, how enlivening, the glimpses of the sun when first breaking forth from under these clouds. Who would not suffer a little under them, for the abundant joy and rejoicing produced by the full breaking forth of these illuminating rays! It would not be best that we be always basking in the sun. His rays would be likely to lose much of their beauty; or at least we would become insensible thereto. It is therefore in the ordering of Best Wisdom that day and night succeed each other. And do we not see that this gives life and vigor to plants; and oh, that it may to every precious spiritual plant, causing them to deepen in their roots, and spread their branches wide. I have no doubt in due time our precious friend — will experience the truth of this.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 16, 1871.

INTEMPERANCE.—The touching personal experience of our correspondent, B. E. H., whose communication will be found in this number, reminds us to call the attention of our readers to the article entitled "A Great Need," which will be found in No. 24. Though we fully unite with B. E. H. in his estimate of the religious aspects of the question, yet we must not ignore any of the minor agencies; for, (quoting from the article to which he refers) "no such question as this can be dealt with merely from the spiritual or moral side. However honest and earnest we may be, we shall never lessen this sin, nor

even the results of this sin, until we draw upon our heads, as well as upon our hearts, for the motives of action." Although we may commend the poor enslaved inebriate to the "Grace of God" as the only power that can liberate him, there may be many preliminary steps in which his feeble endeavors must be aided; and this labor of brotherly love our correspondent has feelingly pointed out.

It is, we believe, generally admitted, that there is no vice which so paralyzes the *will-power* as drunkenness; (including in this term the use of opiates) so that, while hating the sin in his sober moments, the poor victim is becoming more and more powerless to carry out his resolutions to abstain. This, although a discouraging view to those in whom the habit has been confirmed, should be prominently held up to those who are in the occasional practice of resorting to stimulants. Let these remember that the boasted power of *will* which they confidently believe will keep them from going to excess, is itself being gradually weakened while they continue the use of anything which will intoxicate; and that when the danger is perceived to be imminent, it may be too late.

The essay, "A Great Need," should be read again and again, by all who feel,—and who does not,—a deep interest in the subject of intemperance, which is here treated of broadly, in reference to its magnitude, its complications, and the difficulty of discovering and applying any general effectual remedy. The view taken of the deeply seated nature of the malady, and of the remote causes that have produced it, is indeed an appalling one; but it must not be shrank from. If, as this writer suggests, the craving for strong drink is but the perversion of a natural bodily instinct, which leads us to desire "that which may be summed up in one word—health,—such health as comes only from the due exercise of every faculty," a hint is gained by which philanthropists, and more especially parents and those who have the training of the young, may profit. We have not yet discovered the art of training harmoniously the *whole nature* of a child, and yet on this may depend his happiness or misery in this world at least.

The daily and hourly opportunities for teaching children self-control, are, it is to be feared, too much overlooked by parents, and many a mother has wept over a degraded son, little thinking that his excesses might be traced to her own fond pampering and indulgence in his childhood.

DIED.

RUSSELL.—At Bellows Falls, Vt., on the 18th of Eighth month, 1871, Isaac D. Russell, of New York city, aged 64 years. He was one who saw the highest form of truth, and loved it.

SPENCER.—At the residence of her parents, in Clearfield Co., Pa., on the 28th of Eighth month, 1871, Lavinia, daughter of Joseph M. and Lydia Ann Spencer, aged 20 years; a member of West Branch Monthly Meeting. The deceased was an example of piety, and had won the love and esteem of all who knew her. Her disease was of several months' continuance, during which she was never known to repine at her lot; but gave ample evidence that she was prepared to enter into the mansions of bliss.

SHOEMAKER.—On the 19th of Third month, 1871, in Gwynedd, Pa., William H. Shoemaker, in the 42d year of his age; and on the 8th of Seventh month, 1871, Ezekiel Shoemaker, in the 50th year of his age; members of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

CORRECTION.

The "Annual Association of First-day Schools within the limits of Indiana Yearly Meeting," will be held on Seventh day evening preceding the Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Indiana.

We have been requested to correct a notice which appeared in our last number, respecting half-fare tickets to those who propose attending the approaching Indiana Yearly Meeting:

Friends proposing to attend must apply in person, or by letter, (enclosing a stamp) to John Comly, No. 144 North Seventh St., Philada., and procure a printed order issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., which will entitle them to purchase tickets (good from 9th mo. 19th to 10th mo. 20th) at the following rates and places:

From New York to Richmond and return,	\$23.70
Office No. 526 Broadway, N. Y.	
" Philada. to Richmond and return,	21.00
Office No. 538 or 901 Chestnut St., Phila.	
" Baltimore and return,	20.35
Office No. 9 N. Calvert St., Baltimore.	
" Harrisburg and return, Office at depot,	17.80
" Altoona and return, " " "	14.00

It is important that the name and address of each person wishing to procure a ticket, be furnished when making application for an order.

FREEDMEN.

The Association of Friends for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen, will hold its first meeting this season on Fourth-day evening next, Ninth month 20th, at 7½ o'clock, at 1516 Vine St. All who feel an interest in the cause, and desire the maintenance of our School among this class of our Southern citizens, are urged to attend.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } Clerks.
ANNE COOPER, }

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE at Darby, First-day afternoon, 9th mo. 17th, at 3 o'clock. Cars via Walnut St. every half hour. Some of the Committee and other interested Friends are expected to be present.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

9th mo. 17.	Merion, Pa., 3 P.M.
"	Manhasset, N. Y., 11 A.M.
"	Port Washington, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
"	Wheatland, N. Y., 3 P.M.
"	Gwynedd, Pa., 10 A.M.
"	Whitemarsh, Pa., 3 P.M.
" 24.	Octorara, Pa., 3 P.M.
10th mo. 1.	Frankford, Pa., 3 P.M.
"	Camden, N. J., 3 P.M.
"	Birmingham, Pa., 3 P.M.
"	Jericho, L. I., 11 A.M.
"	Oyster Bay, L. I., 3½ P.M.
"	Richland, Pa., 3 P.M.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

The accompanying article, published in the *Evening Star*, on the prostitution of agricultural fairs to horse-racing, gambling, drinking, &c., is worthy the attention of all those connected with these annual exhibitions, who have the good of the community at heart. Unless a reformation can be effected, it would seem to me to be inconsistent with the known morality of the Society of Friends for any member thereof longer to endorse these immoral concomitants by having anything to do with them while the abuses complained of are allowed. R. E. E.

"The inevitable tendency of all our agricultural fairs is to horse-racing, and so prominent a feature has this become with them, that the majority of people go there, not to see the implements or the stock, but the trotting. As a result of this departure from first principles, fairs and cattle shows are fast dwindling down to mere jockey clubs, and in a few years more will be completely absorbed by them. Five hundred or a thousand dollars are offered as a premium for the speediest horse, and perhaps five or ten dollars for the best crop of wheat, oats or potatoes.

"Another of the legitimate results of this growing taste for horse-racing is a growing taste for gambling and drinking. These two evils follow as naturally in the train of the other as water flows down hill. But say the managers, if we do not have races, we shall have no visitors. This is perhaps the case, but why not call things by their right names? If the daily trot is the principal attraction, and the cattle, pumpkins, cabbages, potatoes, wheat, etc., are incidentals, why not call the affair a meeting of trotting jockeys, and not prostitute the name and interests of agriculture as they have been doing?"

From the Leisure Hour.

ROME IN 1871.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Easter this year, although so important a church festival, passed without any of those usually grand ceremonials which, through all former years, have made Rome the point of attraction to travellers of every Christian nation. The year is going on as it began. There is no life here, you are told; all is in such strange contrast to this time last year, when thousands and tens of thousands filled the city, when the Œcumenical Council was sitting, and had drawn hither the church dignitaries of every Christian land under the sun. Then Rome, you are assured, was worth living in; nor was the day long enough for the gorgeous spectacle which it exhibited. Then you heard spoken every language with which the tongue of man is acquainted, almost as if another Day of Pentecost had come. Then Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia were here, walking the streets and delighting the eye with their quaint or magnificent attire, or astonishing the ear by the variety of their utterances.

No, indeed, you are assured by many a mournful resident, Rome is not what she was. And wonderfully is she changed since the summer of last year, changed even in sadder ways than by the mere absence of those interesting and picturesque representatives of foreign churches. Everything characteristic of old papal Rome is already on the wane, if not absolutely gone. The churches, even through Easter, are comparatively silent; the Holy Father is never seen, nor even a red-legged cardinal. Good Protestant ladies deplore with a sigh that you see no longer those dear, snuffy old cardinals, driving grandly in their black and gilded coaches, drawn by those splendid black horses, down the long line of the Corso, or in some dingy old street, with palaces on either hand; you no longer meet them walking leisurely by twos and threes a mile or so on the Porta Pia road, whilst the old coaches come slowly after. All this was a beautiful bit of old Rome, which it is just as hard to lose sight of as it will be if the threatened edict is enforced, that the heavy, old, picturesque, half-savage, and yet sagacious buffaloes, with their rugged, ribbed horns, their melancholy eyes, their prodigious strength, and untiring patience, shall no longer be permitted to drag blocks of marble or travertine into the city. Of a truth, Rome is not what she was; there is nothing to attract strangers hither, and what is to become of that portion of her population which lives by the strangers, when they no longer flock hither, as they now will not?

It may be so. Nevertheless, there is much to see and more to think about, for such as ourselves who have not known Rome under her papal rule, and who now see her as the Phoenix rising with new life from the ashes of the past. The ages which date back beyond the papal rule, and out of which it has in part grown, live yet in the ruins of temples and palaces, of aqueducts, triumphal arches, and tombs; the martyrs of the early Christians fill the uncounted chambers of the catacombs; the mediæval and later ages stand forth in the marble and gold and the bad taste of the gorgeous churches. The history of the popes is a chronicle of enormous crime, ambition, and impious daring, under which the mind of the people has become dwarfed and paralyzed by an effete church ceremonial and the slavery of enforced ignorance. But the ages that are advancing are of a very different character, through the dawn of which events and figures may be discerned of a vast proportion, and of a beauty and beneficence unknown either to classic or mediæval times, and which no church function has alone power to call forth.

Thus, whilst silence prevails in the churches, and the Holy Father, with his court of cardinals, shuts himself up in a voluntary seclusion, which is represented to the Catholic world as a state of imprisonment forced upon him by his disobedient children, they, his Roman children at least, are learning a very useful lesson, namely, that they can do without him. Nevertheless noble and pious ladies weep and pray, both in public and private, for the Pope and for the church; and the poor, seeing that there are so few strangers in Rome this year, and that they are deprived of the customary excitements of their religion, exclaim in sorrowful astonishment, "Alas, the Holy Father vouchsafes the blessing and consolation of the sacred functions only to strangers, who keep away when they please, and not to us, his faithful children, who are always here!"

In the meantime, the Bible Society has opened its store in the Corso, near the very spot where, a few years ago, the priests made a bonfire of "bad books," and destroyed as such every copy of the Scriptures they could lay their hands on. A colporteur may be seen freely selling in the streets the two Testaments, Old and New, or single copies of the Gospels, as tracts, for a soldo or two each. Your servant, if she can read, which is by no means generally the case, will be found reading the New Testament in her untidy kitchen, leaving the dinner-things unwashed, because, "Oh, signora, it is so interesting and beautiful in that book!" The driver of your carriage, too, whilst he waits for you at a

shop, brings from his pocket his halfpenny copy of St. Matthew or St. Luke, and is so absorbed, perhaps by the new and divine doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount, or the history of the birth of the Saviour—whom he pleasantly recognizes as the blessed Bambino of the Ara Coeli, the delight of his boyhood—that you have to rouse him as out of another world when you are ready to proceed. Everywhere, sometimes in almost ludicrous ways, you see how the imagery of the Bible is taking hold of the public mind; thus the other day, when one of those halfpenny newspapers, now so eagerly read by the lower class, was speaking of the gallant appearance which the mayor of the city made when riding along the Corso, it described him as mounted on a horse, splendid as one of those in the Apocalypse—no longer is the comparison drawn from the familiar steeds of Phidias and Praxiteles on Monte Cavallo, but from those seen by St. John in his vision on the Lord's-day in the island of Patmos; so, again, at the merry artists' festival, when Pharaoh was represented in all his Egyptian grandeur, one of the attendants was heard explaining to his fellows the subject of the comic show, and his mind being full of the Mosaic narrative, he gave the whole history of the children of Israel in Egyptian bondage, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, which, though it had nothing whatever to do with the comedy, yet fascinated that little knot of listeners for half an hour. It is very interesting and curious to watch the advance of light into this old papal darkness, and little incidents that are continually cropping up in its progress are worth detailing. Thus some are scandalized by hearing the Virgin Mary spoken of as the wife of a carpenter. They have ever thought of her as the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of God, with a crown on her head, her fingers covered with rings, and strings of pearls round her neck. Imagine then the apparent desecration when perhaps the pious, humble wife of a carpenter finds herself standing, as it were, on the same level with the Madonna, for a candle at whose shrine, at the corner of her own poor street, she has many a time given her last barjocio. The head and the heart need be sound, and the truth which is given in place of the old fable need come with a great leaven of love, if it is to fix itself in the heart and conscience of these people.

Whilst, however, on the one hand you see the eager and willing grasp with which the new truth is caught at by great numbers of the people, you see, on the other, the clinging hold which the church endeavors to keep upon them through their educational faith. Thus, at the close of last year, large placards

were attached to the doors of the churches announcing that, as this was a time of terrible need and affliction to the church, when the succor which had been looked for was not vouchsafed, and she seemed about to fall into the hands of the spoilers, she had resolved to afford help to the blessed Madonna by raising Joseph to a somewhat higher position amongst the saints. Three days, therefore, were named to be observed in all churches to the honor of St. Joseph, who, when thus propitiated, might be able, it was confidently believed, to help in so serious a crisis. On this many a painter in Rome, both male and female, who gain a good livelihood by painting pictures for the churches, received a large demand for St. Josephs.

In an adjoining house to ours lives a lady painter of this class, and we had thus an opportunity of seeing something of the work. Everything else was at once put aside. Canvases of a suitable size were placed on the easels, and the manufacture began. Antonio, the good-looking middle-aged man-servant, acting frequently as the model, sat sometimes with the *bambino* in his arms, sometimes with a white lily in his hand, yet always with a wide-awake, sympathetic look in his face, expressive of his good will. The pictures went on rapidly, for the artist worked early and late, and whenever the noonday sun shone out brightly, they were brought out into the stately old garden, amongst the fruit-laden orange-trees, to dry quickly. But St. Joseph has not been able as yet to prop up the church, the foundations of which are sapped on all sides. The Italian Waldensers preach every Sunday in an upper chamber, where on week-days an energetic American lady has commenced a *Kindergarten* school, with the greatest possible success.

Other Protestant ladies have established a *crèche*, or nursery, to relieve the poor working women of the care and anxiety of their infants, a very needful institution, as many women act as servants, or are otherwise engaged away from home during the day. For this purpose these ladies have taken a large airy room, at the back of a good house in the Via Tritone, where a cheerful, motherly woman has, at the present time, nine little ones of about two years old under her charge. All are clean and neatly dressed. The room is well-supplied with wicker-cradles and little chairs, but as yet the walls are bare of pictures, and the children want toys. The few they have were the gift of an English lady, who, having bought a ticket in one of the *tombolas*, or lotteries, which are the great fascination and often ruin of the people here, won a small quantity of toys, which she wisely sent here, and thus made many little hearts h

The care and early education of the children is the wisest step which a philanthropist can take in Rome. The children are bright and wonderfully quick; but apparently many, even at the age of ten or twelve, have not the slightest religious knowledge. They, however, catch up and comprehend all the simple, beautiful teachings which are now opening to them, their bright eyes flashing with delight, and their facile, eloquent fingers emphasising every new or attractive idea, with a grace and an expression unknown to the slower northern intellect.

One of the most important features of the new movement is the opening of secular schools, removing the rising generation out of the hands of the priests, which is now not only being done by private benevolence, but very effectively by the Italian Government, which has taken possession of a portion of the great building of the Jesuit school, the Collegio Romano, and applied it to this purpose. The English, American, and Scotch churches also, hitherto forbidden to worship within the city, and with their cluster of chapels outside the walls, within a stone's throw of the Porta del Popolo, are now anticipating, with the greatest satisfaction, the erection of their own places of worship, cathedrals it may be, within the old city itself, Prince Humbert having assured the chaplain of the American church, when speaking with him on the subject, that there would be, henceforth, liberty of conscience in Rome.

* * * * *

There are in Rome two great factions, which may appropriately be described as the Gown and the Town. The Gown, as we have said, with the Pope at its head; has for the present withdrawn in anger, and withholds everything from the public and the people which has hitherto lulled rather than occupied their minds, and given variety to their lives. The Town, on the other hand, with the Italian Government at its head, has presented its old-established amusements and observances in the most attractive way possible, the public doing its part, at the same time, with its whole heart. Thus the carnival was the gayest that has been known for years. The weather was glorious, and the whole town gave itself up with the utmost *abandon* to the fun of the time, and even the wisest and gravest of Englishmen could not resist its spirit. Fortunately a Roman crowd is good-tempered; it takes a joke and pays it back in the best spirit in the world. Tens of thousands may be massed together without rudeness or impatience. So it was for those eight days on the Corso. People said, after the first or second day, that it would be impossible to keep up this good-tempered folly for a

whole week. But they who said so were strangers to the Roman people of 1871. It was kept up, and as the days wore on each increased in merriment, and even in beauty, spite of all the prevailing nonsense and buffoonery.

It might be supposed that on an occasion of this kind, when there seems to be no law but that of mirth, and when such strong political and party feeling existed, that some outbreak must happen which would lead to disturbance, if not bloodshed. But nothing of the kind occurred, although the popular mind expressed itself in one or two instances without disguise. For instance, one procession, extremely well got up, and which passed through some of the principal parts of the town before entering the Corso, was a burlesque representation of the so-much-talked-of crusade in aid of the Pope. A second represented the funeral procession of the Defunct Temporal Power of the Church. Both of these gave, of course, great offence to the Vatican party, and were reported with much exaggeration in the Catholic papers, especially the latter, on the pretence that it was intended to represent and ridicule the death and burial of Pio Nono himself. But they caused no disturbance. * * *

Palm Sunday came, and those curious artificial wands, woven and plaited of bleached reeds, grown and prepared at a distance, by a family which has enjoyed for generations the exclusive monopoly of their manufacture, were brought into Rome—curious pale gold-colored wands, from six feet high for the cardinals, down to those of eight or ten inches for the small boys of the chapel, or for the poor who may bring them to be blessed.

But of the Easter services in St. Peters, stripped of all their splendor, and thus made of very little account, I will say nothing, as all the world is familiar with them in books, if not otherwise, in their perfected form; for although they might thus, denuded of their usual attractions, be remarkable as tokens of the state of the present feeling in the Roman church, they would be tedious to the general reader. Of the service in St. John Lateran on Easter Eve, however, I may be allowed to say something.

It is on this day that the Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics converted during the year to Christianity receive public baptism in the baptistery of Constantine, attached to this beautiful old church; and when it has, perhaps maliciously, been said that the same old Jew comes up year after year for the ceremony. No one, however, on this occasion appeared; a little child only, neither of Hebrew nor heathen parentage, received the honor of baptism, after the annual ceremony

of the blessing of the font. Then returning to the church, the ordination of priests, peculiar to this day and to this church, commenced.

Every order of church servitor seems to be prepared and ordained for his office, and the ceremony was long commencing with the order of thurifers, acolytes, and all the rest, some classes of whom knelt to the aged officiating cardinal-vicar, who with a pair of scissors snipped off a portion of hair, in anticipation of the tonsure, and in token that henceforth all pride of outward appearance must cease. Still, the most extraordinary feature of the day was presented by the whole body of candidates for sacred orders, to the number of about seventy, all habited in white flowing garments, prostrating themselves on the bare marble pavement before the altar, lying at their whole length, with their faces downward, row after row of white figures, only perceptibly men by the dark back of the head and the black feet, the shoe-soles regularly two and two, facing outwards. All taking their places, side by side, as they entered, dropped to their knees; then, as if the whole floor had been measured out for the purpose, and perhaps it had, fell forward, and extending their feet lay in white symmetrical order, every fold of their garments apparently uniform throughout. The perfect order suggested even a previous rehearsal; one man only, apparently thinking about the effect he produced, seemed anxious, considering that, like Saul, he was taller than his fellows, that his white garments should reach to his heels. He therefore tried to adjust them, but after all a pair of black ankles showed below. Here they lay, motionless as marble effigies, and it was difficult to say what exactly was the effect produced on our minds by the spectacle. Some admiration, perhaps, for the submissive obedience which prostrated them thus, mixed with a pity for the abject state of mind of which it was a type, and no slight sense of the absurd and ridiculous.

For twenty minutes at least this immovable prostration must have continued, during which the offices of the service went on; then rising to their feet they broke off into parties, and sub-deacons, deacons, and priests received their various vestments, which were assumed kneeling, at the feet of the cardinal-vicar, with much ceremony; and when all were duly ordained, marked with the sign of the cross, and had received the kiss and benediction, they partook of the sacrament, and the ceremony was concluded.

Easter Day, the greatest day in the whole Christian year, passed off without any of the usual distinguishing features; no blessing of

the populace by the Pope, no illumination of the dome of St. Peter's. Indeed, as the Holy Father no longer considered it necessary to celebrate Easter by the usual display of fireworks, the municipality declined doing their part as in ordinary years, although they had commenced their preparations weeks before; now, however, they resolved to defer their demonstration to the 21st of April, the birthday of Rome 2,626 years ago, when the *girandola* should blaze forth to symbolize the light, and the liberty, and the knowledge that Rome conveyed in the days of her legitimate temporal power. So the great birthday of Rome—the old queen of law, order, and civilization—was kept, and everybody, excepting the *Neri*, or black party attached to the Pope, made a grand holiday. Flags waved, the National Guard put on its uniform, music sounded in the air, and from fifty to a hundred thousand people, it is said, thronged the Piazza del Popolo to see the wonderful display, which was worthy of the fame of Roman fireworks.

So Easter closed in this year of grace 1871, though properly speaking the *girandola* took place ten days later, and such an Easter as this has never been known in Rome. But a great era is at hand. The temporal power of the Pope has received its death-blow. The miracle which was expected to restore it has not taken place, and St. Joseph seems as powerless to help for this purpose as the Virgin Mary herself. The spiritual power is also on the wane. The Italians are beginning to think and act for themselves, and even to sympathize with Signor Morelli Salvatore in his sentiments uttered recently in the parliament at Florence, that “the Government must guarantee the liberation of Italy by means of a sound and universal education of its women. Educate them properly,” said the honorable member, “and they will become the first educators of their children. Teach them to give their children souls as well as bodies; then you will soon neither require soldiers nor the Pope.”

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awd for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave.

—Whittier.

THE MASTER.

Waiting for Him in the darkness,
 Watching for Him in the light;
 Listening to catch His orders
 In the very midst of the fight.
 Seeing His slightest signal,
 Across the heads of the throng,
 Hearing His faintest whisper
 Above earth's loudest song:
 Dwelling beneath His shadow,
 In the burden and heat of the day,
 Looking for His appearing,
 As the hours wear fast away.
 Shining—to give Him glory;
 Working—to praise His name;
 Bearing with Him the suffering,
 Bearing for Him the shame.

Art thou afraid to trust Him,
 Seeming so far away?
 Wherefore then not keep closer,
 Close, as He says we may?
 Why then not walk beside Him,
 Holding His blessed hand?
 Patiently walking onward,
 All through the weary land?
 Passing safe through the mazes,
 The tangle of grief and care,
 Safe through the blossoming garden,
 Where only the world looks fair;
 Crossing with Him the chasm
 As it were by a single thread;
 Forging with Him the river,
 Christ leading as He hath led.

Then, up the heights of glory,
 Unfollowed by death or sin,
 Swift through the pearl-white portal
 Thy feet may enter in.
 Into the realm of music,
 Where not a note will jar;
 Into the clime of sweetness,
 Which not a breath will mar;
 Where sighs are all out of hearing,
 And tears are all out of sight,
 And the shadows of earth are forgotten
 In the heaven which has no night.

—*Adelaide Newton.*

ART AND NATURE.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

I entered a ducal palace—
 A palace stately and old!
 Its vast saloons were glowing
 With marble, and rich with gold.
 On the tables, in tender mosaic,
 Were marvellous fruits and flowers;
 On the walls were Poussin's landscapes,
 With their sunshine and shaded bowers.
 And in the vase before me
 Were roses white and red;
 I stooped to welcome their fragrance,
 But found them waxen and dead.
 Then forth from the lofty window,
 I stepped into living green;
 Where the stone-pines stood around me,
 With flowery shrubs between.
 And I said, "Take the costly splendor—
 Take the wonderful triumphs of art;
 But give me living Nature
 Which speaks to my soul and heart.

"These works of man are noble,
 In each fair Italian town;
 But God's are wherever the sun goes up,
 Or the shades of night come down."

Let wise men, on the anvils
 Of study, fashion out truth;
 But religion is sent to each humble soul,
 With its word for age and youth.

God comes in silent blessings,
 Like dew and rain from above,
 In whatever place a pure heart longs
 For goodness and light and love.

—*Old and New.*

STIMULANTS.

Pure air is a well known stimulant, though, like light, it would hardly be looked upon as such, were we in the city not constantly in our every-day existence in a certain lack of supply, so that to us, and more particularly to those living in crowded rooms and streets, a week or two in the pure air of the country becomes the most powerful stimulus to the restoration of health; hence the extreme value of country hospitals for the reception of those in whom impure air has produced disease or in whom the shock of an accident or surgical operation cannot be recovered from without the stimulus of purer air than can be found even in our well-ventilated city hospitals.

The air of elevated regions is more truly stimulant, producing its effect, no doubt, by quickening and deepening the respiration, and hastening the circulation of the blood through the lungs, brain and other organs. The effect of mountain air is to exhilarate the spirits, and induce a feeling of buoyancy and strength which is most pleasurable. In ordinary conditions of health, apart from any special call upon the vital energies, in persons taking a reasonable amount of mental and physical exercise, and enjoying an equally reasonable amount of rest, there is no actual necessity for taking stimulants of any kind; but, in civilized countries, it is so universally customary to take stimulants in more or less moderate quantities, that it is now looked upon as a natural habit.

There is no habit which is so disposed to grow upon one as that of drinking. Even water-drinking, apparently so harmless, becomes, with some people, a most pernicious habit; they cannot exert themselves in any way without drinking water; they are regularly in the habit of drinking many glasses of water daily between meals. This habit is an injurious one; it greatly weakens digestive power, hastens waste, and very probably tends to produce corpulency. Unfortunately, however, water-drinking is far less frequent a habit than beer-drinking, which, in quantities very far short of intoxication, is much more injurious. By water-drinking we dilute

our tissues, by beer-drinking we contaminate them! yet how very common it is to meet with people who never miss the opportunity of taking a glass of beer—independently of that which they take at meal time! When a train stops, or a coach changes horses, they rush to the counter; at races, fairs, cricket matches, they take sundry glasses.

We constantly meet such men; they are what is called temperate, frequently highly industrious and intellectual. The physician often meets them: they come under his notice at about middle age, miserable hypochondriacs, suffering from all varieties of indigestion, gout, and liver disorders, and would be astonished to know that years have been taken off their lives principally by the effects of a habit they have acquired so gradually and regard so lightly.

A still more dangerous habit than the last, acquired in the same gradual manner, and indulged in often with the same ignorance of its results, is that of taking small quantities of spirits, either "neat" or with a little water, at intervals during the day—what is vulgarly called "nipping." This habit is most common with coach drivers, hackmen and conductors. They are not drunkards, though in too many instances they ultimately become so.

We have often sat by the side of the driver of a coach, a merry fellow well known all along the road, exchanging a word or a joke with every one. He stops some five or six times in a course of fifteen miles, and usually has a small glass of spirits each time; he commonly calls for a glass of gin and water, cold, with a defiant emphasis on the last word, as much as to say, "I'm none of your fiery liquor drinkers." Poor fellow! he is irremediably damaging his health as surely as if he chose the most ardent liquor distilled, but perhaps more slowly. The physician again meets these men, they die in hospitals of liver and kidney diseases. The immediate, or at least the primary reason for indulging in this habit is the false idea that "it keeps the cold out," whereas it has been proved over and over again that spirits, though they temporarily cause a sensation of warmth, actually lower temperature, and hence it is that the unlucky "nippers" have so often to renew their stimulant. This habit is also largely indulged in by women, and becomes even more fatal to them than it does to men.

We have too frequently seen the miseries of debasement, disease and untimely death brought on by this habit, not to feel a responsibility in dealing with the topic. A very few words will suffice upon the effects of alcohol taken in intoxicating quantities. Intoxication is a temporary insanity, which is in itself criminal, inasmuch as it is voluntarily in-

duced; hence it is regarded in law as no extenuation of crime; it is "a derangement of the functions of the mind, and as these are in some way connected with those of the brain, it seems probable that it is by acting on this organ that spirits when taken into the stomach occasion death." Drunkards often become seized with a peculiar delirium, called delirium tremens, from the nervous agitation with which it is accompanied. We will not pause to describe this terrible disease, which often terminates in sudden death.

Numerous cases of spontaneous combustion have been placed on record, and are firmly believed in by many; some have even been described with great minuteness; and an eminent Italian physician and medical jurist relates the phenomena which occur in this accident. There is no doubt that corpulent spirit drinkers are unusually combustible, and might be more readily set on fire than others; but there is no evidence to prove that they could ever catch fire spontaneously.

One of the effects of alcohol is to diminish the tissue change going on naturally in the body; and it might be argued that this effect can only be salutary and useful in persons who work hard and have but scanty food. This is an important use of alcohol as a drug in some exhausting disorders of short duration, from which, by keeping the patient alive for a short time longer, he is enabled to recover, while if stimulants are withheld, he must die exhausted before the complaint in its natural course has worked itself out; but we are here guided by a definite knowledge of the natural course of acute diseases, and by alcohol sustain the patient, and, as it were, restrain the ravages of the fire within certain limits compatible with life, until it has burnt itself out.—*Good Health.*

AT NIGHTFALL.

When in the evening's solitude,
 My thought has leisure to be free,
 The purer life, the higher mood,
 The nobler purpose wakes in me.
 But, in the cares that through the day
 Constrain the mind from hour to hour,
 The nobler purpose fades away,
 Grows faint, and loses all its power.
 So some pure star's excelling ray,
 With all the beauty of its light,
 Is hidden by the glare of day,
 And only shines with fall of night.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

SYDNEY SMITH recommends it as a rule, to try to make at least one person happy every day, and adds the calculation: Take ten years, and you will have made 3,650 persons happy, or brightened a small town, by your contribution to the fund of general joy.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

EIGHTH MONTH.

	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	12 days.	17 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	0 "	0 "
Cloudy, without storms.....	6 "	1 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	13 "	13 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 8th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	78.82 deg.	78.49 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	95.00 "	92.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	61.00 "	64.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	5.11 in.	5.97 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year.....	1556	1300
Average of the mean temperature of 8th month for the past <i>eighty-two</i> years....	73.21 deg.	
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1863).....	79.50 "	
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1816),.....	66.00 "	

SUMMER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three summer months of 1870,	78.88 deg.
Mean temperature of the three summer months of 1871,	76.56 "
Average of the summer temperatures for the past 82 years,	73.64 "
Highest summer mean occurring during that entire period, 1870,	78.88 "
Lowest summer mean occurring during that entire period, the memorable 1816,	66.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1870.	1871.
Totals for the first six months of each year,	25.43 inch.	21.32 inch.
Seventh month,	3.94 "	6.81 "
Eighth month,	5.11 "	5.97 "
Totals,	34.48 "	34.10 "

Of the 5.97 inches of rain noted above as having fallen during the entire month under review, 3.92 inches of it fell during the early part of the morning, evening and night of the 25th.

A word or two as to the *deaths* in this city—the following being a comparative view for the first 8 months of the two years noted:

	1870.	1871.
First month,	1287	1154
Second month,	1348	1167
Third month,	1425	1169
Fourth month,	1655*	1365*
Fifth month,	1352	977
Sixth month,	1140	1211
Seventh month,	2340*	1985*
Eighth month,	1556	1300
Totals,	12,103	10,328

This account is compiled from the reports made by the Board of Health from week to week, and from which no deduction is made for those "from

the country." All marked thus (*) have had *five weeks*, counted for the current month. The large aggregate *decrease* is a very gratifying fact—while it will be observed that in but *one month* of this year (the Seventh), was there any increase over last.

As to *temperatures*—the figures speak for themselves—not very much variation from last year, both it and the present having been considerably in excess of the *average* for the past *eighty-two* years.

Our "*Santee Agency*" correspondent gave us early last month the following figures for the preceding month, which the curious in such matters can compare with our Philadelphia temperatures: Average temperature, 74.96 deg. Highest *mean* for any one day, 87.33 " Highest point attained during any one day, 95.00 " Lowest point attained during any one day, 61.00 "

Amount of rain during any one day, 2.02 inch Although we have had several severe rain storms doing much damage, this section of country continues to be highly favored in being spared those *terrible tornadoes* that have visited so many localities.

Du ing the first of these heavy storms alluded to the lightning struck the iron works of I. P. Morris & Co., causing, it is said, a loss of some \$60,000. A number of other buildings, barns, &c., were struck, doing more or less damage; amongst others the steeple on the church at Oxford and Twentieth streets was entirely destroyed and the building considerably injured. The lower part of Montgomery and upper portion of Philadelphia counties also suffered severely.

Our "*clippings*" have been quite profuse for the month, but we only give the following:

"METEOR.—On the evening of the 15th, about half past seven o'clock, a brilliant meteor was observed to shoot through the northern heavens. Its color varied—first being blue, then red, and finally yellow. When it fell it appeared to break into fragments." J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, 9th mo. 2d, 1871.

I T E M S.

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL—The foreign papers bring accounts of the debate in the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies on the bill abolishing slavery. After a long and animated debate, lasting for twelve days, the first article of the bill, which declared that all children hereafter born should be free, passed by a majority of 62 to 37 votes. It is believed that the bill abolishing slavery, as introduced by the Ministry, will pass the Chamber of Deputies unless the opposition succeeds in prolonging the discussion beyond the date appointed by law for adjourning *sine die*.

THE last census shows that there are in the United States 134 cities, containing a population of 10,000 or more. Seven of these cities exceed 250,000, and seven have more than 100,000 and less than 250,000. There are eleven cities having from 50,000 to 100,000, seven from 40,000 to 50,000, twelve from 30,000 to 40,000, twenty-two from 20,000 to 30,000, and sixty-six from 10,000 to 20,000.

THREE heavy golden vases were lately found at Pompeii, in the middle of a street, only a few feet under the ground. It is believed that they were carried by priests in procession to propitiate the gods, and that the bearers were killed while moving through the streets.

THE product of the Lake Superior mines for 1871 is estimated at not less than 1,250,000 tons.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Strattan, Richmond, Ind.

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From "The Little Things of Nature."

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

BY LEO HARTLEY GRINDON.

Walking through the decorated fields of summer, before the scythe of the mower has laid their sweet crowds low, or along the paths of some well-trimmed garden, rich with the floral spoils of many distant lands, and noting the cups and chalices of their thousand blossoms, as they drink the tender warmth of the sunshine, we naturally imagine that the condition of a flower, whether wild in the country, or forming part of the elegant and cultivated company of the parterre, is to remain, after once expanded, like the Electric Telegraph Office, "open always." Our ideas rest, as in all other matters, upon what we happen to behold at the moment, and this partial truth is believed to be the whole; and this temporary condition—for it really is no more—to be the prolonged and the abiding one; the abiding one, that is to say, until the flower shall have worn out its little lease of life, and petal and stamen, calyx and honey-bag, alike dissolve and are lost in the bosom of mother earth, from which all things come, and to which all return.

Flowers, ordinarily, are *not* "open always;" those of many of the largest and most important classes of plants close as regularly as day changes to night, remaining shut during the hours of darkness, and re-opening their lovely petals when sunshine returns. The

fascinating and innumerable-various phenomena of their morning expansion and twilight folding, are the illustrations, in part, of what botanists term the Sleep of plants. Similar phenomena occur in connection with the leaves, and together they form one of the most beautiful displays in nature of the Divine Benevolence as shown in little things.

If we examine a flower carefully, with a view to an intelligent comprehension of how it is constructed,—not necessarily pulling it to pieces, but turning it over and over, round and round, looking first at the outside, then into the depth of its heart,—we find that it consists, in the great majority of cases, of two distinct portions—an outer one, which is green, and in texture not unlike a leaf, and an inner one, which is softer than the finest satin, usually thinner than the thinnest silver-paper, and exquisitely colored. The outer portion is the "calyx,"—in which word we have only another way of writing "chalice;" the inner portion is the "corolla," literally the "little crown," so called from the poetical, and therefore good and true idea which regards it as marking the day when the plant is in the enjoyment of its highest honor and glory, upon which it is "crowned," as it were, and thus in the condition of king or queen when lifted to the highest pinnacle of royal dignity by having the golden diadem placed upon the brow.

Let us look yet a little more attentively,

and we discern that this pretty flower-crown, this "corolla," is in some flowers composed of many distinct pieces or leaves, while in others it appears to consist of only *one* piece, wrought into the form of a little vase. Whether few or many, the component pieces of the corolla are called the "petals," which name, when we would speak correctly of them, we should always make use of, since the word "leaves" applies properly only to the green foliage of a plant. "Rose-leaves," often used for scented-pots, are properly "rose-petals." Now the sleep of a flower consists mainly in the changes of the positions of these "petals." The calyx or chalice which encircles them, and which covered them up while the flower was only a bud, undergoes *no* change at night, or never more than a very slight and scarcely appreciable one; the movement is confined almost entirely to the colored portion within.

And now we come to one of the most captivating chapters in the history. As there are scores of different shapes of corollas, so are there scores of different modes of closing, every different one determined by the peculiar configuration of the corolla. This is no more than we might expect from the analogies of nature, which is everywhere brimful of echoes, giving us utterances over and over again of simple and elegant ideas, that are not different intrinsically, but only presented to our eyes after another manner, just as the promises of Holy Writ are still identically the same, whether they be printed in Hebrew letters, or in English ones, or in German. Who has not noticed how various are the attitudes assumed by the different kinds of animals when they compose themselves for sleep! It is the very same thing in our own private and personal right side and left side, doublings up, stretchings out, and miscellaneous angularities;—every one of us works out some principle of ease and comfort;—every animal and every bird in like manner works out some principle of happy repose, determined, to a certain extent, by the peculiarities and the arrangement of the limbs, and signified in what we may often perhaps deem only an accidental mode, but which is original and inevitable to the creature manifesting it. Again in like manner, every flower that is so constructed so as to allow of the petals changing position, has its own native, and peculiar, and invariable way of exhibiting this beautiful fact of vegetable repose. The poppy, that we spoke of just now, has four petals, which at high noon stand apart, and form a crimson bowl. When the sun sinks low in the sky, and the birds are trilling their nestward songs, the two inner petals have raised themselves so as to be upright,

and have coiled themselves one round the other; the two outer petals meanwhile also lift themselves erect, but keep perfectly flat, and form a pair of great shields, one upon either side of the coil within. In the daisy, on the other hand, also in the marigold,—

"that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping,"—

the petals are very numerous, and spread in a star-like manner round the disc of the flower. Towards twilight they all rise simultaneously, though slowly,—bring their delicate points together, and form a conical tent, which neither rain nor prowling night insect can break through.

It is for the purpose of defending the delicate internal parts of the flower from nocturnal cold, and chill morning and evening dews, and from the ravages that might be made upon them by such of the insect tribes as come out after dark, that this admirable provision of the closing of the corolla appears to have been instituted, since there is nothing of the nature of sleep, in the human or zoological sense of the word, to be detected in plants. They do not require it. Men and women, quadrupeds and birds, seek their pillows and their various retreats when night comes on, or, at least, when they have finished their day's labor or pastime, as the case may be, because during the previous hours there has been a great expenditure of nervous energy, which requires for its re-establishment a long period of perfect physical quiescence. During sleep, the diligent little masons, carpenters, and joiners of the human body set vigorously to work, wherever repair is needed. Like an active garrison in a besieged town, they renovate during the night whatever has been damaged during the day; and when morning returns, we wake fresh, strong and buoyant, ready to start again. Would that we were always proportionately thankful to Him who "giveth His beloved sleep," and who thus daily replaces us so comfortably on the threshold of existence! In plants there is no such expenditure of nervous energy. They have no nerves. The activity of their life is not accompanied by wear and tear. It consists solely in growth, preparation of new material, and consolidation of that material into new branches, twigs, and leaves. Whatever appearance resembling sleep they may present after nightfall, is not of the nature of slumbering repose. It is simply a relaxed condition of the petals, dependent, in most cases, upon the removal of the stimulus of the solar light, whereby they are made to subserve most elegantly the high and beautiful purpose of protecting what is at once the most important, and the tenderest, and most

vulnerable portion of the flower. The centre of the flower contains the apparatus which originates the seed; and in the inmost core lies the rudimentary seed itself concealed, like the infant in its ante natal state, almost invisible to the unassisted eye, and exquisitely sensitive to the slightest injury. It is to protect *this* that the so-called sleep of the flower is called into play. When the petals fold together, it is Nature, always solicitous to befriend, drawing the silken curtains round the cradle in which her progeny lies forming; and as nothing so much assists the growth and development of this tiny rudiment of future tree or brilliant flower as warmth, directly the sun shines again, the curtains are withdrawn, and the centre of the flower is turned as directly as possible towards the life-giving orb.

Flowers are made so beautiful as we find them, no doubt in a high degree for the delight of human eyes. Before the appearance of man upon this earth of ours, scarcely anything of the character of a flower had been ultimated into existence here. Geology makes this abundantly evident, together with the fact that flowering plants, properly so-called, began to appear in plenty upon the earth's surface only when the golden period which we call the creation of man, was swiftly approaching. Human delight, however, is not their only intent. The happiness of mankind is enhanced, without question, by every circumstance in nature, either directly or indirectly; but a special intent in the beauty of flowers, as produced by their colored and satin-textured petals, is that they shall act as so many concave mirrors, and reflecting surfaces, catching the sun's rays, and concentrating and casting them upon the seed-forming apparatus, just as white clouds beautifully fling upon the earth light which they themselves have first received from the common source, or as silken curtains to parlor-windows transmit, when the sun is shining, a luster not their own to our tables and books, and even to our faces.

And here it may be remarked that another use of the painted petals of flowers is to attract little flying creatures of good purpose, since, by the action of their tiny feet, and by the play of their transparent wings, they help, although unconsciously, to dislodge the pollen or yellow dust contained in the threads of the flower, and cause it to fall upon the seed-cradle, and thus help forward the production of the seed, which, unless it were fed by this yellow dust, would never come to maturity, but wither away while no larger than the point of a pin. How wonderful are the expedients made use of in so simple a thing as a flower! A flower has as many friends as

a human creature. The sun, the fresh air, the dew, the nourishing earth, the rain, even the cold of winter, alike lend their aid. Bees, butterflies, a score of almost invisible pairs of wings, visit it in turn, every one of them doing its own peculiar good service.

Many flowers close their petals at nearly definite periods of the day, and others open their petals at particular times of the morning; and there are many that appear to act independently of the stimulus of light, since they do not expand for several hours after the sun has risen. Perhaps they require the atmosphere to be well aired. There are many more, indeed, that open in the *night time*,—suggesting comparison with the birds that are nearly silent during the day, and only open their sweet throats for carols in the darkness. These have their counterparts also in moths and other insects that only fly by night, so that there is nothing in it anomalous or unnatural. Their habits cannot, indeed, be *unnatural*, for they are quite as much a part of the custom and method of nature as are those of the flowers which expand with the song of the lark, or those of the birds that chant over the “morning-glories,”* or those of the butterflies that flirt their deep-dyed wings on the bosom of the rose. So exact are the times of opening and closing, that a “floral clock” may be contrived by any one who will take the trouble to collect together in a garden such flowers as are suitable, and plant them in lineal or circular order. Linnæus contrived such a flower-clock in his garden at Upsala, and others have been made in our own country. Of course the difference of latitude, the change of the aspect, and other circumstances, cause slight differences in the time of opening, so that no list of times drawn up in one country will exactly correspond with that of another. But they always preserve the same relation;—a particular flower is always an hour earlier or an hour later than another flower; so that when once the periods at which either of them opens, under given and definite circumstances, has been ascertained, the periods of the others may readily be calculated. It is much the same as with the positions of the stars, and their relations to particular hours of the night, according as the seasons change. Though Arcturus, and Orion, and the Pleiades, “shedding sweet influence,” are not always to be found in the same part of the heavens, yet when we espy either one of them, we always know where to look for the others. The three great stars that form the slantwise belt of Orion,

*“Morning-glories” are the flowers of the different kinds of convolvulus, all of which open at day-break, and are remarkable for the splendor and the purity of their colors.

always point in a direct line upwards to the Pleiades; and the same three splendid diamonds always point in a direct line downwards to Sirius, the most brilliant of the fixed stars, and one of the nearest to the earth. Sirius and the Pleiades are just about equidistant from Orion's belt, so that there never need be any difficulty in determining them.

There is one large class of plants, constituting the Pea-family, in which the sleep of flowers is often accompanied by a corresponding condition of the leaves. Of course this latter is in no way subservient to the protection of the reproductive apparatus, except in a few instances, where we find the leaves that are nearest to the blossom folding together in such a way as to become a cloak for it. But this is very rare. We may observe it in the four-podded lotus; it is said to be very prettily shown also in the tamarind-tree; and those travelers in foreign countries who are quick to notice such things, have probably detected other examples. The sleep of the leaves is a simultaneous but an independent phenomenon, and its object is more like that of animal sleep, namely, to give to the vitality of the plant a respite from the employment to which it is devoted during the day, and to allow of the quiet progress of its internal or domestic economy. During the day, the leaves of plants are held in a constrained position by the force of the sunlight, which draws them towards itself as a magnet draws a piece of steel, and all this time they are diligently engaged in the preparation of new vegetable substance out of the carbonic acid, the water, and other available materials contained in the atmosphere. All this time the leaves are like so many industrious men and women, whom the morning calls away from their pillows, and impels by its inspirations to renew their daily duties. Their allegiance to the sun is precisely similar; and when, at the close of the day, the great ruler retires, and the constraint is removed, on the one hand we see the work-room and the counting-house exchanged for the arm-chair or the fire-side; on the other we see the foliage that just now was spread so vividly, droop with rich and elegant languor, and lie like the ringle's on the neck of a child that has fallen asleep in the midst of its play.

Nothing is more beautiful to contemplate than the parallel between the life of leaves and that of man. Infancy in the one is the early spring condition of the other. Each has its summer of maturity, and each has its autumn of decline; while every separate day and night is with each an alternation of activity and rest. Leaves do nothing during the night—that is to say, nothing of the nature of work for the benefit of the plant as a

whole; their activity ceases when darkness comes; they never fail, however, while alive, to resume it in the morning. Nearly all that a plant contains is prepared in the leaves. The roots absorb plenty of *crude* nourishment, but it is in the leaves that this is converted into genuine plant-food; so that we may well compare them to the busy laborers who maintain the fabric and the comfort of society,—men in the town, women in the sanctuaries of home,—every one of whom who fulfils the duties of life is a leaf of the great tree of the human family. Well, too, may we expect that in the evening they should show signs of weariness, and repose themselves each in its own fashion. Man comes home to the prattle of his little folk, their tales of the day's wonders, told half out-of-breath, and with sweet dance of innocent eyes to the music of mingled voices; or he comes to the “wife of his youth,” happy in her little pride, that lives not so much upon her knees as in the innermost centre of her heart, and lifts up heaven into her face in small, sweet babe-smiles that float like speech from lips yet speechless, but to call her some day by the sweetest name a woman can hear;—home he comes to these, finding that the Golden Age is not a dream of ancient poets, but a golden thread that runs through all the years and centuries, and of which he holds a filament; and over them he closes like the lotus and the tamarind.

True, it is not always so, as we may learn again from other leaves that wing-wrung and dusty, seem placed in nature only that they may supply contrasts. But, when realized, how beautiful those evening hours! Feeling and affection fill them with all forms of human delight. Is it surprising, then, is it anything but most natural, that among the changes of the green leaves, which are images of them in the world of plants, we should find the most exquisite diversities; the leaves of the lupine fold into the shape of a lady's half-opened parasol; those of the wood-sorrel dispose themselves into the form of a triangular pyramid; those of the white clover make a letter T; those of the vetch kind, which grow in opposite pairs, rise up face to face, like two hands with the palms pressed together?

We need not go into Botanic Gardens to see these things,—they lie at our feet, everywhere in the fields and woods; just as we need not go into the ranks of the rich and great to see conjugal and domestic happiness, since it is a gift equally to the poor and humble. Thus we see that a walk in the country never need be without enjoyment. Everywhere we have pretty spectacles of life in action, and like our own. And indeed it

often seems as if the most wonderful illustrations were the minutest. Somehow or other, large things always seem to take care of themselves. Their bigness is a safeguard. We admire them for their grandeur, but it is hardly possible perhaps to love them so much as we love what is little; and something of the same principle seems illustrated in the ways of the Creator,—the little is always an object of consummate protection.

Lastly, as regards the sleep of flowers, it is to be observed that those in which the corolla appears to consist of only one petal, as in the foxglove, do not exhibit this beautiful phenomenon. The structure of the blossom precludes the possibility of it. Here we generally see the nocturnal protection of the stamens and pistils provided for by the peculiar shape of the corolla, and by its position. This kind of corolla is generally cave-like, or the upper part of it is in the shape of a great hood, which shoots off the rain as it falls. Very frequently also this kind of corolla is pendulous, so that in its drooping position it provides a natural self defence for the tender parts within. Whether we can discern it or not, we may be sure that there is adequate and beautiful protection of some kind. When we think Nature has forgotten, it is partial, it is that our own eyes are dim. Moreover, there are, in all likelihood, many arrangements in nature which it is scarcely possible for eyes to make out, but which a reverent intelligence may think of from analogy, and admire as greatly as if they were visible. We do not "see" how the myriads of tiny insects find their food; but that they are all endued at once with good appetites, the satisfaction of which is a delight to them, and with abundance of good nutriment, we may be sure.

THERE are croakers in every country always boding its ruin. Such a one there lived in Philadelphia—a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look and a very grave manner of speaking. This gentleman, a stranger to me, stopped me one day at my door, and asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing house. Being answered in the affirmative, he said he was sorry for me, because it was an expensive undertaking, and the expense would be lost, for Philadelphia was a sinking place, the people already half-bankrupt, or near being so—all the appearances to the contrary, such as new buildings and the rise of rents, being to his certain knowledge fallacious, for they were, in fact, among the things that would ruin us. When he gave me such a detail of misfortunes now existing, or that were soon to exist, that he left me half-melancholy. Had I known

him before I engaged in this business, probably I should never have done it. This person continued to live in this decaying place, and to declaim in the same strain, refusing for many years to buy a house there, because all was going to destruction; and at last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for one as he might have bought it for when he first began croaking.—*B. Franklin.*

STABILITY OF CHARACTER.

In these days of rapid motion, of activity, ambition and enthusiasm, when all are eagerly pressing forward to something higher, the merit of stability is apt to be undervalued. However rapid his motion, the horse is less valuable if he will not stand without being tied; but we do not sufficiently appreciate the same virtue in a man. Many persons stand still from the force of outward circumstances, or from the fear of the opinion of others, or from lethargic spirit in themselves; when perhaps their duty is to break loose from such bonds, and to press on in the path before them. True stability of character is ever consistent with the best progress and the most energetic activity. It consists in holding fast to true principles and duties, which are known by the force of inward conviction, and through loyalty to conscience. All wise travelers know that to obtain complete impressions of foreign countries, whether of the scenery or works of art, or the customs and character of the people, it is necessary not only to visit them, but having done this, to leisurely view what they have come to see. He who rushes rapidly from one city to another and makes the tour of Europe in a few weeks, cannot bring away with him deep impressions, and he returns almost as uninformed as he went. In order to receive truth into the mind, it is necessary to consider it in all its bearings.

All progress is founded on this stability of mind. It is not a passive conservatism, but an active clinging to what we know and have proved to be good and worthy of support. In the physical act of standing, we use actual will and energy to hold ourselves upright; and as this is almost essential to the act of walking, so in all mental or moral progress we must stand solidly on some firm basis of truth or we cannot advance. Much that is erroneous or useless must be dropped as we go on in life, but there are great mental convictions which true advancement strengthens and deepens. Such are the ideas of justice, truth, freedom, love and immortality, to which, if we cling not firmly and persistently, we can no more improve than could the plant which repudiates its native soil. Change is often necessary; but, of itself, is not pro-

gress. Clear convictions about them, firmly held, are the only safeguards we can have that the changes made are wise.

Stability is equally important in the practical duties of life. He who is firmest in his convictions of truth will most truly perform every duty; for he will then be using his energies for a higher purpose than mere success. * * * He who works only for success is crushed by disaster, and when that for which he has labored sinks from his view, he has nothing left but despair; but he who has willingly entered into the service of duty, standing firm in his convictions, and faithful to the right, will never quail before any storm. Disappointment and failure, however bitter, cannot rob him of hope, and even joy, that spring from a higher source than the most triumphant successes. Such stability, also, is the secret of all true affection. A jealous, captious, or exacting love, is but another form of selfishness, and soon decays, but that love which is founded on the noble, generous and excellent qualities of its object, and is firm and untiring in its real efforts to serve and benefit, will be permanent and enduring, though separation or death itself should intervene. The highest life of which we are capable can be developed best by learning to be steadfast to principle. Deeply rooted in that, we need never fear the most perfect freedom of action, and while prosperity may elate, and adversity may depress, yet a happiness higher than the one, and deeper than the other, will take possession of the heart that is fixed on truth and duty, and a joy that could come from no material success will be the final reward.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE NEGLECT OF MEETINGS, *versus* THE MINISTRY.

In a recent communication I offered a suggestion for the serious consideration of those who may feel called to bear public testimony at funerals. Permit me now to call the attention of Friends generally, but more especially of ministers, to another, a kindred branch of the gospel ministration: *The duty of ministers, when traveling in the service of Truth, to visit the brethren in their little primary meetings.* But let us remember, that if it is a duty of ministers to attend these meetings, it must be a co-ordinate duty of the members to hold and maintain them.

The commission which is furnished to the true Gospel minister, is ample in its powers, but rigid in its restrictions.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel unto every creature.

"But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until endued with power from on High.

"As every man hath received the gift, even so administer the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.

"If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God. If any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth; that God in all things may be glorified."

When ministers go forth so commissioned and qualified, to preach the everlasting gospel, we may well say with the apostle, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of Peace, and bring glad tidings of good things."

I admire the sentiment of him who said, "We do not want an *eloquent* ministry; we do not want a *flowery* ministry. We want a *living* ministry; we want a *baptizing* ministry; a ministry that will *break* a hard heart and *heal* a broken one; a ministry that will *lead us to the fountain and leave us there.*"

Having a ministry, making the high profession which Friends do, of being led and qualified by the Light within, which is the CHRIST, it seems strange that we should still hear an increasing complaint of neglect in the attendance of our meetings for social divine worship. Why is it so? There is, no doubt, a concurrence of causes tending to produce the unfortunate result. I wish more especially to notice one which seems inherent with us as a religious body.

Those who have watched the progress of the Society for the last half century, have become conversant with two facts, which are worthy of notice:

1st.—That Friends who traveled in the ministry fifty years ago, almost always visited the brethren, where their lots were cast, in their small primary meetings. But more recently such Friends very often pass those little assemblies by, and depend upon seeing the people in the larger Quarterly and Yearly Meetings. And—

2d.—That fifty years ago the primary meetings were quite as well attended as the larger gatherings. But more recently the small meetings have been sadly neglected, while the large ones have been well sustained.

We can hardly fail to perceive that there exists a relation of *cause and effect* between these co-ordinate facts. Some may consider one, some the other, as the primary agent, but to my understanding, they are properly reciprocal co-efficients, mutually increasing the result complained of—the neglect of attending meetings for worship. The people ask, why need we go to those meetings; the ministers do not come there to visit us? The ministers ask, why should we go to those little meetings; the people are not there? Yet both the ministers and the people continue to attend the large gatherings.

From this view of the subject, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that ministers, by so withdrawing their visits from the inferior meetings, have notably contributed to the very evil which they were laboring to remove.

But Friends everywhere should remember that they too have a duty to perform—that of *faithfully attending, and properly maintaining their own little meetings*; for if it is a duty of ministers to visit these meetings, it must be a co-ordinate duty of the members to be there, ready to receive them. By absenting themselves, they virtually reject the messages of divine love which may be sent to them; and may they not, by their own neglect turn away “the feet of them that preach the Gospel of Peace, and bring glad tidings of good things,” until it can no longer be said “that God hath visited His people?”

In these days of high intellectual culture* there has sprung up among us “an eloquent ministry,” “a flowery ministry,” and though not necessarily so, yet it is well we should remember that there is sometimes danger in the eloquent and in the flowery. Danger that the possessor may become proud of the attainment, and vain of displaying it. Danger that, disdainful to preach to empty benches, to the tens, or the fifties, in the little meetings, he may prefer to exhibit his talents where the hundreds and the thousands congregate. There is even danger that we may come to have two descriptions of ministers—two forms of ministration—a gospel ministry and an intellectual ministry. Indeed, what I have termed an intellectual ministry, appears to abound throughout the Christian churches.

There is in the community an increasing greed for acquiring wealth and popular renown, which almost necessarily alienates the mind and disqualifies it for the performance of religious duties, and thus contributes its

portion of the apathy and consequent neglect of meetings.

There is, moreover, a great commotion, a general upheaving throughout the Christian world. The people are fast losing their veneration for religious dogmas and conventional forms and observances, which have so long usurped the place of true vital religion and spiritual worship. The foundation stones of the great modern Babel which priestcraft has erected are mouldering into dust, and the superstructure, like its prototype on the plains of Shinar, is tottering to its fall. Why should not we suffer our part and parcel of the general ruin?

In conclusion, it is not for me to attempt the invidious task of applying these remarks personally; I know not where they belong. But should any one feel a conscientious conviction that the strictures apply to him, that the *shoe fits*, I hope he will accept it, and wear it as long as he can comfortably do so. Dear brother, dear sister, if thy own conscience does not reprove thee, neither does thy friend,

E. MICHENER.

New Garden, 9th of 9th mo., 1871.

THE TRUE LIFE.—The mere lease of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep; to be composed to the darkness and the light; to pace round the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth, to make reason our book-keeper, and turn it into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth living. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry waste within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death that startles us with mercy, the hardships that force us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishments of rational beings.

Scrap

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Humility, true humility, is an essential grace in the Christian character, but we must learn to discriminate between it and a disposition that would dwell unprofitably on our frailties, and look at them as more in number and greater in magnitude than others who are walking in the same path may have

*I do not object to *intellectual culture*, only to the manner of it. Psychologically considered, man is a trinity—a triune being. He is endowed with three sets of faculties,—the intellectual, the moral, and the religious, each in its measure capable of separate and independent action, but requiring a co-operation of all the three, in a normal state of activity and strength, to constitute a vigorous and well balanced mind. The cultivation and exercise, and the consequent development of either set of faculties, without the others, necessarily produces mental deformity and impairs the healthy functions of the mind. Thus deprived of the natural checks and compensations which the faculties are intended to afford each other, the one so developed is left without restraint and will soon run riot. Thus we may educate the same individual to be an unbelieving *rationalist*, a doubting *moralist*, or a fanatical *religionist*. An ample verification of this can be seen in our daily walks, but how shall the remedy be applied?

to feel. While the influence of the former would add strength to every energy, by causing us to rely on the true Source of strength, the depressing nature of the latter sinks the spirit beneath that strength.

Deep baptisms, I know, may be our portion. They are connected with the mixed condition of our surroundings; but when we have been entrusted by the wise Householder with an important stewardship, is it right for us to doubt His willingness to give us wisdom and strength to use it aright, and to act well all its duties? Surely He will not fail, for He knows we have no other helper.

Let our trust then be reposed on Him. Say not in thy heart, "What doest Thou?" neither be afraid of the face of man, for the language is: "I am with thee to deliver thee."

It is pleasant to know that thy spirit has been dwelling with mine, and that thy prayer has arisen for the preservation of thy tossed friend, whose deviations from the path of safety often cause disquietude. May I know a nearer approach to the Throne of grace and power, and may my spirit meet thine and unite in desire for our mutual advancement and preservation. I have had abundant evidence that in proportion as our trust is on the Almighty Arm, so far do we find its strength vouchsafed; but, my endeared friend, notwithstanding this knowledge, I often fail to seek the guidance of the Father's love, and act hastily under the influence of my own will. Hence my many trials. Seasons have sometimes been wherein I have felt that I could freely dedicate my all to the will and service of our best Friend, as the only conditions upon which a state of stability is to be known, and happiness enjoyed, but I often take back again what I had resigned, and my affections become again chilled toward Him, who is continually showering blessings and comforts upon me.

I believe our occasional omissions are looked upon with a tender parent's eye, and this should stimulate us to an increased watchfulness for every intimation of His will, and prompt us to yield a ready obedience. Surely this is the path of peace.

DUTY is not Christian liberty, but it is the first step toward liberty. We are free only when we love what we are to do and those to whom we do it. Let a man begin in earnest with "I ought," and he will end, by God's grace, if he persevere, with "I will." Let him force himself to abound in all small offices of kindness, attention, affectionateness, and all those for God's sake. By and by he will feel them become the habit of his soul.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 23, 1871.

IN UNITED LABOR THERE IS STRENGTH.— This truth, which perhaps none will doubt, comes before us in connection with our religious meetings, to which we sometimes go under a feeling of weakness, or poverty, or inertness, and perhaps at the close we feel that the hour has not been a time of renewing, and that nothing has been gained by thus assembling.

Why is this so? We may not err greatly if we say, it is for want of that united labor in which there is strength.

We assemble at our public meetings often in a state of only semi-consciousness as to our object in so doing, and we sit listlessly, perhaps expecting good to come to us, without recognizing that we have any part to perform in order to insure it; hence our disappointment.

"Times and seasons are not at our command." We do not hold the key of the heavenly treasury; nevertheless the door is sometimes opened at our entreaty, according to the figure of the good man of the house, who arose, even at the midnight hour, because of the importunity of the applicant, and gave him bread.

Were we alike persistent in spiritual exercise or labor, we would not be sent empty away. We may not receive help or strength or food of the kind we are expecting, but right labor always brings an increase, and as in united labor there is strength, there is encouragement for us, when assembled in our religious meetings, to put shoulder to shoulder in the needful work. We shall reap as we sow. If we are indolent and sow sparingly, we need not expect a rich harvest, but so surely as we are earnest in labor, our effort will not be in vain. An humble, earnest desire after good will yield its fruit. Strength will be renewed if the true waiting state is known. Communion with the Divine mind, or, in other words, a centering to the internal manifestations of Divine power, will enable us to realize the fulness of the gospel promise, "I am with them and shall be in them;" and we will understand the expressive

language, "One hour in the presence of Lord is worth a thousand elsewhere."

Then, while we recognize the duty of assembling for Divine worship, let us come together under a recognition of the true object of thus assembling, and if we are found as with one accord in one place, engaged in united spiritual labor, the stone will be removed from the well's mouth, and the flock will be watered.

THE CHILDREN'S GIFT.—A copy of this little book of "original and selected articles," by E. L. W., has been sent us.

In looking over the contents, we think parents need not hesitate to place it in the hands of their children. Nothing adverse to the principles of Justice, Mercy and Truth will be found in its pages. It is issued by "Friends' Publication Association," Philadelphia.

MARRIED.

PANCOAST—PEASLEE.—On Fourth-day, the 13th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, Clarksboro', N. J., under the care of Woodbury Monthly Meeting, Joseph H. Pancoast to Anna, daughter of Amos J. and Hannah Peaslee.

DIED.

ROBERTS.—At his residence in Gwynedd, Pa., on the 23d of First month, 1871, Cadwallader Roberts, in the 94th year of his age; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

BROWN.—At Pleasant Hill, Mo., on the 28th of Seventh month, 1871, Mary H., widow of Josiah Brown, and eldest daughter of the late Robert Hollingsworth, of Harford County, Md., in the 61st year of her age.

ROBINSON.—At Macedon Centre, on the 15th of Sixth month, 1871, of apoplexy, Lydia F., widow of Henry Robinson, in the 62d year of her age; a member of Farmington Monthly Meeting.

DILLINGHAM.—On the 29th of Eighth month, 1871, at his residence in Granville, N. Y., Joseph Dillingham, in the 76th year of his age; a member of Danby Monthly and Granville Particular Meeting. His funeral was attended by a large number of Friends and others, on 9th mo. 1st, at the meeting-house in Granville, where his voice had often been heard proclaiming the way of salvation.

COOPER.—In Philadelphia, on the 5th of Ninth month, 1871, Hannah, wife of the late David Cooper, of Woodbury, N. J., in the 84th year of her age.

MEATYARD.—On the 4th of Eighth month, 1871, at the residence of her father in East Hamburg, Catherine, daughter of Charles and the late Mary Meatyrd, aged 43 years; a member of East Hamburg Monthly Meeting.

WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults!

HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE TRULY EDUCATED WOMAN.

The following extract is from the Baccalaureate discourse of the President of Vassar College, John H. Raymond:

In what ways, then, you will ask, are liberally-educated women to distinguish themselves as such, and so conciliate the confidence of mankind for the cause of high woman culture? Many suggestions spring to my lips in reply, but time is passing, and I will restrict myself to two.

1. And first, I would say, *by serious aims and dignified pursuits in life.*

The name of woman is widely identified in the popular mind with the idea of frivolity. It is the fashion with many to regard her as *constitutionally* weak, shallow and light-minded by the decree of God. And (alas that we must confess it!) there has been, and still is, too much in the habits of many of your sex that gives a color of plausibility to the doctrine. When we consider what constitutes the staple of ordinary female conversation, the character of the reading of which women are the greediest devourers, the utter trifles on which, when not compelled to drudge, they often manage to spend their energies—when we think especially of their devotion to dress and personal decoration, and their thralldom to fashion in all its monstrosities of taste, indecencies of suggestion and infinite pettinesses of detail—a thralldom to which so many of the best submit, and would almost seem to love their bonds—it is enough to shake the faith of the stoutest believer in woman's capacity for high intellectual culture.

Practically, it is no answer to these patent facts to retort that there are just as many shallow and silly men as there are shallow and silly women, or that it is the influence of men that makes women trifling; if on the whole the average man has more weight of character and power of serious thought than the average woman, it is because life furnishes him with larger opportunities and more inspiring motives. This may be true or it may not. It is at best a matter of opinion, and will weigh little with those who look daily on the facts, and with whose theory of woman's sphere and mission those facts harmonize only too well. To those who regard woman as intended to be the pet and plaything of man, the mere ornament of his home, the minister to his affections and tastes alone, his pretty solace and diversion from the graver occupations of life, and who believe her only serious functions to be physical—to be the mother and nurse of children, the care taker of the household, and the provider for the bodily wants of its inmates—to such it will seem only fitting that she should be

correspondingly endowed, and that her constitutional traits and tendencies should be those which most perfectly agree with a life so singularly compounded of the butterfly and the beast of burden.

The true answer to this low doctrine of womanhood is furnished by those women who, by realizing a higher ideal in their own persons, show that feminine weak-mindedness is not universal, and therefore not constitutional or necessary. Thank God, there are many such. Lifting themselves in various degrees above the level of ordinary inaneity, such women, serious, thoughtful in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue, clad in the dignity of *conscience*, reason and immortality, stand up a perpetual refutation of that libel on your sex, and the promise of a better day for woman. Such instances, though perhaps exceptional, are by no means rare. Every age and country has produced them; every family contains them. Where circumstances have favored, they have acquired learning, having shone in literature and art; have organized and directed charities (often on the largest scale) in peace and in war, and have ruled nations with a wisdom above that of kings. Oftener, unaided by outward conditions, against the current of custom and prejudice, by the sheer force of an earnest intelligence seeking its fullest development, reaching after knowledge as its birth-right, and growing by the healthy exercise of the faculties within the sphere allowed them, whatever that might be, they have attained a largeness of nature, intellectual as well as moral, and a potency of influence, which all acknowledge and must admire.

These are the truly educated women. Though they may never have sat at the feet of masters, or seen the inside of school or college, they have attained all the ends of a true culture by, as much as they have acquired breath of information, discipline of faculty, and power of soul. And every system of female education must be tried at last by its power of producing such women. I care not with what show of outward accomplishments or what dexterity of social art the young woman may have been taught to glitter in crowded saloons and win the applause of fascinated admirers. I care not what school has awarded her its diplomas, how long the catalogue of pretentious "branches" she has nominally pursued, nor how great the *éclat* with which she figured in class room or on examination day. If her accomplishments have left her poor in intellect and feeble in nature, if she has not learned to love knowledge for its own sake and to pursue it with a life-long interest, if she has not become an *earnest-minded woman*, seeking from choice the com-

panionship of the intelligent and wise (living or dead), devoting her powers to noble practical ends, and forever escaped from the possibility of relishing what is petty and shallow, vulgar and weak, in the life of her sex—she is not an educated woman, and the school or the masters who *through their deficiencies* have left her in that condition, merit only execration and contempt.—*Ex. and Chron.*

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Letter from William D. Kelley.

ALTOONA, August 30th, 1871.

I am about to comply with your request and tell the readers of *The Press* something about the Rocky Mountains, and to do it over my proper name, that they may hold me responsible if I misstate facts or indulge in exaggeration. Leaving home about the middle of July, I went in pursuit of health, and am fully persuaded that I would have been entirely restored had I been permitted to remain, as I hoped to, till October or November. At the end of four weeks the cough that had harassed me so long and severely had almost left me, my appetite was ravenous, and good digestion was its constant attendant. The day we parted, a walk of a little more than a mile exhausted my strength; yet at the end of one brief month, without other medicine than the sun and air of Northern Colorado and Southern Wyoming, I could rise with the sun, after having slept with my leather valise as a pillow, ride twelve or fifteen miles on a rough horse, and as far in an ambulance over trackless plains, and close the day by walking about three miles to inspect the coal, iron-ore, and limestone deposits in the vicinity of Rock Creek Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad.

I refer to these facts because I wish to bring the peculiarities of the atmosphere of this wide and interesting portion of our country to the attention of the public at large, and to correct an erroneous impression under which conscientious physicians are, in some cases, prescribing as a remedy that which must accelerate the progress of the disease they would cure. The opinions I shall express on this subject are not deduced from my own limited experience and observation, but from intercourse with physicians of large experience in private practice and at military posts on the plains, and intelligent gentlemen who, having suffered for years in the States, are in the enjoyment of rugged health in their mountain homes.

The day is not far distant when the plains by which you gradually ascend 5000 feet to the base of these mountains, and the slopes and valleys of the mountains, will be recog-

nized by the world as a vast sanitarium. There is a health-giving power in their sun and atmosphere that must be experienced to be appreciated. The sun shines full three hundred days in the year, and the brief seasons in which rain falls are well defined, and may therefore be avoided. The soil is light and porous, and though the hills are affluent in springs of purest water, the atmosphere is dry and light. For asthmatic and bronchial diseases the sun and air of the Rocky Mountains are almost absolute specifics. So, too, if properly applied, are they for incipient disease of the lungs; but patients whose lungs are seriously affected should not go direct to the mountains, the more attenuated atmosphere of which taxes for a time the power of those whose breathing apparatus is most perfect, to run, jump, climb hills, or indulge in other violent exercise. And it is just here that many intelligent physicians are misled, and by mistaken advice hasten the death of those whom they would save. They know the character of the atmosphere, but fail to study the topography of the country by which its density is affected, and send patients with weak lungs to points at which the lungs of the strongest are at first seriously tasked. This, as Gov. McCook, of Colorado, said to me, "is like prescribing the free use of a sledge hammer to a man with a broken arm." The aid this country offers to consumptives from the seaboard and Mississippi Valley States is relief from the humidity of the atmosphere and the excessive heat of summer, or the moist and excessive cold of winter, and the lower the altitude at which, at least for a time, they can avail themselves of this the better. Now they are recommended, indiscriminately, to the Rocky Mountains, which is rather indefinite, as they extend from El Paso del Norte on the Mexican boundary to the head waters of the Missouri river, and embrace more than 2,000,000 square miles; or, specifically, to Denver, Idaho Springs, or Fall River, Colorado, or to Cheyenne or Laramie, Wyoming. The lowest of these, Denver, is 5,317 feet above the level of the sea, Cheyenne is 6,041, Laramie 7,123, Idaho Springs 7,800, and Fall River 7,930 feet. To all these places he who is affected with asthma or bronchitis may go and find relief, but he who is suffering from tubercles or heart disease should avoid them, or approach them slowly after strength has been gained on the lower plains.

Fortunately these conditions preclude none from a trial of the restorative effects of this mysterious region, in which cattle and sheep feed and fatten all the year round on natural grasses, and mountains, which in New England or Pennsylvania—nearly 15,000 feet

high—would be crowned with eternal snow, are covered with immense forest trees. The eastern limit of the rainless belt, as it is called, in which about 18 inches of water, or rain and snow reduced to water, fall during the year is at about the 98th degree of west longitude, at which line the elevation of the Kansas and Union Pacific roads is from 1,800 to 2,000 feet, and that of the Northern Pacific—which, owing to the depression of the mountains toward the north, and other phenomena, enjoys a milder climate—is still lower. Here such towns as Brookville on the Kansas and Grand Island on the Union road will already afford food, shelter, and intelligent, though not polished companionship to hundreds of loiterers. If the traveller is to find relief from the characteristics of the country he will soon discover it here, and a few days will enable him to advance a couple of hundred miles and add 1,000 feet to his elevation above the sea; but if, having left family, friends, and the comforts of a well-appointed home, the consumptive finds no relief upon an elevation of 3,000 feet, let him not proceed, but retrace his steps.

But the diseases to which I have referred are not the only ones for which the air, sun, and waters of this region will prove a remedy. It abounds in medicinal springs of every character, many of which are found in the midst of scenes of quiet beauty and loveliness, and others where nature, when the mountains were upheaved, left the most curious or sublimest evidence of her power. Of the former class are Idaho Springs, Soda, in Colorado, and the Sulphur Spring, near Salt Lake City, and of the latter the innumerable springs which pour forth almost every character of medicinal waters near the foot of Pike's Peak, at a place now known as the Garden of the Gods, and near which a large and well-appointed hotel and a number of beautiful villas are in process of construction, and the geysers, more wonderful than any hitherto discovered, in the Valley of the Yellowstone, near the line of the North Pacific road. Yes, the Rocky Mountains will soon be regarded as the National Sanitarium, in which not only the classes of invalids I have spoken of will find renewed health, but in which the victims of those productions of the intense life we lead, dyspepsia in all its forms and nervous disorders, will find relief. The business man, worn and exhausted, and the mother who has almost exhausted her own life in watching and waiting upon those dearer to her than life, will find here a health-giving influence unequalled by any known to the pharmacopœia of science.

NEVER chide for anger, but instruction.

LIVING WATERS.

There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and
 As ever summer saw;
 And cool their water is—yea, cool and sweet:—
 But you must come to draw.
 They heard not, yet they rest in calm content,
 And not unsought will give;
 They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
 So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
 To follow dusty ways,
 And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
 Where the tired traveler strays:—
 That never ask the meadows if they want
 What is their joy to give—
 Unasked, their lives to other life they grant—
 So self-bestowed they live!

And ONE is like the ocean, deep and wide,
 Wherein all waters fall;
 That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
 Feeding and bearing all.
 That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
 That takes again to give;
 Even the great and loving heart of God,
 Whereby all love doth live.

—*Christian Union.*

DO SOMETHING.

If the world seems cold to you,
 Kindle fires to warm it!
 Let their comfort hide from view
 Winters that deform it.
 Hearts as frozen as your own,
 To that radiance gather;
 You will soon forget to moan,
 "Ah, the cheerless weather!"

If the world's "a wilderness,"
 Go build houses in it!
 Will it help your loneliness,
 On the winds to din it?
 Raise a hut, however slight;
 Weeds and brambles smother,
 And to roof and meal invite
 Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a "vale of tears,"
 Smile, till rainbows span it;
 Breathe the love that life endears;
 Clear from clouds to fan it.
 Of your gladness lend a gleam,
 Unto souls that shiver;
 Show them how dark sorrow's stream
 Blends with hope's bright river!

—*Selected.*

PECULIARITIES OF BATS.

Bats dislike captivity so much that they die under it. Five sent to Mr. Daniell were turned into a roughly-made cage, in which they were fed by him with flies, for which their appetite was something wonderful; in their eagerness they would snap and bite at one another like so many ravenous curs. Cooked meat they could not appreciate, but raw beef was more to their taste—a circumstance affording their proprietor great relief, since, by attaching a piece of beef to the inside of their box, he was saved the trouble

of catching flies for them, and was able to watch them cater for themselves. The meat proved a source of attraction to divers blue-bottle flies, to the intense gratification of the captives, who displayed great quickness in disposing of these visitors. No sooner did an unwitting blue-bottle come within range, than he was struck down by a pair of bat's wings, the fortunate bat falling instantaneously over all its membranes expanded, cowering over its victim, and securing him by thrusting its head under. When the head came forth again the membranes immediately closed, and the poor fly was swallowed, wings and all—an operation affording several minutes' enjoyment to the performer. Mr. Daniell found his bats only ate the beef when hunger pressed, but for a fly they never lack an appetite. They seemed pretty comfortable in their prison, getting quite lively of an evening, and regaling the ears of their owner with a harsh music of their own—more curious than pleasing. But in nineteen days every one of them was dead—nor did a second party prove longer-lived. White was once very much amused by a tame bat, but he does not tell us how long the tamer had possessed his pet. This bat would take flies out of his master's hand, bringing its wings before its mouth, hovering and hiding its head like a bird of prey feeding. Like Mr. Daniell's bats, this gentleman would eat raw flesh, but, unlike them, always took the trouble to shear off the wings of the flies ere he condescended to swallow them. He satisfied White that it was an error to suppose bats could not get on wings again when down on a flat surface, by rising easily from the floor, and running in a very ridiculous style, but none the less speedy for all that.

With the Chinese the bat is held symbolical of happiness, figuring as a fortunate emblem among the decorations of the outer gates of the mandarins' houses. Our soldiers disturbed the serenity of the venerated creatures in the buildings they appropriated during the last war; the Tartar General's "yamun" and the Treasury house being particularly notable for such tenantry, the roof of the latter being so thickly covered that it was almost impossible to toss up a stone without bringing down a bat. The temples and tombs of Egypt swarm with these animals, resenting the intrusion of explorers by extinguishing their lights, clinging to their clothes and annoying them generally. Hot countries are the favorite homes of the bat; and in them it attains a size far beyond anything known in northern latitudes. When Captain Burton was wending his way to Dahomey, he saw the trees blackened with

clinging bats, and the sky speckled with swarms of them. The Bornean sky is said to be obscured for two hours at a time by dense flocks of bats. In Ceylon, too, the bat is a noun of multitude; the tunnels of its highways, the galleries of its fortifications, the roofs of its bungalows, and the ruins of its temples, abound with them; and every cavern and subterraneous passage affords a convenient domicile for these darkness loving swarms. From these they issue as the sun goes down, and—bold from impunity—enter the very dining-rooms, and carry off the insects skirmishing round the table-lamps. The Island possesses no less than sixteen species, two of which are its own peculiar natives—one, a tiny creature, not much larger than a humble-bee, of a glossy black hue; the other measuring from three to four feet from point to point of its extended wings. This is the roussettes, or flying fox, with a famous appetite for figs, plantains, rose-apples, guavas, and the flower-buds of the cotton-tree. Of the last the roussettes are especially fond, making the tree their homes all day, passing their time hanging on its topmost branches by their hinder claws, with their chins pressed against their breasts, and their heads invested in a mantle of the membrane attached to the forearm. Sunset wakes them up to feed. They share the Cingalese love of toddy, and get drunk by frequenting the cocoa-nut trees at toddy-drawing time.

The Siamese are not the only bat-eaters in the world. Purchas, in his *Pilgrimage*, tells us the people of Mandura regale themselves upon bats as large as hens; and the Cavallero Antonio Pigafetta would have us believe that when he was at the island of Gatigan, near Ceylon, in 1519, he dined upon bats as large as eagles, but quite as delicate as fowls. The Cingalese eat the roussette, and its flavor has been compared, by those who have tried it, to hare. In Madagascar and Mauritius, too, the bat is reckoned among edible animals. "It was not without a considerable degree of reluctance," says Abbé Rochou, "that I first ate the bat of Madagascar, dressed after the manner of a fricasseed chicken. These bats are so hideous that the very sight of them frightens our sailors, yet when one can overcome that disgust, their flesh is found to be much more palatable than that of our best fowls." Another French priest bears similar testimony in favor of the Mauritius bat, which he says has nothing bad about it but its looks. The Edible Roussette, specially so called, is of a blackish color, about sixteen inches long in the body, with wings measuring five feet in extension. It is thought to be identical with the Javanese "kalong," a gregarious bat,

exceedingly abundant in some parts of Java, where it may be seen suspended to the naked branches of the trees in companies several hundreds strong, looking like some strange fruit; but letting any disturber of its slumber know by sharp and piercing shrieks that it is all alive. As soon as the sunlight dies away, the kalongs rouse themselves, and depart in files with a slow, steady flight, to the forests and village plantations; attacking every kind of fruit they come across, from the cocoa-nut of the peasants to the rarer treasures of the chiefs, if they can manage to get through the bamboo network protecting the choice products of the gardens of the grandees. Bats generally are no mean judges of what is good; the West India bat shows his cleverness by extracting green peas out of their pods by making a hole over every pea, and gratifies his sweet tooth at the expense of the sugar-canes.

Old authors relate terrible tales of the blood-sucking bats, telling us how Paraguayan plains are haunted by enormous creatures that attack poultry, cattle, mules and horses; sitting upon the backs of their victims, and with their wings fanning them into insensibility, so that, all unchecked, they slake their horrid thirst, leaving holes in the skins of their dupes which afford convenient places for the deposit of insects' eggs. In this way, the cattle introduced by the first European settlers were entirely destroyed. Ulloa describes Carthage as having its streets, after sunset, covered with clouds of these dexterous bleeders of cattle.

It is comforting to know that even such an unattractive individual as the bat can boast of one ardent friend, even if that friend be nothing better than a little parasitic acrobat, rejoicing in the big name of *Nycteribia*. This extraordinary creature appears as if it had neither head, antennæ, eyes, nor mouth; but these deficiencies are only seeming ones, owing to its habit of resting itself wrong side uppermost, with its head thrown back, and pressed close between the shoulders, leaving no vestige of a head where one would expect to find it. It really has a mouth, antennæ, and four eyes—two upon each side, which attain their proper position by a sudden jerk of the *Nycteribia's* flexible leathery neck. For the purpose of progression this parasite is provided with three pairs of legs armed with prehensile hooks; these hooks are so arranged as to appear equally distributed over the upper and under sides of the insect, and render it perfectly independent of the movements of the bat, through whose fur it moves at an inconceivably rapid rate, rolling along like a wheel rotating on the extremities of its spokes. If it be true that

E'en little fleas have lesse fleas
 Upon their backs to bite 'em,
 And these, again, have lesser fleas,
 And so *ad infinitum*,

the lesser flea that accompanies the bat's parasite in its extraordinary gyrations must be a curiosity indeed.—*Chambers' Journal*.

LITTLE THINGS.

In the management of the temper, on which our own comfort as well as that of all around us so much depends, nothing effective will be done but by a watchful attention to *little things*. The temper is oftener ruffled by slight provocations than by great and serious injuries. Now if *because* they are slight we think it not worth while to resist them, if we suffer a cloud to pass over the brow, on every occasion, the result will be (for such occasions are of daily occurrence) that by little and little those clouds will gather and rest there. A morose or a fretful temper will be fixed upon us; and all power of self-government lost. If, on the contrary, a resolute determination had been made at first not to yield to these small and frequent irritations, this effort, continued day after day, would soon have strengthened into a good habit; rendering it not only pleasant but *easy*, ever after to exercise forbearance, and to give the "soft answer that turneth away wrath."

It is in small things that brotherly kindness and charity chiefly consist. Little attentions, trifling, but perpetual acts of self-denial; a minute consultation of the wants and wishes, tastes and tempers of others; an imperceptible delicacy in avoiding what will give pain; these are the small things that diffuse peace and love wherever they are exercised, and which outweigh a thousand acts of showy heroism. That which requires the greatest effort is the greatest charity; and it is beyond comparison a greater exertion to keep a daily and hourly watch and restraint upon ourselves for the sake of others, than to summon our whole stock of forbearance or benevolence once or twice in our lives, in order to perform some deed of munificence, or to forgive a great injury.

There can be no appearance more hopeful and promising in childhood and youth, than a tenderness of conscience respecting small things; a child who is never known to plead excuses for what is never known to be wrong by saying "is it not a little one?" who resists an improper thought, forbids a hasty word, who fears the slightest deviation from the truth, bids fair to rise, by gradual, but certain steps, to true excellence.

But whatever may be *our* view of the subject, it is certain that God does not, in any sense, condemn *small things*. He looks at

motives more than at actions; at thoughts more than at words; and by these we shall be judged.

And let us be thankful that "He does not despise the day of small things;" the bruised reed, the smoking flax, the grain of mustard seed, the little leaven; over these small beginnings He watches with patient and gracious care, till by little and little they attain to perfection.—*Jane Taylor*.

THE transformation of solar radiance into life and motion has frequently been eloquently described, but rarely with greater fulness and felicity than by John Fiske, in the sixth lecture of his supplementary series at Harvard University. The closing paragraph of this lecture is so singularly eloquent that we must quote it for those of our readers who have not elsewhere met with it: "When one takes a country ramble on a pleasant summer's day, one may fitly ponder upon the wondrous significance of the law of the transformation of energy. It is wondrous to reflect that all the energy stored up in the timbers of the fences and farm-houses which we pass, as well as in the grindstone and the axe lying beside it, and in the iron axles and heavy tires of the cart which stands tipped by the road-side—all the energy from moment to moment given out by the roaring cascade and the busy wheel that rumbles at its foot, by the undulating stalks of corn in the field and the swaying branches in the forest beyond, by the birds that sing in the tree-tops and the butterflies to which they anon give chase, by the cow standing in the brook and the water which bathes her lazy feet, by the sportsmen who pass shouting in the distance as well as by their dogs and guns—that all this multiform energy is nothing but differentiated radiance, and that all these various objects, giving life and cheerfulness to the landscape, have been built up into their cognizable forms by the agency of sunbeams, such as those by which the scene is now rendered visible. We may well declare, with Professor Tyndall, that the grandest conceptions of Dante and Milton are dwarfed in comparison with the truths which science discloses. But it seems to me that we may go further than this, and say that we have here reached something deeper than poetry. In the sense of illimitable vastness with which we are oppressed and saddened, as we strive to follow out in thought the eternal metamorphosis, we may recognize the modern phase of the feeling which led the ancient to fall upon his knees, and adore—after his own crude, symbolic fashion—the invisible Power whereof the infinite web of phenomena is but the visible garment."—*Every Saturday*.

OLD SHOES.

Children, you probably think that if you look very sharply at an old shoe when you throw it away, you will know it again if ever it comes back to you. But it doesn't at all follow. One of these days you may button your dress with an old pair of slippers, comb your hair with a boot, or grasp a cast-off gaiter in your hand while you eat your dinner. You don't see how this can be! Well, we'll tell you.

Old shoes are turned to account by manufacturers in the following manner: They are cut into very small pieces, and kept for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur. The effect of this is to make the leather hard and brittle. Next the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water and dried. When thoroughly dry, it is ground to powder, and mixed with some substance like glue or gum, that causes it to adhere together. It is then pressed into moulds and shaped into buttons, combs, knife-handles, etc. So you see how it may come to pass that you may comb your hair with a boot, and fasten your clothes with a slipper.

THE benefactor always retains some affection for the person whom he has benefited. No extent of ingratitude succeeds in utterly effacing this kindly feeling on the part of the benefactor.

It is a beautiful arrangement of Nature, or, as we ought to say, of Providence. The benefactor, just in proportion as he has done his work lovingly, has his "exceeding great reward" in an increase of lovingness; for there cannot be a doubt that it is a far happier, and if we may say so, a more divine thing, to love than to be loved.—*A. Helps.*

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The Hippopotamus, or River Horse, is an enormous quadruped, a native of various parts of Africa, and is always found either in water or very near to it. Its height is not very remarkable, as its legs are extremely short, but its body is long and very bulky indeed. The average height of a full-grown hippopotamus is about five feet.

The color of its skin is a dark brown, curiously marked with innumerable lines, like those on "crackle" china or oil paintings, and is dappled with a number of sooty-black spots, which cannot be seen except by closely looking. A vast number of pores in the skin supply a thick oily liquid, which effectually protects the animal from the bad effect of the water in which it lives most of the time.

The mouth is enormous, and its size is great-

ly increased by the odd manner in which the jaw is set in the head. Within the mouth is an array of white, gleaming tusks, which have a terrible appearance, but are solely intended for cutting grass and the other vegetable substances on which it feeds. With these teeth the hippopotamus can cut the grass as neatly as if it were mown with a scythe, and is able to sever, as with shears, a pretty thick stem.

Its appetite is enormous, and with a stomach capable of holding five or six bushels of food, it is a terrible nuisance to the owners of farms near to the rivers in which the animal lives. During the day it sleeps in its hiding place, but as soon as night comes on issues from its den, and trampling its way into the cultivated lands, makes sad havoc among the growing crops, and the worst of the matter is, the hippopotamus damages vastly more than it eats, by the clumsy, wading way it walks. It is a gregarious animal, and generally goes in herds numbering twenty or thirty.

All manner of traps are set to catch them by the land owners, who hunt them without mercy, and find no little profit from their teeth, which are of the finest and whitest ivory, weigh from five to eight pounds, and are valued at from four to six dollars per pound.

The young hippopotamus is not able to stay under water as long as its parents, and the mother carefully brings it to the surface every little while to breathe. During the first few months of the little animal's life, it takes its stand on its mother's back, and is borne by her above or through the water just as she thinks wisest and best.

The creature is generally harmless, and need not be dreaded, unless molested, when it will violently attack whatever object has roused its anger.

Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African missionary, tells us of one of these animals, whose little calf had been speared by his men the day before: "She made at the boat," he says, "in which I was sitting, with such force that she lifted the forepart of the boat completely out of the water, capsized one of the black oarsmen fairly out into the river, and forced the whole crew to jump ashore."—*Child's Paper.*

It is a precious thing to be made and kept living, and tender, and loving toward all the Lord's children. Our own growth in the blessed Truth is much promoted by it, and I daily crave that it may be my experience, and that I may be kept in the lowly valley, where the healing waters of Shiloh's stream run softly, and spread life and greenness on all around.

I T E M S .

THE Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington has made a careful estimate of the retail value of the malt and spirituous liquors sold in the United States last year. He fixes the amount at \$600,000,000, which sum if equally apportioned among our forty millions of people would amount to \$15 for each man, woman and child. These statistics furnish the most striking proof of the excessive use of spirituous liquors by our people, and should lead the friends of temperance seriously to consider what practical steps can be taken to abate the growing evil.—*The Golden Age*.

THE heirs of Wm. Penn owned two and a half million dollars' worth of property in Pennsylvania at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war. They were Tories, and the property was accordingly confiscated by the State, whereupon the English government compromised the matter by agreeing to pay them and their descendants an annuity of \$20,000 forever. This bargain has already cost the government over a million and a-half, and it is now trying to buy off the claim with a round sum to be paid all at once. The difficulty is in fixing the amount at a point which will be mutually satisfactory. The present recipient of the pension is one William Stewart.

THE geology of the White Mountains is most intricate. It is not known whether its granite and slate rocks are of Laurentian, Silurian, or Devonian age alone, or whether all of these formations may not be represented. Professor C. H. Hitchcock, the State Geologist of New Hampshire, has made the interesting discovery of upper Silurian corals in Littleton, N. H. The limestone containing these corals has been traced for about three miles, and appears to be overlaid by a clay slate, containing a few worm trails. The lime-tone rock appears identical, as we learn from the *American Journal of Science*, with that cropping out upon Lake Memphremagog.

THE trustees of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., have decided to admit young ladies to their college classes equally with young men. At the recent commencement of Williams and Amherst colleges the question was introduced and referred for future decision.

THIRTY young noblemen of some of the most illustrious families of Japan, have been sent to this country by the government of Japan to pursue their education at several of our colleges, in order to fit them for responsible positions in their civil service. The Japanese government recognizes the superior advantages of a Christian civilization to their own.

PROF. HUXLEY, in distributing the prizes at the Charing Cross Medical College, as we learn from the *Bowdoin Scientific Review*, said that, while he heartily congratulated those who had been successful on the present occasion, he still more heartily expressed a hope that those who had not attained success might continue in their efforts until they did attain it. But he qualified his approval of the prize system in these words: "The successful men in this world were not those who went off at a hard gallop; but, if he might use racing phraseology, those who would 'stay.' It often happened that those whose early career was slower and quieter than that of others exhibited a greater amount of wind and tougher staying power, and came in at the winning-post at last." Prof. Huxley himself, it is said, only obtained a certificate of proficiency in physiology.

He urged upon his audience the importance of plodding industry, which was often of more service than brilliancy or talent, and of using their Pegasus as a plow-horse, instead of permitting it to soar aloft.

BURDETT COUTTS has given away more money to charitable objects than any one who has ever lived, and has had more to give than most people. She has given away over \$25,000,000, and has some \$50,000,000 left.—*Moravian*.

THE State Entomologist of Missouri says that the washing of fruit trees with soap, or the application of any alkaline solution, is an infallible protection against borers, and this is confirmed by the experience of some of the most extensive fruit-growers in the State.

THE State Convention of Teachers and School Superintendents of Alabama resolved by an unanimous vote, that "the education of the colored race was a duty of high privilege of the white race, and that the Convention concur in any measure calculated to accomplish results."

PRINCE BISMARCK, as Chancellor of Germany, has decided that the school administration of Alsace be non-sectarian.

THE sap of the ink plant, which grows in New Grenada, is adopted without any preparation, says the London *Chemist*, for the purpose of writing. It shows at first on paper a reddish tint, but after a few hours becomes a deep black. Steel pens are much less affected by this sap than by ordinary ink. The virtue of the plant seems to have been discovered by the Spaniards. Some parchments written partly with the sap and partly with ink were sent to Europe, and during the voyage were soaked in sea water, from which treatment the parts written with common ink became illegible, but the parts written with the sap were not in the least injured.

A METAL BELL, with the date 1181, has recently been raised from the bottom of the small river Abbe, near Limerick, Ireland. The report states that three fishermen were poling a boat along the stream mentioned, when the pole became entangled in some obstruction in the bottom, and after a long time and unusual exertions, the bell, weighing one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, was raised. The bell bears ancient inscriptions which have not as yet been deciphered, and it is supposed to have belonged to St. Mary's Cathedral, and to have been thrown into the river during the siege of Limerick by Ginkell, in 1691.

ARTIFICIAL SHAGREEN.—The substance known as shagreen, used in covering instrument cases, telescopes, sword hilts, etc., has generally been supposed to be derived from the skin of sharks and rays. We are now informed that an imitation is made in Russia, which can scarcely be distinguished from the original, and that this is prepared from the skins of horses or asses, soaked in water and scraped, and while the skin is still soft, small seed, such as mustard or chenopodium, are imbedded in it, and the surface afterwards shaved down. By dyeing with green, produced by the action of sal-ammoniac, or copper filings, and drying, the imitation in question is satisfactorily accomplished.

THERE is no truth more important and few less thought of than this: the more we forsake simplicity in anything, the more we multiply the means of corruption and error.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 30, 1871. No. 31

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 Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*
 Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*

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THE INDIANS.

The following extracts of letters from our friends M. B. L. and A. Green have just been furnished us by the Indian Aid Association. Though some time has elapsed since they were written, we believe they will be read with interest.

At an adjourned meeting of the Indian Aid Association, held in Philadelphia, 8th mo. 30th, 1871, it was directed that extracts from letters received during the summer should be published in *Friends' Intelligencer*, for the benefit of members residing in other localities.

OTOE AGENCY, 5th mo. 10th, 1871.

To the Indian Aid Association of Philadelphia, Dear Friends:—Now that you are about closing your labors for the season, it may be satisfactory to you to be apprised of the good results that have been attained through your exertions. Without attempting to portray the wretchedness which your labors have alleviated, or the comfort which they have produced among these poor people, let me call your attention to the influence which they have had in advancing the great work of humanity and love which has been entrusted to our Society. You are aware of the condition in which we found these Indians. Their past had been a record of suffering, and the promise of their future

was almost hopeless. Having been for years the prey of corrupt white men, they were distrustful of the whole white race. But kindness was not long in reaching their hearts, and distrust in giving place to confidence. The warm garments which your kindness has bestowed on them, and the love which has ever accompanied your donations, are regarded by them as the surest evidences of the sincerity of those to whose care they have been entrusted. Hitherto they have listened to promises, which experience taught them to mistrust, but now they behold our sincerity of purpose, shadowed forth not in empty words, but in works that can be seen and felt. The elevation and civilization of our red brethren is a work in which our Society has ever felt a lively interest; but since the Christian policy of President Grant has entrusted to it the care and management of these Western tribes, its individual members have more generally awakened to the importance of the work. They realize that the great principles on which their Society is founded are placed on trial before the world, and that it lies within the power of every one to aid in advancing such a work, as well as to rejoice in the promise of its success. The Indian Aid Association, whilst alleviating the wretched condition of these Indians, has won for our religious Society their gratitude and confidence. The great work of their elevation may now go on, attended at every

step by a measure of success that will encourage us to persevere to the end. Some have asked us, "How long will our Aid Association be necessary?" We would answer, that until our people can have time to open farms and procure stock there will necessarily be much poverty and distress among them, they will have no means of procuring clothing for their children or themselves, and their hereditary attachment to the blanket will require a combatting influence, such as our Aid Association has successfully exerted for the last two years. Already quite a number have been induced to leave the village to reside on farms that they have selected, and others will shortly follow their example. We trust that in another year the greater part of the tribe will be located on farms, and their villages will begin to disappear. Each year will lighten your work, and when at length our school children are ready to take the places of their parents, and a community of thrifty farmers is turning this prairie soil, then your "Aid" will be needless. In conclusion, allow me to say that the influence which you have exerted has powerfully aided in assuring success to our endeavors. Your labors have been crowned with ample fruits.

Very truly your Friend,

ALBERT L. GREEN,
U. S. Indian Agent.

Letter from M. B. Lightfoot, dated

NOHART, 5th mo. 19th, 1871.

I want to say how valuable and opportune these boxes of goods are at this time. The one from Byberry contained a nice assortment of summer clothing for our school children, while in the Philadelphia box we found what we needed so much at this time, a large lot of strong working summer pants for our men and boys. Indeed nothing could have been sent which was more needed, or a greater relief and help to us just now than this clothing for our men: they were coming to us daily showing their worn-out winter clothes, and importuning for more, saying they did not want to go back to the blanket and leggings, but could see no other way, as their slender annuity was fast being spent for the bare necessaries in the way of food, and they could not afford to buy clothing; we were the more anxious to supply this want, seeing, as we have the last winter and spring, what an incentive and encouragement the clothing has been to them to work and try to help themselves. Experience has confirmed our belief that Indians cannot and will not work in the blanket; besides the whole style of dress is so distinctive, that they will never feel they are or need try to be like other people while they

have to wear the leggings and blanket. Feeling as we do, that not only their comfort but their going to work and their civilization so much depends on doing away with their distinctive Indian dress, we have felt willing again and again to ask for clothing for our men, but if Friends can only bear with our troublesome ways and theirs, and help awhile longer, we do think and believe permanent good to them will come of it. Samuel Janney has just been with us on his way to the Otoes. He and Thomas are much encouraged about the way our men have been building their fences and putting in crops this spring; their patches of corn, wheat, oats, and garden vegetables have all been planted in good season, and as we yesterday rode out among the neighboring settlements, we were gratified to find that our people were quite as forward with their cropping as their white neighbors, so different from last year—then I had much difficulty in getting them to fence and plow in time, and their corn suffered from late planting. They are anxious to have their lands sectioned, and if it could be done before it is too late to break prairie, we think a large number would go to work at once and make farms, so that in two or three years they would be self-sustaining. Shall I say while I am talking of our men, that summer coats and vests are in request, we having given out all we had, and if any Friends have part worn coats and vests for men and boys, of any description, to spare, we shall be glad to get them; (pants we have a supply of at present,) also little roundabouts or thin coats for our schoolboys from 10 to 12 years of age—we do not dare to ask for new ones, but only those out of use, if any there be.

ONE thing is clear to me, that no indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.—*George MacDonald.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.
INTEMPERANCE.

I was glad to see, in the last number of the *Intelligencer* that the subject of intemperance was brought before the notice of its readers. The alarming increase of this great evil is well calculated to arrest the serious attention of any thoughtful mind. According to the late official returns of Edward S. Young, the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, the annual production of whiskey in the United States is 62,500,000 gallons, at a money value of \$375,000,000, besides the amount distilled illicitly, of which no statistics can be obtained. The annual value of imported liquors is \$100,000,000. Fermented liquors of different

kinds annually amount to 300,000,000 barrels, the aggregate value being \$600,000,000. E. S. Young also reports one hundred and fifty thousand licensed liquor-stores, whose sales amount to \$600,000,000, and the estimate he considers low.

When we reflect upon the increasing facilities for gratifying the taste for strong drink, the crime, taxation, pauperism and wretchedness consequent upon it, the amount thus taken from the capital and industry of the country and used to injure society, the sin of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a drink assumes an alarming magnitude, and appeals to all thoughtful minds to do what they can by individual abstinence and legal enactments, to arrest this tide of misery which is sweeping over the land.

Friends have long been endeavoring to free their Society from this evil. Though the proposition for more stringent legislation, which came before our late Yearly Meeting, was not then adopted, the time will no doubt come when we shall unite in the necessity for greater protective statutes on this subject. Until then, may we individually, by private influence and example, discourage its use, and thus aid in bringing about this much-needed reform.

The late presentment of the Grand Jury of the Court of Quarter Sessions confirms the oft-repeated statement that eight-tenths of all the cases of assault and battery, petty theft, riot, and murder, are assignable to intemperance as the primary cause. This summary includes only such cases as come to the official knowledge of the jurors. The long catalogue of misdemeanors, including breaches of trust, of decorum, of morality, and the sad private instances of domestic irregularities known only to sorrowing hearts, will ever remain unchronicled. With such startling evidence to the blighting effects of this evil, how can any of us be indifferent, or hesitate to discard from our social entertainments, and as much as possible from medical practice, an article so dangerous and insidious?

As has been said in the editorial of the 29th of Eighth month, the peculiar effects of alcoholic stimulants is to weaken the will-power. The demands of the system become greater with each indulgence, and the will proportionably weaker, until the poor victim is often drawn into a condition in which he seems almost powerless to resist. Yet, even in this state, the feeble cry—"I will arise and go to my Father," is never uttered in vain; if the longing for a better life is followed up by using the little strength remaining, the effort will be blessed. "For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens, I said not unto the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain."

But it is less difficult to resist temptation when first presented, than to retrace a wrong course, so it behooves us not only to keep a watch over ourselves in this respect, but to avoid placing a stumbling block in the way of another.

May we all give to this important subject the attention which it deserves, and carefully and prayerfully examine how far we are, either directly or indirectly, encouraging the use of intoxicating liquors. H.

Philadelphia, 9th mo., 1871.

AFFLICTIONS are blessings to us when we can bless God for afflictions. Suffering has kept many from sinning. Fiery trials make golden Christians.—*Dyer.*

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

As life advances, a more modest, a calmer, sweeter, more tolerant spirit begins to infuse itself into a man's mind. He begins to attach less and less importance to the points which divide sects and churches from each other, to think that few of them are worth a breach of charity—at any rate, to be convinced that it is not on these that the relation of the soul to God and eternity depends. Seeing in all churches men whose sweet and saintly lives breathe the very spirit of Christ, and of whom it is impossible to doubt that to Christ they are dear; shall he refuse to recognize those whom his Lord has received, or turn away with unchristian hardness and exclusiveness from men whom he may soon have to meet in heaven? No! whenever in the heat of party feeling, amid the weary strifes and rivalries of sects and churches, we are tempted to indulge the spirit of theological or ecclesiastical exclusiveness, or to feel for intellectual error the indignation and hostility that should be reserved for sin, there is one thought that may well bring us to a better mind. Let us recall to mind the good and holy men of different sects and churches who once were with us and are now in the presence of Christ, and ask whether the points which divided them here, and about which, it may be, they contended and wrangled so hotly, can keep them asunder there, in that deeper, diviner life into which they have entered. Let us think, too, if it be ours to join one day their blissful society, whether we shall carry with us much of our ecclesiastical partnership or our theological jealousies into the still, sweet rest of heaven.

Travellers as we are, amidst the mists and shades of life, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that in its dim and deceptive light we should sometimes mistake a friend for an enemy, or turn away from a brother as if he were a stranger or an alien. But the night is far

spent, the day is at hand, not distant is the hour when the sun of our souls shall rise full-orbed on our waiting eyes, and the mists shall disperse and the shadows flee away forever; and then, then at last, if not now, we shall recognize in every soul that has ever loved and lived for Christ, the face of a brother and a friend.—*Dr. Caird.*

TRUE charity is an excellent virtue, and sincerely to labor for their good whose belief in all points doth not agree with ours, is a happy state.—*John Woolman.*

HUMAN PERFECTION.

But if a man is essentially perfectible, why should not some attain perfection? I mean, of course, by perfection, not the absolute idea of the complete expansion of all faculties up to their infinite degrees (which in one sense can never be attained by man, and which is Deity), but that practical state of equilibrium, of entire truth to self, of complete devotion to the good, and unqualified rejection of the evil, implied in the word "perfect" as used by Jesus, in the text and elsewhere, and by many other writers both in the Old and the New Testaments, and which we sometimes describe as "perfection on the plane of manhood." This is what Jesus calls us to, in our text—that as God is perfect in His sphere, so we should be in ours. And this, it seems to me, is entirely conceivable; and if it be, unhappily, not probable in us as individuals, we must certainly admit its entire possibility.

And, my friends, despite all the evil of the world, there seems to me enough to encourage it as a *hope*. Without recurring now to the illustrious character to which the subject naturally turns our thoughts (for I have wished to discuss it on general grounds), I see on many sides facts that abundantly encourage it. As I stand by the bedside of death or distress, and see how calmly the one is always met and how patiently the other is almost always endured; as I see a crippled form, through which the wrenches and twinges of pain course momentarily, without assuagement or intermission, and yet without extorting a word of complaint;—as I see a tender mother, her little brood swept away at a breath, till her heart wrings in agony, still able to say, "Thy will be done;"—as I see brave hearts daring pestilence to carry succor; as I find, always and as a characteristic fact, that the advent of real trial develops unknown strength, my heart rises to a confidence in the glorious capacities of manhood which can admit *any* possibility of achievement. Yes, and who of you has not known, as life wound its way among men, those saintly souls in whom this completeness of

attainment seemed to you almost visibly realized?—coming so near to this complete purification and balancing of the mind that at least your, perhaps sin clouded vision, could not detect wherein it had not been attained? Alas for life, if there were not such! These holy ones, that shine out in the firmament of history and life, stars of first magnitude, with their tender but searching rays!—bringing God near to us by their faith and their communion with Him, and holding out to us at once rebuke and hope! No doubt, in their every bosom is that same consciousness of higher heights still which made Jesus say, "Call me not good; there is but one good, that is God;" and yet, perhaps, no conscious lack of fidelity to those ideals, no conscious inclination to swerve from the straight and narrow pathways that lead us thither.—*Joseph May, in Christian Register.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST. NO. 10.

Life among the Dakotas.

FROM MY DIARY.

(Continued from page 454.)

8th mo. 31st. While I was preparing breakfast, Pepe dropped in for medical advice; he has not been well for some time. He is always so polite and respectful, I told G. to ask him to take coffee with us. He accepted, but complained of want of appetite. My table was unusually inviting; eggs had been brought in plentifully the day before, and I had not spared them in the omelet or on the egg-plant. He sat down with us, and ate respectably; he was delighted with the egg-plant—he had never tasted it before; took sliced tomatoes and everything else that was set before him, eating heartily. After we had finished, he complimented me by saying: "It is better than Dacota;" he "can eat much." I showed him my portfolio of pictures. He recognized the interior of Independence Hall, and told us about his visit to Washington and Philadelphia in company with other chiefs and head men of his tribe. Much of his conversation was but imperfectly understood, but our familiarity with the localities enabled us to guess what was not intelligible. He is a sensible man, with an excellent memory, and must have been very observing.

We soon had quite a Dacota company. Ha-ke-waste, the handsome chief, came in, and joined in conversation. He admired the pictures, and remembered that I gave his little daughter a black hat with blue trimmings; meanwhile, Hannah Sky, in rude fashion, introduced me to her mother. H. has been ill, and has been absent from school several sessions. Her work-box is covered, and she looks admiringly at the

pretty top, worked nicely by her own skillful fingers in designs of her own. These boxes, which the girls have been making covers for, are much valued. Few of them have any other place than the pallet on which they sit, and where at night they sleep, to keep their clothes or sewing. A good strong box, with a lid that has hinges, nicely lined with papers, the picture sides out, and a pretty curtain of calico on the outside, the lid stuffed like a cushion and covered with cloth, on which designs of buds and flowers have been wrought in appliqué, with silks and velvets of various hues, is a treasure that all are anxious to possess. Seldom is such cheap benevolence so useful. One squaw amused us greatly. Being a mother, she was favored with a box of extra dimensions; she was much pleased with the gift, wrapped it up in a blanket, slung it across her shoulders, and bore it in triumph to her tipi. This morning she came in very diffidently. "What is wanted, Nancy?" I ask. She tells me, in Dakota, that "her box is nice ('waste'), but she wants a lock put on it, with a key that she can keep, so that when she puts her things in the box, they will stay there until she takes them out." Only a lock (which possibly a dime might purchase) between her and happiness! I could not help thinking of a friend at home, who would not begrudge a gross of them to make these poor women happy. Promising to see if there are any on the agency that would be suitable, she departed hopefully.

Hannah receives the hat which had been reserved for her, and a comb and brush, besides some pieces of silks and velvets which had fallen to her in dividing the few scraps that had not been used. To her mother is given a share of the part worn clothing for her little boy, and as many tomatoes as she is willing to carry home. They departed very happy.

Pretty soon Paul's wife came in, by appointment, to receive the things promised her last evening, when G. and I were there. Paul's pantaloons were out at the knees. He is a good man, and deserves to be better cared for. I told her so, and gave her some patches, also some thread and buttons.

Other Dakota gentlemen joined the two who are having a pleasant time over the pictures. G. showed them many curious and interesting things. The morning passed rapidly away, and it was nearly noon when they arose to go. I ask myself again, as I have done many times, can it be possible that these are the men whose horrible atrocities in the Minnesota massacre shocked the whole civilized community? I would fain believe that charge to be false.

The evening was beautiful. G. had to visit

a man and his wife who are sick, and I shared his pleasant moonlight walk. Unexpectedly we stumbled upon the runaway couple. While G. attended to the sick in the tent adjoining, I improved the opportunity with the erring. The man is young, understands English and talks quite fluently. I hope he will be made to see the great wrong he has been guilty of, and do what he can to make amends; he promised to seek after the right. Returning, we stopped for a few minutes at Maggie's. What a kind motherly heart she has! Nancy's boy is sick, and she is too indulgent to force him to take the medicine the doctor orders. Maggie knows the boy is running down very fast, and that he must be more wisely cared for. There he lies upon *her* bed; she has undertaken to see that the doctor's directions are faithfully carried out, and I think she will soon have the child well. Several Yanktons, who are here on a visit to Samuel Hinman, are sitting around, and we shake hands and exchange a few words through Maggie, as interpreter. They are painted and adorned with feathers, quite unlike the civilized Santees. As it was yet early, we stopped at Louis', where we found a woman sitting on the ground with a candle before her, busy over ribbon work. She is doing it with the nicest precision. Louis told us he is preparing to go up to the Yankton agency on a trading expedition. The woman was trimming a common calico shirt, with this beautiful work. The shirts, with leggings of flannel, or cheap cloth, trimmed to match, and a tuft of deer-tail dyed red and blended with some other hair, to fasten on the top of the head, will readily purchase a fine pony worth forty dollars.

9th mo. 1st. This date should find me in the little circle of home. But I am still here, uncertain about the time of leaving.

To-day closes my efforts in the sewing-school. Everything has been turned to some account that could be made use of. There is a wide field for usefulness among these women and children. The men are leaving them far behind in the path of civilization. They need the kind and continuous labors of a motherly woman, one who can find *the good* that is in them, and wisely direct it. Many such are sitting in unprofitable ease, as in their ceiled houses, wondering if there is anything left for them to do, and yet shrinking from the responsibilities that missionary labor involves. A little money—a large amount of self-sacrificing effort, and a steady persistence, would work a wonderful change in these ignorant minds. The query arises: "Who is sufficient for these things?" Let such as have taken thought, answer to the "Searcher of hearts."

9th mo. 6th. Yesterday I participated in a

feast, or, as we at home would say, a dinner party, given to the chiefs, head men and their wives, numbering in all twenty-four persons. The custom of inviting wives with their husbands originated with the missions; at first the Indians scarcely knew what to make of it, considering their manly dignity was lessened by sitting down to a feast with them. They have gotten over all their scruples, and the wives walked in with their husbands as bravely as if it had been a custom of their fathers and mothers.

The hour of twelve had been designated, and very near the time they entered the room, dressed, with few exceptions, in clean and genteel garments. The head chief and his wife were seated at the head of the longest table, out of respect to his position. The rest were ranged as they went in. I observed that in nearly every instance the wife sat next her husband. There was one exception, and he one of the oldest and perhaps the best among them. He has two wives, one of whom is the blind woman mentioned by me some time back. The other is much younger, but being in mourning for a little child, buried a few weeks ago, is not at liberty to engage in any manner of festivities. I might as well add, that this chief is most deplorably ragged; being the second chief in point of importance, one might conclude that he ought to make a better appearance; but to his credit, it is said that in the division of clothing and rations he is entirely unselfish, scarcely taking at times what he is entitled to. I have often wished to give him a better coat.

But let us look after the party just seated. Two babies have been dexterously turned out of the "inevitable" shawls, and are ready to take their portion. Grace is said, after the form of the Episcopal service. All wait until they are helped. Roast beef, and a variety of vegetables, in abundance, are rapidly placed before them, and they eat respectably and with good appetites. It is marvelous how fast the viands disappear. The onion sauce, prepared after the most approved receipt, is especially liked. Indians are extravagantly fond of onions. Bread and butter and pumpkin pie, with an unlimited supply of ice water, completed the bill of fare.

When all had partaken to satisfaction, a pipe was lighted and handed to the head chief; he drew a few whiffs, and passed it to the next chief, and he in turn to the next, passing by the women. When all had smoked, one of the company made a speech, narrating a legend connected with the settlement of Germantown. To this two responses were made, and the thanks of the guests tendered to their entertainers.

A general shaking of hands closed this novel and to me interesting entertainment. Three of those present had dined with great men at the best hotels of our eastern cities. The rest had known no higher honor than to sit down with their beloved missionaries, yet all behaved with decorum, leaving an impression favorable to themselves on the mind of every white person present.

9th. The wind has been blowing a gale for the past two days. Last night, just as we were about retiring with the wonder whether the old house could stand such furious gusts, we heard a terrible crash. The office window had given way, and was precipitated into the room, crushing whatever stood in the way, but only breaking two panes of glass. Before that could be righted, the window in the adjoining room followed suit, and for a time the wind had its own way. It was too late to call assistance. G. fixed some boards on the outside, which I had to hold until he could make a light and replace the office window. With a few strong nails we succeeded in the effort, but it was not until this morning that all the mischief was disclosed. I think it would have been the best thing that could have happened to the agency, for the whole building to have blown down. It is unfit for the use to which it is applied, and should be either repaired or demolished at once.

My visit among these people is drawing to a close. Next Third-day is the time appointed for me to start homeward. Many of those with whom I am most acquainted, call to say farewell. I am strangely moved by their expressions of regard, though they are uttered in an unknown tongue.

I believe I have made some hearts lighter. I know my own inner life has been strengthened, and its hopes enlarged. I have bowed with them before the mercy seat, and known true spiritual worship; have joined in their songs of praise, and felt that it was good to be there. The tabernacle of God *is with men*. His holy abiding is neither within *this* wall nor upon *that* altar, but with His people everywhere. They who have been permitted to enter His heavenly enclosure join with glad hearts in ascriptions of praise unto Him who hath gathered them, out of every kindred and nation—every tribe and people.

L. J. R.

THERE are many excellent persons who are alarmed at the rapid advances of science, who shrink with horror from her speculations, who fear lest her investigations may tend to weaken the faith of humanity in the existence of a Divine Creator and Ruler of the Universe, and rob the soul of its most precious treasures.

They read with dismay of the flights of speculation into which science soars, and would rejoice if her realm were strictly confined to the practical pursuits of mankind. Such persons are illogical. A profound conviction of any truth forbids the fear that any possible investigation can ever disprove the truth thus held. Truths can never clash, can never displace one another; they are all in perfect concord and harmony. All earnest seekers after truth, if but pure and sincere in heart, are travelling the same road, and will ultimately arrive at the same goal. Any one who professes to believe in a Divine first cause of all things, and yet shrinks in affright from the researches of honest and truth-loving men—such as all admit our eminent men of science of the present day to be—betrays a weak and wavering faith in his own convictions, and a fear, lest after all, they may prove delusive. The more profound our belief that all things have their origin in Divine love and goodness, the more thoroughly shall we welcome every investigation into the manner in which that love and goodness manifests itself, knowing that each fresh discovery must lead us nearer to the source of all truth, and must eventually coincide with the deepest and profoundest convictions of the soul.

HOW TO USE A DAY.

"The day," says the greatest of German poets, "is extremely long, if one knows how to appreciate and to employ it;" and in conformity with this maxim was the minute and orderly arrangement which ran through his life, husbanding to the best advantage all the moments of each day. It was said of John Wesley, who accomplished an almost incredible amount of labor, that "when you met him in the street of a crowded day, he attracted notice, not by his band and cassock, and his long hair, but by his face and manner, both indicating that all his minutes were numbered, and that not one was to be lost." "Though I am always in haste," he said, "I am never in a hurry, because I never undertake any more work than I can go through with perfect calmness of spirit." It is not he who works the hardest and the longest, but he who plans his work most wisely, and thus labors to the best advantage, that accomplishes the most. As all our time is measured out to us day by day, that plan of life is the most perfect which includes within itself the most distinct and profitable employment of each day as it comes.—*Religious Magazine.*

To SUPPOSE that the source of virtue lies outside the soul, in a book or a teacher, is like supposing that the source of health lies in the medicine chest.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

What is more valuable in the present day, as a cementing bond, than Christian freedom between elders and ministers? I sometimes think we have too little evidence of the existence of that true gospel fellowship, which it seems to me, the great Head would establish in His church were the members thereof found abiding under the influence of His love.

I increasingly see the necessity of those who are placed as "watchers upon the walls" being united in harmonious labor for the promotion of Truth. If the fathers and the mothers are not found unitedly engaged in aiding and encouraging each other, how can we expect the children to come up to the work? How can we exalt the principle of love if we live not up to it, or in it? But if we maintain the Christ-like spirit, meekness, gentleness, long-suffering kindness and charity, the sound of rejoicing will be heard in our camp.

Too many of us are found dwelling at ease in our ceiled houses, neglectful of the duties that devolve upon us as members of the church militant. The simple enquiry, "Art thou in health, my brother?" would have a stimulating and encouraging effect when addressed to a fellow pilgrim, who, perhaps, may feel that he is treading the wine press alone and that no one holds him in companionship. At such times, an evidence of the kind interest or concern of a brother or sister may be truly helpful.

And now how is it with thee, my cousin? Art thou feasting or fasting? Well, no matter which, provided thou canst feel that the Wise Householder presides, for He giveth meat in due season to every dependent child. My faith is some little renewed—not that there has been an enlargement known, but I have been permitted, graciously permitted, to feel that I am not cast off utterly, and seeing the workings of the good Hand, in the stripping dispensation which has been and still is meted unto me, I feel it to be designed for my good, that I may be indeed as nothing, having nothing, seeking nothing but the renewings of His blessed spirit, His life-giving power and presence, and oh, when this is graciously vouchsafed, may I indeed be found like the servant who watched for his master's coming. During the long night season, my many cares have pressed heavily upon me, but my cry being unto my Heavenly

Father for protection and guidance, I have been helped on my way often to my admiration, and I can thankfully acknowledge that during the absence of my Beloved, I preserved my integrity. I sought not after another beloved, but sat alone and kept silence, waiting, until in mercy, I was again favored with a sense that He was not afar off, but His hand was perceived as through "the hole of the door."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 30, 1871.

A Friend of this city, now in attendance of Indiana Yearly Meeting, has furnished the following local information:

Miami Monthly Meeting was held Ninth month 20th, at Grove Meeting-house (Harveysburg, Ohio), the meeting-house being nearly filled. Besides the large attendance of the members, there were present with minutes Rachel Hicks and her companions, Mary Jane Field and Dr. Edward Rushmore, Esther Haviland and her companion Phebe S. Haight, Edmund Willets and wife and Thomas Foulke, of New York, besides other Friends from the east, without minutes, who were all on their way to Indiana Yearly Meeting.

Two ministers, belonging to the other branch of the Society, were also silent participants in the meeting.

The word of comfort was given to those under trials and discouragements, and those seeking after great things were counseled rather to obey the little manifestations of duty, by obedience whereby their faith would be strengthened and they advanced in spiritual things. The exhortation of our ancient elder George Fox, was also revived: "Hold all your meetings in the power of God."

Allusion was made to the difference of sentiment which has always existed in the Society, and it was remarked that this should not lead to censure, but that we should cultivate charity one for another.

After the voice of supplication, succeeded by a solemn pause, the business of the Monthly Meeting was proceeded with. James W. Haines obtained the unity of his Friends to visit the families of Miami Quarterly Meeting, and to appoint some meetings among those not in membership, within that and White Water Quarters. Robert F. Furnas, also a minister, was set at liberty to join James W. Haines in the visitation of families belonging to the Quarterly Meeting. Edmund Willets paid a visit to the Women's Meeting. The Friends with minutes pro-

ceeded in the afternoon to Springboro', to attend their Monthly Meeting on the 21st.

George Truman, of Philada., and Perry John, of Roaring Creek, Pa., in the prosecution of their respective concerns, after attending Ohio Yearly Meeting, have attended and appointed Meetings in this section, which are represented as having been satisfactory, and some of them remarkably favored seasons. J. M. T.

DIED.

HILL.—In Richmond, Ind., on the 17th of Eighth month, 1871, Rebecca Hill, in the 80th year of her age. The deceased had a birthright in the Society of Friends, which she highly prized; the principles and testimonies thereof were dear to her, and, according to her measure, she labored for their advancement. She was diligent in the attendance of meetings when her health would permit, and often attended Quarterly and Yearly Meetings in much physical suffering. Frequently during her sickness she made use of these words: "My work is done, all done;" "I want to be at rest in the arms of my Heavenly Father."

MASTERS.—At his residence in Millville, Columbia county, Pa., on the 14th of Ninth month, 1871, George Masters, in the 61st year of his age; a member of Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting. In his death, not only his bereaved widow and near relatives, but the Meeting and neighborhood, have met with a serious loss. The unusually large number attending his funeral from the meeting house, on the 17th, showed the esteem in which he was held by the people generally.

THE Association of Friends for the Promotion of First-day Schools within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet in the meeting-house, at Concord, Pa., on Seventh-day, Tenth month 21st, at 10 o'clock. Reports from the several schools, &c., and essays are desired, and must be sent in advance to the clerk, 717 Willow St., Philada. The general attendance of teachers connected with the schools, and such other Friends as feel interested in the movement, are invited. Information in relation to trains and excursion tickets in a future paper.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., } Clerks.
EMMA WORRELL.

The Executive Committee will meet on the arrival of train. DEBORAH COMLY, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

10th mo. 1st, Frankford, Pa., 3 P.M.
" Camden, N. J., 3 P.M.
" Birmingham, Pa., 3 P.M.
" Jericho, L. I., 11 A.M.
" Oyster Bay, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
" Richland, Pa., 3 P.M.
" 15th, Radnor, Pa., 3 P.M.
" Byberry, Pa., 3 P.M.
" Bethpage, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" Jerusalem, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
" Junius, N. Y., 11 A.M.

THE degeneracy of the Persians was attributed to their luxurious habits. A famous historian said that they carried their effeminacy to such a pitch "that they even adopted the use of gloves to protect their hands."

NURSING AS A PROFESSION.

While much good thought and labor have been bestowed on the subject of extending the sphere of occupation for women, especially of those not born to poverty, some simple circumstances have been overlooked.

Nursing is considered, though an excellent and most respectable vocation, not one for a lady to follow as a means of livelihood, unless she is content to sink a little in the social scale. Charity, which dignifies all things, alone exonerates her from that penalty if she pursues it.

Now, is not this idea of nursing a mistake? It would surely be unreasonable to do more than ask this question: Can any one think it is in its own nature more menial than surgery? Could any occupation whatever call more emphatically for the qualities characteristically termed professional, or better known as those of the gentleman and the lady?

Let any one, or at least let a few persons, able to maintain their ground, insist on treating as a profession any occupation that in itself truly is one, and it becomes one in their hands. This happened in respect to surgery. Is it likely it could fail in respect to nursing? It is simply acting according to facts, which always succeeds; and than which, indeed, nothing else is permanently successful.

To make any occupation a profession, one essential thing—though by no means the most important—is that some of those who follow it should be well, and even highly paid. It is important to notice that this is necessary only in the case of some. Even a very few are sufficient, provided the professional education and feeling thoroughly prevailed the whole body.

So in respect to nursing, that it should cease to be regarded as an occupation implying a social position not above a certain level, doubtless would demand that a high rate of remuneration, and an excellent social position, should be enjoyed by some of the body; but, provided there were a common bond of true knowledge and high feeling prevailing the whole, these more fortunate members need be by no means numerous. Their honor would involve the honor of the whole; and the lady who, well-instructed in her art, and with an enthusiasm which should render her incapable of degrading it, should spend her time in the abodes of the poor, would find that the honor of the whole body was to her "a robe and a diadem," and would place her where her social grade would not be tested by her purse.

Any needful or desirable education would be attainable beyond all doubt, sooner or later—is, indeed, partly attainable already—

and would find plenty of well-qualified persons glad to develop it. As for the scientific work to be done by well-trained nurses, also, that needs no arguing, especially now that medical science has recourse to fresh methods of investigation so numerous, so exact and complex, and demanding for their proper application so much time.

To come, therefore, to the question of remuneration. This should be large for a few. Whether or not such a rate of payment will be attainable and grow to be customary evidently depends not on any person's will, or wish, or skill, or talents of any kind, but simply on the question whether the services to be rendered will be held of value in averting death or restoring health. If the sick believe that, by securing the services of such a nurse as is supposed, their chances of recovery will be materially increased, the remuneration is perfectly assured.

That the payment will be forthcoming, therefore, if the right nurse is worth it, I consider quite assured. But will she be? Will her presence by the bedside contribute importantly to recovery?

This question, too, might be briefly dismissed as one already settled. But it is worth while to go a little into detail on this point. The nurse—a lady in all respects, whose very presence, therefore, is a source of cheerfulness and comfort, and soothes instead of irritating the brain—will have been trained to regulate all the constantly operating influences of air, temperature, light, etc., in the best way that medical science knows how to direct; she will have the best skill in the final preparation and administration of food; will know every contrivance for securing sleep, and have a trained experience to enable her to adopt the best method for each case. She will have her preceptions quick, her sensibilities acute, yet well under command, and will have learnt well how to be truthful, open, and honest, with a restless and suspicious patient, to control and support a weak one, to recognize and calm the first commencement of morbid emotion or thought, and ward off, if it can be averted, threatened delirium; or to watch for and develop into sanity again the first gleam of returning reason. Above all she will not—as ignorant and coarse-minded persons not permeated with true professional feeling almost always will—attempt to interfere with and modify according to her own notions the strictly medical treatment. She will have her hands and thoughts full of her own work, and will be quite sufficiently impressed with the much greater importance of her own office than the doctor's in a large number of cases, not to wish to interfere with his affairs.

But why should I enumerate the things she will do, when the chief thing of all will be that she will do her share to create a new art of nursing that will teach us all a little of what nursing should be like. I remarked before how great an extension the means employed in medical research have recently undergone. It is enough to refer to the use of the thermometer. Hourly observations by means of this instrument, or even more frequent ones, are found to throw a hitherto unattainable light on the nature and progress of many diseases, and that is the same thing as saying that they afford an invaluable aid to their treatment. In hospitals such observations are made by the elder students and house physicians, but in private practice it is evident that they are necessarily omitted, except at the rare intervals of the physician's visit. Hereby not only is the skill of the physician brought into bearing with fewer than the utmost attainable advantages, but a valuable resource is lost to science. With persons ever at the bedside skilled in observing with the utmost accuracy and without disturbance to the patient all those delicate variations which disease presents, medical knowledge itself might be expected to enter upon a new development. I have mentioned the thermometer; but the use of that instrument is far from including all the region of minute and continued observation on which the perfect knowledge of disease depends. And with the observing and recording power at hand, in the form of a body of skilled ladies, new subjects and methods of observation could hardly fail to develop themselves. The true nurse's part, indeed, would be one essentially of observation, and, apart from all the benefits it would confer upon the patient, would provide materials on which the future life of medicine might base itself. Here, at least, there seems to be a sphere in which Nature plainly calls for the mutual co-operation of the two sexes, to build up conjointly—the one as physician, the other as nurse, but with no unequal share—a worthy science of the healing art. If it be true, as I believe it is in some forms of disease, that the requisite minuteness and completeness of observation can be attained only by means of a more or less constant presence in the sick-chamber, then surely it is evident that Nature has assigned to woman this share in the task, and that, in performing this share, her place can be in no way inferior to that of those to whom the other portion of the work is given.

There is yet another branch of the art of nursing of not less consequence than either of those I have mentioned, and that is the prevention of the spread of disease. Recent researches have done much to give definiteness

to our knowledge of this point, and there is no doubt that great progress is before us. But as knowledge of any kind increases, so does the demand for skilled persons to apply it. We know now, for example, very much about the spread of cholera, fever, and scarlatina; we know that certain methods, applied at definite times and in definite ways, with sufficient perseverance and watchfulness, will go very far to insure the limitation of these and many other diseases to the person first attacked. Do we not want persons trained to apply these methods—persons habituated to their use, and capable of carrying them out in that absolutely complete way on which their whole value depends?

So far, I have considered my subject mainly on its professional or medical side; but it has another aspect, a social one, which seems to me of hardly less importance. First, it might prevent so much illness which arises from over-fatigue in nursing. No medical practitioner can fail to have been most painfully impressed with the frequency with which broken health in women of the middle classes dates from protracted attendance on sick friends; and this not from want of means, but from lack simply of persons with whom to share the burden. Like other things which are not understood, nursing is supposed to be a thing which every one understands, and accordingly, when illness comes, utterly untrained women apply themselves to it with a zeal stimulated by affection to a pitch alike disastrous to the patient and themselves. How can over-weariness, which is fatal to efficiency in all other things, leave efficiency in nursing unimpaired? It is only ignorance—an ignorance fatal to innumerable lives—that fancies the reckless energies of unskilled affection are more available in the sick-room than in the other exigencies of life. Instead of diminishing disease, unwise attentions to the sick multiply it. The truly efficient nurse would never waste her strength, or (except in cases of temporary emergency) suffer it to be taxed beyond the point of greatest efficiency; and in her necessary intervals of repose would afford ample scope for the efforts of domestic affection, which under her direction would themselves be rendered doubly efficient. Nor should it be thought that nursing such as I have supposed would involve any interference with offices of family love. By relieving anxiety and diminishing fatigue it would tend to facilitate the intercourse of affection with the object of its solicitude, and set free the wife, or daughter, or sister, or friend, to render more fully that which she alone can give, and which in truth it requires no schooling to know how best to give. To put the case on the lowest ground: if

it should be thought that such nursing as suggested would add too much to the expense of illness, the saved health of those who now vainly strive by exaggerated toil to atone for lack of knowledge, alone, would more than make amends.

Then, again, here is a profession, truly a profession, equal to the highest in dignity opened to woman, in which she does not compete with men. Different minds will probably appreciate this fact differently; to me it seems, on many grounds, economic and social alike, one of very great value.

Doubtless for those able to afford it, a perfect nurse education might absorb resources as large, and as long a time, as the completest medical education does now; but the highest attainable point of culture never can become that at which the mass must be content to stop. And for a satisfactory education in the profession of nursing, if sought with love by those whose minds were previously well stored, and accustomed to hearty work, it is probable no very expensive course would be required. Thus a door would be opened for the legitimate ambition of the young women of families not wealthy; for the daughters, perhaps, of struggling fathers, who might see opened before them an opportunity, in reward for faithful toil, of rising to a station of honor and respect, and of fulfilling that ambition which is often so healthful a stimulus to sons, of helping, by their efforts, to advance the well-being of those they love.
— *Thoughts on Health, by James Hinton.*

THE BLISS OF DYING.

The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporeal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibit every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its fullest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body; yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. “If I had strength enough to hold a pen,” said William Hunter, “I would write how easy and delightful it is to die.” “If this be dying,” said the niece of Newton of Olney, “it is a pleasant thing to die”; “the very expression,” adds her uncle,

“which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed, a few years ago.” The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. “If this be dying,” said Lady Glenorchy, “it is the easiest thing imaginable.” “I thought that dying had been more difficult,” said Louis XIV. “I did not suppose it was so sweet to die,” said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all; they expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope:

“Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death and calmly pass away.”

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last. Capt. Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship; “No, Thomas,” he replied, “I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.”
— *Fontenelle on the Signs of Death.*

MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.

“What shall we do about servants?” is the almost despairing cry in many a household. To get good servants and to keep them, is the great standing problem of the average American housekeeper. It is to the woman what earning the bread and butter is to the man,—the serious business of life. When ladies compare notes on their domestic experiences, there is generally a tale of woes unnumbered under this head. She who is exempt from such troubles is pronounced happy among her sisters. The subject is so great a one, practically, that it has made itself a place in newspaper and magazine literature. It is a standard theme of would-be comic papers. It presents itself among the grave considerations bearing on schemes of immigration, and of policy toward the Chinese. But above all, it comes up constantly in the household. Its difficulties worry the mistress, and make housekeeping a burden to her, and she sighs for deliverance.

We have no remedy to suggest. If we knew of one, we might leave editing and devote ourselves to practical philanthropy in this line. But when we see no way out of our own troubles, it is wonderful what good it sometimes does to forget ourselves and study for the interests of others. Now we

think this subject of domestic servants is generally looked at too exclusively from one side. The servant is regarded simply as a part of the domestic machinery. As a servant, that is what she is—one of the means of promoting the comfort and physical well-being of the family. It is through her that the fires are made and the food cooked and the meals served, and the coarse and hard work done, which being taken from the employers, leaves them free for whatever higher things they are capable of. A servant, as a servant, is simply a labor saving machine,—like a stove or a dumb-waiter or a sewing-machine. We imagine that a good many mistresses would consider an arrangement by which the work could *all* be done by mechanical contrivances, as absolute perfection. And servants are judged accordingly, by the tests of doing their work well, and making no trouble.

This is all necessary and right, so far as it goes. But there is something more in the case. Servants are not only animated machines, they are human beings! They have the same capacities for being happy and miserable, the same desires and wants, the same possibilities of goodness and sinfulness that the rest of the world have. Life has to them as to other people its sweetness and bitterness, its hopes and joys and sorrows. And this, their human character, is of infinitely more account than their mere mechanical function, as serviceable machines. It is not that one is a merchant, or a shoemaker, or a farmer, or a servant; it is manhood or womanhood that is of importance. And in familiar intercourse with others, we ought to be full of thought and feeling for the manhood or womanhood that is in them. To make them mere instruments to our comfort and convenience, and take no further thought for them; to use them just as we do the inanimate fruits of the earth,—this is most unchristian.

You who read this, have in your house a hired helper. You are concerned that she make your food palatable, your house neat; that she does not dishonestly take from you, or insolently annoy you, or lazily burden you. In taking care for these things you do your duty to yourself and your family. But what, by the measurement of Christ's law, is your duty to her? Is it all included in fourteen dollars a month, with an occasional half-holiday, and now and then one of your cast-off garments? Look at the claims she has on you. By Christ's law, the strong and rich are to minister to the weak and poor. You, probably, are comparatively rich in education, in religious training, in social advantage, in opportunity of almost every kind.

She is narrowed and pressed down by circumstance; she inherits the blood of a race crushed by poverty for centuries; she had no education, compared to yours; life turns to her its bare and hard side. Is she not one of those to whom Christ bids you pay what you owe to him?

You contribute, perhaps, to sending the Gospel to the heathen, and to relieving the poor whose faces you have never seen. But here is one who lives under the same roof with you; you are in daily contact with her; the opportunity for kindness is almost thrust upon you. "But what can I do for her?" you ask. You can give her what every human being most needs, true friendship and sympathy. By tones constantly, and by words at the right time, you can show that you care for her happiness. And if you watch half as carefully for her interest as you naturally do for your own, you will soon find ways for substantial help. She has needs enough, never doubt it, and to some of them you can minister if you are in earnest about it. She may want teaching; she may want books to read; she may want advice about her clothes, about her plans, about her family affairs. She is sure to want sympathy, the sympathy of honest friendliness; and not only is that a great thing in itself, but it has a wonderful way of finding out what other things are needed.

Perhaps you lament that difference of religious faith prevents your instructing her in spiritual matters. But the best spiritual help comes not through formal teaching, but through Christ-like life felt and seen in others. You can teach unselfishness and love in acts and words, and no priest of any faith will wish to forbid. If you are wise, you may, perhaps, find common ground, in that which all Christian religions teach, for open sympathy and help in things Godward. But if that is impossible, you may help another soul toward heaven by the ministries of kindness and of daily Christian life which are better than any sermon.—*Christian Union.*

PERSPIRATION.

The amount of liquid matter which passes through the microscopical tubes of the skin in twenty-four hours, in any adult person of sound health, is about sixteen fluid ounces, or one pint. One ounce of the sixteen is solid matter, made up of organic and inorganic substances, which, if allowed to remain in the system for a brief space of time, would cause death. The rest is water. Beside the water and solid matter, a large amount of carbonic acid, a gaseous body, passes through the tubes; so we cannot fail to understand that they are active workers, and also we cannot

fail to see the importance of keeping them in perfect working order, removing obstructions by frequent application of water, or by some other means. Suppose we obstruct the functions of the skin perfectly by varnishing a person completely with a compound impervious to moisture. How long will he live? Not over six hours. The experiment was once tried on a child in Florence. Pope Leo, the Tenth, on the occasion of his accession to the Papal chair, wished to have a living figure to represent the Golden Age, and so he gilded a poor child all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours. If the fur of a rabbit or the skin of a pig be covered with a solution of India rubber in naphtha, the animal ceases to breathe in two hours.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamor of the throng!
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air;
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant song in idle ears
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!

—*Atlantic Monthly, for October.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INVITATION.

Whene'er, by earthly cares oppressed, the wearied
spirit faints,
And, in the ear of Providence, it murmurs sad complaints;
The welcome invitation comes, in loving language
drest:
"Come unto me! ye weary, come, and I will give
you rest."

"Come unto me! all ye who toil; who heavy bur-
dens bear:
Come! and before My footstool cast your spirit-
load of care:
Take up My yoke and learn of Me: My ways are
just and right:
For easy is My yoke to bear; My burden it is
light!"

Come unto Me! all ye who mourn; your sorrows
let Me share:
My strong right hand and outstretched arm are
present everywhere;
Come! and be all your griefs assuaged; all doubts
and fears repressed:
In Me, the meek and lowly heart, your souls
shall find their rest."

Let not this loving summons fall unheeded at your
feet;
Go, cast yourselves in humble fear before the
mercy-seat:
There's room for all—God's heart is vast!—broad
the Redeemer's breast;
Go unto Him! ye weary, go! and He will give you
rest.

R. T.

From the New York Evening Post.

MOUNT DESERT.

EAST EDEN, MOUNT DESERT, }
August 17, 1871. }

The tide of summer travel, which constantly surges into out-of-the-way nooks and corners, has within a few years flowed towards Mount Desert. This picturesque island, off the coast of Maine, presents features of mountain and sea-shore scenery which are combined nowhere else in this country. The adventurous

voyager Champlain, who, as far back as 1605, gave it the name of Mons Desert, must have supposed the island to be as bleak and desolate as the peak of Bald Mountain, which first caught his view, but this designation hardly does justice to the varied attractions of the place.

The highest mountain on the island has an elevation of more than fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its apparent height, however, is much greater, as, unlike most eminences of its kind, it rises directly from the water. The name which it bears on the chart of the United States Coast Survey is Adam's Grave, the neighboring peak being called Eve's Grave. These names, though in harmony with the designation of the town of Eden near-by, have been supplanted by the unscriptural ones of Green and Newport.

From these summits exquisite views may be obtained of the varied scenery of the island and of an expanse of ocean bounded only by the blue arch that bends to meet it.

The changes that have taken place in the conformation of the island are curious to contemplate. Agassiz, who has found traces of glacial action on the mountains, says it was once a miniature Spitzbergen, from which colossal icebergs floated off into the Atlantic. Indeed the bones of the great auk—a species of penguin now extinct in these latitudes—which have been unearthed here, show that when this ungainly bird wobbled along the coast the climate must have been frigid. This temperature may have suited the Icelanders, who are supposed to have visited these shores in the latter part of the tenth century, but the whale's-blubber jelly and bear's grease, which, doubtless, were favorite delicacies of their chilly picnics, would scarcely convert our American pleasure seekers to the philosophy of freezing.

The village of Bar Harbor, with its dozen hotels, which are really only large boarding-houses with limited accommodations for transient company, is the favorite resort on the island, and from it excursions can easily be made to the various objects of interest.

But the charm of Mount Desert is its unrivalled scenery and its bracing atmosphere, where the wind from the hills blends with the salt-water breezes. It is this delicious coolness which gives such zest to rambles along the seashore, through field and forest, or among the recesses of the mountains. One of the pleasantest excursions from Bar Harbor is to Schooner Head, a bold mass of rock projecting into the ocean, about three miles from the village. Its name is derived from a shadowy outline on the cliff, which, when

seen from the water at a proper distance, bears a striking resemblance to a schooner. There is a tradition that in the war of 1812, a British frigate fired upon this pictured craft, the captain mistaking it for a Yankee vessel. Through a deep tunnel in this crag the sea rolls in, forming a spouting horn, and at low tide adventurous persons sometimes enter it from below and climb to the top, a distance of fifty or sixty feet. There is danger, however, of slipping on the wet sea-weed that fringes the rocks, and being sucked into the boiling surf. When the tide is rising it is a favorite sport to enter this cavern as the waves momentarily recede, only to dash up with more fury after the retreating cragsman, who is obliged to quicken his pace to escape them.

The lakes of the "desert isle" are among the most attractive features of its scenery. Embosomed among hills which form in summer a framework of verdure and in winter a frosty setting, their calm and silvery beauty is the more impressive from contrast with the rugged grandeur of the mountains. Of these sheets of water the largest and most attractive is Eagle Lake, so called by the artist Church, who in earlier days was a frequent visitor to Mount Desert and never tired of depicting its charms. A partial view of it is obtained on the ascent of Green Mountain, which slopes downward to its banks. A low ridge stretches along the opposite shore, and behind it is seen the massive form of Sargent's Mountain rising in solemn majesty towards the sky. At the head of the lake are the graceful forms of the Bubble Mountains or Twins. There also is a silvery beach fretted with great granite boulders and fringed with masses of dark green wood.

A mile farther along the coast is an enormous mass of rock projecting into the sea, which is known as Great Head. These cliffs are among the highest on the coast, from Labrador to Brazil, and command a superb view of the ocean rolling at their base, with here and there a sail, looking like a mere speck on the vast expanse, and the mountains looming in savage grandeur on the shore.

Such are some of the attractions of Mount Desert, which draw here year after year a goodly company of visitors, who, having once tasted the enchanted cup, return with renewed pleasure to quaff its healthful, exhilarating draughts.

PILGRIM.

OUR much abused French and German cousins have an element in their home education of children which is almost altogether overlooked with us. It is that of the great brotherhood of man. To a French child,

"*le pauvre*" is one of his kinsfolk, as much a part of his every-day life as mother or father, enters into his most trivial plans. He is used to see his clothes, his meals, his very toys, preserved carefully and handed over to the pensioners of the family. Charity is not a seldom, gusty, impulsive liberality as with us. It forms part of the economies of the household. The Germans, with less effusion or sentiment in the matter, act with precisely the same spirit. There are no people who, in a plain matter-of-fact way, extend so much help to the needy or suffering of their own nation. Now this, it seems to us, is such a thing as Christ himself would have taught. When the poor are always with us, when our brother man, rich and poor, loved and hated, shares not only our money, but our thoughts, our plans, our active help, not as an enthusiasm or sentiment, but as an every-day practical matter of course, we shall have touched the root of the true "service of the Lord," and may confidently wait to hear the words, "As ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."—*Editorial N. Y. Tribune.*

ENJOY the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to tomorrow.

FINERY FOR BABIES.

When will American mothers show their good sense and dress their children plainly? An underskirt is just as useful entirely plain, as with innumerable tucks and ruffles; aprons soil just as quickly with all the stitching and ornamenting, as if without it.

We should avoid all this useless work. A good sewing machine used to perform the sewing of plain garments is a valuable servant. My sewing is no severe master for me, though there are six of us to be clothed. My children never seem to feel the need of tucks and ruffles, and as I join them for a ramble hunting spring flowers, I am not constantly fretted about their clothes, for they are of good, substantial material, not easily torn, and so plainly made that if soiled they are very easily washed and ironed. People say to me, "What a healthy, rosy-looking family you have!" and surely we have. I think very few people ever felt seriously distressed at the plain simple dress of my children.

I was very much distressed by one of the numerous children of a hard-working mechanic coming to my door one cold, rainy day, dressed in ruffled dress and apron, with shoes unfit for any child to wear, and asking for a pattern for an infant's tucked dress. I told the child to tell its mother I never had

such an article, and hoped my good sense would never allow such a display. Very pretty they are, but there are so many things to be done for the sweetest and most helpless of all creation, that I should hardly feel justified in taking the time to make and iron such a garment.

Mothers, try this plan of plain garments, and see if the little ones are not just as comfortable, and if you do not find your labors very much lessened by it.

Above all things, try to find time for a little self-culture, that you may be the companions and teachers of the tender years of your children.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

NEEDLE MAKING.

Redditch, a fair-looking, compact, bustling, clean country town, encircled by the most charming scenery in Worcestershire, and situated about fifteen miles from Birmingham, is the great centre of the English needle trade, and presents a striking contrast to the black hardware surroundings of Birmingham. The first mills employed in the needle trade were driven by horses, and were used for scouring and pointing the needles, superseding the primitive method of wrapping up the needles in buckram with emery dust and olive oil, and rolling them to and fro under the workman's foot. The earliest needles and the most readily produced were the "square eyed," and after many fruitless attempts, "drilled eyed" needles were successfully manufactured in 1826, and in 1828, the burnishing machines, which gave a beautiful finish to the eye, were introduced. By the burnishing machine the needles are threaded on steel wires, which have been roughened by a file, and are then hardened. The ends of these wires are then attached to a steam machine and the needles are made to revolve at an enormous speed with an oscillating motion around the wires. The needles, previous to 1840, were hardened in water, and during this process became crooked; the straightening of the crooks in consequence became an occupation for large numbers of working people. In 1840 a manufacturer of Redditch revived the practice of hardening in oil, which was very successful, and in consequence the "crook straighteners" raised a mob and drove the manufacturer out of the town. Eventually the revived process was generally adopted.

The latest invention is the needle pointing machine which, however, is not as yet generally used at Redditch. A grooved grindstone revolving at great speed is employed to grind the end of each wire into the desired shape. To this grindstone the wires, cut to the required length, are supplied from an in-

clined plane. By means of a disk surrounded with India rubber and revolving slowly in a direction transverse to the grindstone, a supply of rapidly revolving wires is applied in succession to the stone, and the disk causes the wires to revolve while being pointed.

At Redditch and in the neighborhood, 8 000 persons, chiefly females, are employed. The wages vary considerably, ranging from 36 cents to \$1.20 a week for children, and \$1.92 to \$3.60 a week for females, and \$2.88 to \$9.60 a week for men. A needle has to pass through 70 different pairs of hands before it is finished and ready for use, and the variety of needles made for the different trades and professions, it is stated, may be considered as marvellous. The tailor, harness maker, bookbinder, felt worker, sail maker, saddler, glover, embroiderer, housewife, and surgeon all require needles of almost infinitely different shapes, sizes and lengths. Redditch is the important centre of the needle trade in Great Britain, and Aix la Chapelle is the principal seat of this industry on the continent of Europe, although the common qualities are extensively manufactured at Lyons, and also at several towns in Normandy.

As the publication from which the foregoing description is derived is quite recent, it may be regarded as presenting the latest improvements in the needle manufacture of Great Britain. If this be so the United States far surpasses the "old country" in this, as in other improvements in the production of useful articles. There is a factory in the city of New Haven where the whole process of *making* the needle is done by a single machine, without the intervention of even one "pair of hands." At one end of the machine is a coil of steel wire, by means of which the machine feeds itself—the wire is first clipped off at the required lengths, and then taken up consecutively by other parts of the machine, which punch the eye holes, "counter sink" the eyes, grind the points, and do everything until the needles drop out at the opposite end of the machine completely formed. They are then arranged in order, "heads and points," by another simple piece of mechanism; and placed in papers by another. This is nearly the whole process except "tempering" and "inspection," for the purpose of turning out imperfectly made needles. One of these machines occupies no more space than a small table in an ice-cream saloon, and each of them will make thirty to forty thousand needles a day. From this the readers of the *Ledger* will see how much simpler and more effective the American needle manufacture is than the English, which requires every needle to pass

through seventy pairs of hands.—*Public Ledger*.

WHAT we do for ourselves, will soon be forgotten; what we do for others, may be the vision to cheer the soul when the eye can no longer behold the loved ones.

ITEMS.

THE great tunnel through the Sierra Nevada is to be five miles long, nineteen feet high and twenty-one feet wide. Its cost is to be \$15,000,000. It will permit the passage of the Central Pacific Railroad track, and a canal to supply San Francisco with water from Lake Tahoe.

THE arrangements have been completed for money-order exchanges between the United States and Great Britain, and the system will be put into operation as soon as the 2d of Tenth month next. The rates are \$1.25 for a \$50 Postal-office order.

NEW SYSTEM OF TELEGRAPHY.—D. H. Craig, late general agent of the New York Associated Press, is said to have perfected his new system of telegraphy, to the development of which he has been devoting his time and means for three years past, with results that can hardly fail to effect an entire revolution in telegraphy, by reducing its cost to a rate very little above the present rates of postage. It is claimed that by this new automatic system it is perfectly practicable to transmit with absolute accuracy, over a single wire, more than sixty thousand words an hour; a speed more than sixty times greater than by any of the systems now in use. Telegrams which under the Morse system now cost several dollars will, it is said, be reduced to a comparatively few cents, which, if true, will make its value almost inestimable to the press, the mercantile community, and the public at large.

CONSTANTINOPLE is to be connected with the opposite Asiatic coast by a railroad tunnel, consisting of sheet-iron double-tubes, under the water of the Bosphorus. The tunnel is to be about 1,200 feet long, 10 feet in diameter, in the clear, and to be placed 36 feet below the level of the water, in order not to obstruct navigation.

THE VENUS OF MILO, one of the most exquisite specimens of ancient Greek art, has again been placed in the sculpture gallery of the Louvre, from which it had been secretly removed by the keepers, to protect it from the destruction threatened by the Commune. This work of art was discovered in 1820, by a Greek peasant of the island of Milo, which was the ancient Melos, of the Cyclades. The statue, broken into three fragments, was found in a recess about eight feet below the ground. A contest for the possession of this statue arose between different French agents at Milo, and, before the respective claims had been settled, the Venus had been shipped on a Turkish brig and was about to leave for Constantinople. By the exertion of the arts of diplomacy and chicanery the statue was taken possession of by the agent of a French nobleman, and immediately sent to Paris. The statue was then purchased by Louis XVIII, who presented it to the French nation.

It is stated that the ancient Italians who lived near the poisonous Pontine marshes of Italy, suffered less from fever than the moderns, as they wore warm and fleecy clothing, and that now the evil has been greatly arrested by flannel again coming into use. Laborers in such places fall victims in great numbers unless this precaution be adopted.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From Old and New.

A DAY IN SWITZERLAND.

BY L. G. WARE.

I think the best that happened to me among the Alps was morning in the valley of Chamouni, noon on the Gorner Gratt near Zermatt, and evening on the Wengern Alp, close by Interlaken. They were morning, noon, and evening of days far apart; but in my memory now they make one perfect day in Switzerland.

Chamouni lies in a valley so deep, that the people feel the sun in their houses and fields long after the time the almanac sets for his rising. A tall eastern mountain wall keeps him from them. It is the great range of Mont Blanc, which you flank as you come from the north, over the Col de Balme, into the valley of the Arve. The huge bulk and many domes of Mont Blanc proper form the centre and crown of it; and around these cluster and stretch along high pinnacles and pyramids of cliff, which are well named "needles," they are so fine pointed at their tops and along their sharp ridges. These range in height from eight thousand to more than ten thousand feet above the valley, which is itself some three thousand feet above the sea. Pile one Mount Mansfield on another, and you have the average height of the needles; while the "Sovran" towers more than two thousand feet above the highest, and more than twelve thousand above

Chamouni, and is nearly sixteen thousand above the sea. Such is the large scale on which this mountain scenery is made.

Who that read Coleridge's "Hymn" in the "American First-Class Book," in the good old days when boys read that best of readers, and were whipped for ill-reading at school, could fail on this spot to be up early for a "sunrise in the valley of Chamouni"? When I awoke that bright morning, the sun was just touching with gold the top of Mont Blanc and the tips of the higher Needles. And, when I got out of the house, I saw the tall crest of the western valley-wall ruddy with the early light. But it was a long time to sunrise where I was, in the gray of the morning, among the silent houses. I made my way down the valley by a road that ran through the upper fields near the woods, noting how the brightness grew, every moment, behind the great range. Still the gain looked very gradual. The sun appears to climb but slowly to strike those broad bulky shoulders and keen ridges. "A watched fire never burns." I thought the far snow-fields of the rounded top would never get fairly gilded, the shadow drew back so reluctantly from the light. To see the contest, the push and the retreat, made it easy for the moment to believe in Phœbus, Indra, Sigurd, those lords of light, who, in the mythologies, fight with and pursue the rulers of darkness. It was a striking and beautiful

thing to note, the fine clean line drawn on the lustrous white, and moving slowly, as the warm light struck over the summit farther and farther, and the cold blue shade drew back. What a sun dial, marking truly, *nullas horas nisi serenas*, up that far height!

It was glorious to see the whole great space and continent of air and sky behind, filling with light more and more, getting ready to overflow, and pour the treasure by and by into the valley. "By and by is easily said," but it was two good hours before the space back there would fill and run over. I hugged myself at such a chance to see "the great sun begin his state." And now he was sending forward an astonishing magnificence. As he shot up his beams of brightness above the *Aiguilles*, their tall needle tops and saw-like edges were beginning to throw off from all their points, far up into the sky, contra-beams, so to say, of shadow. Over the pinnacled wall of cliff, it was all a sun-burst of divergent rays. And this brightened with continual glorious change, almost as quickly as the aurora shifts its strange airy splendors; for the sun, getting higher, was momentarily striking new peaks and angles of the rough crest, and sent off every instant new lines of shine and shadow.

I was thinking this glory enough, but marked at once a new surprise and most delicate beauty up there. All the summits began to throw off clouds, or thin vapors rather, impalpable but that the sun shot them through with light, as they rose and dissolved in the pure blue of the sky. Thin, fine, silvery, they were the perfection of floating aerial grace. And one tall cliff flung out from its thin point a broad, shining cloud, like a flag, to herald the near coming of the sun.

By this time he was near, as all the signs showed. Those diverging rays were growing more and more splendid, and the lines of shadow shorter and shorter. I saw that he was to rise on the valley between two conspicuous needles, the *Charnoz* and the *Crépon*, and hurried on to command them in front. The gap between glowed with intense light, and steamed with thin vapors, that rose from every point to be lost in the brightness that filled it more and more. Quick, vivid, flashing splendors streamed and ran along the steep, fine sides. At the curved bottom the light grew more lustrous and sparkling, and the vapor-wreaths more brightly white. One dazzling beam struck over the edge, and another, and another,—then, all at once, full sunshine streamed and poured over on Chamouni,

"Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy," and blessing the fields and woods with wel-

come light. This was my Alpine morning.

Far up the valley of the Rhone is the town of Sion, once known as the dirtiest place in Europe, which is a bold thing to say. For fear it has not changed, you do not stop. Besides, the weather is of the finest, and you ought to push on; for, in the last of September, it is a catching time among the high mountains. Not far above, the River Visp enters the valley, and Vispach, where you do stop, is at the mouth of it. As far as dirt and dirt's smells go, you may wish you had staid in Sion. But the stream here flows from the south, and those great Alps of which Monte Rosa is the head and queen; and here is your starting place for a region unsurpassed for sublimity, if not unmatched, in Switzerland. It was in this choice region that my Alpine day came to glorious noon.

In the clear autumn morning, I took the bridle-path from Vispach, winding along sheer precipices and steep slopes that make the sides of the narrow valley of the Visp, till I came to the pleasant hamlet of St. Nicolaus. Thence a wagon road brought me, through even wilder scenery of abrupt and threatening cliffs, awful glaciers high up, and snowy summits higher, to the poor town of Zermatt. Late in the afternoon, I had sighted the one object of my pilgrimage hither, the sharp pyramid of the Matterhorn.

* * * * *

When I reached Zermatt, I found the mountain, as for years I had seen it in my mind's eye, rising there, grand, solitary, nearly ten thousand feet above the town. I looked and looked, and still the wonder of it grew. As the sun went down, the tall, obelisk-like front reddened till it glowed, and its streaked snow turned to flame and gold. Then the moon came out, and the mighty peak seemed to soar higher in the pure light, and looked to belong more to the sky than the earth. What a line that is of Coleridge,—

"Visited all night by troops of stars"!

This Matterhorn turns toward them as if they were its fellows and company, and it had more to do with them than with the ground.

Early next morning, past fields, into woods, up a path perilous enough, over bare mountain side, I reach the top of the Riffel, and rest a while. The green where I rest is strewn with gentian, anemone, and violet, so bright they seem to have purified their tints to the purity of the air. Here I see how the Matterhorn is builded on a grand base of bulky rounded cliffs, hung with snow fields and glaciers, from which it springs with an astonishing impression of graceful lightness with sturdy force. The full sub-

limity of it, however, with its sublime companion peaks, is got further up, some two thousand feet more, from the high ridge called the Gorner. It is 5,000 feet above the valley, and 10,000 above the sea.

This crest makes a centre, about which range, in a vast circling sweep, the mountains belonging to this majestic group of the Alps, from Monte Rosa in the south to Mischabel in the north. They rise 12,000, 13,000, 14,000, 15,000 feet above the sea. In the northwest, the circle is broken where the valley of the Visp goes out. On this side, tawny cliffs, dark woods, and azure distances lead the eye to the far horizon, along which lies the range of the Bernese Oberland, the sharp peaks of the Jungfrau and the rest glittering against the sky. All around me else are these awful summits, "airy citadels," with everlasting snows, frozen torrents, shining domes, rocky peaks. Ten glaciers, Niagaras of ice, sweep down to form the great Gorner glacier, that winds its frozen length miles on. The largest flows from Monté Rosa, that lies, heavy and dull to look at, a huge snowy bulk, with low double peak. It is not Tennyson's

"Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencilled valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air."

That "faintly flushed and phantom fair" vision you get away off in Milan. Here the queen of the mountains looks dumpy, unroyal. The Lyskamm, which is next in the range, pays for this, with its fine aspiringshape, the lovely mouldings of its pure white fields, and its imposing walls and towers of cliff. Next are the twin peaks of Castor and Pollux, and then the Breithorn, a mighty pile of sheer cliffs, draped and curtained with broad falls of snow hung from all its sides. The little Matterhorn here sticks up a rough tooth of rock; the wide white plain follows, where the St. Theodule pass crosses; and now, in the west, the Matterhorn. This, by its peculiar shape and isolation, dominates in supreme majesty where all is sublime. It is a tall, three cornered pyramid, fine cut as massive, lifted four thousand feet above the plateau of snow field and glacier that crowns the base which mountain-piles build up for it from the valley. Its sides are so steep that the snow cannot rest on them except in thin streaks which show silver against the iron-gray rock. A towering height, a massive bulk, broad based, with airy top, it joins strength to beauty, and is at once noble and charming to see, carrying both awe and fascination in it.

These magnificences, lifting their lustre into a lustrous sky, that, with its crystal and gold and blue, made a fit dome to arch above

them, were a presence of grandeur beyond my words or wit to describe. Grandeur, in the very essence of it, they displayed. Yet, as in all grandest things in nature, like Niagara, and in art, like Michael Angelo's sculptures of the tombs of the Medici, there was striking grace mingled with this sublimity. Over and through this grandeur, I got the sense of something "far more deeply interfused," fine, delicate, ethereal. Above the awfulness of the place, there was an exceeding loveliness, the glory and the charm of beauty. And to the sense of awe was added the feeling of joy, which is the freedom of the mind, the uplifting of it, and is the crowning element in a fine and lofty impression.

The mountains were grand truly, in their solemn aspect, their huge, steadfast bulk, their height and terror, and by the might in nature which they proved. But the pure lines, suave curves, elegant mouldings of those immense snow-fields and heaps,—the set of those peaks and domes, which suggested a something rhythmic, musical, in their circling succession of noble forms,—the various color lavished,—silver of snow, blue of the sky, gold in the light, red, black, gray on the near, and tawny on the farther cliffs, azure on the distant ranges, bronze and olive on the forests,—all were features of singular loveliness. Again, and still again, I found the awe, power, grandeur, of the place lost, or rather raised, transfigured, into an excellent beauty in it.

As I came down from my "specular mount," the Matterhorn was flinging its huge shadow across the lower ground; and, in the shade of it, I looked up for a last look at its aspiring peak, and saw the sun draw up fine vapors from the snow, and glorify them with his light. I fancied it Nature's altar of incense to God. True, the majestic thing was like an altar, not unmeet to honor Him: God, before the mountains were brought forth, or ever He had formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting!

So noon passes, and the evening of my Alpine day comes on. But it is in another place,—among the Bernese Mountains.

Of these the Jungfrau is the chief, as Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa are of the other great ranges. The full distant beauty of it is seen well from Interlaken, where, in the focus of the charm of the Bernese Oberland, you eat lotos if you are wise, and buy Swiss carvings if you are silly. From my window here, this "Maiden" mountain, seen through a gap in the near hills, lifting up its twelve thousand feet of shining white, is a continual attraction. I must see it nearer. And that low pasture-mountain, off at its

base, will bring me very near. It is the Wengern Alp, only an easy climb of a few thousand feet, and giving one of the best high views of the Jungfrau.

A short drive, one sunny day, brought my friend and me to it. The inevitable bother about horses put off our start till late in the afternoon; and we grumbled, so short-sighted are men, and at odds with their happiness. Half way up the Alp, we came into the evening shadows; and so what vexed us gave us the magical hour of sunset and dusk for our expedition. While the broken ridges cast long shadows, the high summits above our heads were blazing in full light. It was a glorious sight, which morning would have denied us. Gradually the shade crept higher on the east side,—up cliff and steep, till all but the snow-peaks were darkened. Those shone out in the ruddy evening glow, more splendid for the gathering dusk through which we rode. We went up and up the wild pastures, where cattle were now trooping down the slopes to the milking sheds below, among sparse spruces, whose old trunks and torn branches showed a long fight with wind and weather; and up still, above the tree-line, to the barer, more desolate region near the top.

We were in full dusk. The sunshine was quite gone from the high peaks, so ruddy just now, leaving them white and cold against the darkening blue of the sky. Suddenly we turned the shoulder of the Alp, and saw the Jungfrau, with her companions, the Eiger and the Monch, down from their deep foundations to their far tops,—abrupt precipices, enormous tracts of snow, with hanging glaciers, and, above, tall white peaks. In the gleaming, the tremendous depths out of which they rose looked more deep and awful; and the heights, far and pale above, looked spectral. There was great stillness all around; and it grew utterly still as I let my friend and the guide ride on, while I walked the half-hour's descent to the inn by myself.

The nearer ridges closed about me sombrely. But the sky had not parted with the solemn light which it took after the sun was gone. Enough was left to give me a wonderful image of the mountains, to every ravine and smallest mark in them, in the clear mirror of a pool by the wayside. And in the west the glory had not all faded, but left some dull flush still there. I was walking on, in the quiet of the time and of sober thoughts, when, from the Jungfrau opposite, came a strange roar, that was muffled and yet loud, seemed very far and very near at once, and was not thunder nor storm, and could be only one thing,—avalanche. It was a sublime sound, but portentous. How

it stirred me, this terrible noise breaking the utter silence! My imagination turned to the awe and terror about me, the might and fear there are in nature, and her blind power of destruction and ruin. "How dreadful is this place!" when at once, as I lift my eyes westward, over the keen mountain-crest trembles, "par tremolando," the bright planet in the evening sky, which then had not lost all its gold. And I had a vision of the goodness of God, which crowns all His works; of the Father's love, from which no night, nor terror, nor relentless force in nature, nor strangeness of chance and circumstance, nor unbending necessity of any lot, can separate us. Again, Beauty was throned above terror, and Love was the bright infinite power over all.

"If the stars," writes Emerson, "should appear only one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown. But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

PRINCIPLE AND FEELING.

The various motives actuating mankind may be classed under the two general heads of principle and feeling. That is, we are ever acting, either from the impulses, emotions and desires that rise up involuntarily in our breasts, or from some previous conclusion formed by reflection, and strengthened by determination. Though the number of those whose lives are chiefly governed by feeling is very large, there are few, if any, who defend such a course. Feeling, as a motive of action, is loudly and totally condemned, while those who are conscious of being under its dominion silently reproach themselves, and attempt no justification. Principle, it is thought, must be an infallible guide; feeling can never be worthy of trust.

Yet, when we come to analyze these two sources of action, we find that neither unmixed good resides in the one, nor unmixed evil in the other. Both claim our respect, both need purifying from their defects and elevating in their nature, but both must be combined in our lives to form that perfection which should be our aim. There is as much difference in the moral quality of the *principles* which actuate mankind, as in that of the *feelings* which incite them. One man may make the acquisition of wealth the controlling principle of his life. He may repress all generous emotions, conquer all desire for society, friends, leisure or recreation, in a word, crush all natural feeling, and square

his whole conduct to his one fixed principle of acquisition. Another may be thoroughly imbued with the principle of justice, and may stifle all the impulses of mercy and compassion which arise in his bosom toward the sinful or suffering, thinking they conflict with his stern and unbending doctrine. It is not in crushing feeling, or in idolizing principle as such, that we can improve the character, but rather by distinguishing between the worthy and unworthy in both, in marking the bounds beyond which natural and innocent desires degenerate into selfishness, and firm, unswerving principles harden into stolidity and pride.

That every one should with leisure and deliberation form principles of action according to his best judgment, and carry them out into his life, is undoubtedly true. But many who do this fall into the easy snare of thinking them infallible. They suppose they have done this work once for all, and that the ideas they have thus adopted are to be their unchangeable guides throughout life. But all who grow in experience and improve their minds, find that certain principles which seemed at one time unerring, are false, and even pernicious. They may be so imbedded in the nature, that it is hard to uproot them. But unless we keep our minds open to receive truth from every source, and our hearts fresh to analyze and purify our motives, we shall soon degenerate. Man's moral nature can never stand still. If it is not pushing upward, it is sinking down; if it is not growing, it is decaying. So none should be ashamed to disown and abandon views and motives that they have once upheld, if their better reason show them a more perfect way.

Where principle and feeling are continually at variance, there is always something wrong within, which demands our immediate attention. The most perfect character is he who does right from the love of right, and whose principles and feelings are in entire harmony. We are to examine and analyze them both; to discover the error and to check its growth. We shall often find that the feelings have overstepped their limits; that the desires are tyrannizing over our better judgment; that impulse is leading us astray. Duty demands that they shall be curbed and restrained, not crushed, but limited to their spheres. It may, however, be that the feeling is superior to the principle that would exterminate it. The generous emotion that opens the purse and extends aid to the suffering; the love that wells out in tender though perhaps injudicious action; the indignant anger that kindles at meanness or injustice, may be far preferable to a cold and calculating principle that would deny all aid

until the sufferer proved deserving, and repress all impulse until it was proved available.

These two sources of action must unite in every life, if it is to be a worthy and a noble one. He who would divorce them only shows his ignorance of human nature, and of the means of self-culture. If he act wholly from feeling, unguided by principle, he will be weak, vacillating, blown about by every changing impulse, and as helpless as a ship without a rudder. If, on the other hand, he try to live by principle and ignore or crush feeling, he will as utterly fail in an opposite direction. He will become hard, cold, unsympathizing and unprogressive. There are conscientious persons who believe that their chief duty is to repress all feeling, and to substitute principle in its stead. They do not realize that all principle, to be a truly worthy guide, must be rooted in feeling. The principle of parental duty would be a mockery without parental love; the principle of justice could not live without the indignation that arises at violated rights; the principle of benevolence only exists through the warm and generous emotion that pities and longs to aid. They go hand-in-hand in every beautiful life, neither of them crushing or warring with the other, but blending harmoniously, and together tending to develop all that is truly lovely in the heart, noble in character, and worthy in life.—*Public Ledger*.

JEREMY TAYLOR said: Hasty conclusions are the mark of a fool: a wise man doubteth—a fool rageth, and is confident; the novice saith, I am sure that it is so; the better learned answers, Peradventure it may be so; but I prithee inquire. Some men are drunk with fancy and mad with opinion. It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily.

GOOD WILL.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN BASCOM.

While the love of God is the root of Christian virtue, the real character of that love shows itself in each case by the way in which it flowers out in the actual affections of life. The formula, the love of God, requires a second term as an index of its real nature and value. Thus the motto of chivalry, "The love of God and the ladies," has a significance quite its own. The love of God is defined in its kind and coloring by the love of the ladies, and the whole expression sinks to the rank of a romantic and pleasing sentiment. Change it for the love of God and man, and it at once catches a comprehensive, stern, moral tone, whose supreme import and powers we cannot easily misunderstand.

Change it again into the love of God and of thy neighbor, and, while retaining the same pervasive moral force, it hints a tenderness of affection and regard that hides the rigor of the precept behind the cheerfulness and daily pleasures of obedience. That word *neighbor* crowds close up to consanguinity. We meet him daily in our walks, share many interests with him, can express our regard to him, and take in easily his response. We can turn from him with a warmer heart, and meet him on renewed occasions with additional sympathy. The root of love to God can thus grow up and blossom forth in a cheerful, pleasant sunshine of daily duties and hourly attachments.

Christ says we have the poor always with us. It were well if we understood how much they are worth to us, how essential they are to our religious life. We are not to think of the poor as being the very poor only, to regard the word as the label of beggary and of vice just sinking out of sight under its own retributions. This is the least and least valuable portion of our neighbors covered by the word. All to whom we can extend help are so far in reference to us poor, and those who best respond to the aid we render them are to us the most important and interesting poor. The word *neighbor* aggregates us, puts a bond between us; and that which advances a neighbor advances a neighborhood, and gives a better and more pervasive common life. In the neighborhood, as in the family, one is to work as he can work, knowing that it is so far a unit that the profiting of each is the profiting of all, and that common gains and common ground are always sought for by the solicitous love of the Christ like heart.

Here, then, duty accommodates itself to opportunities and native sympathies, and only requires of us that, with a philanthropy at once broad and tender, we give when we can give, incite and encourage whom we may, and knit ourselves into the neighborhood by every kindly and generous and wise action. We are to overgrow and grow out of the family, as the rose blossoms beyond the wall; we are to take up the neighborhood, and through it weave ourselves into the common and general kingdom of God. And this for specific reasons.

Doing otherwise, we lose our best powers of doing good. Words and deeds must be vitalized with affections to make them either significant or efficient. Whose hearts are to furnish these constant and overflowing sympathies, these feelings that are to regenerate the feelings of the world, that are to be God's spiritual fertilizers sown with the seed of His uth? Not colporteurs and missionaries; one, certainly not tract and Bible societies;

but Christian laborers, who do a little labor with much love. It is a pity, a loss greatly to be regretted, that there should be anywhere found affection enough for the hopeful doing of a good act, and that act miss an immediate personal object to draw off and utilize that love. Tracts are blown about on the cold, idle winds, and fall waifs, with incredible chances against them, because there is no searching eye or tender expression in them—visibly in them—to win a first lodgment. The world cannot afford to lose any gentle and persuasive word, any throb of affection, any helpful act; and the poor, in every grade and form of poverty, we have always with us, that the soil and the seed may meet together.

Nor can we as Christians any more do without the poor than they can without us. In what direction are our better, our Christian impulses to find play, if not in this? In what other field are we personally to gather the joys of a religious life? If we are ready to do our duties by proxy, we must also be prepared for a like enjoyment of rewards. What other reward does love ever crave, or can it ever meet with, than an opportunity for its free and abundant exercise, while this exercise is found in our daily and living contact with men who respond to our thoughts and profit by our exertions? Certainly it is not possible that the Christian does not, after all, believe in the supreme pleasure of love; that he is ready in the instant of fulfillment to fall off from right doing, and lose the unspeakable joy of benevolent action; that, having clambered up to position, and gotten himself power to be used, he is now as ready as others in the using to forget the law of love, and to see what good can be reached by a restricted and selfish consumption of his goods. No. The poor are God's provision for our enjoyment, the proffer he makes the opportunity he affords to our benevolence; and thus the door he throws open to Christian affections and joys. If it is better to give than to receive, herein we realize this higher good. Walking with the poor, we move more rapidly heavenward than it is possible we should without them. Our affections deepen upon us, our joys become distinct and peaceful as the love of men slowly responds to our love, and the rhythm of divine concords and activities finds place in our souls.

Moreover, their personal good-will prepares us to take part in the machine benevolence of the day, without a fatal loss in Christian life. Our societies, our large corporate bodies perform labors semi mechanical in the field of religious activity. Long distances and many agents intervene between the giver and receiver. Love has quite cooled away, or become entirely another's, when the final truth,

the exhortation, the encouragement reaches the party for whom it was long ago destined. The sympathy of the original donor is lost by the way; and whether it will be supplied by that of one who sinks, at least, in part, to the character of a paid agent in this divine exchange becomes a matter of new risk and liabilities. And what if, after all, the coveted truth arrives at its destination with little or no touch of human regard in it? It might almost as well not have gone forth. It is as great a mistake to do all one's good, confer all one's gifts by these institutions as it is to reject them altogether. There must be tender, close garden cultivation if God's vineyard is to thrive. All cannot be left as an open field, to be plowed by any man's plow. I may rightly rejoice in the well known love of a missionary who helps to dispense my gift in a distant field; I may feel as though I had been fortunately able to send an angel on my errand; yet I may myself, with my own hand, plant a single seed just at my own door, feeling that there will be found working in it and back of it as many powers of life as if it were hidden by any hand anywhere, and that it shall bring to me, in its flowering, a simple daily joy, through which, sympathetically, I shall be able to enter into the joys of all good men. The soul cannot be divorced by perpetual distance and estrangement from the points of growth, and retain any profound interest in them. He who has a good will working itself out in its own chosen fields and methods can give, give remotely, give through a thousand stranger hands, and not lose hold of the purpose and sympathies of the gift. Not so he who spends by proxy all his strength. There is some nourishment which we cannot safely deny ourselves; and of this kind is that which falls to our spiritual affections. Glory to God corollates with good will to men; and this good will must be as pervasive, omnipotent, constant as that glory. If we could get over the idea that only religious acts are religious, we should better prosper. All gentleness and love are religious, equally when they meet a physical as when they supply a spiritual want; and all good will, effective and prudent, is so far in augmentation of that force which is to bring society to its redemption. My Christian brothers, strengthen, increase your good will; and, to this end, sow and gather, and sow again, just at hand amid those ministrations to the poor which God has provided for you.—*The Independent.*

It is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back on one-half of the world.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

It is charity to forgive sinners when penitent, but it is not charity to permit sin to go on, and sit in our congregations, our societies, and at our firesides, unrebuked. This mode of tampering with and palliating what are called small sins, has been going on and on until we as a people, and as a nation, are nearly lost in the darkness that has descended, and ever will descend upon those who depart from the laws of the living God. It is written that the "word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two edged sword"; quite different, I apprehend, from this too oft diluted fine theorizing and merely speculative theology or opinions. The hour calls for earnest men, earnest minds, earnest powerful words to awaken the sleepers from the sleep of death, to recall them from the *pride, the vanity, the apathy, the clinging* to the traditions of the past rather than embracing the truth of the present hour—to call them home to themselves, *to the revelation within them and us.* We as a people have lived upon the good work and glory of our ancestors long enough; and I think it is high time that we were up and doing; have less profession, less tradition, less dependence upon this or that person's saying or action, but placing our dependence in God alone, go forth into the vineyard of the Lord and labor earnestly, bringing forth much fruit to His eternal glory. This is our duty, this our requirement. May we be faithful to the heavenly voice that continually is calling us up higher, still higher, and nearer the throne of God.

Weakness so abounds through want of individual faithfulness, that we might adopt the language of one formerly, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes were as fountains of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people." Were it not for a recurrence to former experience, accompanied by renewed evidence from the lisping of children of the principle being still alive in them, their spirits witnessing to ours that Truth is Truth, though all men forsake it, some of us might have got into doubts if not despair. But oh, the prattling of these precious children! The longer I live the more beauty I see in the expression, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." On recurring to these evidences, and having renewed proofs that the same

power is still continued to his dependent little ones, I have often been strengthened, and secret petitions have been raised that these beloved children may be preserved as in the hollow of their heavenly Father's hand. And I dared not ask for them great things, but for preservation in littleness and single eyed dependence upon the Father of all their sure mercies. I can feelingly say to these dear children, "Seek not great things," but be willing to be little.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 7, 1871.

MORE than six months having elapsed since the commencement of the present volume of our paper, we would remind such of our subscribers as are in arrears, that the terms are payment in advance. We desire prompt attention to this notice.

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.—A Friend who was in attendance at Indiana Yearly Meeting, informs that it commenced its sessions at Richmond on Second-day, the 25th ultimo, and closed at a late hour on Fifth-day, the 28th. The attendance was unusually large, including many from other Yearly Meetings. Among the latter were George and Catharine H. Trueman, Wm. Webster and Richard Lundy, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; Edmund and Martha Willets, Rachel Hicks, Mary Jane Field, Edward Rushmore, Isaac Hicks, Thomas Foulke, Esther Haviland, Phebe S. Haight, of New York Yearly Meeting; Wm. and Phebe Cornell, of Genesee Yearly Meeting; Jesse Holmes, of Iowa; Mary Ann Harland, of Ohio Y. M.; and Rebecca Price, of Baltimore Y. M.

The meetings for worship on First-day were large, requiring an additional one to be held in the basement room, both in the morning and afternoon.

After the gathering of the meeting on Second day, a young minister alluded to the beautiful order of our Society, as being in accordance with the apostolic recommendation; and encouraged those having concerns not to be backward in expressing them, for, as there is an abiding under the Divine influence, all will find opportunity to give expression to that which may be for the good of the Church,

which will thereby be strengthened. A Friend from a distance expressed the satisfaction he felt at being at last permitted to mingle with Friends of this Yearly Meeting, and at seeing so many, especially of the young people, in attendance. Another Friend spoke of the necessity of the vessel being emptied, in order that it may be made fit for the divine Presence to dwell in.

One representative only was absent, for whom an excuse was rendered. Epistles from all the Yearly Meetings were read, and called forth many interesting remarks in reference to the testimonies of our Society, and especially in regard to intemperance.

A committee was early appointed to collect the exercises of the meeting, to be embodied in the extracts.

On Third-day, the Queries and answers as far as the fourth inclusive, were read; and many concerns were expressed in regard to the several testimonies thus brought into view. The meeting adjourned to Fourth-day afternoon, in order to consider the Indian Report in joint session. (The public meeting being held in the morning.)

The minutes of this committee gave a very interesting account of the condition of the Indians under the charge of Dr. Edward Painter, agent of the Omahas. Instead of diminishing, their numbers have somewhat increased within the past year, and they manifest a growing disposition to adopt civilized modes of living. Much unity was expressed with the labors of the committee, and they were encouraged to continue them the ensuing year.

On Fifth-day morning, the remaining Queries and answers were considered.

The minutes of the Representative Committee were read, and their labors approved. They have considered the matter of international arbitration, and have prepared an address to the President, and memorials to Congress on the subject; which were also approved by the Yearly Meeting. The subject of petitioning the Legislature for the abolition of capital punishment, is now under their consideration. They have also taken action in regard to procuring books for distribution, and the Yearly Meeting appropriated a sum of money for this object.

The committee appointed last year to visit the meetings and scattered members within the limits of Blue River Quarter, made an interesting report, and were continued to appoint meetings among them, as Truth may open the way.

The Committee on Schools made a report in regard to the schools under the charge of Friends.

An interesting minute of the exercises of the meeting was adopted, and an epistle to be sent to the other Yearly Meetings was united with and directed to be forwarded. After a period of solemnity, during which the voice of supplication was heard, the meeting closed. There appeared to be but one feeling among all who were present—an acknowledgment that it had been a favored season.

George Truman visited the Women's Meeting on Fifth-day morning, and on First-day evening a meeting was appointed among the colored people of Richmond by James W. Haines and Robert F. Furnas, which was also attended by other ministering Friends.

The First-day School Association held meetings on Seventh, Third and Fifth-day evenings. The attendance was large, and they were interesting and encouraging. Since last year, one school of about 50 scholars, has been discontinued, because one Friend disapproved of its being held in the Meeting-house.

Another had closed because of the removal of interested workers. Eight new schools have been established, so that 16 are now maintained within their limits, with an average of nearly 700 pupils.

Epistles from the Ohio and Philadelphia Associations were read, and epistles were issued to all the associations, besides one to the schools within the compass of Genesee Yearly Meeting.

An address to the schools within the limits of their own association was also issued and approved.

The Executive Committee had been zealously engaged during the year in promoting the object of their appointment, and in their letter to the schools requesting reports, &c., had urged that the young and indifferent should attend the Yearly Meeting, believing

that strength would be the result. The belief was expressed that the encouragement thus extended, had materially increased the attendance.

Interesting remarks were made by many Friends (some among the aged,) and it is believed that all who attended were strengthened to pursue their labors in this good cause.

WAR.—We have received from time to time original essays on the subject of "War." Some of these, while they evince sincere concern on the part of the writers, do not present this subject in that fresh and practical way which is calculated to arrest attention. The unchristian character of war, and the host of sins and evils which it has produced, are now almost universally admitted. It is called a necessary *evil* by potentates with standing armies, and even by the generals who command these armies. Should there be any, however, disposed to question as to its nature and effects, we would refer them to Charles Sumner's "True Grandeur of Nations," and John Jackson's "Peace and War."

If, then, the nature and effects of "war" have been fully set forth by minds competent to do so, in the clearest and most forcible manner, it is evident that at the present time we have most to do with the *practical* aspects of the subject. "What is there for Friends individually and collectively to do to advance the cause of peace?" As bearing upon this part of the subject, we extract the concluding paragraphs of a communication lately received from our friend D. Irish:

"On this subject, something more is wanting than merely to give our assent to the evils and inconsistencies of war. It requires that a practical testimony should be borne against all wars; and we are encouraged in the belief that the number is increasing in the community that feel bound to give their influence toward the settlement of national disputes, by just, rational and peaceful measures; and were they asked, it is probable nine-tenths of the people would say this is the better way. Then, why not make the necessary provision, and prosecute the appropriate means for settling national disputes by arbitration? The subject is a stupendous one,

and so intimately connected with the highest enjoyments and best interests of the great family of man, that were the question of dispensing with war once fairly before the people, how could it stop short of complete accomplishment?

"The more we look at the subject, the more we must see it as one that imperatively calls for an increase of faithful laborers; and the blessing and aid of divine Providence, if rightly sought, would not be withheld in so righteous a cause."

It is not reasonable to expect that an evil which has existed from time immemorial—which has become consolidated into a vast system—and which, in its multiplied ramifications, is connected with the political, commercial and industrial interests of society, should be abolished in a short time. But, if we patiently labor when the light shows what is to be done, despising not the day of small things, but coming up to "the help of the Lord against the mighty," we shall be instrumental, though it may be in small measure, in bringing about that better state of things, when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall the people learn war any more."

Since the above was written, we have seen in the [London] *Friend* of Ninth month, the following interesting item of information:

"We are glad to learn that Henry Richard, M.P., has placed the following notice of motion on the Notice Book of the House of Commons: 'That an humble Address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she will be graciously pleased to direct her principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to enter into communication with Foreign Powers, with a view to the establishment of a permanent system of International Arbitration' [*early next Session*]; and that it is intended in the course of the autumn and winter to bring the subject largely before the country, by publications, lectures, meetings, &c., in hope of so far exciting the attention and enlisting the sympathies of our countrymen, as to enable the question to be brought before Parliament backed by a strong expression of public opinion."

WE have been requested to insert the following, which is intended to be circulated

through their correspondents among the subordinate meetings:

To the Monthly or Preparative Meetings within the compass of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends.

The Committee on Indian Affairs appointed by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, under a sense of their responsibilities earnestly appeal to the members of our religious Society throughout the Yearly Meeting, for the purpose of enlisting their *active* sympathies in the work of supplying the Indians, under our immediate care, with such sanitary stores and clothing as are essential to their comfort during the approaching winter. Money is also needed to help sustain schools, and supply medical attendance where their means are deficient. Owing to the small income which these people receive from the government, they cannot for some time become self-supporting, unless Congress grants power for the sale of their surplus lands. In the meantime it becomes our duty to do what lies in our power to supply deficiencies, and encourage them to cast aside the habits and usages of savage life, and to conform to the wishes of the agents, who, with a noble self-sacrifice, are so faithfully laboring for their civilization. Much has already been accomplished within the past two years, but much more remains to be done in the prosecution of this humane and Christian work. The liberal supplies sent forward last year are nearly exhausted, and it is our desire to meet the future demand, as far as possible, by *voluntary contributions* of individuals, *rather* than to draw *heavily*, for these purposes, upon the funds of the Yearly Meeting. We shall find abundant use for these, as well as all that may be contributed by the generous sympathy of Friends for this long neglected race.

Signed by direction of the Committee,
JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

DIED.

DARLINGTON.—On the 26th of Eighth month, 1871, Mary K., daughter of Edward B and Elizabeth T. Darlington, of Rosdale, Chester Co., Pa., aged nearly one year.

STONE.—In Montgomery county, Md., on the 17th of Ninth month, 1871, of consumption, Mary E., daughter of James H. and the late Martha Stone, aged 25 years; a member of Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting.

MACY.—At Hudson, N. Y., on the 23th of Ninth month, 1871, after a protracted illness, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation, Jane W., wife of Aaron C. Macy, in the 60th year of her age.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Committee of Management will meet on Thursday evening next, Tenth month 11th, at 8 o'clock, in the Library Room.
J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

THE Annual Meeting of Friends' Library Association will be held at the Library Room (Race street meeting-house) on Sixth-day evening, 20th inst., at 8 o'clock. Friends generally, men and women, are particularly invited to attend.

T. ELLWOOD CHAPMAN, *Clerk.*

10th mo., 1871.

THE First-day School which meets at Race street meeting-house was resumed on First day, Tenth month 1st, at 9 o'clock, A.M. The Reading Class assembles with them, and after the opening withdraws to the Library Room.

The Green Street First-day School was also reopened at the usual place, at 2.30 P.M.

For the Children.

A CHAPTER OF WONDERS.

Little people have been delighted with fairy stories ever since fairies were thought of; but I can tell you something far more wonderful than your fairy stories, and true besides, which makes it more interesting.

If you think small people two or three inches high are amusing, what would you think of a little creature so small as barely to be seen by the naked eye—so small, indeed, that he and thousands of others have plenty of room to live and grow, and travel around in a tiny puddle of water? And what sort of a house would you think such an atom of a thing could build! What if I should tell you that he can build a brick house—that he selects from the water in which he lives the necessary materials, shapes them in a mould which he has in his body, and piles up a regular house for himself? You can hardly believe it, but it is perfectly true.

What do you think of creatures so tiny that a whole family can live in the cavities in a grain of sand? To your eye a grain of sand looks perfectly round; but these dots of creatures find comfortable caves to live in. How do you suppose they like to be mixed up with water and other things, and walled up in a stone wall? It is as bad to them as to be shut up in an enchanted palace, and worse, for no disenchanting words will let them out.

The world of wonders opened to us by the microscope is stranger than all the tales of giants, genii and enchantment, you ever heard. Think, if you can, of atoms so small that whole colonies can live in one drop of water, and swim around as freely as whales in the ocean; and that it would take many millions of them together to be as large as the head of a pin. Imagine these specks of life swimming around in the water, chasing other creatures smaller than themselves for food! They are almost too small to think of. You would never think of looking for beauty in these little creatures, but they are most exquisitely formed and colored. Many, not so

large as the head of a pin, are as perfect and beautiful as a flower, and just as nicely adapted to their life in every particular as a human being is to his.

Many creatures in the sea look so much like flowers that in olden times they were supposed to be flowers; but, studied by the help of the microscope, they are seen to be animals, though as beautiful in color and shape as the loveliest flowers that grow. One kind is called the sea-lily, and there are anemones, daisies, and other names. But each one is a hungry little animal, waving around in the water, not to look pretty, but to catch something to eat to stuff into the eager mouths they always have.

How do you suppose the sponge you have to use with your slate at school spent his time when he was alive, before he was torn from his home for your use? Do you see those little, very little hills on him, each one of which has a hole in it? Well, he spent his time in drawing in the water through the tiny holes all over him, and after he had snatched all that was good to eat, spurring it out again through all these little volcanoes. Why, he made a regular fountain down there at the bottom of the sea! I would not be surprised if your father wears some pieces of sponge for shirt studs and sleeve buttons. You ask him if he wears the fashionable "moss agates;" and if he does, you just tell him it is nothing but flint, with pieces of sponge turned to stone in it.

If you have ever been to the mountains, and I hope you have, you remember seeing piles and piles of immense rocks. Many of these rocks are made entirely of the shells of some of these sea-atoms, each one no larger round than one of your hairs, but as beautiful as the large shells you have seen so carefully preserved.

These curiosities of the sea take the most wonderful shapes you ever thought of. Some families look like a basket of flowers, as large as a peach basket. Every stem of the basket is a house, in the shape of a long tube, and the flowers are only the lovely little animals' heads stuck out of their houses. Another kind is called the feather star, and looks exactly like a star made of a lovely rose-colored plume. Nothing can be more beautiful than this little star waving round in the water. Then there is the sea moss. To the eye it seems a mere film of moss on some old stone; but under the microscope it turns out to be a perfect forest of little trees of various colors, and the trees are made of live creatures, throwing their arms around for food.

Do you wonder what all these little mites were made for? You may be sure that

each one has his use, however humble. The wise men have decided that these creatures are scavengers. They eat decaying animal and vegetable matter that would be very hurtful if not disposed of. These scavengers are food for larger atoms, and those in turn are food for fishes, and fishes are food for men. Nothing is lost.

But don't think the wonders are all in the sea. The insect world has marvels as great as the sea. Take the eggs of moths and butterflies—tiny things, not so big as the head of a pin. Why, bird's eggs can't compare with them for beauty! In color, especially, they are exquisitely changeable. One egg is covered with hexagonal figures—hexagonal, you know, is six-sided—and at each corner is a tiny raised button. It is a beautiful blue and white, changeable. Another egg looks like a ripe orange; another like a beautiful round shell; some are oval, with perfectly regular figures all over; others transparent, like glass, so the curled-up little worm can be seen inside. Some have beautifully made covers, with hinges, so that the tiny creature has only to open the door to get out.

But if the eggs are interesting, the butterflies, moths and insects, are quite as much so. There is one moth with a regular finger at the end of his antennæ, or feeler. Then the tongue of a butterfly is most exquisitely made to dip into flowers, being a perfect tube, through which he can suck the sweets as easily as you can suck lemonade through a straw. Butterflies' wings are covered with feathers, lapping over each other like shingles on a roof. Naturalists can take off these feathers, one by one, and examine them in their microscopes.

Then there is a tiny fly which infests gooseberry bushes, called the saw-fly. Why, that atom of a creature has as perfect a saw as was ever cut of steel—yes, a pair of them—and a convenient sheath for them in his own body, where he puts them when he don't want to use them.

Perhaps you know that the honey bee has a nice pocket in his hind legs, where he puts the bee bread he wants to carry home.

Possibly you have heard that each of your hairs is a hollow tube, with a root like an onion, and that no two animals' hairs are alike; some have scales like a fish, and others have different marks.

I don't know how long I could talk of the wonders of the animal world, but this is enough for the present.—*Methodist*.

VICE stings us even in our pleasure, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

From the New York Evening Post.

RAILROADS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H., Aug. 28, 1871.

Thirteen years ago a party of us ascended Mount Washington. One of our number was a brisk, cheery monomaniac who rode a hobby so absurd that, while we pitied his evident insanity, we could not but be amused by it. He was a short, stout, middle-aged man, with sandy hair, iron-gray beard, and the self-confident smile that so often accompanies an ill-balanced brain.

The name of this enthusiast was Sylvester Marsh, and the Utopian scheme that filled his mind was a plan of a railroad by which steam cars might ascend the mountain—a scheme so utterly chimerical as to be unworthy even the passing attention of a sensible man.

To-day I climbed the mountain again, walking up from the Glen House, and as I toiled up the last mile an engine came steadily puffing by, pushing before it a car loaded with more than fifty passengers.

And a few hours later I had the honor of touching my hat to Mr. Marsh himself, as he drove by the Crawford House, no longer a crack-brained fanatic, but one of the most respected citizens of Coos county, and looking ten years younger than he did that stormy day thirteen years ago.

The completion of the railroad makes the ascent of this, the highest point east of the Alleghanies, so easy that hundreds now make it who would never have dared attempt the old horseback trail.

As a consequence, the rush of travellers has been greater this year than ever before, the stages being overloaded and the hotels overcrowded ever since the commencement of the season.

Next year it will be greater still, as the increase of railway facilities will make it easier to reach here.

This summer the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad reaches to North Conway, thirty-two miles from the foot of the Mount Washington Railway. Next season it will extend up the valley of the Saco into the Notch itself, reducing the gap to a dozen miles, and before the close of next year there will be through connection, without change of cars, from Boston to the foot of the mountain.

Were this line dependent for its income upon the mere summer travel it might, perhaps, be doubtful whether its shrewd projectors would feel warranted in assuming the expense, but simultaneously with the work at this end, the Vermont division, beginning at Swanton, the eastern terminus of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad, is build-

ing. Thirty-three miles of this division, from St. Johnsbury west, will be in operation in a few weeks, and next year the two links will be joined and thus a new trunk line completed between the lakes and the ocean, drawing its local freight from some of the richest agricultural counties of Vermont and the heaviest lumber districts of New Hampshire, and entering into the competition for the great grain trade of the West, with the advantage of being more than fifty miles shorter between water and water than any other route, and finding at Portland the best harbor on the Atlantic coast.

C.

From the (London) Friend.

PASSING PLEASURES.

These blessed passing pleasures !
We need not let them waste ;
We need not leave their treasures
Behind us in our haste.
We need not doubt their fitness
Where earth's deep shadows fall ;
God giving, He is witness
That we shall want them all.

Amid the old sad story
Of human shame and sin,
If He gives gleams of glory,
We ought to let them in.
And oh, when brought before us
Where heart and soul can see,
How mighty to restore us
Love's little signs may be !

A bird, a tree, a flower,
A creature just as frail,
Will take us in His power
To Him within the veil ;
Will come, if He has bidden,
Amidst the dark'ning fight,
And leave us safely hidden
Behind a shield of light.

Perhaps His angels see us
Disquieted in vain ;
Perhaps His watch would free us
From some ensnaring pain ;
But only He can measure,
Who sees our nature through,
The good that in His pleasure
A passing joy may do.

If but for one bright minute
Through gathering clouds it break,
There is a token in it
That He would have us take.
And His least sign obeying,
No wealth our hearts shall miss,
E'en when we hear Him saying,
" See greater things than this."

For He, the dull ear gaining,
Meeting the dim, weak sight,
Our faith is gently training
To bear the perfect light.
And, while His mercies guide us,
We in one sure belief
May trust the joy beside us,
E'en as we trust the grief.

A. L. WARING.

From the National Standard.

LIGHT IN SHADE.

" There is no rose without a thorn !"
Who has not found it true,
And known that griefs of gladness born
Our footsteps still pursue.

" That in the grandest harmony
The strangest discords rise ;
The brightest bow we only see
Upon the darkest skies ?

" No shadow, but its sister light
Not far away must burn ;
No weary night, but morning bright
Shall follow in its turn.

" No chilly snow, but safe below
A million buds are sleeping ;
No wintry days, but fair spring rays
Are swiftly onward sweeping.

" No burning glare of summer air,
But fullest is the shade ;
And ruddy fruit bends every shoot,
Because the blossoms fade.

" No note of sorrow, but shall melt
In sweetest chord unguessed ;
No labor, all too pressing felt,
But ends in quiet rest.

" No sigh, but from the harps above
Soft echoing tones shall win ;
No heart wound, but the Lord of Love
Shall pour His comfort in.

" No withering hopes, while loving best
Thy Father's chosen way ;
No anxious care, for He will bear
Thy burdens every day.

" No conflict, but the King's own hand
Shall end the glorious strife ;
No death, but leads thee to the land
Of everlasting life."

Sweet seraph voices, Faith and Love !
Sing on within our hearts
This strain of music from above,
Till we have learned our parts :

Until we see your alchemy
On all that years disclose,
And, taught by you, still find it true,
" No thorn without a rose."

THE STORY OF A PET BIRD.

The following charming account of a *pet bird*, illustrating in a remarkable degree the power of kindness, was written by the owner to a female friend ; and that friend, as we think, very properly, has furnished a copy for publication.

All who attended the last meeting of the American Pomological Convention, held in Philadelphia, will remember the wonderful collection of fruits, and especially will they remember the remarkable exhibition of grapes, from the fruit establishment of Hetty B. Trimble, of West Chester, Pennsylvania. To that lady we are indebted for the story of this little sparrow—her pet Bessie.

It is well known by others as well as ornithologists that female birds will return year

after year to the same home; but has it ever been proved before that the same couple of birds remain true to each other as long as both do live? Or has it ever been known before that both the instinct of migration and the affection for mate and little ones have been overborne by attachment to a human friend?

Those familiar with the Song Sparrow (*Fringilla melodia*) will recognize it at once in Miss Trimble's account. We begin to hear it now (early in March)—the first of the singing birds of Spring. The note is a short one, but exquisitely beautiful—exceeded only by the melody of the Wood Robin. Sometimes they are so numerous about country gardens that in the early mornings there will be a perfect ground-swell of melody—probably one of the sweetest sounds this side the stars.

"I am no ornithologist; but I suppose my little pet was a Song Sparrow—a little bird of very Quaker-like plumage—shades of brown and gray, but as trig and neat as any little bird could well be.

"The winter of 1855 was very cold. A young friend who was then living with us was coming home one evening, and found this little bird lying on a snowdrift, apparently frozen to death; but, holding it in his hands a few moments, found there was a little fluttering motion of the heart. He ran up stairs to the parlor register, and by warmth and kindness brought it to. It was some days, however, before she recovered entirely. She was then turned loose in the conservatory, where she seemed perfectly happy, darting in and out among my flowers. At first, we heard only very timid, low notes from her; but as she became accustomed to us, and knew she had nothing to fear, there was often one gush of melody after another.

"In the spring the birds began to return to their summer homes—birds of her own kind, as well as others; but she paid no heed to them for some time. However, one day we were startled by a long, loud cry from her, so unusual that every one ran into the conservatory to see what *had* happened. A little bird was on the outside, trying to get in. The window was opened; she flew to meet him; and such a joyous meeting as it was. The meeting of human lovers after a long separation could not more plainly tell the story of affection. Soon a snow squall came up; and she was too tender to breast it, and tapped at the window to be taken in. She remained very contentedly until the weather was quite settled. Now came her trouble. *He* wanted the nest to be built in a cedar tree some 200 feet from the house; *she would not go*. He perched himself in the tree and sang his most

charming melodies; while she, on top of the smoke-house, near the house, answered him just as sweetly. But she would not budge from the position she had taken. After the second day's maneuvering, he began to give in, little by little approaching the house. Finally, they compromised the matter by building the nest in a gooseberry bush, near the smoke-house. This was not to her mind; but still it was better than the far-off cedar tree.

"In time four pretty little brown birds made their appearance. As soon as they were out of the nest, she coaxed them to the house, where her feed-table and bath-tub were always ready for her. Such a pretty, happy little family they were!

"The next nest was just where *she* wanted it—in a jasmine bush trained around one of the parlor windows. From this nest came three little birds.

"Her table and bath-tubs were again brought into the conservatory—the flowers now being out of doors. The side sashes were always open, and she brought all the family to feed and bathe just as it pleased her; and, the glass doors into the parlor being also open, they would fly through and through the house as if it was out of doors.

"Cold weather came once more, and the mate and young birds disappeared; but Bessie did not go. She tapped at the window, and was again warmly welcomed to her quarters amongst the flowers in the conservatory.

"Here she spent another gay, happy winter; and it was a constant source of pleasure to us to watch her pretty, cunning ways, and listen to her sweet songs.

"In the next spring (1857) Bessie's owner moved away, and she fell into my possession—a very welcome legacy.

"As before, the birds returned in the spring; but Bessie was quite indifferent to them all. But one day, while we were at the dinner-table, we heard what seemed to be a loud, wild scream of joy. With one accord, all rushed up-stairs to the conservatory; and there, sure enough, was the mate again. This was repeated every spring while she lived. Whenever we heard that peculiar, wild, joyous commotion, we knew that her mate had come; and, on going to see, always found him there.

"One year they raised three broods of birds; and it was not an uncommon thing at that time to see the two parent birds and the twelve young ones all feeding at the same table—the youngest yet so young as to be fed by the old ones.

"This little pet was with us seven years. We never doubted her identity; but a clipped feather and a defective toe made this identity unmistakable.

"The same great joy was manifested toward her mate at each annual return in the spring; but the last one it seemed almost beyond expression—it even attracted the attention of the neighbors. I remember one day an uncle of mine called us to look at them. They would sing to each other, bow their heads, flap their wings, fly down on the ground, roll over and over; in short, they acted as if they were fairly crazy with happiness. Two or three days after this I heard a fluttering in the conservatory; and, going in to see what was the matter, I found my little pet lying in her feed-basin, in a spasm. I took her up, stroked and petted her; and, as the fit passed off, she nestled down into my hand, and turned her head up to look at me. The bright eyes were swollen and bloodshot. Soon she had another spasm, and another, and another. Then her little feet flew out, and soon she lay dead in my hand. How it all comes back to me as I write! It seemed as if a dear little pet child had been suddenly snatched from us; and as to the poor little mate, anything more heartbroken I never saw. There was no more dashing about through the house and out among the trees; no more gay songs; but, instead, he moped about, with now and then a little low wail, that seemed more like "weep," "weep" than anything else. In the fall he went away, as usual; and we never saw him again to know him.

"Bessie's conduct toward me was often very amusing. Traits of character were manifested that *instinct* will not explain. If in the mornings I should begin watering my plants, or other work, before I had attended to her wants, she would follow me about, scolding, and darting down at me as if she intended to peck my eyes out; and this would be continued until I would quit all else and attend to her. But after her breakfast she would come out to where I was, perch on the nearest tree or bush, and give me my pay in one of her sweetest songs."—*Exchange*.

THE MUSCULAR STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

The strength of an insect can be finely illustrated by a feat that was once performed by a beetle—*Oryctes maimon*—a variety that is quite common in the United States. The beetle, for want of any box at hand, was put beneath a quart bottle full of milk upon a table, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to the surprise of all in the room, the bottle began slowly to move and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have

been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it readily moved a weight one hundred and twelve times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within against the side.

We have another instance of insect-power that is quite as remarkable as the one just related. A small kind of carabus, an elegantly formed ground beetle, weighing three and a half grains, was once fastened by a silk thread to a piece of paper, a weight having been previously laid upon the latter. At a distance of ten inches from its load, the insect was able to drag after it, upon an inclined plane of twenty five degrees, very nearly eighty-five grains, but when placed on a plane of five degrees inclination, it drew after it one hundred and twenty-five grains, exclusive of the friction to be overcome in moving its load.

THE cleanest city in the world is Broch, in Holland, where no horse or carriage has ever been permitted to enter, and where everything is kept with most scrupulous neatness. Before entering many of the houses you are required to remove your shoes. It is said that even the Emperor of Russia was compelled to comply with this custom on his recent visit to that place.

For Friends' Intelligencer.
 REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.
 NINTH MONTH.

	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	6 days.	5 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	1 "	1 "
Cloudy, without storms	7	7
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	16 "	17 "
	30 "	30 "
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.		
	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 9th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	74.50 deg.	63.80 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	86.00 "	82.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	54.50 "	43.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	1.71 in.	1.77 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1870 and 5 for 1871.....	1104	1333
Total number of deaths for the first 39 weeks of each year.....	13,464	11,661
Average of the mean temperature of 9th month for the past <i>eighty two</i> years....		66.23 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1865).....		72.68 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1840).....		60.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1870.	1871.
Totals for the first six months of each year,	25.43 inch.	21.32 inch.
Seventh month,	3.94 "	6.81 "
Eighth month,	5.11 "	5.97 "
Ninth month,	1.71 "	1.77 "
Totals,	36.19 "	35.87 "

Very little comment on the above exhibit, other than that the month just closed appears to have been an *unusually cool* one, being more than three degrees below the *average* for the long period of *eighty-two* years, and about six and three-quarters degrees below that of last year.

It may be well also to advert to the *deaths*. Deduct the first week recorded in this month (253) to compensate for the extra week, and we have only 1080 for the month against 1104 for corresponding month of last year. For the entire nine months, it will be seen that there is a *very large decrease* from last year, which has been attributed by high medical authority to the increase of sewers, and the attention paid to the drainage of our city of latter times.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Tenth month 2d, 1871.

I T E M S .

THE success which has attended the laying of submarine cables has set the erroneous idea of an ocean without bottom at rest forever, and given an impulse to the effort to invent new means of sounding and dredging. The soundings made in the Atlantic show its bottom to be an extensive plateau varying in depth at different points. The average depth 12,000, though the steamer Cyclops obtained a depth of 15,000 feet. This ocean floor begins about one hundred and fifty miles from the coast; there the descent from the shallow to the deep water is very rapid, reaching 10,500 feet in fifty miles, giving an angle of descent greater than that of the Italian Alps. The deepest part of the Atlantic is on the American side, near the banks of Newfoundland, where a great basin exists, ranging east and west for nearly a thousand miles, and whose depth is believed to exceed the highest of the Himalaya mountains.—*New Jersey Mechanic.*

THE most notable agricultural fair of this season, and in fact the most notable one ever held in this country, is that of the Middle Tennessee Colored Agricultural and Mechanical Association recently held near Nashville. As a matter of course it will not compare in the extent and variety of productions with those of white associations in other States, but it is by no means despicable in these respects. These colored men, who but a few years ago were classed and known as chattels, owners of nothing, not even themselves and the clothing upon their bodies, are now enabled to establish an agricultural fair of their own, and stock it with evidence of their industry and ingenuity. The textile fabrics and raw material which they exhibit will compare favorably with any presented at any of the fairs held in the South this season, while their show of stock, including cattle, sheep, swine, horses and mules, is very creditable. The intelligence which these colored people have exhibited in inaugurating and putting into successful operation this agricultural exhibition completely sets at rest the oft repeated assertions that the colored man is lazy, and incapable of developing any of the refined traits possessed by the whites. In the face of stupid prejudices and violent hatreds they have made decided progress in agriculture and the use-

ful arts, foreshadowing that they will in a few years become a valuable and productive element in the country. Having had the shackles of slavery knocked from their limbs, and a bright future presented them, they are gradually advancing their claims to recognition as a people fully competent to take care of themselves and make their mark in the world, and instead of their proving a burden to the country, as is constantly asserted by the enemies of progress, they will prove a blessing.—*Baltimore American.*

SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON thus speaks of the drudgery scientists have to do in order to reach definite results: "Accurate and minute measurement seems to the non-scientific imagination a less lofty and dignified work than looking for something new. But nearly all the grandest discoveries of science have been but the rewards of accurate measurement and patient, long-continued labor in the minute sifting of numerical results. The popular idea of Newton's grandest discovery is that the theory of gravitation flashed into his mind, and so the discovery was made. It was by a long train of mathematical calculation, founded on results accumulated through prodigious toil of practical astronomers, that Newton first demonstrated the forces urging the planets to the sun, determined the magnitude of those forces, and discovered that a force following the same law of variation with distances urges the moon toward the earth. Then first, we may suppose, came to him the idea of the universality of gravitation; but when he attempted to compare the magnitude of the force on the moon with the magnitude of the force of gravitation of a heavy body of equal mass at the earth's surface, he did not find the agreement which the law he was discovering required. Not for years after would he publish his discovery as made. It is recounted that, being present at a meeting of the Royal Society, he heard a paper read describing geodesic measurement, by Picard, which led to a serious correction of the previously accepted estimate of the earth's radius. This was what Newton required. He went home with the result, and commenced his calculations; but felt so much agitated that he handed over the arithmetical work to a friend. Then (and not when sitting in a garden, he saw an apple fall) did he ascertain that gravitation keeps the moon in her orbit."

A PAMPHLET on Chinese botany has been lately published, illustrated with eight Chinese wood cuts. It is written by the physician of the Russian legation at Peking. The pamphlet, says the *American Journal of Science*, is "full of interesting information concerning esculent, medicinal, and other economical plants, natives of China or of early introduction; and the question of nativity, or the source of introduction, is treated of by the aid of Chinese documents, some of them of high antiquity. Cotton appears to have been of comparatively recent introduction; having reached China in the 9th or 10th century, from Central Asia and Cochin China. Contrary to some authorities, 'it can be proved from Chinese sources that maize and tobacco are not indigenous in China.' But the *bataas*, or street potato, held to be of American origin, 'was described in Chinese books a long time before the discovery of America—i. e., in the third or fourth century.' Sugar cane did not pass from China to India, but the reverse, and as early as the second century, B. C.; although it was several centuries later that a native of India taught the Chinese to make crystallized sugar, or 'stone honey.'"—*Independent.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From "The British Friend."

SHIPWRECK OF MARY PRIOR.*

Having emigrated with my family to the United States in the spring of 1819, we took lodgings during the summer months at Village Green, a rural spot about twenty miles from Philadelphia. This place had little to recommend it but its quietude and retirement, and the opportunity it offered me to make excursions in different directions with the view of obtaining a permanent settlement. Our residence here was rendered the more agreeable by finding many members of the Society located in the neighborhood, to whose kindness we were much indebted.

During our stay we usually attended Chichester Meeting, some three miles from our dwelling; and many a hot and fatiguing walk to it we had in that sultry climate. But a very kind friend who lived near us would often take up some of the female portion of our family in his homely carriage, which was a great relief to them.

One day as we were proceeding on foot to meeting, I was tempted to mount the rail-fence by the roadside to gather some cherries which hung in great abundance within reach. The cherry-trees in this vicinity are very numerous, flourishing wherever they have been accidentally sown, and growing some of them as large as our elm-trees in England.

* Extracted from the Papers of the late Robert Hurnard, of Colchester.

Much of the fruit is never gathered, but is left to the birds, or to fall to the ground for the swine. We had been given to understand that it was a common practice for travellers who wanted cherries to break off as large a bough as they were able, to save time, and eat them off the bough as they journeyed on. While thus mounted on the fence engaged in securing some of the tempting fruit, I was startled at perceiving a middle-aged man making towards me, whom I at once took to be the owner of the trees. For a moment, I confess, I felt something like compunction at the situation in which I was discovered, and began to make an apology, saying, I hoped I was not trespassing on his property. "Oh, no," said the man, "you are not trespassing, but the fruit does not belong to me. You are welcome enough, I dare say." And having recognized us at once as English people, he added, "I am from the *old country* as well as you. My wife and I came over many years ago." Perceiving that I was a Friend, he added, "Did you ever hear of Mrs. Prior?" I told him that I had heard of her. "Well," said he, "we took our passage in the same ship as Mrs. Prior. We suffered shipwreck, and lost all our property. My name is Pigg. I live at that house yonder. If you will call on us we shall be glad to see you."

The first suitable opportunity we had, my wife and I called at the humble dwelling. The husband was absent, but his wife, who no

doubt was expecting our visit, gave us a cordial welcome. She began almost immediately to give us an account of their disastrous passage to America; during the recital of which it did not appear that the lapse of twenty years had in the least degree blunted the vividness of her recollections of the sufferings and perils which had befallen them in crossing the Atlantic.

Since my return to England, I have regretted often that I did not at once put the poor woman's statement into writing as soon as I had heard it; but at that time I had no expectation of ever seeing my native country again, or of being called upon to narrate the incidents of Mary Prior's shipwreck, all of which I supposed her relations and friends would have been made fully acquainted with by herself.

The woman stated that when she and her husband had made up their minds to emigrate, they were in possession of property to the amount of £500, the whole of which they laid out in the purchase of goods suitable, as they supposed, for the American market, and which they expected to turn to a profitable account on their arrival. They accordingly embarked with their property on board a vessel with many other passengers, among whom was Mary Prior. They had made but little progress on their passage to America when the ship sprang a leak, which obliged the crew frequently to repair to the pumps to endeavor to keep her clear. But notwithstanding all their labor to effect this object, the leakage gradually increased, and soon became so great that many on board began to be seriously alarmed, and entertained great apprehensions as to their ultimate safety. Relays of sailors at length were obliged to be constantly at the pumps; the fatigue of which was so great, and apparently to so little purpose, that they became exceedingly discouraged, and averse to labor, believing it was useless for them to endeavor to keep the ship afloat, as the leak still increased upon them.

Under these appalling circumstances, Mary Prior often came on deck and urged the men not to relax their efforts to save their lives. Her earnest persuasions were so successful that the crew did continue their exertions, though laboring under such great and increasing discouragements. Our informant added, that Mary Prior was frequently engaged in the presence of the crew and passengers to petition the Most High that it might please Him to preserve their lives. "O!" she exclaimed, "Mrs. Prior was a wonderful woman in prayer!"

They continued thus, day after day, for a long while, without any improvement in their prospects, during which time Mary Prior per-

sisted in urging and encouraging the sailors to make renewed efforts for their common safety. Notwithstanding all she could do, however, their circumstances grew worse and worse, for the water in the hold still kept increasing, and even made its way into the cabin. The sailors were so overcome with fatigue, in consequence of their exhausting labors night and day at the pumps, that it was with great difficulty they could be persuaded to continue their exertions, for all expectation of their rescue seemed, with most on board, to have died away.

Such was their condition, struggling, as it were, at once against fatigue and despair, when Mary Prior, early one morning, came on deck, and, with a cheerful countenance, proclaimed that she had good news for the ship's company, for their deliverance was near at hand. She told them that she had been favored with a dream, or vision, in which she had been assured that a vessel that very day would take them all off in safety from their foundering ship. Yet she told the men they must still use every exertion to keep the ship afloat till the time of their deliverance should arrive.

Mary Prior made this extraordinary announcement in the most positive manner, without any hesitation, and apparently with the full persuasion that the truth of her message would soon be verified. She told the people also that even the name of the vessel that would rescue them had been made known to her, but that she had forgotten it. It was, however, she said, the same as the maiden name of one of the married women on board. There were several married women among the passengers, who were all summoned to tell their maiden names. "After many had spoken," said our informant, "I told them mine was Archibald, on which Mary Prior immediately said, 'That is the name of the ship which will save us.'"

Many an anxious look was now cast around for the friendly vessel, but for many hours none could be seen. At length, however, a ship was descried in the distant horizon. They eagerly watched her movements. She was steering their own course, and soon made towards them on perceiving their signals of distress.

When the ship came within speaking distance, and her captain found that they were in a sinking condition, he ordered out his boats, and with great promptitude proceeded to convey the passengers on board his own vessel, and happily succeeded in rescuing them all; but such was the emergency of the case, and so imminent their danger, that no attempt could be made to save any part of the cargo.

While they were being transhipped with all haste, and Mary Prior was about to be conveyed to the other vessel, she suddenly said she must go back to her berth for something she had left there, and which she *must* have. She was urged not to go down after it, as the water was then knee-deep in the cabin, and there was no time to lose. She, however, persisted, and, actually wading through the water, obtained the object of her search. This, we supposed, might probably be her certificates.

On their inquiring the name of the vessel which had thus providentially been sent to their rescue, they were told she was "the *Archibald!*"

In detailing to us this remarkable account of their shipwreck and deliverance, the woman did not appear to be influenced by any desire to exaggerate, or in any way to misrepresent the simple facts of the case. On the contrary, there was an appearance of truthfulness and sincerity, and an earnestness of manner, that left no doubt on our minds that we ought to give entire credit to her narrative. And, moreover, her mind seemed to be so imbued with a sense of Mary Prior's extraordinary religious endowments, that I think she would not have dared to speak of her in any other character than she did. Having listened with no small degree of interest to the poor woman's recital of the circumstances attendant on her emigration, we were about to leave, when she produced a few trinkets and a silver teaspoon—precious relics to her, as they were all that they were able to save from the wreck.

We soon after left Village Green, and removed to Wilmington, State of Delaware. Here, among many other valuable and kind friends, we became acquainted with Deborah Bringhurst. One day reference was made to Mary Prior and to the circumstances above related, when she told us that she, with a number of other persons, was on the quay at Philadelphia when the vessel arrived which brought Mary Prior and her fellow-passengers; and that as soon as Mary Prior landed she knelt down on the ground and gave thanks to their Almighty Preserver who had so signally delivered them, and brought them in safety to their intended port.

Since the foregoing narrative was written, the memoir of Rebecca Jones has been published. It contains an account of the shipwreck of Mary Prior, with several particulars not contained in this relation, but makes no reference to some of the remarkable circumstances which I have recorded. There is nothing contradictory in the two accounts, except in one particular, which induces me to refer to the memoir. It there states that

Mary Prior was "the only female passenger on board." This, on the face of it, is scarcely credible, as her friends in England would hardly have allowed her to embark on board the vessel under such circumstances. Mary Prior was probably the only female passenger in the cabin, but it is highly probable that there were several in the steerage, of whom the poor woman who related the foregoing narrative was one.

The statement in the memoir omits to mention the name of the vessel that received the sinking crew. However, having recently lent my narrative to Ann Alexander of Ipswich, she has returned it to me, with a copy of a contemporary paragraph in an American newspaper which has afforded me much satisfaction, as it confirms the statement as to the name of the vessel that brought the shipwrecked sufferers to land. "On Wednesday evening arrived at this port the schooner *Archibald*—Macey—twenty days from Halifax. On the 3d instant, lat. 37°, long. 69°, fell in with the ship *Fame*—Captain Perry—from London to New York, then in a sinking state, with five feet water in the hold. Capt. Macey took from the wreck Capt. P., his crew, and passengers. Shortly after she fell in with a vessel bound for New York, on board of which he sent Captain Perry and his crew, and brought here twenty passengers, chiefly mechanics, artists, and their families, who, by this unfortunate event, have lost all with which they could have supported themselves, in a strange country, until they could get employment."

The paragraph goes on to relate the particulars of the disastrous passage, in full corroboration of the foregoing narrative.

In connection with the subject of Mary Prior's shipwreck, I may add that I have been informed, on good authority, that some time after she embarked for America, great uneasiness prevailed among her friends at the non-arrival of the expected intelligence of her having reached her destination; but that, in a private religious meeting which a few Friends had together, our late valued friend Samuel Alexander, of Needham, expressed in testimony his belief that Mary Prior was then safely landed in America. Soon afterwards, however, an apparently well-founded report was circulated that the ship in which she had taken her passage had foundered at sea, and it was supposed all on board had been lost. This, though but a vague rumor, gave Samuel Alexander much distress, from a fear that he had been under a delusion when he had so recently expressed his full belief to the contrary. He was, however, the very next day relieved by an authentic account having arrived, fully confirming the statement he be-

lieved himself warranted in making so shortly before.

Colchester, 5th mo., 1851.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INTEMPERANCE.

It was with the utmost satisfaction that I perused the editorial of Ninth month 16th, calling attention to an article on page 381, entitled "A Great Need."

However strong our convictions in favor of temperance, it is well to be reminded again and again of the duties we owe to those whose vision has been so obscured that they do not see their danger, or have not the strength to withstand continual temptation. We need reminding of *all* life's duties, but more especially to be aroused to the "great need" of earnest inquiry as to how we shall best labor to stay this dreadful curse.

Engrossed with the varied duties of life, we are liable to forget our obligations to the weak and tempted ones; and any production of the philosophic mind, such as the one referred to, should be prayerfully considered, with the hope that we may see more clearly the duty devolving upon each in regard to this great subject.

We are too prone to excuse inaction, by saying that others will do the work, that "I am not my brother's keeper," or that "God in His own good time will put away the evil." Rather let us remember that the ability to see the wrong and to help remove it, is God's command to do so; that by our brother's degradation our own safety is jeopardized; and that *God's time* for staying sin and misery is when man shall live and labor in accordance with universal Divine Law.

We need to remember that the effort of enlightened minds is one of the appointed means by and through which the Divine Power shall remove evil from amongst us. When all those who profess the guidance of His omnipresent spirit shall be faithful laborers in the vineyard,—doing what they can, that those blinded by custom shall see, and they that are lame through slavery to appetite shall walk,—when those who profess to be wise and good shall earnestly endeavor to administer to the necessities of those whom intemperance has made hungry, naked, sick or in prison, and are found giving a cup of cold water in His name, and in behalf of the principle of total abstinence,—then indeed will there be hope that the "tempter" will cease to stand at every street-corner, and the drinker, when once reclaimed, may have his strength so increased by the good influence thrown around him, that he shall not again go back to his cups. ¶

The Divine Power acts not only directly

upon each individual, but also upon each mind and spirit through all other individual souls. We have reason to believe that there have been individuals who, though living near to the Divine Light, might not have risen after their repeated falls had it not been for the sustaining influence of their friends.

In dealing with this subject, we need to bear in mind that man is not altogether a religious being, but is first physical, then mental, then spiritual, and that oftentimes the body and mind are so benumbed by abuse, that he needs a brother's helping hand to build these up, and stay his tottering steps while gathering strength to reach for help more directly Divine.

But the first great work for all is to save the young from falling. They cannot be too early taught the lesson of self-control,—that appetite and passion should be the servant, not master. And in connection with this lesson, let the principle of total abstinence, as a safeguard to themselves and an example to others, be imbibed from the mother's breast and the father's first advice, and taught in every school, and church, and sabbath class throughout the land. Then add to this the enactment and enforcement of the most stringent prohibitory laws that a Republic admits of, and the work is well nigh done. There would then be less danger of raising up another generation of dram-drinkers to perpetuate the sin of drunkenness.

And are not these measures plain and simple? Are they not the deeds required of all? And can any who would imitate the Good Samaritan rather than the Priest and Levite, reasonably object?

If the men and women of intelligence who assume to do their duty to God and man, would say to the appetite that craves even the mildest of stimulants, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and would regard this question as one over which they had control, and were therefore responsible for its evil, they could scarcely fail to see "the fields as white unto harvest," with a sphere of labor assigned to each. As disciples of him whose mission was to seek and to save, we should be ever on the alert to remove the pitfalls through which so many sink to ruin.

When custom shall condemn, law prohibit, and the social circle place its ban upon all tampering with the intoxicating cup, this great evil will be among the things of the past.

W. L.

Dolington.

THE SECRET OF LIFE.—How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking

of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy little comforts, and thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE TIMES.

The reckless habits of expenditure engendered by the war and the possession of a depreciated currency, are evidently not being corrected as they should be, but are becoming more fixed and confirmed. It is utterly astonishing how much money is spent by many families for the mere expense of living, and for ostentatious displays of dress and equipage; by families too that are far from wealthy, and depend for their income on the salary of their head, or on the chance of the business in which he is engaged. Fond as the Yankees are said to be of the almighty dollar, there are no other people in the world who spend their money so lavishly as the Americans, or who are ashamed to insist on having their full money's worth of every dollar they disburse on business or pleasure.

It is not for us to say what economy should be practiced in an individual case. What would be an unwarrantable expense for one person would be a just and proper expenditure for another of a larger income, or with fewer claims upon him. Neither do we advocate meanness in spending money, or the hoarding it for the mere sake of accumulation. We hold to a generous expenditure, according to a man's means, for anything that will conduce to his mental or spiritual improvement, or to his innocent pleasure. But how much money we see spent now for mere show—display that is often devoid of taste, and has only its cost to recommend it. People of smaller means try to imitate the style of their more wealthy neighbors, live beyond their means, and failure follows, and a more or less general demoralizing of society. Few persons seem to realize that money brings with it grave responsibilities and duties to society, as well as opportunities and means for amusement and self-gratification, and failing to realize that, not only make failures of themselves as far as any good use is concerned, but are positive injuries to the communities in which they live.

But it is on account of its influence on the young people of this generation that we chiefly deprecate the extravagance of the times. It is stated as a fact that nine-tenths of the rich men of New York to day are the architects of their own fortunes, while the children of the wealthy of the last generation are

found, if they are found at all, among the poor and destitute. But in spite of the lesson of statistics, rich people, and even those of moderate means, go on bringing up their children in luxury and idleness, with the certainty that they will be unable to support themselves, and that any fortune that may be left them will soon be spent. Even if they are taught any occupation, the young people of to-day think they must begin life for themselves on the same scale and in the same style that their parents leave off, and the result is disastrous in more ways than one. We continually wonder how fathers and mothers, because they are possessed of money enough for their present needs, dare bring up their children as they do, making it their greatest care to see that they are dressed in the clothes that happen to be fashionable at the time, and move in "our set," teaching them nothing of the responsibilities of life, and setting a continual example of extravagance and carelessness in the use of money. Among the reforms we need is one toward a true economy, and to those disposed to labor in the cause we would suggest that, as usual, the most promising field for missionary effort will quite likely be found at home.—*Springfield Republican.*

CARMEL.

From Nazareth the vast plain of Esdraelon brought us to the foot of Mount Carmel. It is a cape at the extremity of a rounded bay. The view from here is splendid, and the terraces of the convent built upon the summit are delightful. It is not wonderful that a spot so privileged should have always been a central place of worship in this region. The name Carmel, meaning the Park of God, indicates the most beautiful park in the world; for the Jews, a theistic people, if ever there were one, made of the name of God their superlative of admiration. Pythagoras came to adore its echo. Carmel held an important place in the history and legend of the greatest of the prophets of the north, Elijah. In later days Vespasian came to offer sacrifices here, and Tacitus makes mention of it.

The Carmel and Carmelites took their name, as is well-known, from this spot. They have a tradition which deserves to be noted, because it contains, as do the greater number of legends, some traces of truth. This order claims to be the oldest of all Christian orders. It pretends to date, not from Jesus and the Apostles, but from Judaism. It declares itself as founded by Elijah, and is fond of going back as far even as Samuel. It is true, indeed, that Samuel organized "the schools of the prophets," of which very little

is known, but which were certainly of importance. And again it is stated that Elijah, at the head of a number of disciples, called "sons of the prophets," sojourned more than once at Carmel. But what is certain is, that his disciples must have resembled Catholic monks but little. And assuredly Jesus was not more of a monk than of a priest. He lived and died a layman, and nothing is less monkish than his teachings. However, it is certain that long before Christianity, and in the centre of very different religions, monachism has always been in favor in Asia,—for many motives which are assisted by the climate, the spirit of the anchorites and cenobites, although not present in primitive Christianity, though opposed in every respect to the kind of life that Jesus imposed upon his disciples, not separating them from the world,—this monastic spirit by degrees made its way into Christianity, and ended by invading it.

We can compare the religions which succeed each other in the same country to the writing of those manuscripts called palimpsests. Often in the middle ages when the copyists were in want of parchment, they effaced by washing, or by a coating of wax, what was written upon the pages of some old book, and they wrote new pages above what was formerly written. But with time their ink grew pale; the ancient writing appeared through the worn-out coating, and thus we can read fragments of a comedy of Menander through a sermon of St. Augustin's. Sometimes even, if the two writings do not sufficiently differ, they intermingle in such a way that it is difficult not to confound them.

In the same way, every time that one religion supplants another it happens that, sooner or later, that which was believed to be effaced, reappears at the very core of the new religion, penetrates it, modifies it, and takes up and executes something of its old prestige. This is true everywhere, but the Lebanon and Galilee especially offer us examples of it.

All religions are more or less palimpsests, and there are many rites, dogmas and institutions that go back farther than we are wont to suppose. In this sense the monks of Mount Carmel are not in the wrong; if not their order, at least the monastic institutions of Syria are much anterior to Christianity.

Nor is this all. While the religions of the past appear in those of the present, there is also reaction in the contrary direction. By ignorance often, or by credulity, and sometimes premeditatedly, new forms of worship assimilate themselves to the faith and the usages of the past. Who has not seen the naive paintings, where a Jewish high priest

dressed as a bishop blesses, before an altar laden with images, the union of the Virgin and Joseph, although the nuptial benediction did not exist among the Jews? A painter of the middle ages represented Jesus and the two thieves attended on Calvary by monks, with crucifix in hand. Salvator Rosa, in his satire upon painting, laughs at an artist who represented Mary at the moment of the annunciation telling her prayers before a crucifix. The monks of Carmel go farther still. Two large inscriptions upon marble slabs, on the right and left of the entrance, attest that the worship of the Virgin mother was celebrated on this spot for centuries before it was so solemnized elsewhere, and even centuries before she was born. And this is the way in which they have reached this paradox, which seems a little too bold. It is affirmed they say that Isaiah prophesied the miraculous birth of Christ. The prophets, they add, thus knew the fact beforehand; knowing it, they must have adored its mystery, and hence they carry back many centuries the worship rendered to Mary by the Catholic Church. Thus Jews are retrospectively initiated in a worship that for divers motives they would never have accepted. It is thus that established rites strive to remake the past after their own image, and plunge into ages far back, imaginary souls, to render themselves more solid and venerable. It is the part of historians and critics to oppose a reaction to these two influences. They should never forget that between two successive religions there is brought about unconsciously a sort of reciprocal interpenetration, the older invading the new, and the latter falsifying the other, either naturally or with premeditation, almost as in physics, two liquids of different density, separated by a membrane, take the place one of the other.

In truth, as has been often remarked in our days, there has never been in the world but one religion,—the aspiration of man towards the Infinite. This religion, varied and developed in a thousand ways, attaining gradually a high degree of moral purity, has been often perverted, and placed at the service of the most brutal ignorance, or the most refined perverseness, but it disengages itself always sooner or later from what is foreign to it, and takes again its course towards perfection—towards the ideal.

In that universal history of religion, which is still to be written, and the materials of which learned men and modern travelers are now collecting, we are convinced it will be shown that the decisive moment, the culminating point of the past, and the source of progress to come, the passage from dawn to daylight, or from religious and moral infancy

to manhood, is and ever will be the life and death, the teaching and example of that incomparable master, Jesus, who has been called contemptuously by a name, which to us is full of signification and attraction, "the Galilean."—*Translated from "The Galilee of Jesus," by A. Coquerel, for the "Revue des deux Mondes," of September, 1870.*

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR UPHAM, ADDRESSED
TO THE AMERICAN "ADVOCATE OF PEACE."
KENNEBUNKPORT, Maine.

Dear Mr. Editor:—Allow me to express, in the *Advocate of Peace*, the great gratification which I feel, in common with the friends of peace throughout the country, at the recent ratification of the treaty known as the Washington Treaty, between the United States and England. In my view it would not be surprising if the ratification of this treaty, embodying, as it does, the views and the practical decisions of two great nations, should constitute the beginning of a new era in the history of the world. If this treaty should be carried out in its true spirit, then peace is established between England and America for ever. And such will be the results in the increase of wealth, in the progress of the arts, and in the enjoyments and happiness of life, that other nations will not be slow in following the noble example which has thus been set before them.

It is worthy of notice, that the public sentiment of this country, with great unanimity, sanctions what has been done. I am quite sure that the labors, continued through many years and often with great discouragement, of such men as Worcester, Ladd, Burritt, Beckwith, Sumner, and others, have had more effect than is commonly supposed in changing the current of public opinion; that men are beginning to see that peace has its glories, far greater than the supposed glories of war; and that there are methods, already recognized in the Laws of Nations, by which peace, *universal* peace, can be secured without dishonor, and which cannot be overlooked and neglected without both dishonor and crime.

Let us labor on in this good cause, and insist especially that all difficulties arising between us and foreign nations, which cannot be settled by the parties immediately concerned, shall be left to the judgment and decision of some friendly Power mutually selected for this purpose.

I remain, very sincerely yours,
THOMAS C. UPHAM.

—*Herald of Peace.*

KEEP THE HEART ALIVE.—The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and

affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new friendship every day, to increase my circle of intimates—these are very different affairs. But I find that it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can which is amiable and lovable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. It may fall very short of what I was once wont to dream of; it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt and tasted; but it is better than nothing. It seems to keep the feelings and affections in exercise; it keeps the heart alive in its humanity; and, till we shall be all spiritual, this is alike our duty and our interest.—*The Moravian.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I am willing to hope that however faltering and weak my steppings may be, the desire still lives that I may not step aside from the line of Divine appointment. Surely this desire will be regarded by Him in whom all my hopes centre. During some late proving seasons, when ready to believe that the Master of the feast had set me aside as a vessel unworthy to be again called into service, there has been encouragement administered through the language, "Possess thou thy soul in patience." It made me believe that the present dispensation was in mercy rather than in judgment, and greatly have I desired that I may be passive, that so the designs of the good Hand in thus reducing me even to the loss of all things, may not be frustrated. I feel sometimes as if I needed baptisms and provings that my fellow-travelers do not need, and I believe my proneness to doubt often gathers around me a cloud, yea a thick cloud, the paralyzing effect of which is unknown to those whose unwavering trust carries them steadily forward toward the end of their race, the goal of their hopes.

Do I hear aright, that thou art expecting to attend the coming Yearly Meeting at —. Well, if the Master bids, go in this thy might, and His power will be thy Guide and guard. Such a service cannot be rightly entered upon without the needful preparation, and I shall not marvel if this preparation has led thee through some places where Heaven's light was scarcely visible, and why—because every avenue was closed against it. If then, in the course of thy service, such a state be met with, shrink not from whatever duty may

open before thee, but be faithful, and may Heaven's blessings rest upon thy ministration.

A word of encouragement arises and flows unto thee, my dear friend. There is nigh at hand an all-sufficient Helper, who turneth not away from any fainting traveller. Therefore gird up thy loins, and lay hold of the strength that is surely offered thee, and though thou mayest have to walk much alone, under the feeling, that of all the people there are none with thee, thou wilt know the support of a Power far superior to all the combined powers of man.

If a stripped condition be a means of sanctification, what matters it how often we are brought into the stripping room—neither how entirely we are disrobed and made to feel we are nothing and have nothing. If through such an experience we are made to feel our dependence upon the Almighty Arm, we may thank God and take fresh courage under the belief, that having begun the good work, He will perfect it, provided we are passive.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 14, 1871.

DIED.

HAINES.—At his residence, in Poughkeepsie, Dutchess Co., N. Y., on the 25th of Ninth month, 1871, Franklin Haines, in the 74th year of his age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of New York. Through a protracted illness, borne with patience, he at various times gave evidence that his frail hold on life was realized. In view of this, he frequently said, "I feel nothing in my way; I marvel at it." He alluded to his death, and his wishes respecting the event, with manifest composure. During his residence in the city of New York (for over fifty years), he was connected at different periods with institutions of public benevolence, filling trusts and official positions in the Eastern Dispensary, a gratuitous supervision of the addition to the New York Hospital (occupying several years in its construction), and for more than thirty years a trustee in the Bowery Savings Bank. The cause of the western Indians under the care of our religious Society, found in him a warm advocate, and resulted in a willingness to visit them, in company with other Friends, in the summer of 1869, though in feeble health. His transition from time was without a groan or struggle; saying but a few minutes ere his spirit passed away, "I feel inclined to sleep," and soon ceased to breathe,—his natural sleep merging into that sleep which knows no waking in mutability. His remains were interred, after a solemn meeting, in the Poughkeepsie Rural Cemetery.

MORRIS.—At her residence near Dublin, Ind., on the 24th of Sixth month, 1871, Sarah, wife of Samuel Morris, in the 72d year of her age. She was ill only three days, and her suffering at times was intense; but it is believed that none could have been found better prepared for so sudden a transition from works to rewards. Her loss is most keenly felt, not only by her husband and children, but also by Mil-

ford Monthly Meeting, of which she was a valued member. She being a practical Christian, has no doubt entered into the joys of the Lord.

THOMAS.—Suddenly, of congestion of the lungs, on the 19th of Ninth month last, at Lobo, Ontario, George J. Thomas, aged 68 years; formerly a member of West Lake Monthly Meeting.

FROST.—At Skaneateles, N. Y., on the morning of the 6th of Ninth month, at the residence of her son-in-law Anson Lapham, Louisa Frost, wife of the late Russel Frost, aged 82 years. A pure spirit has gone to its heavenly home.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 10th mo. 15th, Radnor, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Junius, N. Y., 11 A. M.
 " Byberry, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Bethpage, N. Y., 11 A. M.
 " Jerusalem, N. Y., 3½ P. M.
 " 29th, West Nottingham, Md., 3 P.M.
 11th mo. 5th, Chichester, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Haddonfield, N. J., 3 P.M.
 " Providence (Montgomery Co.), 10 A.M.
 " Norristown, " 3 P.M.

FIRST DAY SCHOOLS.

Meeting of the Association at Concord Meeting-house, on Seventh-day next, Tenth month 21st, at 10 A.M. All who feel interested are invited, and the various organizations to send reports and appoint delegates. Essays on subjects connected with the cause will be very acceptable, and *should* (as well as reports) be sent to the Clerk, 717 Willow St., in order for perusal before presentation to the meeting.

Trains leave Broad and Prime, Philada., at 7 and 10 A.M., reaching Concord 8.25 and 11.27, returning thence 4.40 and 7.05 P.M. Excursion tickets from Philadelphia and Wilmington, \$1; from Chester, 70 cents; those from West Chester and Media it is expected will be 70 and 45 cents.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., } Clerks.
 EMMA WORRELL. }

The Executive Committee will meet at same place at 9 o'clock. DEBORAH COMLY, Clerk.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS by Isaac Comly, M.D., to the Graduates of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. Third month 16th, 1871.

Graduates:—By appointment and on behalf of the Faculty of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, I am to speak to you to-day, and, if earnest desires are realized, it will be with words that may cheer and comfort as you pass along the ways of life. Thus far we have watched your course with more than common interest, and now, when the time of parting is at hand, feel inclined to offer some suggestions, point to some waymarks, and give expression to feelings which accompany the thought that in the future we shall no more meet you as in the past. In leaving us, we desire that you take with you assurances of our friendship and best wishes, as well as testimonials of your qualifications to enter upon the duties of practicing physicians. We congratulate you that a special season of anxiety is passed, and

the degree conferred, thus closing an important period of your lives; but by no means that to be appropriated to study, in relation to which your and our course should be onward and upward.

The laborers who have gone before have left us much; those of the present time have made their contributions, and it is for you, for us, and for those who may come after, to add to the amount of human knowledge. If, in reviewing the past, we find customs and practices were approved and in use which are now discarded, or only partially employed, we are not therefore to think our predecessors guilty of malpractice or influenced by avoidable errors. New discoveries, clearer light, and longer experience may justify and require changes in progressive science. At the end of a long dissertation explaining and defending his principles, Dr. Rush commits the whole to his pupils to be corrected and improved, and concludes with observing:—

“We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow; Our wiser sons, I hope, will think us so.”

It is vain to indulge in useless criticism, but wise closely to investigate, with candor and with common sense. Curtis said of Charles Dickens, that he had what is common with great geniuses,—though men of little genius do not find it out,—plenty of common sense. This is much wanted, and with an enlightened judgment becomes the means by which there may be a nearer and nearer approach to truth. With the qualifications which now are yours, we think of you in anticipation as engaged in the devious wanderings of the practicing physician; but, whether thus engaged or not, we are sure your medical knowledge will ever be valuable, as no situation in this life is free from pain and sickness, and none where such knowledge may not, at some time, be available for good.

No subject is of more importance to our physical well-being than those which have claimed your attention. The mission of the physician is fulfilled in the darkest, most gloomy, and painful periods of human existence; and yet, how little is known by the people of the means at his disposal. Sickness occurs, the doctor is sent for and expected to cure with medicines or manipulations. But practitioners and theories are so various, it must often be difficult to decide to whom shall be offered opportunity. Is there a remedy for such difficulty? It is believed there is,—consisting in informing the public mind in relation to the causes and treatment of disease. But, are all to become doctors? By no means. A knowledge of the merits of an art does not enable the informed to practice it, but greatly aids in selecting the most skillful operative. The popularizing of

medical science may not only do good in this way, but by prompting to the reform of unhealthful habits, to the more airy construction of cities and their more thorough cleansing, to the better ventilation of our houses and the more free admission therein of sunlight and daylight, to the most rational system of warming them, and to the adoption of many other sanitary measures.

This subject is of such importance that no apology seems needed for introducing to the attention of those who are about to appear in the community, not alone to prescribe modes of treatment in disease, but, in obedience to benevolent impulses, to endeavor to better the condition of society: especially is no apology needed for speaking of it on this fitting occasion, when assembled with our friends, who represent the people. To all there is offered the suggestion, that if medical knowledge was more freely disseminated it would lead to the promotion of health and the more rational treatment of disease. On the one hand then, allow the advice: Talk with the people in a way which they can understand; use simple words, and give common sense conclusions; avoid pedantry and mystery, and do not pretend that Nature can only be understood through the medium of Latin and Greek,—they may give the opinions of men, but nature can be read in every tongue. And on the other hand we would say to the people,—Have you nothing to do with this matter? Is it not important you should know much more than is known in relation to the subject of which we speak,—one so closely associated with every condition of life, especially in its most trying moments? You have advanced so far in this relation as to award to all classes the right to study medicine; not to man only, but to woman also: to her who, in long times past, has been the domestic physician, and who with ignorance has tried in the goodness of her heart to overcome disease. How much better she should be educated for that purpose, and thus prepared for more certain and extensive usefulness. Who is it in almost every family that is appealed to when sickness assails or accidents happen? Is it the father, the husband, or brother? Or, on the contrary, is it not the mother, the wife, or the sister, in by far the great majority of cases? Will some one say, these are small matters; but they may often be the beginnings of disease and denoting the most important time for judicious treatment; or it may be minor surgery, but requiring as thorough acquaintance with principles as more extensive operations. If then, medical education qualifies woman for the common walks of life, may it not prepare her, under

favoring circumstances, for more extended application of her skill and knowledge? How many will thus make use of what they have gained, none can tell; but if a woman physician is honest and faithful in her vocation, there is no apparent reason why she should not receive the calls of the sick, and minister to their condition with skill and success equal to that of any other. And if she is a good woman, she will seek to know, what she alone can know, her highest duty; and then none need fear the neglect of family or any other of the important concerns of life.

Lady graduates, your success is one of the secrets of the future. With you "the Rubicon is passed," but Rome is yet to be conquered. When Daniel Webster was told the legal profession was crowded, he said there was room above. In our profession there is room above,—where there is a purer atmosphere; where may be experienced holy aspirations for the good of others, no matter at whose hands; and where bickerings and prejudice are known only in the far-off below.

It has been said that the study of medicine is indelicate and demoralizing. Is it so? If so, then it is high time that we see to it. If this is the effect of the preparation which hundreds of young men annually receive, before entering upon one of the most honored and responsible vocations known in society, it needs investigation. But it is not so. Whatever is vulgar, unchaste, or immoral, does not essentially belong to medicine, and such manifestations, whenever appearing, are from a lower source. R. G. White says in his book on Words and their uses, "there is no immodesty in speaking of any part or function of the human body, when there is necessity for doing so." It is the occasion and the purpose of speech that makes it modest or immodest, and not the thing spoken of, or the giving it its proper name.

Next to the discharge of immediate duties to the sick should be the desire to improve the healing art, and thus leave something of value for posterity. It may not be the influence of an exalted name,—it may not be anything which can be individualized,—neither the writing of a book nor the introduction of a new splint. We may be unknown beyond a small circle; but if within that we have labored to sustain the most approved practice, that most consistent with nature, with simplicity, and truth, we will aid in promulgating the right, in conferring upon society discoveries calculated to redeem from error and render human life longer and happier. While there is much in the unknown which will be seen in the future, we believe there will always be an un-

known for man,—a field in which the adventurer will ever find something useful to bring back, some reward for the toil of pursuit. But be not so credulous as to accept and use new things without earnest thought, careful investigation, inquiry of others, of science and of Nature. Be not so incredulous as to reject all, thinking that what is not known is not worth knowing; nor so obstinate as was said of John Hunter, "that he never gave up anything until he gave up the ghost."

The uncertainties of medicine are often referred to, and the inquiring ask, Why this sickness, and why not the infallible remedy? Many diseases arise from known and avoidable causes. In illustration it is only needful to refer to the use of alcoholic drinks, from which probably not less than one hundred thousand die annually in the United States; and to the effects of opium, of tobacco, of eating too much, and food faulty in quality; of sleeping too little or too much, or at unreasonable times, appropriating the large and the small hours of the night for doing that which would be much better done in the early evening or glowing morning. To this list add excessive labor and insufficient exercise, want of pure air and cleanliness, and various improper indulgencies. Then imagine all these causes avoided. Why, sisters and brethren of the medical profession, if such change should occur, some of us will have to look for other occupations; but the improved condition of our fellow beings will afford more pleasure than silver or gold can buy. Then there are unknown causes, such as produce contagious and miasmatic diseases; sometimes avoidable, but not always so. In time the means for their prevention may be discovered. The history of small-pox furnishes encouragement in that direction. It was shorn of much of its terrors by inoculation, for the introduction of which the civilized world was largely indebted to a woman: it was subsequently more extensively prevented with safety and little suffering by vaccination: and though this may sometimes fail, there is much evidence of its value, and abundant reason to expect, that if universally done and repeated, the disease would only be known in the history of the past.

Again, there are known and unavoidable causes, as atmospheric changes and others, producing much sickness, and visiting indiscriminately the virtuous and the vicious, the prudent and imprudent. So also are there unknown and unavoidable causes, such as those associated with epidemics. To the question, why not the infallible remedy? we can only say we are not permitted to know. Perhaps it is in accordance with the scheme of a benevolent Providence to protect man

from excesses, to induce him to seek knowledge under the direction of those stern instructors, pain and affliction, and humble him under the consciousness of his weakness and dependence.

Sickness comes because the causes are not or cannot be avoided, and whether it be to the great or lowly, it is the duty of the physician to endeavor to relieve and cure. This we hold cannot be done judiciously without the presence of the patient, without careful inquiry and examination into the symptoms, and the adaptation of means (not always medicines) in accordance therewith. The idea that there are specifics is not sustained by common observation: they may be discovered hereafter, but it must be acknowledged that very few, if any, are now known. This is a subject worthy of attention, as also that of giving medicines singly, so that their true properties and value may be better understood: in combination it is not easy to distinguish the useful from the useless.

It is wise to be influenced by principles in the management of the sick: thus, change of the temperature of the body may direct to the use of cold applications; if it is below the normal standard they would be injudicious, but, on the contrary, with elevated heat, they may do much good. To such guides, many of which exist, you may have often to appeal; as also to experience, either your own or that of others. The former may be preserved by good memory and notes: books and consultations will furnish the latter.

In conferences with other physicians, do not feel that you are only to receive the directions of a superior, but consider all suggestions, and approve or not, as best judgment may dictate; and should you be called in consultation, extend to the one in attendance due respect and deference. There is no better code of medical ethics, than "to do unto others as you would others (under similar circumstances) should do unto you." Consultations with experienced physicians are often profitable, and should be sought after rather than avoided, especially if desired by those immediately interested, who should candidly inform the attendant of such desire. And in case they wish to make a change in their physician, which we hold they have a right to do, however painful it may be to him, yet we claim that common courtesy requires he should be informed before the change is made.

To advise respecting your reading may be superfluous; but allow a few words about it. It is often better to read a subject through several books than to read one book through; and should the evening furnish the opportu-

nity, it may be instructive and comforting to see what others have recorded in relation to your experience in the day. Cases of disease occur requiring speedy attention and prompt administration: familiarize yourselves with such, carry with you medicines likely to be wanted for the relief of pains, the arrest of hemorrhage, and in the treatment of violent acute disease.

Your deportment,—shall we say anything advisory about it? It has been so uniformly kind and courteous to us, as to produce the assurance that the same character will go with you into the community; will accompany you to the couches of the sick, to the mansions of the rich, to the hovels of the poor, to the dying, the afflicted, and the bereaved. You do not need the rule suggested by Dr. Rush, save it be to guard against temptation, which, it must be admitted, sometimes exists. "Make it a rule," he says, "never to be angry with anything a sick man says or does to you. Sickness often adds to the natural irritability of temper. We are, therefore, to bear the reproaches of our patients with meekness and silence. It is folly to resent injuries at any time, but it is cowardice to resent an injury from a sick man." Again he says:—"Do not condemn or oppose unnecessarily the simple prescriptions of your patients: it is well to yield in little matters, but to be firm in those essential to life."

No better line of deportment can be pointed out than that which flows from a well-regulated mind and the influence of circumstances. With one family the sympathetic tear must fall; with another we can joy in their rejoicing; while the heart aches from the scenes in another home. But, wherever you go, carry with you cheerfulness, kindness, and gentleness of deportment, with an abiding consciousness that looks and actions may be read by anxious minds. In relation to the community, you will be permitted to see much not intended to be spoken of; you will hear much not suited for the public ear: your own sense of propriety will prompt to inviolable secrecy, even when no request of the kind has been expressed. It may be imprudent to answer the oft repeated question,—"What is the matter?" the true reply being one which should not be trusted to the keeping of another.

Punctuality is everywhere a jewel. With the physician, its strict observance may often be difficult; but it may be approached much more nearly by the careful than the careless; thus lessening the anxious waiting of the sick, and the loss of time to others.

Some of you may become teachers in the various departments of medicine. We wish

you success, not only in imparting, but also in improving the methods of instruction. This has been attained in other sciences, and there is no good reason why it should not be in ours, thus enabling the student to obtain more important knowledge in less time, and giving opportunity for needful relaxation or gain in other studies. Dr. W. Hartshorn says, "That science, whose facts and laws may be stated in the fewest words is the most advanced."

Justice. Accounts and bills may be spoken of; but it is enough to say, be just: even this may often be a nice point to determine, as after a visit to a patient it may be difficult to decide whether it is needful to make a second visit on the same or another day, and therefore repeat the charge. In such cases it has been a relief to inquire, whether such repetition of visits is desired. Some will pay us, some will not; but toward all it is ever best to entertain the disposition of the Good Samaritan; and though the Priest and the Levite may pass on the other side, yet if you pour in the oil and the wine, the reward of well-done will be yours. Dr. Johnson says:—"Every great man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusions of beneficence, and willingness to exercise a lucrative art where there was no hope of lucre."

We approach the end with a consciousness that your lot may not always be in pleasant places; but we desire that your trials may be sanctified to you; that you may experience that peace typified in nature when the storm has passed, the winds have lulled, the clouds have rolled away, the bow of beauty is arched in the heavens, and sunlight is brightening every object. The beautiful language of Dr. Rush, on an occasion similar to this, so fully accords with our feelings, that we offer you his words in expressing the desire, "that the blessings of hundreds and thousands who were ready to perish may be your portion in life, your comfort in death, and your reward in the world to come." Ladies, farewell!

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A DREAM.

Once, on a lovely summer eve,
Deep in a wood I strayed;
Far had I roamed o'er tow'ring hills,
Through field and forest glade:
And as the day was waning fast,
All nature sank to rest;
The setting sun, the fleecy clouds
In gold and crimson drest.

No habitation near me rose;
I feared to lose my way,
So sought a green and mossy bank,
And down to rest I lay:

And lo! it seemed while lying there
The night had passed away,
And once more shone the glorious sun,
And sweetly smiled the day.

But oh! how changed was all around!
What wonders rose to view!
For, with the sombre shades of night,
The wood had vanished too;
And in its place a wondrous scene
Of beauty met the eye,
In all the rich diversity
Of hill, and dale, and sky.

The clouds obscured the bright blue vault;
The hills with sunlight glowed:
Across the meadows green and bright,
Pellucid streamlets flowed:
While through the valley's fertile plains,
A mighty river rolled
Its winding course 'tween emerald banks,
And fields of waving gold.

The stately trees high o'er my head
Their branches widely flung:
While luscious fruit on ev'ry side
In tempting clusters hung:
And fragrant flowers of ev'ry hue
Bloomed in profusion there,
And poured their grateful perfumes forth,
Sweet incense to the air;

While countless birds around me flew
And carolled forth their lays,—
Their little throats were swelling with
A thousand notes of praise;
From tree to tree, with glist'ning plumes,
They gaily coursed along,
And made the whole expanse of air
Melodious with their song.

Then o'er the landscape's wide extent,
I saw with spell-bound eyes,
From out the midst of shady groves
And blooming gardens, rise
With stately grandeur, mansions bright
And temples—vast and high,
Whose shining domes and flashing spires
Rose upward to the sky.

The walls, inlaid with precious stones,
Shone with refulgent light:
The domes and spires were burnished gold
And silver, pure and bright;
Of massive pearl the gates were formed,
And ever open stood,
To welcome to their portals wide
The noble and the good.

And through the gate, in ceaseless streams,
Passed happy, radiant bands;
With robes of white, and golden crowns,
And harps within their hands;
And as a'long the silv'ry meads
And flower-strewn paths they trod,
The air resounded with their sweet
Thanksgiving hymns to God!

While over all this peace'ul scene,
Through all the ambient air,
A holy presence seemed to shed
Its peaceful influence there;
A heavenly calm prevailed around,
My heart with joy o'erflowed;
I longed to make that Paradise
My future blest abode!

When lo ! before me soon there stood
 A Being—bright and fair !
 Thick clust'ring o'er his shoulders fell
 A wealth of golden hair :
 While love, such as no mortal knows,
 Beamed in his clear blue eyes ;
 I could not doubt the presence of
 An inmate of the skies !

Descending to his feet there flowed
 A robe of purest white,
 And radiate from his heav'nly head
 Shone beams of living light :
 He seemed to move within a sphere
 Of light and peace and love,
 Such as alone encompasses
 Perfected souls above !

But when he turned his love-lit eyes
 In steadfast gaze on me,
 A tremor ran through all my frame
 From deep humility :
 Beneath that searching glance I knew
 My inmost heart lay bare :
 No skill could hide the record dark
 That sin had written there.

And with alternate hope and fear,
 I hung upon each word ;
 When thus, in accents soft and low,
 His gentle voice I heard !
 "If thou wouldst win these peaceful scenes
 For thine eternal home—
 If to these realms of light and love
 Thy spirit yearns to come—

"Then strive, while yet thou hast the power,
 To choose the better part,
 And let thy loving Lord create
 In thee a purer heart !
 From sin and self and worldly lusts,
 Oh, set thy spirit free,
 And do to others as thou wouldst
 That they should do to thee !

"Forget not that the Master's voice
 Is ever heard within,
 With silent, solemn warnings fraught
 To shun the paths of sin !
 In times of doubt 'twill ever prove
 A sure, unerring guide,
 An Anchor strong, a Beacon bright,
 Whenever storms betide !

"No hopeless task for mortal aims
 Has God decreed shall be
 The talisman, that opens wide
 The gates of Heaven to thee ;
 But tread, with humble feet, the path
 The lowly Jesus trod :
 With justice act—and mercy love—
 Walk humbly with thy God !"

His words sank deep within my heart ;
 In fear, I sought to pray—
 When lo ! before my waking eyes
 The vision passed away !
 'Twas all a dream ! but while I live,
 Its teachings let me prize,
 That when my earthly life is o'er,
 My soul to God may rise.

R. T.

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

The Opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

At half-past six o'clock this morning, the first train, carrying the Commission appointed to proceed to Modane, there to meet the French Commission, left the station at Turin. The train consisted of about twenty carriages. All along the line and at the intermediate stations crowds of peasants from the neighboring villages, with bands playing the Royal March, saluted the train. At half past ten precisely, the train entered the tunnel at Bardonnecchia, amid enthusiastic cheering. The tunnel was traversed in twenty-one minutes precisely. All the carriages kept the windows open, there being no smoke at all. The temperature was 23 centigrade. The train arrived at Modane at 11 o'clock.

A Trip Through the Tunnel.

I confess I felt some compunction about thus smuggling myself, as it were, through the Alps before the great dark thoroughfare cut through the heart of the great mountain chain had been hallowed, as it were, by the opening ceremony. I had made up my mind to get over to Col de Fréjus, or the Col de la Ronc, from Modane to Bardonnèche, in my own old way, and had ordered mules for what might, in all probability, have been my last Alpine journey. There were, however, not even mules to be had at Modane, and my companions, were not equal to a seven-hours' walk up and down hill, so nothing was left but a seat in the Fell Railway omnibus, a detestable and discreditable concern, in which, as our experience from St. Michel to Modane had proved, when they have charged you full value for a first-class ticket, they crowd all the second and third-class passengers upon you till no room is left to breathe. Greatly as I think the future generation may be congratulated on the easy access they have obtained in Italy, I almost think old stagers like myself will have cause to regret some of the sensations with which they used, in their by-gone days, to be ushered into the "paradise of Europe." The transition is generally from gloom to glare, from night chill to morning warmth. "The very horses and other cattle," as it often has been observed, "feel the genial change, and they usually cheer up and frisk and gambol, testifying, by their neighing, braying, bellowing, the joy with which they hail, in the prospect of the fair region before them, the reward of the toils they endured in the long weary ascent on the other side." The descent is almost everywhere rapid, abrupt, precipitous. Life grows apace around you at every downward stride ; at the altitude where stunted firs thinly marked the bare rocks on the French, Swiss

IF we think of religion only as a means of escaping what we call the wrath to come, we shall not escape it ; we are under the burden of death, for we care only for ourselves.

or Austrian side, the chestnut and the walnut, in all their luxuriance, fill the Italian glen. The fig-tree shades the humblest cottage almost up to the mountain crest, and where the brown and sere surface of the soil at this advanced season strikes you as unredeemed barrenness, you may see on a nearer approach that the effect is produced by the stubble of the small patches of field, alternated with the small patches of vineyard, cultivated by the hardy mountaineers on crags and cliffs, where one would almost fancy the very goat would fear to venture.

But, after all, you cannot avoid your Alps and enjoy them at the same time. Our purpose in coming all the way from London to this place was to know how one could manage to accomplish the journey without seeing the mountain we had to cross, and that was done in as simple a way as one might get from the Charing Cross to the Temple station of the London Underground Railway. When we were all ready, Valvassori gave the signal, some one called out "Partenza," the engine gave its shrill whistle and away we rolled with the most beautiful ease, Regaldi chatting away in his warm, eloquent manner; at first passing the glow-worm-like lanterns of men still at work, then in dark, deep stillness, till, after thirty minutes, we emerged into daylight at the opposite entrance at Bardonnèche. Half an hour before we were in France. We were now on Italian ground. Our carriage was last in the line, and as the engine worked backward we were close to it. Both our windows were wide open, and we had not the least imaginable inconvenience from smoke or steam. There was no perceptible difference between the inside and the outside air, and one of my companions slumbered through nearly the whole distance. The fact that the engine was in our rear was certainly in our favor, but the unanimous evidence of all who had come through in the morning went far to establish that they also had experienced no unpleasant sensation, and the difference of temperature could only be detected by Valvassori's glass, which marked a few degrees of additional warmth in the tunnel. The highest degree attained in to-day's journey has been eighteen degrees centigrade. Graton's glass in a previous trip rose to twenty-one degrees. A more triumphant success than has in every respect crowned this great work could hardly have been anticipated by its most sanguine well-wishers. Our pace throughout the crossing seemed fairly rapid and even; and the time employed, both in the up and down journey of between seven and eight English miles, was precisely thirty-eight minutes, but the average time allowed to trains when the line shall be in full operation is

calculated at twenty minutes.—*London Papers.*

OVER-WORK OF THE MIND IN CHILDREN.

In an article on "Physical Disease from Mental Strain," in the April number of the *American Journal of Insanity*, Dr. Richardson treats very ably the subject of mental over-work. He divides into six classes those who are sufferers by it—the last of which is the student. Notwithstanding the fact that all parents and teachers were once children themselves, and passed through about the same dangers, sorrows, and pleasures which fall to the lot of their little ones, many of them do not know how much work the youthful mind is capable of performing without being over-taxed. The child is mostly the subject of the arbitrary will-power of those who educate him, and can scarcely be said in these matters to exercise any inclination of his own, his part being quiet submission. It is well enough to teach a child obedience, but his task-masters too often mistake incapacity to perform continued severe mental labor for indolence, and require more work of him than is good for his health. Dr. Richardson says:

"The extent to which over-mental strain is injurious to the young varies according to the kind and character of work. The endeavor to fill the minds of children with artificial information leads to one or two results. Not unfrequently in the very young it gives rise to direct disease of the brain itself, to deposit of tubercle, if there be predisposition to that disease, to convulsive attacks, or even to epilepsy. In less extreme cases, it causes simple weakness and exhaustion of the mental organs, with irregularity of power. The child may grow up with a memory taxed with technicals, and impressed so forcibly that it is hard to make way for other knowledge, and added to these mischiefs there may be, and often is, the further evil, that the brain, owing to the labor put on it, becomes too fully and easily developed, too firm, and too soon mature, so that it remains throughout manhood always a large child's brain, very wonderful in a child, and equally ridiculous in a man or woman. The development in an excessive degree of one particular faculty is also a common cause of feebleness."

The doctor gives the following interesting example of the overtaxing of the faculty of memory:

"I knew an instance in which a child was 'blessed' with a marvellous gift of verbal memory. This being his 'forte,' his teacher, who wished every scholar to be remarkable for something beyond other scholars, played on this 'forte' powerfully, and with wonderful effect. By constant cultivation of the one

faculty, this marvellous boy could learn off fifty lines of *Paradise Lost*, or any other English book, at a single reading, and could repeat his lesson on the spot, without missing a word or omitting a comma. But the result was this, that when this remarkable boy was sent to a university to learn a profession, he was beaten in the learning of detailed and detached facts by every fellow-student. Seeing slowly but surely where his weakness lay, this student ceased at last to call into play his remarkable talent. It was a terrible task; he accomplished it at last, to a considerable degree, but never effectually. For a long time he made mistakes that were most annoying; he was unable, for instance, to cast up accurately any column of figures, he forgot dates, he ran over or under important appointments, misnamed authors in speaking of works of art or letters, and in reasoning he would mix up two or three subjects. It took him full ten long years to unlearn his wonderful technical art."

We cannot be too careful of the mental and physical training of the young. Upon it depends a hardy and vigorous maturity.

HAND SHAKING.—How did people first get into the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of other protection, two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each other the right hand—the hand alike of offense and defense, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did it to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he is a double-dyed traitor and villain and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand shaking prevails, more or less, among all civilized nations, and it is the tacit avowal of friendship and good-will, just as the kiss is of a warmer feeling.

HYGIENE.

Some useful hints are given in medical periodicals which make a speciality of the subject of hygiene respecting the preservation of health. It would seem that some of the old notions about early rising, exercise, etc., are to be greatly modified if we are to keep on good terms with our medical authorities.

They tell us early rising is not by any means the best of habits; that the system needs all the sleep it can get, etc. We rather suspect that doctors often differ, because some of them do not discriminate. Early rising for children is surely not desirable. In winter seven o'clock comes soon enough for them. Old folks do not need so much sleep. Nature makes the suggestions in this respect, and the part of wisdom is to follow them. There is no use whatever in lying awake for hours in the morning; and when the disposition to sleep is wanting, the plain indication is that it is time to get up, even though the sun should be an hour below the horizon. Violent exercise is seldom useful. It was noticed by the early Greeks that no one who in early youth won the prize at the Olympic games ever distinguished himself afterwards. The same principle holds good in regard to over-tasking the mental powers in early life. An overworked brain is the source of sorrows in later years. The old system of cramming, which used to be so much in vogue in *first-class* schools, was often injurious. The true policy is to insist upon healthful physical development and to avoid all evils of excess.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A GREAT CALIFORNIA ORCHARD.

A few days ago it was our pleasure to visit the orchard of John Briggs, located about two miles south of Yuba City, in Sutter county. The proprietor is the owner of 426 acres, mostly bottom land, lying along the west bank of the Feather river. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, and composed of the yearly deposits of the river many years ago. No better or richer land is to be found in the State, and the orchard we shall briefly notice promises to be the pride of the Briggs Brothers, who have a State reputation as orchardists and fruit-growers. Before reaching the orchard proper we rode through a field of 150 acres of castor beans, growing in the most luxurious manner—which field, by the by, is to give place to a new orchard next year, the fruit trees for the same at present growing in the nursery by the side of the field of castor beans, and containing 25,000 one-year-old budded peach trees, 16,000 plum trees, 6,000 Eastern walnuts, 25,000 California walnuts, 2,000 apple trees, 500 Italian chestnut trees, &c. Passing along through this forest of young trees we arrived at the present peach orchard, consisting of 600 trees two years old, and some of them bearing this season 150 pounds of peaches. These trees have made a remarkable growth, owing to the rich ground upon which they are planted, and in another year will make a tremendous yield of fruit. We next rode into the cherry orchard, con-

taining three thousand of the most thrifty young trees ever seen on any ground. The different varieties—fifteen in number—gave this orchard a variety of aspect, and broke up the usual monotony of the steeple-like formed cherry orchard. These cherry trees were all imported from Rochester, New York, about three years ago. Off to the south of this wonderful wilderness are twenty-five hundred plum trees, of twelve varieties, and five hundred apple trees, mostly winter varieties. Passing the peach orchard, we reached the apricots—twenty-two hundred in number—which are also two years old, and have borne a fair crop the present season. This orchard presented a sad sight in one respect. The late heavy storm had prostrated many of the trees entire, while in others the limbs had been torn off as if a tremendous tornado had swept over the place. However, the trees were healthy and stout, notwithstanding the mutilations here and there. On returning from the orchard by the wagon road we had entered, we visited Briggs Brothers' steam-power castor-oil mill. Here we found a magnificent hydraulic press, with eighty pounds pressure, and possessing a capacity of compressing three hundred gallons of oil per day. The mill also contained twenty tons of castor beans and twenty-five hundred gallons of oil, nicely bottled and cased and ready for market.—*Marysville Standard.*

THE animosities are mortal, but the humanities live forever.

ITEMS.

IN Russia, the Czar has recently issued an order granting to women certain rights in that empire from which they have hitherto been excluded. They are to be allowed to act as surgeons, to vaccinate, to be employed as apothecaries, and the institutions for the instruction of women in midwifery are to be enlarged in every possible direction. They are to have every facility in educational establishments; to be employed in telegraphy and as accountants; and the field of female labor is to be not only extended, but thoroughly protected by the Czar's personal supervision.

THE Horticultural School for Women, at Newton, Mass., opened in Sixth mo., 1870, for the purpose of educating young women to carry on or superintend gardens and greenhouses, has proved a success. During the last year the class has consisted of eight young ladies, who have spent from six to eight hours daily in the garden or greenhouse, doing all except the heaviest and coarsest work, and from thirty to forty minutes in recitations in botany and subjects connected with it. One of the members of the class is now about to start a garden and greenhouse at Jamaica Plains, and another at some point near Boston.

At the recent Cambridge (England) Local Examination for Women, 127 candidates entered, as against 84 in 1870, and 36 in 1869, when the ex-

amination was instituted. The number actually examined was 107, of whom 37 failed to pass. Last year 21 out of 72 failed. It is noteworthy, as showing a wider range of attainments in the candidates, that, while the proportion of failures in the compulsory subjects is greater this year than last, in all others it is less. For the first time, too, candidates this year have won a place in the "honor classes" in mathematics and moral science. In the "languages" group several were very successful, one lady obtaining special marks of distinction in Latin, French and German.

THE great wall of China is 1500 miles long and nearly 2000 years old. It is said to contain material sufficient to rear all the dwelling-houses in England, Wales, and Scotland, and whose very towers would erect a city as large as London. It runs round the north and west of the Empire of China for a distance of 1500 miles, from near Souchow to near Peking, and was erected about 213 years before Christ, 2083 years ago, in the reign of the Emperor Tsin-shihwang, 50,000 workmen being employed on it.

It is said that one cord of wood will manufacture eight hundred pounds of paper. One ton of straw gives seven hundred and fifty pounds. Wood suffers a waste of ten per cent., straw from thirty to seventy per cent., according to the kind of paper made. There seems to be no question of superiority between the two materials—local conditions determining their precedence. The very best paper that can be made without the addition of rags seems to be that made from equal parts of wood and straw. Four tons of paper are manufactured daily at the largest paper mill in the United States. This paper is sized in the ordinary manner; 200 pounds requiring only one pound of glue.

DR. KNEELAND recently exhibited to the members of the Boston Society of Natural History several specimens of glass, marble, and hard stones, engraved, carved, and grooved by the action of sand driven by a blast of air or steam. The surface being covered with perforated paper or a stencil plate, the parts exposed by the perforations are cut rapidly and accurately; while the covered parts are untouched, protected, it is supposed, by the elasticity of the paper or metal. He drew attention (as reported in the *American Naturalist*) to this industrial process, as illustrating the advantage of diffusing as a common branch of knowledge, information on the forces of Nature; and, in this instance, on dynamical geology. This process, which promises to revolutionize one of the most extensive of the industrial arts, is simply carrying out what natural forces have been doing to the surface rocks of our continent for ages. Sands, carried by strong and steady winds, passing over rocks often wear them smooth, or cover them with grooves and scratches, as noticed and figured by Mr. Blake in the granite rocks at San Bernardino Pass, California. Quartz rocks were there found polished, the softer feldspar being cut away. When the latter had been protected by garnets, projections were left, tipped with the hard garnets, pointing, like fingers, in the direction of the wind. On the surface of the great Colorado desert the pebbles are finely polished by the drifting sand, or variously grooved, according to the hardness of their substance. Prof. J. Wyman also mentions that glass windows on Cape Cod have holes worn in them by the drifting sands blown by the winds.—*N. Y. Independent.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*

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GEORGE DILLWYN.

From "Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of Friends," published by the Tract Association of Friends, No. 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia, we select the following from the account of George Dillwyn. The name of G. Dillwyn, who deceased in Sixth month, 1820, in the 83d year of his age, is associated with the wise and good of a past generation. The little volume entitled, "Dillwyn's Reflections," we doubt not may be found in the libraries of many Friends, whose parents were the cotemporaries of its author. It contains many gems of thought, untarnished by time, having been gathered from the mine of Truth.

George Dillwyn was born in Philadelphia, on the 26th day of the Second month, 1738. His parents were members of the religious Society of Friends. His father was removed by death when he was quite young, leaving him to the sole care of his mother, who was enabled, through the Lord's holy assistance, to exercise a wise and restraining influence over him. Her watchful care over his conduct, and pious concern for his soul's best welfare, were no doubt blessed to him, yet he was often thoughtless in his actions, and at times little outward evidence could be seen of the

operation of that principle of light and Truth which was at work in his soul.

He manifested a strong tendency to profligacy in dress and a great fondness for vain amusements. These, no doubt, often grieved the heart of his mother, and caused the secret prayer to arise that God would enamour his soul with such a love for the ornaments of the Christian character, and such a taste for heavenly refreshment, that all outward adorning would appear to him as less than nothing and vanity, and all earthly pleasures as trouble in disguise. Among other foolish habits he was wont to indulge in whistling. When Thomas Gawthrop, that honest old seaman, was on his second religious visit to this country, in the year 1755 or '6, he was sitting at the dinner-table in a Friend's house, when George Dillwyn entered the room, whistling in his usual thoughtless manner. Thomas ceased eating, laid down his knife, and in accents of strong feeling, said, "I wished for the wings of a dove, to be with you; and now you make my heart sick!" This short sermon made a powerful impression on the lad to whom it was addressed, and it was remembered and repeated by him in very advanced life.

In the early part of his life Geo. Dillwyn was in Lancaster for a short time. During that period the following occurrence took place. As he was walking in the street one day, he beheld the Deputy-Governor of the province approaching, and at the sight an in-

timation was inwardly given him, "Thou must address him in the singular language." He had not yet learned to take up the Cross of Christ and despise the shame, and therefore he met the dignitary with the usual salutation, "How do you do, sir?" as he bowed his head and touched his hat, with that flourish of the hand, which is intended to say, "You may consider my head uncovered." Condemnation followed in the mind of the young man for this compliance with the fashions of the world, in opposition to the sense of duty which had been clearly given to him. In anguish of spirit he paced up and down the streets, despising himself for his weakness and folly. Some time after he again met the Governor, and, in a vivid feeling of his past troubles for unfaithfulness, he touched not his hat, while the simple Quaker salutation, "How dost thou do?" passed from his lips. In the latter part of his life, while relating this circumstance, and commenting on the comfort he felt for this little act of faithfulness, he said, "It was as if a pebble had been removed from the spring's mouth, so sweetly did the stream of consolation flow."

In the latter part of 1759, when but little more than twenty-one years of age, George Dillwyn married Sarah Hill of Philadelphia. He then entered into business, in which he met with many losses and disappointments. Honest in principle, he felt himself bound to pay every one of his creditors in full, which, by dint of economy and retrenchment, he effected. During these temporal trials which beset his path, and which helped to drive him to the Fountain of love for comfort, an honest Menonist, who loved him and was anxiously concerned for his best interest, one day thus accosted him: "Georgey, I heard de was in drouble, and I was very glad of it!" The speaker, no doubt, had learned, from heartfelt experience, that trouble springeth not "out of the ground;" that it is "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and that it still remains to be a truth that "acceptable men" are tried "in the furnace of affliction."

As the trials of life began more and more to press upon him, his inward desires after holiness grew stronger and stronger. Through the effectual baptisms of the Holy Spirit, the process of regeneration was carried on, and in that closely proving season, he witnessed a preparation for entering upon the exercise of a gift in the ministry, which the Lord Jesus Christ had conferred upon him. This was in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

Some of his friends were slow to receive the conviction that he was really an anointed minister; but as he endeavored patiently to keep to his gift, his heavenly Master made

way for him, and removed one by one the fears and the prejudices which at first prevailed against him.

He was deeply impressed with the mercy which had been extended to him, and, in looking back over the many sins and corruptions which had marked his youthful years, he was ready to query, "If I am accepted, who can be rejected?" Feeling the universality of the love of God to every soul which He had created, and remembering his own deliverance, no wonder that he should often be led to treat thereon in his ministry. Indeed, so emphatically did he declare that God will eth not the death of him that dieth—so earnestly set forth the sufficiency of the means of grace and salvation for the redemption of all—that some mistook him, and a fear that he was tending to "Universalism" was one of the causes which prevented full unity with him for a time. As way was made for him in the minds of his friends, he was soon called abroad to travel in the work of the ministry. One of his first visits of any length was through the Southern States, with Samuel Emlen and Thomas Scattergood, the latter of whom had not then opened his mouth as a minister.

Thomas Scattergood, after his return from a journey to the East, in 1781, passed through many fiery baptisms and spiritual exercises, and was thereby prepared in humble faithfulness to wait on the gift committed to him, and to minister in the Lord's time, and under the fresh anointing, in life and power. In the First month, 1783, the elders of the meeting he belonged to called the attention of the meeting to his public appearances as a minister among them. Great unity was expressed with his Gospel labors, and a proposition was made to acknowledge his gift in the ministry by recommending him to the Quarterly Meeting of Ministers and Elders. Some Friends, though uniting with him, yet were not disposed to move along so fast, and proposed that the case should lay over another month for consideration. Others thought, that as the meeting had entered into the subject, and had fully and freely expressed its unity with him, the business had better be finished at that time. Some discordant remarks were made, and as the discussion continued, Thomas, who had been sitting under religious exercise, arose, and, after premising that though the unity of his friends was precious to him, yet the time of publicly acknowledging it was of no consequence, proceeded to labor in Gospol power and authority. So remarkably was he favored, that when he took his seat the subject of recommending him at that time being revived, not a dissenting voice was heard. It seemed as though the over-

shadowing of heavenly good attending was a seal of Divine approval appreciated by all present.*

Although his services were generally acceptable to Friends, George often experienced times of desertion and conflict, in which he was buffeted by Satan. During one of these seasons he was at a meeting in Philadelphia, in which a Friend from England spoke encouragingly to his state, as he thought, yet he seemed unable to lay hold of it, and could derive no comfort or satisfaction therefrom. After meeting he wandered about the streets disconsolate, and apparently without any other purpose than an endeavor to escape from himself. Without knowing whither he was going, he had approached Wm. Wilson's door, and, upon recognizing the place, concluded to go in and see that worthy Elder. As he entered the door, William cried out, in a cheerful voice, "George Dillwyn, thou art the very man I wanted to see! I have just received a letter from Samuel Emlen, who says, 'Give my love to dear George Dillwyn, and tell him, we *know* in whom we have believed.'" This message from his dear companion came to the soul of the mourner in the very spirit of true Gospel ministry, reviving his faith, animating his love, and awakening gratitude and praise. The clouds of gloom fled away, and once more, in hope and confidence, he could look towards the Lord's holy habitation. Trials and exercises he held to be needful for all Christian travellers, but particularly for ministers of the Gospel.

During the troubles of the American Revolution, he thus wrote to a Friend, Fifth month 8th, 1781: "We were yesterday invited to the burial of Edmund Hollinshead: but it being our Monthly Meeting, and the day inclement, few went from Burlington to it. Indeed, *such changes* don't appear to make the same impression on our minds now as in serener days. They rather look like escapes from approaching storm; and our concern for the departed is lost in apprehension for the living."

In 1784, George Dillwyn left America, with the unity of his Friends, to pay a religious visit in England, in which country he principally resided for the next eighteen years. His wife, a valuable woman and true helpmeet, accompanied him. It has been pleasantly said, that when he was about starting, she went into the men's Monthly Meeting at Burlington, where they then resided, and asked the advice of the meeting whether she had better accompany him or

not, saying, "I am resigned to go or stay; but I believe I am most resigned to go."

George Dillwyn, a short time before his decease, told a friend who had gone from Philadelphia to visit him, that he had had a heavenly visitation when only four years old. This merciful extension of Divine regard was experienced by him while at meeting in the old Market Street house. He said, that after that visitation he had wandered far and wide, yet he never lost sight of it at any time, and the remembrance of the feelings he had then known remained with him, and was as a rallying point.

His religious services in England were very much confined to London and its neighborhood. Things were, according to the account given in his letters, very low in our religious Society there; and he says in meetings for discipline, "the guidance of a wisdom superior to human, appears to be but little waited for or attended to, as the rule of action." While there, George was much led into family visits, in which his dear friend and fellow-countryman, Samuel Emlen, frequently joined him. He returned to America in 1791, having visited parts of Holland and France, as well as England and Ireland.

As to personal appearance, George was a handsome man, though corpulent; his complexion in middle age was so ruddy and healthy, that even in England it was thought fine, and rich in color. He was about five feet nine inches in height; his usual dress was drab, although sometimes it almost approached a brown. His voice was in younger life very melodious, and though impaired by age, yet it was agreeable to the close of his life. In matter, he was evangelical—in mode of delivery sententious—and peculiarly solemn and sweet in prayer. Age, which took the color from his cheek, and somewhat of the silver tone from his voice, but added to his heavenly-mindedness, and his religious sensibility.

In 1793, under an impression of duty, he removed with his wife to London, believing that his labors in the ministry for a few years would be principally in the neighborhood of that city. Samuel Emlen, who was there when he arrived, thus writes to his friend, Henry Drinker, of Philadelphia, under date Eighth month 23d, 1793:

"Our beloved George Dillwyn and wife met with a very cordial welcome among Friends in this city. I think George, indeed, honored of his Master, and wisely careful not to rob Him of that honor which is only to be ascribed to Him, who is infinite in wisdom, and mighty in power, for promoting the work of righteousness and Truth through such instruments as He chooses. I don't find

* A memoir of the life and religious labors of this dedicated follower of the Lord Jesus has been published. See Friends' Library, vol. viii.

George has any idea of an *establishment* in London; his amiable Sarah, though allowing England to be a fine country, evinces a strong preference for the land of our nativity. George desires my offering thee his brotherly salutation, and I know from conversation heretofore, that he does love thee. I sometimes see Dr. Edwards, who offered me a hundred thousand acres of land, saying he is employed by thee, and some others, as a vendor. I told him, it would be very strange, if I, who came over to this country to persuade people to think more of heaven than of earth, should become a purchaser of a *hundred thousand acres of land!*"

While residing in London, George Dillwyn was so often led to administer the word of reproof, that some of his high-minded hearers, whose backslidden or unregenerate state he had sharply spoken to, became much dissatisfied with him. The knowledge of this sometimes caused him deep discouragement, and he often went mourning on his way, in a sense of the degeneracy of many, and the dislike of a few. During one such season of depression, the prospect that it would be right for him to hold an evening meeting in that city opened before his mind. He was so much cast down, that he thought as his Master had led him to utter such hard things, no way would open in the minds of Friends to appoint a meeting for him, and in this tried state he remained for a few days. In the mean time, Thomas Scattergood, who was also then engaged in a religious visit in England, came into the city, and after remaining a short period, felt a concern to appoint an evening meeting. The meeting was held. Thomas had no vocal service therein, but George Dillwyn was largely opened in Gospel power and authority to unfold the Lord's message to the people. When the meeting was about closing, Thomas Scattergood arose, and said, that when he had entered London a few days previously, the language had run through his mind, "What if thou shouldst appoint a meeting for thy elder brother." He said that he had not understood the query, and the remembrance of it was quite taken from him, at the time the concern came upon him to have the people collected for an evening meeting. "I have appointed a meeting," he added, "in which I have had nothing to say, but my elder brother has had the service."

On the 14th day of the Seventh month, 1800, Thomas Scattergood wrote a letter to his friend George Dillwyn, from which we extract a few passages. They were yet both in England. "Thou art, I think, just right with respect to comparing, or bringing us back to youthful days. I was a *diver*, and

thou and I have had our dips under the water together, since the day we met in this land. How singular, and yet how comfortable was it, on reading thy lines, to remember afresh the thoughts of my heart respecting thee, within these few days past—they came up somewhat after this manner; for I may assure thee, I have had a very deep plunge: 'There is my friend and brother, George Dillwyn, who appears to be bearing me company, and seems like another Ezekiel; he has prepared his stuff, and has removed; he has had a singular life in this land, much like mine; he has returned again, and though I am separated from wife and children, etc., yet he appears like one bound as I am. I have seen him as a mark that has been shot at, and the archers have wounded him.' From thoughts like these my mind was brought into near fellowship with thee. Was not this like *diving* under the water, and *touching*? Can thou recollect that we can see one another under the water, when we cannot speak? I have often wanted to say more to thee, but when with thee have been restrained."

Many very apt illustrations are to be found in the writings and sayings of George Dillwyn, and though not of so poetic a cast of mind as James Simpson, his similes are generally striking. The following extract of a letter from David Sands to Thos. Scattergood embodies one of them. "I have heard of thy late trial in the loss of thy dear daughter, and I believe do sympathize with thee in that and other afflictive dispensations, yet have not the least doubt but all those things that we meet with, and which may seem little else to our taste than the wormwood and gall, are but like the strong winds sent to bring the leaky ship to a safe port. As I remember to have heard dear George Dillwyn say, when in America, to an afflicted Friend, 'Our proper business at such times is to keep the head of the vessel the right way; if we do so, we shall gain by such dispensations.'"

George Dillwyn thus laconically writes to Thomas Scattergood: "Thou and I correspond, in the letter way, like poor day-laborers who have but little to spare to each other. The sparing of that little, however, seems to be saying, 'If I had more thou shouldst be heartily welcome to it.' I may congratulate thee on thy finish at Devonshire house [a family visit], and was pleased with thy retreat into the country, though such little recesses from service often remind me of a speech of the mate of the ship *Pigou*, one morning to the sailors: 'Come, lads, step down and get your breakfasts as quick as you can, and then you will have nothing to do but to work.'"

For Friends' Intelligencer
BRIEF NOTES. NO. 3.

On Rising in Time of Prayer.

Before entering upon the consideration of this subject, I wish to premise a few general remarks on prayer.

Prayer should be considered in relation to the forms and circumstances under which it is presented. It may be either mental or vocal. When vocal it may be either private, public or conventional.

Mental Prayer.—Embraces every silent, devotional aspiration of the soul.

Private Prayer.—When offered, alone, in the privacy and retirement of the closet.

Public Prayer.—When an individual offers an extemporaneous petition in a public assembly.

Conventional Prayer.—When the minister or class leader calls the audience, "Let us pray," and reads some selected form from a prayer book or church liturgy.

My remarks can only apply to the two latter forms of prayer.

It may be difficult to trace the time-venerated custom of rising in time of prayer to its origin; or to determine by what authority, or for what purpose it was instituted. But from the fragments of church history which remain to us, it appears that the practice existed in the Christian churches about the close of the second century; in connection with what I have designated conventional prayer. I do not find any earlier mention of it as a Christian usage; but it had at that early period assumed so exaggerated a form as to suggest to my mind, that its source would probably be found far down in the calendar of heathen and idolatrous worship, as a means of the crafty priest to secure his ascendancy over the people.

About the time referred to (the close of the second century) history informs us that, "The preacher frequently concluded his sermon with an exhortation to his audience to stand up and pray to God, standing being the usual posture of praying at least the constant one on Sundays, on which days they esteem it a sin to kneel. When the congregation stood up, they all turned their faces toward the east, which was their usual custom." "The congregation being thus turned towards the east, they put themselves into a posture of prayer, stretching out their hands and lifting up their eyes towards heaven." "The people did not vocally join with the minister in the prayer, but satisfied themselves with testifying their assent to what he had expressed by saying, *Amen*, or *So be it*."

I believe it has not been shown that the practice of rising in time of prayer, was introduced into the Christian church until

after the priests, in imitation of their idolatrous prototypes, had gained the ascendancy, and spread the gloomy pall of their craft over the people.

Where this state of things already exists, or where there is an established liturgy, a conventional form of prayer, to be used on special occasions, as they occur,—where the congregation may be presumed to be familiar with the several forms, and to know which one has been appropriated for the occasion,—it may be a fitting accompaniment of the other conventional forms and rituals which the people practice for, and, no doubt, honestly believe to be Divine worship.

But, however consistent the practice of rising may be with the formal repetition of conventional prayers, it seems difficult to reconcile its use in what I have defined, public prayer.

At the period of the rise of the religious Society of Friends, it may have been a general, if not universal custom, for the people to rise in time of prayer.—a practice which they, as a religious organization, did not then feel required to renounce. It might have been inexpedient for them to have done so. This expediency, if it ever existed, has long since ceased to exist, and I am unable to comprehend why our religious Society, after having renounced so many vain and empty forms, should cling so pertinaciously to this observance. If we really believe that "God is a Spirit, and that they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit," we may well inquire whether would this spiritual worship be better performed in the stillness and quiet of the body, than amidst the bustle and noise consequent on rising? I have always felt it to be a disturbing element, to rise on so solemn an occasion. May it not be time for us seriously to consider whether we rise from mere traditional usage, or from a solemn sense of religious duty?

While all were satisfied with and voluntarily observed the practice, no one felt burdened by it; but that has long ceased to be the case. There are many who feel it a burden upon their consciences. While we should all unite in the great and fundamental principle of the Society—the LIGHT OF CHRIST IN THE SOULS OF MEN—there is room for greater charity, one towards another, in relation to non essentials—mere matters of opinion. As regards these, I would adopt the sentiment of the good Tertullian, more than seventeen centuries ago: "It ought to be left to the free choice of men to embrace that religion which seems to them most agreeable to truth. No one is injured by another man's religion. It is not an act of religion to force religion, which ought to be adopted spontaneously, not by compulsion."

Public prayer, from a properly qualified and authorized instrument, whether it be to plead for mercy, to crave a blessing, or to ascribe thanksgiving and praise unto God, is one of the most solemn and impressive acts of Divine worship of which the mind of man is capable. But public prayer has been and too often is desecrated. There are "money changers," and "those who sell doves" in the temple. The solemn act of offering prayer to the Most High has been made a merchantable commodity, to be bargained for, bought and sold like meat upon the shambles. Men ask a stipulated price for praying for others, who, in turn, pay them the perquisite to pray for them, hoping thus to purchase their own salvation with dollars and cents. It may be feared that money is not the only recompense which men seek for praying. They may, like some formerly, "Love to pray, standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men." And amidst the general declension, it must not be presumed that we, as a religious body, have alone escaped contamination. We too may sometimes have unauthorized supplications, which proceed from the lips only, and do not commend themselves to the better feelings of the pure in spirit. But the custom of rising is too arbitrary to permit the hearers to discriminate. It is claimed as a mark of approbation and respect by the speaker, and non compliance is consequently construed into *disrespect* and a violation of good order.

A supplicant may approach the Divine Presence with polluted lips; he may be, in the true sense of the word, a hireling; he may be, personally, a stranger; his petition is unknown, and cannot be anticipated; and when offered may prove to be repugnant to the principles and better feelings of the hearers. In such an emergency, how should they demean themselves? The answer may be, as it has already been on similar inquiries, evasive; that the rule only applies to those ministers who have been approved by the Society. But the predicates of this answer are inadmissible. The approval may have been injudiciously given; or it may have been insufficient to restrain the speaker within approved limits. It also does great injustice to many young ministers whose offerings are unexceptionable, but who have not yet obtained the formal recognition of the Society as approved ministers.

Again, admit that the supplicant is properly fitted, and commissioned for the service, what then? The ready reply is—rise. But just here another consideration presents. Whatever may be the state of individuals, it cannot be supposed that

a mixed audience, as a whole, will just at that crisis feel imbued with the spirit of prayer, or susceptible of being suddenly brought into that condition. What are they to do? Must they sit still, and incur censure for their honest consistency, or rise in obedience to the stern mandate of a dubious custom, and show their hypocrisy by pretending to be in a condition which they may not have attained to?

I am aware of the maxim, "Licentiousness begins where liberty ends." I have expressed my own sentiments, let others do the same; but let us not assume too confidently that we are right, or others wrong; for it must be obvious that John differs from James, just as much as James does from John. Or as a friend of mine used to express it, "It is just as far from Dan to Beersheba, as from Beersheba to Dan." Let us consider, then, whether it is better that we should go on mutually crinating each other, or, in charity and forbearance, endeavor to reconcile the difference, which will, after all, be found more apparent than real. In another religious denomination I have seen some sit still, others rise, and a few kneel, during prayer, without disturbing the general harmony.

I would not seek controversy, only inquiry. I would not promote ranterism, only freedom of conscience. I would not reject an established usage until satisfied of its unfitness. And until Friends shall be so satisfied, I shall endeavor, so far as I conscientiously can, as heretofore, to acquiesce.

E. MICHENER.

New Garden, 10th mo. 10th, 1871.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

Dear Friends,—Shortly after Jonathan Thorne presented to Swarthmore College a copy in photograph of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians, a friend sent me one of the pamphlets issued on that occasion. I was so much interested in the views expressed by this friend, which seemed to point out more clearly than anything we had had in print, a mode which would be likely to insure a succession of laborers from our Society in the cause of our red brethren, that I wrote out the little essay which I enclose, and which I would like you to publish, should you find it convenient to do so. Should you find a place for it in your journal, be so kind as to show it to the managers and faculty of Swarthmore, who may yield to the suggestion therein contained, to make the anniversary of the treaty an impressive circumstance in the College. After writing down my opinions, I laid it aside in my portfolio, where, from protracted indisposition, it remained until a few days since, and my concern on the subject again reviving, I send it.

Baltimore, 10th mo., 1871.

THE FUTURE AND THE INDIANS.

The presentation of the picture, lately given to Swarthmore College by our friend Jonathan Thorne, of New York, is a source of

pleasure unto those who have been interested in the culture of the young, as well as to the friends of the benighted red man.

Penn's treaty with the Indians, which the hand of West so admirably portrayed in 1771, will, by this photographic art, be more extensively displayed unto our present, and yet future generations, and by thus placing it before their view, we hope for happiest results. It is well to keep alive within our children's hearts the sentiments their fathers and grandfathers cherished, and in our loved Society none had its birth in more benevolence of feeling, than that which has developed their expansive charity and kindness toward the almost forsaken and the needy Indian. The donor's object is most simply and yet forcibly expressed in one short paragraph, in writing to Geo. Truman, in which he says: "If these paintings shall, in any degree, benefit the Indian cause, in which the President of the United States has called upon our Society to aid him, or, if the student of Swarthmore can become early impressed with the fact, that the spirit of mutual kindness and justice are pre-requisites in the basis of a contract to be kept in perpetuity, the pictures will have answered all I hoped for."

Let the full hearing of Penn's treaty be so stamped upon the pupils' minds that they will carry forth into the world, which is to be hereafter the great stage on which life's drama shall be acted out, such deep convictions of the right, that they will never lose their first perceptions of the claims of those whose hopeful eyes are turned toward us, from the obscure and far-off West. This is the worthy purpose which the giver had in view; and yet still further to facilitate his plan, would it not be well, that on or near the anniversary of the time, the President (or some one representing him) should read to the assembled Swarthmore students and their friends, the eloquent account of that momentous day, which has been given us by the able pen of S. M. Janney. There might also be given at the same time a brief report of the year's work among the Indians by the Friends, thus making every pupil feel as a co-worker in the cause of brotherhood and love.

The Friends have surely labored long and well, and we would reverently remember, also, those of other faiths, who were indeed the pioneers in this herculean task. We note the name of Roger Williams, born in Wales, 1599. He came to New England in the year 1631, and died in 1683.

John Elliott, also, born in Essex, England, 1604. He came to America in 1631, and from his remarkable efforts on behalf of the red men, he was styled the apostle of the Indians. He died in the year 1690.

The Moravians had missionaries and settlements on the Muskingum, before the Yearly Meetings of Philadelphia and Baltimore had commenced their work, and were engaged among them when the Friends went out. There still remains a most extended and increasing sphere for usefulness among these scattered tribes, and in response to the great confidence evinced by Congress and our President, some of our best and ablest men have gone forth to the frontier wilds, and have, in a short time, wrought such changes in the habits and the welfare of the savage, that the whole world has changed its view regarding the dark aspect of their future. It is unto the young that we must look for a continuance of this heaven-appointed work, and if this picture, hanging in the halls of Swarthmore, can be made subservient to the giver's wish, the future will see ardent workers in the cause of liberty and truth. T.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Be of good cheer, my beloved friend. There is safety in keeping in our allotted path, even though at times we may feel much alone. If this path is illuminated by a ray of heavenly light, fear not to press forward; strength will be given to surmount whatever difficulties may be in the way, and above all keep to thy own gift; let not the commotions nor the conflicting opinions of the day disturb thy serenity nor distract thy attention from the observance of those practical duties unto which the finger of thy heavenly Guide points, and unto which His voice calls. Expend not thy strength in a conflict of mere opinion.

Oh when, my dear friend, shall we all come to be of the same mind as an acknowledged writer, who says, "I am sick of opinions, my soul loathes this frothy food! give me solid, substantial religion; give me an humble, gentle lover of God and man,—a man full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy,—a man laying himself out in the work of Faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with these Christians, whosoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of."

When looking at thy proposed visit, my feelings have centered in the belief, that all thou hast to do, is to keep close to the Master, and He will keep close to thee; and the overshadowing influence of His love will preserve thee from all evil, whether presented from within or from without.

Were the servants and hand-maidens simply attentive to the pointings of the Divine finger, acting only in the gift, there would be harmonious labor where now discord and confusion sometimes appear. Let us maintain the watch, and hold fast our confidence in the sufficiency of that heavenly principle which is illimitable in its operations, and preserving in its influences. I have never been more sensible of the excellence of a practical belief in its sufficiency; and when, during my recent close confinement under much bodily suffering, I have been permitted to realize its supporting and sustaining power, how have I desired that the trammels of education and tradition might be removed from every mind, that so all might receive and embrace the Truth in its own beautiful simplicity, and acknowledge it as an ever-present, vital power.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 21, 1871.

“FINERY FOR BABIES.”—The sentiments in the scrap bearing this title in our paper of Ninth month 30th, may well receive the inscription of “Apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

We do not expect to add to their value by this allusion to them, but we ask our readers to re-peruse the article, in the hope that the views therein expressed may be impressed upon, at least, one mother's mind.

We know there are those, who, although weary with attention to the many necessary household cares, often sit up late at night sewing, trying to accomplish what had much better be left undone, overtaxing their physical powers, and unfitting them for the proper performance of the duties of the coming day.

This is one phase of the matter. Another and still more important consideration connected with the subject, is the relation dress-adornments bear to the forming character of the child, or the impress they may make upon it.

Early impressions are admitted to be lasting. What then is to be expected in after years, if, in very infancy, the attention of the child is turned, and by its mother too, to outward decorations as being of primary importance, or as adding to its attractions? Can we believe that the seeds of vanity thus sown,

will not take root and grow? They will grow, and rapidly too; and even if this growth be eradicated in later life, it will be at the cost of much painful labor.

Perhaps none of our readers will ignore the truth of the declarations, “Such as we sow, such also shall we reap;” and “if we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption.” Yet how many are apparently regardless of the vastly important consequences involved in a practical disregard of the close connection of cause and effect in the every-day training of the young mind, and forget the old homily, “Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.”

We shall hail with pleasure as a harbinger of good, the day when young mothers among us will, when providing clothing for their children, have moral courage enough to dispense with the superabundance of ornamentation now indulged in, not only because of the time expended in the making of so many “tucks and ruffles,” and the labor of washing and ironing them, but also because of the fearful consequences of such dressing as connected with the future of their children.

When we remember the self-evident fact, that these adornments arrest the attention of a child while very young, we may aptly compare them to “the little foxes that spoil the tender vines”—the vines of the heavenly Father's planting, and over which a mother has especial charge. Take care, then, of “the little foxes,” and do not by either overt or secret act, place them among the tender vines, lest they nip the first buddings of that precious life, which if nurtured and carefully guarded, will grow and bear abundance of rich fruit.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.—From the West comes a cry of anguish and sorrow that is echoed throughout the length and breadth of our land, for the great calamity that has befallen Chicago. More than one-third of the beautiful and flourishing young city is in ruins, including the very fine and substantial public buildings, and many thousand dwellings. It is believed that five hundred of the inhabitants have perished, and property to the amount of many millions destroyed. Not for centuries, we believe, has such a

calamity befallen any city. The nearest approach to it is that of the great fire of London in 1666, when thirteen thousand two hundred houses were burned, and two hundred thousand people were rendered homeless. In alluding to the latter fire, the *N. Y. Evening Post* says: "It did not sweep so large a tract, nor probably consume so much property as this. Yet it was a far more memorable event in human history than the Chicago calamity can be, because it was a far more terrible blow to the people of the city that suffered. London had to bear the burden of it almost alone. Its relations to the nation of which it was the metropolis were so much less intimate than the relations of Chicago with this country, that it may be fairly said that the London fire was the temporary ruin of London, while the Chicago fire is a check to the prosperity of the United States." The electric current and the iron road have now so closely united the different sections of our country, that when one portion suffers a kindred feeling is awakened in every other.

As soon as the particulars of the disaster became known, it is gratifying to note the very liberal contributions that were immediately offered for the relief of the sufferers. The rich have given of their abundance and the poor have divided of their little, yet still the need is very great, and we hope the Christian spirit of sympathy will prompt to further help of the stricken ones. "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

From Canada comes a voice of sympathy, and offers of help, and the prompt and liberal contributions from the English people will ever be remembered with gratitude. We hear of subscription lists opened in the principal cities of England, and that they are rapidly being filled. It is compensation in the midst of sorrow to be able to note so many evidences of the reign of that spirit which leads to "good will to man."

The divine injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and thus fulfill the law of Christ," has been so obeyed in the active

sympathy extended toward Chicago, that it will not be long before a more beautiful and substantial city will arise, phoenix like, upon the ashes of its predecessor.

Since the conflagration in that city, fires have also raged in other portions of our Western States, desolating towns, villages, farm-houses and other settlements, and causing a fearful loss of life and property. From the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* we extract the following thrilling account, and hope its perusal may cause each one of us to ask, What have I that I can give for the relief of my suffering brethren, in this time of their great need?

"The great West has been peculiarly unfortunate this year. A drought of almost unexampled severity and persistence has parched and baked its soil, dried up its water courses, and in all possible ways been injurious to its resources, and now, all things having been prepared therefor, fires are sweeping its noble forest lands from the face of the earth. Perhaps the distress caused in this way, though more poignant to those who now are directly suffering it than to the future inhabitants of the West, will last to the latter as a settled and steady grievance, for the destruction of forests is always followed by a decrease in the fall of rain in neighboring districts; and even while the woods stood as compact and stately as they did a month ago, they were not sufficient to prevent the drouth which rendered possible their ruin by fire. The prairies, too, are in flames, and what this means no one who has not lived in the West can even imagine. When a few days ago the prairie south of Breckinridge, Minn., took fire, the flames ran faster than the fleetest animals, and soon reached the "Big Woods," a hundred and fifty miles from where they started. There they seized upon the underbrush, which was as dry as tinder, and presently the trees were burning in all directions, and a clean sweep of the heavy timber was made for fifteen miles, till the fire reached Smith Lake. The roar and crackling of the trees when the conflagration got under full headway could be heard for miles, and heavy columns of smoke rolled through the air, stifling and and blinding every living thing they encountered. The grain and hay of the settlers, their live stock and farmhouses, were burned in an instant, and those were deemed fortunate who escaped with their lives. Passenger trains going from St. Paul to Morris were filled with the ashes and cinders of the prairie grass. Here the fire in the woods probably extended as far as

Crow River, while that in the prairie ran to the northward, destroying everything material that came in its way. When full particulars of this prairie fire shall be collected, it will be seen that not only has an immense number of lives been destroyed, but that the damage to the property interests of Minnesota has been tremendous. Here many small towns were completely swept out of existence, and at last accounts the big woods about Glencoe, Leseni, Mankato and New Ulm, were blazing. It will give one a notion of over how vast an extent of territory this work is going on to know that the most extensive fires have raged in Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio, Iowa, Wisconsin and Indiana. The Michigan newspapers give most vivid and saddening accounts of what the fire has already done in that State. To the north of the Saginaw river, on both the eastern and western shores of Lake Huron, the woods have been on fire for several weeks, and for ten days the cities and villages of the Saginaw valley had been covered with dense clouds of smoke, growing heavier day by day as the fire advanced. The authorities of these places found it necessary to take most stringent measures to compel captains of tugs plying in the river to see to it that, so far as it was in their power to prevent it, no sparks should communicate from smokestacks to the shores; and in Saginaw between one hundred and two hundred men were employed by the city authorities for the express purpose of keeping the fires away from it. Notwithstanding all their exertions, by Monday night, many houses and places of business had been burned in East Saginaw, entailing a loss of \$20,000 to \$25,000. Trains were delayed, telegraph lines knocked down by burning trees falling upon them, and the heat and blinding smoke will for some time prevent their reconstruction. People who travel on the roads yet open are covered with cinders and soot, and look as though they had been working in a coal mine. Back of Carrollton the woods are on fire, and by this time the place has probably been destroyed. The bridge across the Cass river is burned, as also are many houses in the village. Hemlock City is in ashes, and McDonald & Crawford's mill there, was, most unfortunately, insured in the State Insurance Company of Chicago. The villages of Forestville, White Rock, Elm Creek, Sandbeach, and Huron City are utterly destroyed, and it is improbable that Port Austin and Port Crescent have escaped. Heart-sickening accounts of women and children burned to death come to us from all sections. At Holland, on the east shore of Lake Michigan, not a building is left. Professor Charles Scott, of Hope

College, perished in the flames.

In Minnesota fires are raging in Watonwan and other counties, their course being towards the southeast. They are making rapid progress through the woods of Sibley county, between New Auburn and Washington Lake, and in McLeod county they are still raging and entailing frightful loss of life and property. At Mankata on last Wednesday the smoke was so thick that objects could not be seen from one side of the street to the other. The McLeod County Cheese Factory alone lost 130 tons of hay. Settlers in the region have absolutely lost everything. Here the loss of hay is about 1,200 tons; of wheat, 1,500 bushels; and of oats, 2,000 bushels. The wind has changed, and it is believed that the fire will make rapid headway towards the Mississippi. In Lyon county the greatest alarm exists, for places within it have already suffered great losses from the prairie fires.

So also in Wisconsin the woods and prairies are blazing in all directions, and the farmers are suffering fearfully. People from the cities are making all haste to assist those in the country, but they have no guarantee of their own safety. In abandoned camps in the woods, hands, boots and charred bodies have been found, and the frightened deer crowd to the track of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad in such numbers that people have to fight their way through them. At Janesville, two miles north of Jefferson, about three thousand cords of piled wood have been burnt, the telegraph lines are down, and no trains pass that way. Towards the north the fire is still raging with unabated fury.

In Ohio the conflagration is increasing instead of abating, and Toledo is wrapped in smoke. Passengers in the night trains going to that city, describe the scenes through which they passed as being wildly grand in some places, while in others the fires approach so closely to the train as to make the atmosphere almost stifling. The smoke was so dense that the track could be seen only for a few rods ahead of the locomotive, and there is danger that the fire, which burns into the earth, will eat up the roots of trees and cause them to fall across the tracks. The ground burns almost as do meadows, stubble fields, and even pasture. In the town of Madison, a large force of men is constantly at work keeping back the flames, and between Blissfield and Rigra the woods are all ablaze, and in this district the water of the wells gave out long ago. In the towns of Rome and Elkhart conflagrations are frequent, and tremendous fires are raging near Allen's Prairie. The West, for thous-

ands and thousands of miles, is one sheet of flame."

In this city a Relief Association has been formed, under the auspices of the Mayor, and any contributions, either in money or clothing, sent by our friends from the country to the office of *Friends' Intelligencer*, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M., will be acknowledged, and promptly forwarded to those for whom they were intended.

SINCE our paper went to press, the following telegram has been received by the publisher of *Friends' Review*:

"Contributions of food and clothing for Chicago sufferers carefully distributed by Friends' Relief Association. Insert in *Friends' Intelligencer* and *Review*.

JOSEPH JONES, Chairman,
No. 1082 Indiana Avenue, Chicago."

Friends' Association for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, will hold its annual meeting at Lombard Street, on the evening of Tenth month 30th, at 8 o'clock. All members of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, interested in the cause, belong to the Association. They, and friends of the cause from abroad, are cordially invited to attend.

ELI M. LAMB,
LYDIA C. STABLER, } Clerks

Any Friends who may not be provided with homes before arriving in Baltimore to attend the Yearly Meeting, are requested to go to the Mansion House, on the corner of Fayette and St. Paul streets. There they will be found by the Reception Committee, and accommodations designated.

MARRIED.

VAIL—HAVILAND.—On Fourth-day, the 4th inst., at the house of the bride's parents, Forest Hill, Md., under the care of Little Falls Monthly Meeting, James H., son of Lindley M. and Rachel H. Vail, to Georgia S., daughter of William C. and Phoebe J. Haviland.

CHASE—ADAMS.—On Third-day morning, the 10th inst., by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's parents, Robert H. Chase, M.D., of Auburn, Cayuga Co., N. Y., to Minnie H., daughter of Charles Adams, of this city.

DIED.

BLACKFORD.—On the 14th of Ninth month, 1871, after a protracted illness, which she bore with patience and resignation, Anne, widow of the late George Blackford, in her 84th year; a member of Spruce Street Monthly Meeting, of which she had been a faithful attendant for thirty years.

KIRK.—Suddenly, in Philadelphia, on the 7th inst., Elizabeth C., wife of Charles Kirk, of Warminster, Bucks Co., Pa.

NEAL.—On the 28th of Ninth month, 1871, at the residence of her nephew James N. Taylor, in West Marlborough township, Chester county, Pa., Lydia Neal, in the 74th year of her age.

ALLEN.—After a lingering illness, on the 23d of Ninth month, 1871, in Toledo, Lucas county, Ohio. Ann Holmes, widow of Samuel Allen, aged 80 years; a much-esteemed member of Cincinnati Monthly Meeting. Affectionate and cheerful in her disposition, and highly gifted intellectually, her

loss will be deeply felt by the little circle of friends to whom she was much attached, as well as her numerous relatives and her own family. Her painful illness she bore with Christian patience and serenity.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INDIANS.

There have appeared on several occasions recently in some of the periodicals of this city, notices of the labors of Friends, the tenor of which was indicative of a healthy change in public opinion regarding the policy now being pursued towards the Indians, as inaugurated by them, being the right one.

Scarcely less encouraging are the favorable notices of the claims of the Indians; the recognition of their rights, and that they, too, have a keen perception of "the right," and dignity of character sufficient to maintain their integrity. Also, that the fact has at last been ascertained, that the Indians are not always the aggressors, but that this position for them is not the rule, but the exception.

These points are well illustrated in the following editorial, clipped from the *Evening Bulletin* of this city, of Ninth month 21st.

"THE RED MAN IN A NEW CHARACTER.

"Those who have had hope in the future of the Indian as a civilized man, will find some justification of their faith in a recent occurrence upon the Osage Reservation, in Arkansas. A party of white settlers, living near the reservation, lost some horses, and immediately jumped to the conclusion that the Indians had stolen them. They proceeded to the reservation, where the Indians denied the theft, and offered to assist in the search for the animals, beginning with their own camp. The white men refused the offer, and proceeded to help themselves to the Indians' horses without making further investigation. A fight ensued and one man was killed. After the departure of the whites with three horses, the Indians organized a party, started in pursuit, arrested the white men, and actually turned them over to the United States Marshal and had them imprisoned in Fort Smith, upon the charge of larceny and assault with the intent to kill. This is about the finest bit of work we have had from the noble red man for a long while, and we hope the affair will obtain symmetrical roundness by the administration of severe and impartial justice in the cases of the accused whites. It will be an enormous gain for the Indians and for the cause of Christian civilization, if we can demonstrate to the savages that the wrongs inflicted upon them by white ruffians can be avenged better by the arrest of the offenders and their delivery into the hands of the civil authorities, than by warlike expeditions of

retaliation, in which innocent people are murdered and scalped together with the guilty parties. The only fear is that juries of sufficient impartiality to dispose of these cases fairly can hardly be found upon the border. If these scoundrels in Fort Smith are permitted to escape punishment, it will be better to discontinue at once missionary efforts among the Osage Indians, and to send preachers and teachers henceforth exclusively to the whites. The impression has existed for some time that in various sections of the Indian country the only hope of putting an end to the troubles with the savages, was to induce the whites to conduct themselves like civilized beings when they had intercourse with the Indians. It is more than probable that if we could trace to their source all the difficulties which have made this Indian question one of almost hopeless perplexity, we would find that in the majority of cases they were directly the result of barbarous conduct on the part of the whites, of which any moderately decent savage would have been ashamed."

Although the language in which the above is couched is not exactly such as Friends would have used in narrating the same occurrence, it must be received as an honest expression of opinion, and as such it is entitled to respect. J. M. ELLIS.

No infallible oracle out of the breast.—
Hedge.

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife.—

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes
blow,

But every ray and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow ;—

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack ?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back ?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me ? Nay !
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine.
Grat'ful I take His slightest gift. No fears,
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear ; and when the clouds are
past
One golden day redeems a weary year ;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness ;—me
The Powers of Light befriend.

SEEDS.

We are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good and ill,
Scattered on the level lowland,
Cast upon the windy hill ;
Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,
Soft with Heaven's gracious rain ;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen ;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden underfoot of men ;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air ;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears and love and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquicken'd,
Lifeless on the teeming mound ;
Seeds that live and grow and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold ;
By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife ;
In our words and looks and actions
Lie the seeds of death or life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Leave us not to sow alone !
Bid thine angels guard the furrows
Where the precious grain is sown,
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with mellow ripening ears—
Filled with fruit of life eternal
From the seed we sowed in tears.

Check the forward thoughts and passion,
Stay the hasty, heedless hand,
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
Mar our fair and pleasant land.
Father, help each weak endeavor,
Make each faithful effort blest,
Till thine harvest shall be garnered,
And we enter into rest.

—Selected.

TO THE 50TH PARALLEL.

BY M. C. HAZARD.

A recent number of the N. Y. *Independent* has a letter describing an editorial trip to Duluth and the Red River region, from which we make some extracts.

The company included Dana of the N. Y. *Sun*, Bayard Taylor of the *Tribune*, Gov. J. R. Hawley of the *Hartford Courant*, and J. H. Bromley of the *Hartford Post*.

Their first objective point was Duluth ; and this point they reached on the 21st of July, happy to have a break in the monotony of their trip, and ready for the new experiences that lay beyond.

Duluth, now known of all men, was well worth the day that was devoted by the party to her. Some twenty-two months ago a tangled path through the forest was all that there was of the present rather pretentious Main street. Rough, jagged rocks protruded through the hill-side, and, except to eyes of

faith, there were few facilities for the making of a town, and much less a city. In order to believe in the future metropolis, one had to have a full comprehension of the necessity and advantages of a railroad from Duluth to Puget Sound; full faith in the men who were pushing it; and a capability of judging of the special benefits it would be to this, its eastern terminus. Now the place looks quite imposing from the lakes; the houses rising one back of the other, until the foreground of the bluff is well occupied. It is only another instance of what energy and pluck and faith will do when they are harnessed together. Duluth has now five miles of graded streets; five rather tasteful churches; a business street that no young city need be ashamed of; a Mansard-roofed hotel, that gets up an excellent bill-of-fare, and knows as well as any how to charge for it; an elevator—one of those many-storied affairs; docks, shipping, and five or six lines of steamers, first class, that have found a profitable trade at this new port; and, besides, boasts of its population of four thousand people to respond to the taxes levied by its common council! Generally the houses are rather better than would be expected in a place so new, while some lay claims even to elegance—not the elegance of Fifth Avenue, of course, but something extraordinary in the way of taste in a country where so short a time ago "biled" shirts were an innovation. But "Minnesota Point," which is a narrow strip of land, straight as a needle, and running out for seven miles toward Superior City, has at its base the queerest collection of huts that one can see anywhere, unless it be in those mining towns where one builds today that he may leave to-morrow. They are huddled closely together, and make one long, continuous row. The most of them are narrow story-and-a-half tenements; the lower story being barely high enough for one to stand upright in, and the upper one being too low for anything but use while sleeping, and very suggestive of discomforts and impossibilities while dressing. They would make a capital bonfire.

Duluth has much needed a harbor. The breakwater which has been built for the purpose of affording secure anchorage behind it has been the subject of some ridicule; and, although affording protection during ordinary storms, would scarcely be what is needed when winds and waves exert their full force upon it. A happy thought occurred to the Duluthites. Minnesota Point, scarcely an eighth of a mile wide, separates the waters of Lake Superior from those of St. Louis Bay. A canal from one to the other would allow vessels to pass into the untroubled

waters of the bay, and the breakwater would make the passage always a safe one. All that would be needed besides the cutting of the canal would be the dredging of the bay, and then the best harbor of the lakes would be at Duluth. The plan was conceived, pluck was not wanting for the enterprise, and at the time of our visit there the work was being vigorously prosecuted. The city needed this to make it something more than a mere place to touch at; and, if she soon takes rank as one of the best of inland ports, it will be because she has earned the distinction.

But to be called "The Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas" is a too high sounding title even for Duluth. We do not know who gave it to her—whether it was coined by the ardent imagination of those who propose to tolerate Chicago only as an equal rival, or whether it was a bit of pleasantry perpetrated by some wandering Bohemian; but it serves very well to express the future position that the faith of her citizens has assigned to her. But the world is still incredulous. They do not see how a great city is to be built up simply because it is the eastern terminus of a trans continental road and a place for the reshipment of goods. It is a little mixed how one can get rich by standing by and looking at a couple of men swapping jack-knives! And, if Duluth had no more chances for growth than are given by being a point where goods are to be transferred, her future greatness would be an unrealized dream. But she has those resources which in time will give her a place among the larger cities. Back some little distance are iron mines that yield wonderfully pure iron ore. The Dalles of the St. Louis furnish for nine miles a water-power which at times equals that of 113,000 horses, and is always at least double that of Lowell. On the St. Louis and its tributaries is some of the finest uncultured timber of Minnesota. Freight on raw cotton to the Dalles of the St. Louis would be nearly one-half that to Lowell. Lumber mills, cotton mills, woolen mills, smelting works, rolling mills, and numberless manufactories are to be located here, while the granite and slate quarries will add other industries; and these, together with the trade to the West, will secure the future of Duluth.

But all this is to be no miracle of a night. The city at the head of the lakes must in all probability, from this time on, grow more slowly than heretofore. Capital is timid, and needs to be sure of its ground before it alights in new places. But, though the Duluth heart is impatient, it need not fear but that in time sufficient capital will come; for it is not in the nature of things that such opportunities and it should long be separated. And no

one will hesitate to say that the city has already done remarkably well for a place so lately introduced to the world by the Hon. J. Proctor Knott.

From Duluth the editorial party rode out on the line of the Northern Pacific Road, nearly sixty miles; then, returning, went down over the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad to St. Paul. From thence, after stopping a day at Minneapolis, it was whirled away in the luxurious car of the directors of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad to Morris, the present terminus of that road; and there it took stages to that landing place on Red River, ever-to-be-remembered, Frog Point.

The daily journeys made in the stages, and the subsequent nights of camping, had a good effect on the spirits and the appetites of the party. The first part of the trip up the Red River Valley is over a prairie whose green billows roll away before one even to the far horizon. Beautiful little lakes, each one a gem, lie nestled in the larger hollows, and make the ride a perpetual surprise and delight. But on leaving Pomme de Terre the still green waves subside by degrees into the great calm of the Red River Valley proper. Far as the eye can reach there is nought but the weariness of an entirely level prairie. On the left is the thin belt of timber that borders the Red River; but to the right, and in front, and back there is no resting-place for the vision. The eye comes back to the timber and to the moving horses as gratefully as Noah's dove came back to the ark when she found no rest for the sole of her foot. But we are not, contrary to our expectation, out of the bounds of civilization; for half hid in the outskirts of the timber appear the log houses of the pioneers, mostly newcomers, and they are rarely separated over a mile or so. A long furrow on the prairie, as straight as a bee line, marks the frequent "claim," and is a continual hint that we are but looking at the heralds and *avant-couriers* of a countless host that is not far behind. So, too, when we cross the Red River at Georgetown, and follow up that stream on the Dakota side, we are never without premonitions of the coming multitude.

"The Red River of the North" is a name so stately and imposing as to bespeak an undue reverence, and to create a vision of a glorious stream, sweeping calmly and majestically to its mysterious home in the north. It is alas! narrow, muddy, and tortuously crooked; and "never starts to go anywhere but what it immediately repents of it." Two very comfortable steamers manage, by fearlessly running into the soft clay banks, to get around the sharp bends. The "Selkirk," which it was our good fortune to

take, draws about as much water as a scow and runs over boulders with impunity. In the spring Red River must be a magnificent sight, for the trees on the high banks showed that during flood-time it ran fifty feet above our heads and spread far out on the prairie on either side. Now it runs sometimes shallow and sometimes deep, but always with a swift current, between banks so near that a good sturdy leap from the deck of the steamer might reach the shore. As we come into the British Possessions, however, the river assumes a respectable width, as everything British must do; but does not lose its provoking tendency to run towards all points of the compass. Bayard Taylor seeks the shady side of the boat, with his manuscript before him. A moment after the sun shines broadly on the page on which he is writing. He tries another nook, with the same result; then another and another; until, finally, he has made the round of the steamer.

Few of the party, we think, were prepared for the pleasant approach to Winnipeg. Farm-houses began thickly to dot the banks, and evidences of cultivation became more and more apparent. Finally the timber fell back to the rear; the broad prairie came once more into view; and in the distance, flushed with the glory of the setting sun, we saw Fort Garry on our left, St. Boniface on our right, and beyond the fort could just catch a glimpse of the village of Winnipeg. As we steamed down the river, with the whistle in full blast, the good Bishop Tache, with his corps of priests, waved us a welcome from the right bank: and as we rounded the fort we saw the left bank lined with the curious folk who had come to see and welcome "the American gentlemen." Eminently hospitable the people of Winnipeg proved to be. As they drove the party in carriages to various points of interest, some new manifestation of hospitality seemed to have been conceived for the purpose of eclipsing the last. It ended at last by dinners at private houses, where the courses seemed to be endless and the good feeling inexhaustible.

It was odd in a place so long cut off from all intercourse with the civilized world, except by means of the famed "Red River Carts," to find the finest of Brussels carpets on the floors, costly and elegant paper on the walls, full-length mirrors that had been carted from six to eight hundred miles, and to ride through farms that had made annual returns for fifty years. Up the Asiniboine for 30 miles, and down the Red River to the lower Fort Garry, twenty miles, the farm-houses, with here and there a church, are so near to each other as to leave the impression upon one of having passed through a wonderfully

long village street. The original Manitoban farmer esteemed a river frontage an absolute necessity; and, as this belief became hereditary, all his descendants and all incomers have higgled for a small river-lot, and taken out in depth what he could not get in width. The result is that each one knows what goes on in his neighbor's kitchen, and farms a piece of land narrow as a ribbon. Scarcely a mile back of each river, the virgin prairie still waits for her betrothal to industry; and one cannot help wishing for the Manitobans a little of that Yankee enterprise and ingenuity that would have manifested itself in stock wells, and windmills to pump them, instead of being so ridiculously squeezed by one's neighbors. But the curse of miscegenation is on this fair land. The half breed is a man infinitely lazy, and desirous only of enough harvest returns to feed and clothe his family and supply himself with bad whisky. He only "tickles the earth with a hoe"; and she, sensible enough *not* to "laugh with a harvest," rewards him with a mere giggle. While some of them are moderately well off, and a few are really wealthy, the majority lead a hand-to-mouth life of it—the Scotch half-breeds notably excepted. But the majority, French mostly, are lazy, dirty, and frowsy beyond endurance. Disliking the toil of cultivation, with savage instincts not quite strong enough to make them don the breech-clout and roam the prairies, they are creatures half of civilization and half of barbarism, and are uncomfortable accordingly. Immigration only will settle the problem, as it will also that other and greater one which relates to their pure-blooded brethren.

By a happy arrangement, the party, in coming back, were enabled to see that country which just now is the Mecca of the immigrant—the region known as the "Otter Tail." Striking east from Georgetown, on the Red River, a ride of about thirty miles brought us to the rolling prairie, and gave a most enchanting view of the Red River Valley. One can hardly realize the full effect of vast distances, unbroken by any swell of ground, limited only by the horizon, unless he has beheld them from some such eminence, and has seen them softened in the hazy air of the "Indian Summer." Here we began to meet with the advance corps of the Northern Pacific—men living in white tents, and pulling at a line that has all civilization attached to it. Soon their number increased, until at Buffalo Crossing we rode into a town, half tent and half board, that had its one wide street, its two "hotels," and the usual number of saloons. Thanks to the energetic action taken by the Northern Pacific authori-

ties, "keno" tents and other similar places have become scarce. In many journeyings we have never been permitted to see a country so surpassingly lovely as that through which for several days our route led us. The prairie, undulating much more than is usual for "rolling prairie," was charming in itself; but the frequent glimpses obtained of silvery lakes and the beauty of the groves made the daily rides quite enchanting. Thirty thousand people, so it is said, came up into and near this neighborhood last year; more than that, it is estimated, have already driven their stakes there this year, and thrice thirty thousand more would be on the march thither if they could but see the country that is open to them. After Minnesota is thoroughly settled no State in the Union will compare with her for beauty. Tourists and summer residents will flock to her lovely lakes, and find refreshment and new life in her wonderfully invigorating atmosphere.

And now a practical word. Homestead lands can be had for nothing—*i. e.*, \$20 worth of land may be entered by any man or woman; the lands for this purpose within the railroad limits being valued at \$2.50 per acre, and those outside of them at \$1.25. Soldiers are allowed to take those within the limits at the latter valuation. Any one can "pre-empt" 160 acres of Government land who has not already exercised that privilege. Some are getting farms of 320 acres by joining the two rights. Lands may be located with land warrants and Agricultural College scrip, or may be purchased at the Government land offices. The Northern Pacific Railroad sells at low figures, gives long time, and proposes to aid in breaking and building. Special inquiries should be directed to its land department at New York. The winters of Minnesota are unquestionably long and severe—the thermometer often recording twenty and thirty below, and sometimes, though very rarely, running down to fifty. Minnesotians, though, stoutly aver that this cold, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, is not specially uncomfortable. It has in it the tingle and glow of keen bright winter days, not the chilliness and ague of moist cold ones. On moderately cool damp days we hug the fire; on sparkling cold ones our blood fires as with the first vigor of intoxication. The records at Fort Abercrombie show that for the last fifteen years five months of each year have been absolutely free from frost. So that, although the winters are long and somewhat tedious—not more so, however, than those of New England or Central New York—there is ample time for the maturing of crops. And, indeed, when the spring once opens, there is a

quick and wondrous growth. Potatoes planted at Duluth May 15th we were shown fully matured on the 22d of July. Wheat planted at the same time in Manitoba was harvested on the 26th of July. The summer nights are too cool, however, for the raising of such corn as grows in Illinois; but the great staple, wheat, nowhere obtains such full luxuriance as in this "continental wheat garden." The fields of wheat were exceedingly heavy and compact. Whether apples can be successfully raised is hardly yet determined; but the presumption, at least, is in favor of the hardier kinds. Peaches would probably be a failure. Grapes are raised at Minneapolis. All the smaller fruits are native to the soil—the raspberries, strawberries, whortleberries, blackberries, and cranberries attaining a size and flavor almost equal to the best cultivated varieties. To the farmer this new country offers the advantages of land at exceedingly cheap rates, located near good markets (Duluth is as near to Buffalo as Chicago); lands well watered and moderately well timbered, and specially adapted to growing of that great necessity, wheat.

Inadvertently, we see, we have left our editorial party in Minnesota. It remains only to say that they survived the numerous banquets given in their honor and arrived safely home; but alack! never had the privilege of frying pork on sticks before a fire; nor did they come within a week's distance of any hostile Indians!

PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF EXPOSURE TO INCREASED ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

Most people are aware that certain disagreeable sensations are experienced by the inmates of a diving bell, during its descent, even to a few feet below the surface of the water, but the opportunity seldom occurs to note the effects produced by a descent to so great a depth that the pressure amounts to four atmospheres, or no less than 60 lbs. on the square inch. Yet exposure to this pressure has been experienced by the workmen engaged in laying the foundations of the St. Louis bridge over the Mississippi, and Dr. John Green has published in the *Transactions of the American Otological Society* the results of some observations he has recently made. It was found necessary to use considerable precautions in admitting the workers into the chamber containing the condensed air; an intermediate chamber or lock was therefore constructed, into which the condensed air could be admitted gradually, occupying, for the higher degrees of pressure, from five to ten minutes. The exit was through the same lock, and occupied the same time. The in-

crease oxidizing power of the condensed air was shown by the rapid wasting and guttering of the candles, which burned with a streaming, smoking flame, and, when blown out, rekindled spontaneously from the glowing wick. During the latter stages of the work, the men could only work for an hour at a time, and a remarkable form of palsy was prevalent from which nearly a dozen men died. The first effects of the gradually increasing pressure in the lock were a distinct sensation of pressure upon the tympanic membranes of both ears, which, however, was immediately relieved by swallowing, or by inflating the ears from within. The respirations and cardiac movements remained unaltered until exertion was made, when they quickly became accelerated. It was found to be impossible to whistle. The ticking of a watch was heard with great distinctness. On leaving the chamber a strong sensation of cold was experienced, and catarrhs were frequent amongst the men. The condensed air escaped from the tympanum through the Eustachian tube in a series of puffs. Too sudden exposure to the condensed air in one instance caused rupture of the membrana tympana, and too sudden removal of the pressure in the same person spitting of blood.—*Academy.*

THAT is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money, the most power or place, honor or fame; but that in which a man gets the most manhood, and performs the greatest amount of useful work and of human duty.—*Self help.*

ITEMS.

E. Young, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, has made a careful estimate of the retail value of the malt and spirituous liquors sold in the United States last year. He fixes the amount at \$600,000,000, which sum, if equally apportioned among our forty millions of people, would amount to fifteen dollars for each man, woman and child. These statistics furnish the most striking proof of the excessive use of spirituous liquors by our people, and should lead the friends of temperance to seriously consider what practical step can be taken to abate the growing evil.

To telegraph in Chinese is no very easy matter, seeing that that language has no alphabet, and is made up of about fifty thousand different characters; and yet the managers of the Chinese Submarine Telegraph Company have at last surmounted the difficulty. Several thousand of the characters most in use are cut on wooden blocks, resembling types, at the reverse end of which numbers are engraved. The Chinese at Hong Kong, who wishes to send a message to his friend at Shanghai, hands the message written in Chinese to a native clerk, who selects the corresponding blocks and prints the numbers which are on the reverse end. The slip is then given to an English clerk, who telegraphs it to its destination, where the process is reversed, and the man in Shanghai receives the message stamped in Chinese characters on paper.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From "Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of Friends"

GEORGE DILLWYN.

(Continued from page 632.)

In the year 1802, George Dillwyn, believing that his service in England was completed, returned to America, and once more settled at Burlington. He did not travel much in the ministry after this, but was diligent in the attendance of his particular meetings, being seldom absent from either the Monthly, Quarterly, or Yearly Meeting to which he belonged. He was particular in his endeavor to take all the members of his family with him, saying, "He did not find his meetings did him much good if he could reflect upon having left any person in his service unnecessarily at home." How is it possible for any one who really believes that it is in accordance with the will of the Great Head of the church for his children to meet before him for public worship, to neglect "the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is?"

The following anecdote contains a pungent rebuke administered effectually to one, and there may be others to whom it would equally apply. A member of the Society who resided in a village not far from Philadelphia, during a considerable portion of the meridian of his life, evinced little disposition to conform to the testimonies and principles of his profession. Among other things, he was very negligent in the attendance of religious meet-

ings, and on one occasion refused to withdraw a few minutes from his worldly business to sit with his family during the time of a religious visit paid them by two ministering Friends. His son, having been favored with a powerful visitation of Divine love, yielded in measure thereto, and became diligent in going to meetings, walking to the one they belonged to, though at the distance of several miles. One day Joseph Hemphill, a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia, afterward a judge and member of Congress, came into the store, and not seeing the young man, inquired of the father where he was. "Gone to meeting," said the father, with a sneer. "Gone to meeting?" replied Joseph. "The more to his credit; for he gets no help from his father, mother, or sister! I tell you what, if I was in your place, if I could not live up to the principles I professed, I would request to be released from membership."

This unexpected rebuke had a powerful effect on the man to whom it was addressed. He said he never had had such a sermon preached to him. He could not get from under the weight of it, and soon found himself most easy to be diligent in his religious duties. At the time of his death he sat head of the meeting he belonged to, and was thought to have become a humble-minded Christian.

George Dillwyn was a watchful, tender, sympathizing friend of those who were young in the ministry, not hastily condemning

them because of a misstep in their tribulated way. He remembered his own coming forth in that line; and the difficulties he had met with, caused him to be willing to make full proof of others before he rejected their offerings. It is stated, that when he had spoken a few times in public, a valuable elder, who had come to a hasty conclusion in his case, told George he believed he had mistaken his calling, and requested him to withhold his exercises from the meeting. George meekly replied, if the elder would take the burden upon him, he would be silent. This the Friend was willing to do; and for some time George's voice was not heard in the public assemblies. But while the silenced one was permitted to enjoy quiet peace in submission, the mind of the elder became tried and uneasy; and eventually, under a sense of duty, he called upon George, and told him he could not bear the responsibility of sealing his mouth any longer, and encouraged him to exercise his gift when he felt the Divine call thereto. This is a very instructive anecdote; to elders it is a warning not to be too hasty in judgment—to young ministers an incitement to leave their cause with their heavenly Father to plead for them, while they endeavor to receive the counsel of their elder friends with meekness and submission.

On his return from Europe, George Dillwyn devoted his leisure more to literary labors for the good of the community, than he had hitherto done. His work, commonly known as "Dillwyn's Reflections," contains many pithy thoughts, well expressed. It also contains some anecdotes, from which a few extracts will be given. He says:

"In conversing with a person of distinction in the community, on the universality of Divine Grace, he related the following anecdote, which I give in nearly his own words. 'When I was a little boy, I went to a school, which assembled by the ringing of a bell; and one morning, on hearing it, I hastened into my father's chamber, to receive a penny or two, which he daily gave me to buy a cake by the way; but found him in a sound sleep. The case was urgent, and as I feared to awake him, I thought I might venture to take my usual stipend from his pocket and tell him at my return what I had done, not doubting my reason for it would satisfy him. I accordingly took it, but instantly felt it was wrong; and by the time I reached the head of the stairs, my uneasiness increased to so great a degree, that I could not proceed till I had replaced the money; which having done, I went off quiet and cheerful. Now sir,' said the relator 'is this what the Society of Friends allude to, as an universal principle in the heart of man?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'Why,

then,' he replied, 'I have been more of a Quaker than I thought myself, from my early days; and the remembrance of this occurrence has proved cautionary to me, on many occasions, in my business and conduct, ever since.'"

Another instance of the restraining influence of Divine Grace narrated, is one in which he himself was concerned; he says:

"When the compiler of these anecdotes was a wild heedless boy, about seven or eight years old, he had several very corrupt playfellows, and among them was one of an uncommonly daring disposition, who, being paramount in wickedness and profanity, and leading the way into mischief, was envied by the rest; therefore, for them to be as clever as they thought him, it was necessary to curse and swear, without hesitation or fear. In order to which, the compiler, on a certain day, and in a place not easily to be forgotten, attempted to take the Sacred Name into his mouth, and call for damnation to his soul! but he had hardly begun the shocking sentence, when he was seized with a sensation of horror, beyond description. This check to his wicked ambition was effectual, and the temptation to that evil was so completely overcome, that he never afterward dared to indulge it in the smallest degree. It was, indeed, the triumph of mercy over presumption!"

The restraining mercy of the Lord is indeed great! How often have we been preserved from engaging in evil courses by providential hindrances! Sometimes by the voice of His reproofs speaking terror to the soul; sometimes by the persuasions of His love awakening abhorrence of sin. I remember to have heard a son of piously concerned and godly parents say that at a time when he was about engaging in a wrong act, an appearance as of the face of his loved, respected, and honored father came before him, and he could not proceed.

* * * * *

George Dillwyn, although often led, in his ministry, to speak at considerable length, yet was remarkable at times for the brevity of his public communications. Some of these were sufficiently startling. One day, while sitting in his select preparative meeting, he broke the silence with this arousing discourse: "Friends, I perceive the cloven foot is getting in among us!" What an incentive for deep heart searching was this! Well might every minister present have put the question to him or herself, Have I lost my true guide? Am I listening to the voice of the stranger? Has the love of self beguiled me? Do I preach without the life and power that once attended my ministry? Yea, ministers and elders

might have united in the heart-raised inquiry, Lord, is it I that have given occasion for this?

George Dillwyn says, "When persons who think they have attained to a stability in religion, speak lightly, or seem to make no account of those little steps of faith and obedience by which the Lord sees meet to lead his flock, and fit them for his fold, it is questionable if they have not missed the right gate, and are trying to get in some other way."

Some individuals are ready to esteem lightly, to speak contemptuously of our testimony to plainness in dress and address. These have either known nothing of those fiery baptisms through which some are made willing to take up the cross to their natural inclinations, and by consistent attire and scriptural language, become as spectacles to men; or having once known and departed in heart from the Truth, they are seeking to persuade themselves that the inward conflicts through which they were led to it, were delusions.

We have heard it related that a young female, perhaps not a member of the Society of Friends, became convinced that it was her religious duty to conform to its testimonies in regard to language and dress. About this time the family were preparing to give a great party, and she believed that on that occasion she must manifest in her conduct her obedience to the will of her Lord and Saviour in this respect. Deep was the trial to her; flesh and blood could but revolt at the mortification self was doomed to experience.—While under this exercise of mind, she one morning went into the parlor, the windows of which had not been opened, and there, sitting out of sight of men, she sought for resignation to the Divine requiring, and strength to enable her to perform it. While she was thus engaged, Samuel Emlen, passing along the street she lived on, came opposite the house. A sense of a religious duty to be performed therein suddenly took hold of him. He paused, stepped in the entry, passed on till he reached the door of the darkened parlor. Putting his head inside of it, he exclaimed, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Having said this, he returned to the street, and went on his way, having been enabled to administer, through the Lord's holy assistance, the word of strength and consolation to the unseen and unknown mourner. Animated by this providential visitation, the young woman was enabled to pursue the path of duty opened before her.

* * * * *

We give a few other anecdotes related in the words of George Dillwyn.

"The following relation was given in a

private conversation by a Friend in the ministry from England. Being on his return home from America near to the coast of Ireland, in very hazy weather, he was awaked by an uneasiness of mind, and a strong impression that the ship was in danger. He roused the master, who also lay in the cabin, and requested him to go up and see how things were; but the captain not liking the disturbance, told the Friend to make himself easy; they would take care enough of him. The Friend tried to compose himself, and refrained from speaking again for some time. The uneasiness, however, continuing, and becoming more urgent, he cried, with great earnestness, 'Captain, thou must get up!' The captain, with some grumbling, at length complied; and, in ascending the companion-way, roused the attention of the helmsman, who, as well as the seamen near the fore-castle, were supposed to be dozing. This man, calling to the others, they presently exclaimed, 'Helm hard-lee! There's a light ahead!' On immediately sounding, they found themselves in shallow water, and dropped anchor, where, the weather being mild, they remained till the next morning, when, to their great surprise, it appeared they were near the shore, and that if they had continued their course but a few minutes longer, the vessel, at least, would probably have been lost. Such a manifest escape from danger humbled them all, and on the captain mentioning the Friend's uneasiness as the means of their preservation, the mate related a similar intimation to his own mind, by which the vessel he was in was preserved from being suddenly thrown on her beam ends. 'I think, sir,' said he, 'this emotion of mine was like yours.' Ah, man,' said the Friend, 'if thou art so wise as always to heed that, it will guide thee to everlasting happiness!'"

"Another instance is related by a serious person, who, being master of a vessel, was in the harbor of Cape Francois at the time when the blacks revolted, and took arms against the whites. He was leaning on the rail of the quarter deck, a sorrowful witness of that dreadful scene, when, without any apparent cause, he was suddenly impelled, as by a sense of fear, to quit the rail, and seat himself behind the companionway for shelter.—As he left the rail, the mate took his place, and instantly had his thumb fractured by a musket ball from the shore, which, had not the master removed, must have entered his body."

"A sea-captain, well known in Philadelphia, being on the point of going on shipboard, felt his mind so impressed with uneasiness, that he could not proceed, and resigned the command. All he could say on the occasion was, that he

was not easy to go ; and the event proved he was right in attending to the restraint ; for the vessel was lost, as is supposed, being never heard of after touching at Batavia."

Many circumstances of a similar character might be collected from the Journals of Friends and other sources. One which some of the residents in this city have heard related by a Friend, now deceased, who was acquainted with the person alluded to, is interesting. A man, who was on his way to Europe in a brig, or some craft of small size, one night was aroused from his sleep by a sudden impression of terror, which caused him to spring out of his berth, and, without waiting to dress, hurry up the companion-way. As he reached the top, he saw a dark body rapidly passing ; instinctively, as it were, he clasped his arms around it, and found himself suddenly borne to one side. An awful crash instantly followed, the vessel he had been in suddenly disappeared from below him, while a large ship, around the bowsprit of which he was clinging, passed rapidly over it, and swept on in the darkness. He soon made his way to the deck, and was comfortably cared for ; but the vessel he had left his home in, and his late companions, were never more seen.

The following quotations from George Dillwyn, are all intended, though in different forms of language, to encourage humility, and discourage pride.

"Humility and love are equally essential to devotion and to happiness." "The root of pride is self confidence ; and they who fancy themselves more humble than others, may be the least so." "Humility of mind is neither arrived at, retained, nor increased, by comparing ourselves with others." "In ascending the mount of rectitude, we are more apt to indulge in reflecting on the past, than in contemplating the future ; and so, comparing our attainments rather with those behind than with those before us, we easily, and often, mistake our resting-places for our journey's end."

As a warning to those, who, from any cause, either of personal or mental accomplishments, or because of the supposed more perfect discoveries of Truth to the mind, feel disposed to consider themselves elevated above their neighbors, we will narrate an anecdote.

A ministering Friend residing in England, under a religious concern paid a visit to the meetings in Ireland, in which service he was eminently favored. From place to place, as he traveled, he was furnished with abundance of suitable matter to communicate, and a baptizing power accompanied the Word preached to the tendering the hearts of the hearers, in a remarkable manner. During

his visit, he was preserved in a humble state of mind, watchfully attentive to the opening of his Divine Master, and was therefore permitted to return to his home in peace. In his subsequent meditations, however, on his past visit, and the evident Divine influence attending his ministry, spiritual pride crept in ; and he was apparently in danger of making total shipwreck of his humility, and thereby losing his hope in Christ.

While in this critical condition, he was instructed by a dream. He thought he was walking on a plain, reflecting on his late visit to Ireland—the wonderful service he had had there—and exulting in his increase of spiritual experience. As he was thus ministering food to his earthly nature, he lifted up his eyes and perceived a person of lofty stature approaching him. Full of presumption, engendered by his late thoughts, he advanced to meet the new comer, and demanded his name. "My name is Self," said the giant. "Well," added the other, "I will kill thee." He thought in his dream that he immediately commenced the attack, and after a sharp contest succeeded in beating Self to death. He then renewed his walk, and in addition to his former cause of inward gratulation, he now with much satisfaction thought over his last valorous exploit. While thus engaged he beheld approaching a figure closely resembling the giant he had just killed, but of more than twice the size. As this majestic person drew near, he was met with the same question which had greeted the other—Who art thou? "I am Self," was the answer. "I thought I had killed thee," said the puffed-up preacher, "but I will do it again." So saying, he vigorously assailed this formidable enemy, and after a very severe and desperate struggle succeeded in destroying him. Now again he began to meditate on his great deeds ; when he saw before him a person, featured as the two others, but of immense stature, his head reaching to the clouds. He approached, and to the demand of his name, answered, "I am Self." Once more a combat commenced, but it was soon apparent that this new giant was coming off victor. The poor crest-fallen dreamer was brought to the ground, and perceived, as he thought, his death inevitable. Then, indeed, he thought of *One*, whose arm of power could bring aid and safety in any difficulty. His heart seemed humble, secret prayer was begotten to the Source of strength his faith was renewed, and Self vanished.—Then ended his dream.

As he pondered over its different parts, the delusion he had been previously under, was made clearly manifest to his mind. In tears and true contrition of heart he looked to the Source of every good and perfect gift, and

ceived therefrom a renewal of that humility and fear, which in the days of his youthful visitations were given him. Self, which in his first submission to the cross of Christ had been in measure slain—which had subsequently, through unwatchfulness, revived as a mighty giant, after, through Divine Grace, the pollutions of nature had been to a great extent cleansed; which then in a time of renewed visitations had been as it were slain a second time; and again revived by outward flattery, and inward unwatchfulness, into a spiritual monster, whose head reached the clouds—was now once more cast down. He felt in great tribulation; he saw the imminent danger he had been in of plunging himself into everlasting destruction; and with these feelings, and this sense, he dared no longer dwell upon his past labors for the Truth. His eye was now once more to the Lord, and the dream and the interpretation thereof, were to him as merciful warnings never to be forgotten.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE TIME OF HOLDING OUR YEARLY MEETINGS.

The unbecoming hurry to finish up the business, which too frequently (I might almost say invariably) accompanies the closing of our Yearly Meetings, renders it proper to consider whether by a different arrangement this may not be avoided, and our meetings conducted *throughout* with becoming order and proper deliberation. It is not creditable to the Society of Friends that they should pattern after the reprehensible practice which has obtained at the finishing of the terms of our Congress and Legislatures.

If we believe that the condition of our religious Society needs this periodic attention and examination, should we not be willing to give it all proper time and necessary care, and not be in undue haste to return home to our secular affairs? Is not this haste rather a mockery, and does it not lessen the good which might result were the business weightily conducted to the end?

We read of certain Eastern sects, who, in order to save time in the uttering of certain required prayers, have them written on wheels elevated on posts, and by the pulling of a rope this wheel revolves, and is assumed to be the saying of the prayer by the individual who pulls it.

Is this practice of unenlightened people much more strange than for those belonging to a Christian sect, making perhaps the highest profession to stereotype their business and set a limit to the time for the performance of their religious duties? Do we bear in mind that we are indebted to our heavenly Father

for all the time we have, and if He gives us a duty to perform, are we to limit the time required to perform it rightly?

Let us think of these things, and see whether we may not be getting somewhat into the same spirit which leads some to select those who are to do their preaching, and in a great measure their thinking, for them, and thus save themselves time and trouble.

If the time of holding these meetings can be slightly changed so as to give additional time for the transaction of the business, and also enable Friends to reach their homes by the First-day succeeding the Yearly Meeting (which seems to be the feeling with many to accomplish), would there not be an advantage in the change? This, it seems to me, might result from the adoption of the rule which governs the holding of many of the Yearly Meetings of the "Orthodox" Friends. Instead of convening on Second-day, they assemble on Fourth or Fifth-day, and the Yearly Meeting is continued into the following week, thus giving three or four days' additional time, and rendering it more than probable that the business may be proceeded with properly, and yet finished in due season.

I hope Friends will consider the matter, and see if some change of this kind may not be advantageous. J. M. T.

Philadelphia, 10th mo., 1871.

ABSTRACT OF EXERCISES OF INDIANA YEARLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS.

At the opening of our Meeting the spirit of supplication found vocal utterance, the hearts of all, we trust, being bowed in unison therewith. The overshadowing influence of Divine Love was felt to be round about us, baptising us into that oneness of feeling that is profitable to all.

We have felt that the great Master of all rightly gathered assemblies has indeed blessed us, by inclining the hearts of some of His devoted servants towards this portion of His vineyard. Their presence and labors among us have been strengthening and comforting, exemplifying the truth of the saying, As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.

The reading of the epistles from the various Yearly Meetings with which we are in correspondence, produced a solemnizing influence over the assembly, and we were renewedly convinced of the beauty and utility of such interchange of sentiment among our widely separated Churches, and led to bless the wisdom that instituted it.

The state of Society being brought before us by the answering of the queries, the Meeting was covered with a precious feeling, and much excellent counsel was handed forth and

words of encouragement given, for a more faithful maintenance of our various testimonies.

The subject of the attendance of our meetings, both for worship and discipline, was most lovingly spoken to, and Friends tenderly advised and earnestly exhorted not to neglect them through discouragement at the small number met together, but to be diligent therein, remembering the words of Christ, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name (or power), there am I in the midst." We were reminded that there would be an increase of spiritual strength in attending to the teachings of the Divine Mind, and that our example would have a salutary effect upon others who were seeking after Truth; also that if we would take our little ones with us, possibly their infant minds might feel the influence of the Holy Spirit upon them.

Much excellent testimony was borne to the beauty and efficacy of pure spiritual worship. The antagonism of Christian Love to tale-bearing and detraction, was forcibly presented, showing that when the heart is filled with this love, there can be no room in it for feeling or saying anything derogatory to the character of a friend or neighbor.

The beauty of the spirit of Christian humility, and the necessity of dwelling under its influence and observing the Golden Rule, were feelingly portrayed, and we were earnestly entreated to endeavor to walk under its guidance, and to manifest by our daily walk and conversation, that we are believers in practical righteousness.

Much excellent counsel was given to the young, the middle-aged and the aged: to the aged, that they falter not in the evening of their days; to the middle aged, that they press forward to still higher attainments; to the young, that they watch closely, taking heed to the monitions of Truth in the secret of their own hearts, and nurturing the tender seed of good which may be sown, into full growth.

A concern was feelingly expressed for the guarded intellectual education of our youth.

The report of the Educational Committee sets forth some interesting facts regarding different schools within the Yearly Meeting, and recommends further care on the subject.

The Indian Committee made a satisfactory report, giving evidence of much labor and care on behalf of our red brethren, and showing their desire and aptitude for learning the habits of civilization.

A memorial from the Representative Committee, petitioning the President and Congress to exert their influence in endeavoring to establish an umpire or court for the peaceable adjustment of international difficulties, being

brought into our Meeting, elicited a general expression of concurrence with the spirit which originated the movement, as well as with the memorials.

The Meeting was solemnized and tendered by a communication from a brother of a distant Yearly Meeting, showing in an impressive manner that as we live under the guidance of the Spirit of Truth, we shall exert an influence for good over others. Mothers were urged to greater faithfulness in the discharge of their responsibilities to their children, and feelingly addressing old and young separately, he bid us an affectionate and solemn "farewell in the Lord."

Our Meeting, which was unusually large both in the welcome attendance of Friends of other Yearly Meetings and of our own membership, was also marked by a degree of life and harmony beyond ordinary experience, and in a sense of gratefulness for the Father's blessing, that had been felt to rest upon us during our deliberations, the Meeting adjourned till next year.

From the (London) Friend.

WAR AND MODERN QUAKERISM.

Whilst, as a religious body in our official documents, we maintain our testimony against war, it may be worth while to inquire how the subject is really and honestly regarded by a large proportion of our members; and whether our usual affirmative answer to the 6th Query is not truer in the letter than in the spirit.

Do we really feel that earnest abhorrence of, not only offensive but defensive, war, with which, for instance, we regard slavery? Looking back at the opening events of the late war, how many there were amongst us who did not feel a glow of pleasure on hearing of those first German victories, and who, if they had spoken their candid sentiment towards that nation, would not have found it to be something to this effect—"It is very wrong of you to beat them, but I hope you'll do it again?" Certainly we try to quiet our consciences by the plea that we are but rejoicing over the least of two evils; but I believe we are not in the habit of rejoicing over other lesser evils in this enthusiastic manner. I cannot imagine, for instance, a zealous teetotaler displaying a strongly sympathetic interest in the fortunes of one or other of two rival public houses.

Again, may not some of us confess to a certain unacknowledged satisfaction that, whilst we maintain our testimony against war, there are enough left without similar scruples to defend the country very effectually, should a foreign enemy present himself?

I am disposed to think that this half-heart-

ed faithfulness to what we consider one of our leading principles may arise from our failing to understand, or to follow fearlessly to its ultimate issue, the ground on which we base, or think we base, our religious objection to war. We are contented to quote certain texts from the Sermon on the Mount, as clearly irreconcilable with war, which they undoubtedly are; but we are rather apt to tacitly admit that, applied to certain other affairs, which do not involve the destruction of human life, these precepts, if taken literally, are more or less impracticable; and it is but one further step to admit them to be impracticable as applied to war also.

A friend lately sent me a very excellent pamphlet by Gilbert Venables, entitled "Is War Unchristian?" in which the author strongly supports the views of Friends. "Nothing," he says, "can be more direct nor more unequivocal than the words, 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' . . . The next two verses carry the same principle still further. The man who would sue us at the law for our coat is to be allowed to take our cloak also, and if a man compel us to go with him a mile, we are to be ready to go two. Again is the same principle repeated two verses lower down:—'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' Now, I do in all earnestness ask one plain question:—Does this last verse mean, 'Cast rifled cannon, invent Gatling guns and mitrailleuses, prepare torpedoes, nitro-glycerine bombs, and all the rest of the horrid paraphernalia of war, in order that when your brother nation breaks faith with you and invades your territory and that of your allies, you may infallibly be able to blow the souls out of the bodies of so many thousands of your fellow creatures that your brother nation may get tired of coming to be killed?' If it be admitted that these three examples are fair examples of the principle taught, they are quite sufficient for my purpose, seeing that they enjoin non-resistance to attacks on the person, the property, and the liberty.'

The case could scarcely be better put; it is a practical contradiction to preach non-resistance to evil with our coasts surrounded by iron clad turret-ships. But having got thus far, a difficulty will arise in many minds. Are we prepared to admit that these injunctions shall and must be obeyed to the letter; or shall we, on the other hand, place them with certain other passages, such as, "Sell all that

thou hast and give unto the poor," which we agree to regard in some kind of figurative sense, and sometimes, alas! to observe in a very limited one indeed? The writer from whom I have quoted is very decided on the point:—"It is useless to contend that the language is that of Oriental hyperbole. We can see that the old rule ('an eye for an eye,' &c.) is given without Oriental hyperbole, and in all its brutal terseness. Let us be honest and admit that the new rule is just as terse, but that because it does not suit us to act up to it, we endeavor to weaken its force by patting this gloss upon it."

Now do we, in our ordinary every-day life, make even a profession of acting up to it? If, theoretically, we give to the man who takes from us our coat our cloak also, practically we send for the policeman. In point of fact we draw a certain, undefined line between the resistance to evil as represented by the soldier and that represented by the policeman. We mark the line by certain considerations as to the taking of life; but it is to be observed that the precepts in question say nothing of any such distinction.

For myself, I hold war to be utterly inconsistent with Christianity; but perhaps that conviction forces itself on my mind more from an innate sense of the impossibility of loving a man "as Christ hath loved us," and at the same time shooting him, than from the especial texts which are usually regarded as forbidding it; because this difficulty irresistibly presents itself: we agree to limit the literalness of these passages as regards the policeman, why not also as regards the soldier?

Place this Sermon on the Mount (stripped even of every suspicion of Oriental hyperbole) side by side with a masked battery of mitrailleuses about to "play" on an unsuspecting foe; consider the two things by the light of God in our hearts, and to the question whether the "infernal barrel-organ," as it was aptly described, can find a place in the sermon, there can be but one answer—*emphatically no*. And this certainly without insisting on the acceptance in a literal sense of every part of that wonderful address; and I would suggest that if we would see our present languid testimony give place to more earnest and fearless faithfulness, there is need of our studying the history and work of Christ, more as though we were his avowed and devoted servants, doing nothing for ourselves, but everything as in his service and in his name; and if as a consequence we come to regard these scriptures less with a view of establishing by isolated passages certain dogmas and doctrines which we term "sound," in contradistinction to those which our neighbor with equal zeal asserts his right to call by the same title, I venture

to think we shall not as a religious body suffer any loss of spiritual life. C.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

My desire for thee is that thou mayst continue faithful to Him who hath called thee into His service. Assuredly He will preserve thee and keep thy garments white. He has shown thee how to find Him in prison and how to administer to His poor afflicted servants, and that consolation thou hast been willing to administer to others, will be returned unto thee double. Though thy conflicts have been sore, thou wilt be strengthened to stand, and wilt see of the travail of thy soul and be satisfied.

Ah, what cannot the love of God as shed forth in the soul accomplish! It strengthens us patiently to endure even all things, not counting our lives too dear to give up for His sake, reminding us, too, that we will enjoy in Him the full fruition of life-eternal, when this fading transitory scene is over.

I will not attempt to relate my journeyings since we parted, though I would be sure of thy sympathy under my varied exercises. In my visit to the province of Upper Canada, we were at the "Rice Lake." This is a curiosity. We see fields of rice on the surface, of great extent, producing luxuriantly the black rice; some of the stems, which my companion drew up, were nine or ten feet long. It grows to the surface before it blossoms and heads out. When it is ripe, the Indians go in among it, and strip it off into their canoes for food for themselves or to sell to the inhabitants of the district. We were at three meetings with the natives, and communicated with them without an interpreter, as they were accustomed to hearing their missionaries.

We were hospitably entertained at the house of one of these, while in the Indian settlement. At these meetings, and generally among those of various denominations, we found great openness to receive our doctrines, while sometimes among those of our own name a different feeling was discovered by the poor servants, who dare not deliver any other message than the Truth as it is given. Truly may we say, "who is sufficient for this thing?" which at times requires the servant to say as did Nathan formerly, "thou art the man." May thou and I, under every fresh conflict, lie low and cast our burden upon the Lord; He will sustain us.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 28, 1871.

FRIENDS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—We have always endeavored to avoid any animadversions, in regard to Friends in Great Britain, which might be looked upon as "meddling in other men's matters" or tending to unprofitable controversy. Nevertheless we feel a deep interest in what is transpiring among Friends over the water, as conveyed in their two organs, the London "Friend," and the "British Friend," which reach us monthly. We occasionally transfer some of the articles in these to our own columns; and would gladly have done the same with some others, had we not been restrained by the considerations above referred to. The publicity lately given to the troubles among Friends of Manchester, and the deep interest which must be felt on their behalf by all truly concerned Friends, warrant us in alluding now to the subject.

Our readers may remember that in the extracts we have occasionally made from the published reports of the proceedings of London Yearly Meeting, allusion was made to difficulties existing in one of the branches, of so serious a nature as to call for the appointment of a committee on the subject. What these difficulties actually were could not be gathered from the published proceedings of the Yearly Meeting. But some light is now thrown upon them by a communication in the last number of the "British Friend;" which we give. It is at the same time due to that journal, the christian fairness and impartiality of which has our warm approval, to give also the editorial comments on the article in question. They will follow the account entitled Hardshaw East.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 10th mo. 29th, West Nottingham, Md., 3 P.M.
 11th mo. 5th, Chichester, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Haddonfield, N J., 10 A.M.
 " Providence (Montgomery Co.), 10A.M.
 " Norristown, " 3 P.M.
 " 12th, Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.

DIED.

RICHARDSON.—At the residence of her brother-in-law, John Pierpoint, where she had been residing for several years, Mary Richardson, in the 63d year of her age; a member of Deerfield Monthly Meeting, Morgan Co., Ohio.

MAULE.—At his residence in Highland township, Chester Co., Pa., on the 26th of Eighth month, 1871, Ebenezer Maule, in the 80th year of his age; an elder of the Monthly Meeting of Fallowfield.

HARDSHAW EAST.

This Monthly Meeting was held at Manchester on the 14th ult. Ten or eleven of the Yearly Meeting's Committee were present. The eleven resignations of membership sent in the previous month were again read, with an additional one from a young man Friend, making twelve in all. The acceptance of them at once was proposed, and largely supported, on the ground that all were of so decided a tone, and all the labor that seemed practicable or called for had been bestowed in various ways, so that there was no prospect of advantage in delaying the acceptance.— Though this view was strongly combated, it was decided to appoint three Friends to go out of meeting and prepare a minute separating all but Sarah Ann Duncan, whose state of health precluded the same course being taken with her there and then.

Several Friends called attention to the serious loss which the Society would sustain from the withdrawal of such members as the writers of the letters which had been read, many of these documents being of a weighty, earnest character; but there appeared to be little regret among the heads of Manchester Meeting for this sad result.

During the discussion the Yearly Meeting's Committee were pointedly asked whether since 7th Month, when David Duncan's case was brought forward, they had at all regretted their action? They did not reply at the time, but attention being again called to this question, G. S. Gibson replied that they had most seriously considered the course they had taken after the solemn events which had occurred, and could not say that they had any cause to think that they could have taken any other course, not knowing what was to follow.

Charles Thompson was present, and took part in the discussion, and it was expected that an attempt would be made to get a committee appointed to visit him for his having refused to make any public expression of regret for having seconded a vote of thanks at C. Voysey's meeting, and for refusing to promise not to appear in the ministry; but nothing of the kind was done.

He has since received a letter, signed by three of the committee, expressing regret that they had not heard from him, to which he replied that he had no further communication to make.

At the same meeting there was offered a numerous signed protest against the proceedings and decision in the case of David

Duncan, but it was not allowed to be read. The protest is as follows:—

"To the Monthly Meeting of Hardshaw East, to be held at Manchester, the 14th of 9th Month, 1871.

"Dear Friends,—On a solemn review of the proceedings of the Monthly Meeting, in the case of our late dear friend David Duncan, we whose names are hereunto attached feel it incumbent upon us to record our most earnest and most unqualified protest against those proceedings.

"*Firstly*.—Because the order of procedure was irregular, hasty, and arbitrary, and inconsistent with the oft-repeated advice of the Yearly Meeting, on the administration of the discipline.

"*Secondly*.—Because seeing that the Society of Friends, instead of according the ordinary prominence to a creed, has ever held as its most cherished doctrine the enlightening influence of the Spirit of God as the guide into all truth, and believing that our late beloved friend fully accepted this truth, and endeavored to live up to the measure of light received, we therefore contend that in disowning him the Monthly Meeting separated from its fold one of its most useful and estimable members.

"*Thirdly*.—Because we believe that differences of opinion upon matters which are beyond the reach of human power to solve must be allowed to remain open questions. Were this admitted, no harm could result from the calm discussion of religious subjects, but, on the contrary, much good; whilst to attempt to stifle free inquiry by the exercise of a merely artificial authority, as in the case of our deeply lamented friend, is a discredit to the cause of truth and a dishonor to the profession of religion.

"We deem it our duty to the Society in which we are members to offer this protest, in the earnest hope that it may lead to a stop being put at once and forever to the attempt to fix a doctrinal standard of orthodoxy amongst us, and so avert the calamity of further strife and ultimate dispersion."

Then follow the names of forty Friends.

All the above are members of Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting, not one of the twelve Friends who have resigned their membership being included, as they consider that they have already made a still stronger protest.

H.

HARDSHAW EAST MONTHLY MEETING.— We can scarcely anticipate, that in giving a narrative of part of the action of this meeting, that we shall be supposed to be passing censure on that action, or yet approving of the conduct of the dissentients. We are obviously

doing neither. The details, so far as they are fairly before us in regard to the latter, may be undisputed matters of fact; they are, however, as yet purely *ex parte*, and of course present no sufficient basis for arriving at a correct and impartial judgment. Our readers, any way, seem entitled to the information which we have given, such as it is.

As there is every probability that those who have withdrawn from Friends, together with such as may hereafter leave, will give the fullest publicity to their position, for the information not only of Friends, but of the public at large, and for their own justification, it would seem to be equally the duty of the Monthly Meeting on the other hand, in simple justice to itself, to supply an explicit version of its action from first to last in the case, in order to such a judgment as we have above desiderated being arrived at, both by the Society of Friends generally, as well as by interested onlookers of other denominations.

It is possible there may be some who deprecate publicity in such a case as the present. We cannot say that these have our sympathy. If a meeting is in the right, what is there to fear? If in the wrong, why conceal or adhere to it? Besides, we conceive we should be anything but faithful in our vocation as journalists were we to refuse to chronicle passing events such as we are now dealing with, seeing they are the bone and sinew of history. Surely it would be for a lamentation that so highly professing a people as Friends should have to take up the language in reference to any of their church proceedings—"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon." The sooner the details of the case on both sides are made known the better will it be, especially for Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting.

LATE HOURS.—Our evening engagements are far too numerous, and our parties are too much of the nature of public meetings. They have lost all domesticity and simplicity, to say nothing of the cost of them, which is itself a care. They are so late as to extend far into the night. The injurious results of scanty rest are very obvious. They take two apparently opposite but really related forms—excitability and exhaustion. We are fearful and fatigued; hypersensitive and subject to *ennui*. We are exquisitely sensitive to pain and discomfort on the one hand, and uncommonly hard to please on the other. Neither moralists nor physicians have much control over the faults of our social life. We can only point them out. The remedy for them rests with the public. Will a few influential people, who want easily to do an enormous

amount of good, dare to initiate a few changes in our social arrangements in the direction of sleep and simplicity?—*London Lancet*.

From the "Leisure Hour."

THE BANYAN AND PEEPUL TREES OF INDIA.

BY ROBERT HUNTER, M.A. (LATE OF NAGPORE.)

It may help home readers to conceive the romantic character of India when it is mentioned that the genus *ficus*, or fig tree, is there so numerous in wild species that it perplexes botanists, like the *salices* (willows) in England, or the *carices* (sedges) in the more northern parts of Britain. It is generally considered a favorable symptom of our London climate that one description of fig tree—that with eatable fruit (*Ficus carica* of *Linnaeus*)—is common in the open air. In our Eastern Empire, however, so far back as about forty years ago, when Dr. Roxburgh published his "Flora Indica," fifty-five species were described, and new forms are still being continually brought to notice. Fifty-five constitute somewhat more than a third of the species (about 160) known throughout the world. But the reader must not take up the notion that at least fifty-five totally diverse kinds of fig fruits, extending through all the degrees, positive, comparative, and superlative, of lusciousness, are to be had for the plucking in the Oriental jungles. We never heard of an eatable fig in the East, excepting the species well known at home, and even it was not found outside of gardens. Most of the wild figs had round fruits about the size of cherries, and preserving also this remote analogy to cherries that some were red and others black, the former being the more common color. In internal structure, however, the fruit was as diverse from a cherry as it well could be. It is the object of the present article to describe two remarkable species of Indian fig trees—the Banyan (*Ficus Indica* of *Linnaeus*) and the Peepul (*Ficus religiosa*), of the same naturalist.

The Banyan tree is truly indigenous in India. It grows in a state of nature, as Roxburgh alleged, about the skirts of the Circar mountains. Nearly all the specimens, however, with which the traveller meets, occur in the vicinity of villages, where they have evidently been planted for shade. The writer of this article has often spent the hot part of an Indian day under a banyan tree at some Indian village or other; and on a certain occasion he slept under one during a winter night without any protection overhead except the branches, and sustained no injury through the exposure.

When a banyan tree first springs up from seed its method of growth is very much like that of the trees with which we are familiar

at home, the oak or beech, for example. Nor does it begin to do anything out of the ordinary routine of vegetable life till it has reached a goodly size. Readers are all familiar with the fact that our British trees vary a great deal in the length of the branches which proceed from the parent stem, as also in the angle at which they send the branches forth. The oak, for instance, has what may be called long arms, and which, moreover, leave the parent stem at so high an angle that, speaking loosely, they may be said to be horizontal. The banyan tree of India has a length of arm with which that of the oak is not at all to be compared, the direction being almost quite horizontal. But on the ordinary principles of mechanics, the longer that such a branch is, the greater the lever power which it exerts, and which tends to break it off from the parent stem, so that a length of arm much exceeding that of the oak is impossible, unless some provision exists for giving it adequate support. The peculiarity of the banyan tree is that there is such a provision. When a horizontal branch has been put forth to such a length as to render it difficult to maintain itself without breaking, it lowers down from its end one or more roots, which, entering the ground, send forth rootlets and themselves become new stems. In due time the long horizontal branches which once were in danger of being destroyed by their own weight, are almost as easily supported by the woody pillars at either end of them as a chain bridge is on its piers, and no catastrophe is likely to occur even if new branches be sent forth. So the process goes on, and on, and on, till in place of a single tree there is a perfect colonnade of wooden stems supporting an adequate number of natural rafters, on which reposes a dense canopy of foliage. Dr. Roxburgh saw a banyan fully five hundred yards round the extremities of the branches, and about one hundred feet high. The principal branch of this monster was about eight feet or more in diameter, and rose to an elevation of twenty-five feet before coming to the level of the branches. The size of the colossal banyan now described may be understood, if it be remembered that five hundred yards or fifteen hundred feet are more than a quarter of a mile, a pretty respectable circuit for the branches of one tree. But a more notable one still has long been known—that which was described with admirable minuteness and fidelity by James Forbes in his letters written from the East, and published in his valuable "Oriental Memoirs," sent forth in 1813. It has a native name, Cubbeer Burr, given it after a celebrated saint. Was this the well-known Hindoo reformer Kabir or Kubbeer,

from whom the sect of the Kabir Panthis took its origin? It grows about twelve miles from the town of Broach, on one of the banks of the Nerbudda river. Its circumference, when Mr. Forbes used to encamp with picnic and other parties under it, was nearly two thousand feet measured round the principal stems. The overhanging branches covered a much larger space. The large trunks numbered about three hundred and fifty, and the smaller ones exceeded three thousand, each of these, be it remembered, continuing still to send forth branches and hanging roots, designed to infix themselves in the earth and become the parents of a future progeny. Mr. Forbes says that this celebrated tree was once much larger, but that a fearful storm, attended by a sudden and high flood on the Nerbudda (occurring of course previously to the letter in which this information is given, dated January, 1783), greatly diminished its glories, having carried away many of its trunks, thus reducing their number from more than 1,350 to the 350 existing now. Birds, snakes, and monkeys, abound in the overhanging canopy of branches and foliage, the last named animals amusing with their antics the European and native travellers encamped below. * * * * *

The leaves of the banyan, which are somewhat oval in form, and pointed at the tip, are about six inches long, by three, or at most four, in breadth. When young they are downy on both sides; but when old they become smooth, and somewhat remind us of the leaves of some rhododendrons. Minute comparison, however, shows that while in the rhododendrons the nervures and reticulation of the leaves are generally not very conspicuous, it is different with the banyan leaves, which when old exhibit every nervure and all the minute network of their structure almost as distinctly as some of those skeletons of decayed foliage occasionally found lying under trees in autumn. A rhododendron leaf no one would ever compare to a broad Amazonian targe or shield. * * * * *

The fruit of the banyan is round in appearance, like a bright red cherry. It is eaten by monkeys, as also by parroquets, and other birds. Banyan means a merchant, and is not the native name of the tree. Probably its appellation was given by Europeans who considered that in its tendency to spread it resembled a mercantile establishment, while the natives more beautifully regard it as an emblem of the Deity. It would be a great acquisition to the scenery of Britain if the banyan could be introduced here; but we fear that it could not live through our severe winters.

The second species of wild fig tree which it was proposed to describe, is one considerably less romantic than that which has just occupied our attention, but an interesting species notwithstanding. It is the ficus, called in the several languages of India, which have close relations with the Sanscrit, *peepul*. Linnæus named it *ficus religiosa*, the sacred fig. It may at once be recognized by its leaves, which in place of being long and somewhat oval like those of the banyan, are heart-shaped and run into a long acumination, or needle tip. None of our common British trees have quite the same foliage as this. The nearest approach to the peepul leaf existing here is that of the black poplar (*Populus nigra* of Linnæus); but the poplar is broader than the other, has a blunter point, and minute serratures, while the peepul is only wavy. A curious analogy, however, exists between the poplar genus and the peepul in this respect, that both become agitated when even a feeble breath of air passes by. The fruit is black.

The *ficus religiosa* is often met with (planted of course) near Indian temples, though it is also to be found wild on mountains. It is, as its name imports, a sacred tree. Governor Rheede, who published at Amsterdam, in 1678, an excellent Latin volume, with fine figures, illustrative of the plants which he met with in Malabar, describes it under the name of *Arcalu*, and says: "This tree is sacred to Vishnu, whom these Gentiles report to have been born under it, and to have carried its flowers; and their religion requires them to adore it, to surround it with a wall of stones, and to mark either it, or the stones around it with a red color, on which account it is called by the Christian inhabitants the Devil's tree." It should be mentioned that the bedaubing of stones, and even idols, with red lead for purposes of worship, is still common over a large part of India.

The peepul manifests a strange propensity for destroying such walls as may happen to be in its vicinity. Its method of procedure is this: It commences by putting a tiny shoot through any crevice which it can find or make in the wall. In all likelihood the time it chooses for the commencement of this operation is the season of the year when the leaves, which are deciduous, have fallen, and not yet been renewed; for if they were standing, it would be sure to rasp them off, in forcing its way through the small holes, by means of which its passage must be effected. The shoot, of course furnished with leaf buds, having successfully penetrated through the wall, soon becomes clad with leaves; after a time also it lengthens and strengthens, till it becomes a goodly branch. But long before

this stage of development has been reached, it has shattered the wall in all directions, while struggling to enlarge the hole, now become too small for its necessities. The writer of this article, when enjoying for a day or two the hospitality of an Anglo-Indian gentleman in the East, was surprised on entering the hall of his bungalow, where in this country overcoats, hats, and umbrellas would be put, to see projecting through the wall a long peepul shoot, luxuriantly clad with leaves. On his expressing some admiration for a spectacle so romantic, the gentleman, who was of course obliged to take a more matter-of-fact view of the circumstances declared that he could not tolerate the shoot much longer, or his wall would go. A similar sight was subsequently witnessed in another place. An important fort in a native State had a gigantic peepul branch projecting from the centre of one of its sides, and the crevice through which it had come had been so well enlarged that cracks ran from it in various directions, like those one sees on a window pane, through which a small stone has been thrown. * * *

In Ceylon, even more than on the mainland of India, the banyan and peepul trees are regarded with veneration by the natives.

THERE is great danger in ungoverned feeling. The temptation is great to indulge from mere pleasure of indulgence, and from the admiration given to feeling. It is easier to gain credit for goodness by a glistening eye, while listening to some story, for self sacrifice, than by patient usefulness. It is easier to get credit for spirituality, by thrilling at some impassioned speech on the platform, or sermon from the pulpit, than by living a life of justice, mercy, and truth. And hence religious life degenerates into mere indulgence of feeling, the excitement of religious meetings, or the utterance of strong emotion. In this sickly strife life wastes away, and the man or woman becomes weak instead of strong.—*F. W. Robertson.*

SIZE OF THE SUN.

Let the reader consider a terrestrial globe three inches in diameter, and search out, on that globe, the tiny triangular speck which represents Great Britain. Then let him endeavor to picture the town in which he lives as represented by the minutest pin-mark that could possibly be made upon this speck. He will then have formed some conception, though but an inadequate one, of the enormous dimensions of the earth's globe, compared with the scene in which his daily life is cast. Now, on the same scale, the sun would be represented by a globe about twice the height of an ordinary sitting room. A room about

twenty six feet in length and height, and breadth, would be required to contain the representation of the sun's globe on this scale, while the globe representing the earth could be placed in a moderately large goblet.

Such is the body which sways the motions of the solar system. The largest of his family, the giant Jupiter, though of dimensions which dwarf those of the earth or Venus almost to nothingness, would yet only be represented by a thirty-two-inch globe, on the scale which gives to the sun the enormous volume I have spoken of. Saturn would have a diameter of about five feet in its extreme span. Uranus and Neptune would be a little more than a foot in diameter, and all the minor planets would be less than the three-inch earth. It will thus be seen that the sun is a worthy centre of the great scheme he sways, even when we merely regard his dimensions.

The sun outweighs fully seven hundred and forty times the combined mass of all the planets which circle around him; so that when we regard the energy of his attraction, we still find him a worthy ruler of the planetary scheme.—*Proctor's "Other Worlds than Ours."*

THE following "Thoughts on Prayer," &c., were published in the *Intelligencer* several years ago, but at the request of a subscriber who especially values them, they are reprinted.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER AND FORMS OF PRAYER.

The following lines were written by a poor mechanic of Killileagh, Down, Ireland, on seeing a family prayer book, which contained these words in the preface: "This book is intended to assist those who have not yet acquired the happy art of addressing themselves to God in Scriptural and appropriate language."

While praying is deem'd an art so happy,
By a few who others rule,
Jesus, teach us its importance
In thy self-denying school!

Prayer's the sweetest, noblest duty,
Highest privilege of man,
God's exalted—man's abased,
Prayer unites their natures one.

God *alone* can teach His children,
By His Spirit how to pray,
Knows our wants, and gives the knowledge,
What to ask, and what to say.

Why should man then manufacture
Books of prayer to get them sold?
Sad delusion! strive to barter
Christ's prerogative for gold!

Where's the book, or school, or college,
That can teach a man to pray?
Words they give from worldly knowledge;
Learn of *Christ* then, *He's* the way.

Why ask money from the people
For these barren books of prayer?
Paper, ink, and words are in them,
But alas! Christ is not there.

Those who seek shall surely find Him—
Not in books—He reigns *within*;
Formal prayers can never reach Him,
Neither can He dwell with sin.

Words are free as they are common;
Some in them have wond'rous skill,
But saying Lord! will never save them,
Those He loves who do His will.

Words may please the lofty fancy,
Music charm the list'ning ear,
Pompos words may please the giddy,
But Christ, the Saviour, is not there.

Christ's the way, the path to heaven,
Life is ours, if Him we know,
Those who can pray, HE has taught them,
Those who can't should words forego.

When a child wants food and raiment,
Why not ask his parent dear?
Ask in faith then—God's our father,
He's at hand, and He will hear.

Prayer's an easy, simple duty,
'Tis the language of the soul;
Grace demands it, grace receives it,
Grace must reign above the whole.

God requires not graceful postures,
Neither words arranged with form;
Such a thought!—it pre-supposes
That with words we God can charm!

God alone must be exalted,
Every earthly thought must fall;
Such is prayer and praise triumphant,
Then does Christ reign over all.

Every heart should be a temple,
God should dwell our hearts within;
Every day should be a sabbath,
Every hour, redeemed from sin.

Every place, a place of worship,
Every tune, a tune of prayer,
Every sigh should rise to heaven,
Every wish should centre there.

Heartfelt sighs and heaven-born wishes,
Or the poor uplifted eye,
These are prayers that God will answer,
They ascend His throne on high.

Spire of Prayer! be THOU the portion,
Of all those who wait on Thee,
Help us!—shield us!—lead us!—guide us!
THINK THE PRAISE, THE GLORY BE!

NEAR EVENTIDE.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

My flesh is weary; but the way
Lies nearer to the vale of Rest,
And slowly, slowly creeps the day
Down to the threshold of the West.

Dear Father! if thy love should send
Some angel, full of pity sweet,
To nerve me for the coming end,
He'll track me by my treading feet.

For when I turned my face to God
I could not see for blinding tears;
I dumbly took the roughest road
And trod it all these weary years!

I think, O Father!—though my sight
Discern no sign of help around—
Thou wilt not hold my striving light,
Nor give me any needless wound.

Thou wilt not blame the trusting heart
That witless, blindly reaching out,
No blossom from its thorn could part,
When thorns were set with flowers about.

Thou'lt lead me from this evening land,
And with a morning crown my night,
What time my victor soul shall stand
Erect, transfigured in thy sight!

MECHANISM OF WATCHES.

An interesting article in the *Phrenological Journal and Packard's Monthly* for December, on the "Watch Manufacture in America," gives some extraordinary facts connected with the exceeding delicacy of the mechanism of our pocket time keepers. Among other things the writer says:

"A hair-spring, according to the Elgin standard, is a delicate ribbon of the finest steel, measuring one twelve-hundred and fiftieth of an inch in diameter, and weighing one-fifteenth thousandth of a pound troy. It is a foot long when drawn out in a straight line. A pound of steel, worth in the bar one dollar, when converted into hair-springs becomes worth four thousand dollars, or more than fifteen times as valuable as a pound of gold. For each pivot of a watch a jewel is selected with a hole which is a degree or the ten-thousandth part of an inch larger, so that there shall be just sufficient room for the pivot's play and no more. In preparing the jewels for watches, the precious stones—diamonds, rubies, garnets, sapphires and aqua-marines are set in good time-pieces—are cut into little cubes, and then turned in a lathe. When ready to be inserted in the watch-plate, a jewel weighs less than the one sixty-fifth hundredth of an ounce troy. The pivot-hole is drilled into it with a diamond point hardly perceptible to the naked eye, and then polished with a wire that passes through it and whirls one way, while the jewel whirls the other, the two making twenty-eight thousand revolutions a minute. Every jewel hole is left a little larger than the pivot, for what is called the 'side shake,' and every shaft or axle a little short for the 'end shake.' The minute gauges which measure all the parts make allowance for these—a bit of calculation which they readily perform with an accuracy unknown to human brains. After the operation of polishing, if a single particle of diamond dust is left in the jewel hole it will imbed

itself firmly in the steel pivot, and there act like a tiny chisel, cutting away into the jewel while the pivot revolves. The utmost care is necessary, therefore, to see that no diamond dust is left in the watch.

"The last stage in the manufacture is the adjusting of the movement to heat and cold. First, the watch is run several hours in a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees; then it is placed in a cold box where the temperature is about zero, and it must keep time alike in both conditions. It is the office of the adjuster also to try the running of the movement in different positions, and if he finds no variation it is ready for the case.

"The number of pieces in an American watch varies from one-hundred and fifty six to one hundred and eighty, while a watch made by hand in the old English style contained eight hundred, if we count each link in the chain, which in this country, with the fusee and 'mainwheel,' have been done away with, and with advantage."

No process is so fatal as that which would cast all men into one mould. Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do. Our common nature is to be unfolded in unbounded diversities. It is rich enough for infinite manifestations. It is to wear innumerable forms of beauty and glory. Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach. Let him not enslave his conscience to others, but act with the freedom, strength, and dignity of one whose highest law is in his own breast.—*Channing.*

FRESHETS.

Along every brook and stream that, from forty miles about, empties into the Connecticut there has been going on a destruction of woods and forests for a hundred years, until the whole water shed once covered with trees has become comparatively bare. The snows and rains are no longer held by dry leaves and roots, and shaded by foliage, until they slowly melt and trickle into the soil, to find their way patiently and in a whole season's store into the river at last, feeding it with a steady and moderate supply every month in the year. One warm rain at any season of snow makes a dangerous freshet in forty-eight hours. When the ground is frozen, of course the snow melts into it only very slowly. It requires many weeks, in forests, to carry off the snow, and the ground slowly softens and takes in the moisture, squandering little in the brooks and renewing all the deep springs. Now, all the year's water runs off

in a few weeks. The springs on the farms fail; freshets and droughts become alarmingly common; springs that did full duty for a century have lately stopped; and, worst of all, the freshets, instead of decreasing as more valuable bridges and farms are erected and lumber grows scarcer, increase every season as the lumber is more and more stripped from the land. We have lost three bridges across the Connecticut at one town in a few years. Old high-water mark is no test of what may now come. More and more of the water goes off every year in time of flood, and leaves less and less every year in time of Summer. The shrewd builder of the Valley Road, after all the engineers had, twenty years ago, fixed the level of the road and bridges, peremptorily ordered them built two feet higher than the survey, and so saved the bridges and roadway from the freshets which must have made them often impassable had they been placed at the proposed levels.

We are happy to hear that a slow attention is being given to new plantations of trees on the banks of the Connecticut; and that a careful estimate of cost has convinced some farmers that coal, at present prices, is cheaper than wood for fuel; that the waste of water produced by destruction of forests injures their farms more than the sale of the timber repays them. The failure of springs and brooks for cattle in pastures is drawing attention to its causes. In Germany the superintendents of woods and forests require that a young tree shall be planted for every old tree cut down, and we must begin to look carefully to our abuse and destruction of forests before we experience still more serious consequences from our recklessness. We have hitherto treated our trees very much after the rule of an Irishman at a Donnybrook Fair—"If you see a head, hit it." Trees were long like bears and wolves and wild-cats—evidences of an unsettled and unsubdued country—and must be exterminated. In our own village, thirty years ago, there were really no shade-trees in the streets; and now, by virtue of a "Tree-planting Society," the town is lost in greenery and embowered with shade. Care will restore our forests sufficiently in thirty years to recall our failing water springs and regulate our rivers. Let all our agricultural organs draw increased attention to this important subject.—*The Liberal Christian.*

LOVE OF EXCITEMENT.

The facilities for travel, and the great increase of expensive toys and books, had need to make parents and guardians of children watchful, lest they fall into the errors herein described.

"Love of excitement, the craving for

amusement, considered to be especially the fault and temptation of youth, are in many cases taught in childhood, almost, one may say, in infancy.

"Instead of making little children self-dependent as regards amusement, the moment they appear in the drawing room some one is expected to amuse and play with them, and the mother, or sister, or aunt, must give up all her attention to them. Instead of being taught self-restraint and consideration, by being forced to be quiet while others are employed, they are allowed to interfere with every occupation. The exciting companionship of their elders becomes a daily necessity instead of an occasional treat; and after this early training in what is to them dissipation, parents are surprised that their children cannot be satisfied with only common pursuits, but always require some amusement to be found for them. Little do they think that one of the greatest blessings which can be conferred on any one is that of being contented with small pleasures; and that the child of the peasant, who can play happily with a piece of wood, has a possession which the little heir of thousands, surrounded by his splendid toys, might envy.

"*Few playthings, few companions, few story books.* Upon these children may be educated simply and thoroughly. Give them many, and we create artificial necessities, which can only be satisfied by artificial means. And with these necessities there must creep in that wretched spirit of worldliness which is the hidden worm eating away all that is good and noble in a character.

The child with her perpetual longing for new tales, her listlessness when she is not actually engaged in study, her constant desire for little fineries, her craving for amusement,—some one to play with, or to visit—some young party at home or abroad—is but rehearsing on a small scale what her elders enact on a large one. She is practising discontent, learning to find duty and usefulness uninteresting, to live for pleasure, to care only for what may excite. And it is this spirit which, when carried out, ultimately becomes worldliness.

"'Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.' We want no other definition of worldliness. It is impossible to draw true distinctions between one amusement and another; to say that a dinner party is lawful, and a dance unlawful; for greediness and excess may as possibly be associated with the one, as vanity and folly may be with the other; and display may be shared equally by both. When we attempt to define in these ways, we are almost certain to be uncharitable and Pharisaical; but we cannot be wrong in say-

ing, that when amusement and excitement are necessities, the spirit is worldly, and therefore when we teach children to crave them, we are educating them in worldliness."—*Sewell's "Principles of Education."*

ITEMS.

THERE is no field of invention, says the *Scientific American*, which to-day is more replete with general scientific and practical interest than that pertaining to the manufacture of artificial stone. While in the working of iron men have sought out means whereby it can be rapidly and cheaply converted into the forms required, the world has to the present day been content with working stone after the same general method used in the construction of the pyramids. The rudest of all materials is thus changed by immense labor into costly forms; and the attempts to obviate the necessity for this labor and expense have been confined to a very recent period.

The last important discovery of pre historic remains in Germany was made in the fall of 1866, when the "Schussenried Station," belonging to the first glacial epoch, was found. Last winter, a few archæologists became aware of the great importance of the Hohefels Cave in the Aachthal, Wurtemberg, long known to those who lived in the vicinity for its copious yield of bear-bones. This extensive and high-vaulted cavern lies at the base of a deep rock, towering some 125 feet above the Aach river, near Schelklingen, and was, probably at the commencement of the glacial epochs, the dwelling place of a hunting tribe. Of the bones contained in it, by far the largest number belong to the cave-bear, the Alpine bear, and the reindeer; less numerous are the remains of the dwarf-ox and the urus, of a thick-headed horse, of the two-horned rhinoceros and its usual companion, the mammoth, of swine, foxes, polar foxes, otters, wolves, antelopes, cats; of the swan, goose, duck, heron, and snipe. Bones of the hare and lion were found only in a single instance. The presence of man was proved by a number of animal bones split lengthwise in order to take out the marrow, and by hand-wrought implements (pierced teeth, thin lamellæ of mammoth ivory, and splinters of flint of the rudest and most primitive shape). The conclusion is warranted that the Aachthal hunters flourished at a time when our so-called polar and tropical animals lived in close contact and contemporaneously, of course under a hotter climate than the Suabian hills now have; that these men possessed no tame domesticated animals; and that the terrible cave-bear was hunted by man—a fact of which we here get the first evidence. In Switzerland, a new lacustrine station has been discovered at Heimenlachen, near Eerg. Among the fragments of vases and stone hatchets unearthed was the skull of a deer, whose horns had each nineteen branches, and measured four feet across.—*Nation*.

ANOTHER member of the Brahma Somaj, not so well known as Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, but who has been even more closely concerned in the practical advancement of educational reform in India, viz. Baboo Sasipada Benerjee, is at present in England. Benerjee, who is a Brahmin, is accompanied by his wife, the first instance we believe of a Hindoo lady venturing so far to break through the barrier of caste restriction and seclusion. He has already visited several English towns, and lectured at Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, &c.

A MACHINE is said to have been recently perfected in London, with which a writer, using a pen in the usual manner, can at the same time produce a duplicate so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, yet so distinct that a microscope will reveal every line and dot. A most useful application of the apparatus will be for the prevention of forgery, as private marks can be made on notes and securities, legible under microscopic power, but which no imitator could see, or even suspect the presence of.

To clean a pencil drawing, and to preserve it from rubbing out, only a few moments' work and very simple materials are required. The cleaning is effectually done by taking a piece of the soft part of a loaf of bread and rubbing it over the surface of the drawing. The bread will roll out into pellets and take up the pencil dust and stains from the paper without injury to the pencil-marks. To make the drawing "fast," flood the whole surface with sweet milk and let it dry. It can then be kept for an indefinite period as fresh and distinct as when first made.

MANY of our farmers who study economy in their domestic affairs, find it more economical to make their candles than to buy them. Such persons will find that by making the wicks about half the ordinary size, and dipping them in spirits of turpentine, and drying them carefully before the fire, or in the sunshine, before moulding, they will last longer, and afford a much clearer and more brilliant light than made in the ordinary way. A small portion of beeswax, melted with the tallow, has a tendency to prevent their "running," and render them much more lasting.

TEA LEAVES FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.—Dr. Searles, of Warsaw, Wisconsin, says in the *Chicago Medical Examiner*:

Some few years since I accidentally found that a poultice of tea leaves, applied to small burns and scalds, afforded immediate relief, and I determined to give it a more extensive trial when opportunity should present, and which soon occurred. It was in a case of a child fourteen months old. Upon examination I found the anterior portion of the body, arms, and legs blistered and deeply burned from a kettle of hot water which the child had upset upon itself. The case, to say the least; was unfavorable for the success of any remedy. I prepared a large poultice, softening the leaves with hot water, and, while yet quite warm, applied it upon cotton wool, over the entire burned surface. Almost like magic, the suffering abated, and, without the use of any other anodyne, the child soon fell into a quiet sleep. In a few hours I removed the application, and reapplied where it was necessary. I found the parts discolored and apparently tanned. The acute sensibility and tenderness had nearly disappeared, and the little patient passed through the second and third stages under far more favorable circumstances (symptoms) than was at first anticipated, making a recovery in about two weeks.

Since then on several occasions I have had reason to commend tea leaves, till now I have come to prefer it above all other remedies in the first stage of burns and scalds. I think it must recommend itself to the profession, not only on account of its intrinsic worth, but also by reason of its great convenience, being so readily obtained. I am not aware that any mention has been made thus far of this article in this connection, and I hope that others will find it as useful in their practice as the writer has.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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GEORGE DILLWYN.

(Concluded from page 549.)

George Dillwyn was much interested in the welfare of the Indian natives of this country, and at times felt his mind drawn toward them in that love which persuaded him there was that in them to which the Gospel might be preached. He had divers interesting religious conversations with a deputation of Cherokees who visited the city of Philadelphia in First month, 1792. These Indians were seven in number, six males and one female. The chief man among them was Nehetooyah, or the "Bloody Fellow," and he appears to have done all the public speaking on their behalf. This being the first opportunity Friends had ever obtained of showing kindness to the members of this distant tribe, they were anxious to treat them with suitable hospitality and attention. On the 29th of the First month, the male part of the delegation, with an interpreter, were, by invitation, at the house of Isaac Zane, and appeared much gratified with examining a terrestrial globe which was shown them, particularly when the place of their own homes was pointed out on it, and the route they had travelled to Philadelphia. After listening to what was told them relative to the shape of the earth and other matters of a kindred nature, Nehetooyah, in a very pathetic tone of voice, gave utterance to a short speech. He first adverted to the great

advantages which the white people had over their red brethren in knowledge. He then added an expression of surprise, that notwithstanding the white men knew that the Great Spirit made all, and provided for all his children, they should treat the red men so unfairly. He spoke of the first settlement of the whites, their growth, and how they had driven the Indians from their possessions without compensation. As he had travelled through the country, he had seen the fine houses which the white men had erected on the lands they had taken from the red men; and yet they were not satisfied, but coveted the little the red men still held. He ended with expressing his belief that this could not be consistent with the mind of the Great Spirit.

On Second month 2d, the Indians being again at the house of Isaac Zane, they were met by George Dillwyn, Mary Ridgway, and Jane Watson. On this occasion, these Friends addressed them by way of religious counsel. They spoke on the nature of the Divine Being, the inward workings of his Grace and Good Spirit in the hearts of all to restrain them from doing evil, the dependence of all on him for life, health, and every blessing; and pressed the conclusion, that as all were children of one common Father, they were bound to love one another, and to live in peace. One of them, addressing the Indians, said: "As any one of you would be grieved to observe quar

reling and fighting among your children, so our heavenly Father is displeased with whatever interrupts the harmony that should always subsist among his children in the great family of mankind." During the course of the religious conversation, the Indians were told of a red brother named "The Guerre," who had once been a great warrior, but having been convinced of the evil of contention and war, had become a man of peace. He was one who attended the treaty at Lancaster in 1762, and the change in his sentiments being known, he was inquired of as to the cause. Laying a hand on his breast, and looking upward with a reverent expression, he said, "The Great Being has made it known to my heart, that he did not make men for the purpose of killing one another."

When George Dillwyn and his two female friends had fully expressed what was on their minds, the Indians requested time to deliberate on a suitable answer to such important advice as they had heard, and proposed that the Friends should meet them at the same house on the evening of the following day. On that occasion, Second month 3d, Nehetooyah spoke to the following import: "What we have heard from you has opened our eyes and our hearts. We feel very grateful for the concern and love which our brothers and sisters have shown for the red people, and the pains they have taken to bring them more to a knowledge of the Great Spirit above, and to make them acquainted with his will. In all the places we have visited, we never heard anything that opened our hearts so much. We did not believe that any woman could say such wise things as our sisters have said to us. But when we consider that from women came all men, we cannot wonder that they should be as wise as we." He then promised they would carry what they had heard in their hearts, and tell it to the red people in their own country. He said their fathers had told them the white men were wiser than the red men, because they had been able to read the Book which the Great Spirit had given them, and then added, "But we think he takes care of red men, who are his children too. We were told by our fathers to look up to the Great Spirit above when we were in distress, and he would help us."

The next day, Second month 4th, they visited William Waring's school, and had the various changes of the moon and the cause of eclipses explained to them. They were deeply interested, and as they seemed to set a very high estimate on such knowledge, the Friends took occasion to inform them that they considered all such things of less importance than goodness of heart.

On the evening of the 8th, George Dillwyn

and others being present, the Indians were asked if they had ever heard of William Penn, or brother Onas, as the northern Indians called him. They replied they had not, but they thought it likely their fathers might have done so. The principle of the Society of Friends in respect to war was more fully unfolded to them; and they were informed that its consistent members would not undertake to defend themselves; and that this was so far from generally provoking abuse, that they had been often permitted, during the late war, to pass through both armies without molestation. One of Nehetooyah's speeches during this evening was this: "The life of all men is given by the Great Spirit, and life to every one is allowed but for a short time. There are many ways by which it may be taken from us when the Great Spirit pleases, without our killing one another. This killing, I believe, would all cease if people would all love each other, and live according to the mind of the Great Spirit."

During George Dillwyn's last sojourn in England, he became closely attached, as a father in the Truth, to Susanna Horne, a young woman then just coming forth in the ministry. In the year 1812, she came to this country on a religious visit, and George had near unity with her in her ministerial labors among us. A few weeks after Susanna had sailed from this land, George Dillwyn rose, at the close of a meeting for worship in Burlington, and, in much brokenness and humility, said, "As many Friends are interested in Susanna Horne, I may tell them she has arrived safely in England." This annunciation was startling to all; and the weak in faith were no doubt full of fears, lest the slowly revolving weeks should not bring its confirmation. But time proved that George had been enabled to follow her in spirit even to her port, and was made sensible, although at three thousand miles' distance, of her landing.

Many somewhat similar circumstances are narrated. One is told of Martha Routh, who being from home attending her Quarterly Meeting, became very much agitated under a revelation to her mind that a nephew, whom she was bringing up as a son, was drowned. The accident took place at Manchester, some miles from Warrington, where the Quarterly Meeting was held. Martha gives the details in a letter, from which we take the following: "A Friend coming into our women's meeting with some papers for us to sign, said he thought it might not be improper just to mention that our friend, Robert Valentine, who had intended to proceed forward, was, on further consideration, most easy to return to Manchester. No sooner had he spoken, than a very unusual sadness, like a dart, struck through my

whole frame, so that it was with difficulty I sat till the meeting was done, and then could not refrain from telling my aunt something had fallen out at Manchester since we left it yesterday, which is the cause of Robert's going back. She tried to put it from me, believing it was only a turn in his own mind, that he did not feel quite clear of us. But the intelligence in my own mind waxed louder and louder, so that before we were well out of the meeting-place, the voice said plainly, 'Thy nephew is dead!' I then told my aunt again, who, seeing me very sorrowful, said, 'My dear, do not afflict thyself so, but have faith and patience till inquiry can be made.' I said, 'My dear aunt, I do not afflict myself, but am distressed, and not without cause.' I then looked inward to see if he was removed by any kind of accident in the warehouse; but the answer was, 'No; he is sunk in deep water.' I then turned into a Friend's house, and sat in as much stillness as I could, but in great agony of spirit, which the Friend perceiving, inquired if anything was amiss. I told her my nephew was dead, and the way it had been permitted. She seemed much astonished, for she knew him well; but was willing to hope it was not so, and tried to comfort me; but I could receive none till another intimation was sounded in the ear of my soul: 'Be not overmuch troubled; he is taken from the evil to come, and is entered into rest and peace.' Nature then got some relief by tears, which were soon renewed by my dear husband's coming in, who was then told of the event, and was deeply afflicted therewith.

"We got home that evening in a carriage, and found the remains of our adopted son laid out, a fair corpse, except a little staining of blood in his face, being found, face downward, in what is called the whirlpool, near the usual place of bathing. Our before-mentioned Friend, and many others that were standing around him, I trust felt such a time of solemnity as will not easily be forgotten, when Robert was drawn forth in testimony, in which he had to express, from Divine authority, 'Sorrow not, my Friends, for I feel an evidence that it is well with the young man!'"

Joseph Priestley, the Unitarian preacher, and experimental chemist, who belonged to a school of philosophers who believe nothing they do not comprehend, hearing of this incident, applied to William Rathbone, of Liverpool, to inquire of Martha Routh herself, whether it were true. William, intending to ask the question, came to a meeting where Martha was, who rose with the text, "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." In commenting upon these

words, she was so sharp on the incredulous, unbelieving spirit of the world, that William was ashamed to speak to her on the subject.

Our late honest, plain-spoken Friend, Geo. Withy, related the following anecdote while in this country. On a certain time, as he was travelling alone in Wales, where he was paying a religious visit, he felt a sudden impression that it would be right in him to turn round and go directly home. It was about mid-day, or shortly after, for he had attended a meeting in the morning, and was on his way to another, to be held in the afternoon. On receiving this apparent direction to forsake the work to which he had previously felt bound, he paused, and endeavored to weigh the matter in his own mind, looking for the pointings of Truth. The result of his secret breathing for right guidance was a strong impression of duty, to "Go home, and that quickly." He obeyed, and by travelling all night, reached his residence in the morning. He found that at the time the call to return home was felt by him, a niece of his was drowned—and as his wife had a family of children to care for, his presence and assistance on the occasion seemed indispensable.

Of a similar character is the following incident, which is given as narrated in a letter bearing date some years since.

"A married man, in the younger walks of life, who had long been under the preparing hand of the Lord, for service in his church, believed it right to give up to accompany a minister in an extensive religious engagement. This was no small trial to him. He had a comfortable home, a lovely wife, several sons, and one daughter. He however bowed his neck to the cross—gave up to the requiring of duty, and with the consent and approbation of his Monthly Meeting set forward on the journey. During the visit his mouth was opened in the ministry to the comfort of his friends. As he and his companion were, one day, about entering a meeting-house, a letter was handed to him, which he saw was from home. Instantly a sense of sorrow seized him, and he felt that afflicting tidings were contained in that letter. After a severe inward struggle, he believed it would be right in him to go into the meeting-house without breaking the seal. He did so, and notwithstanding the feeling of sorrow, he was enabled to get under religious exercise, and was strengthened to labor vocally with the people. His duty toward them over, his mind was turned in much love and solicitude toward his family at home. His wife was first brought into view, and in the opening of Truth, he saw her at home, and well. One by one his chil-

dren seemed to come before his spiritual vision with the assurance that they were all in health, until he came to the last, his only daughter. His spiritual eye could not discern her in the family circle, and as he sadly mused, this language was spoken to his inward ear: 'She is dead.' The evidence which accompanied the words was so strong, that he could not doubt the truth of the opening, and the anguish of his mind was great. The meeting closed; and yet he dared not open the letter, for he felt what was in it, and was afraid to trust himself to read it in company. When he entered the carriage with his companion, and a valuable female minister, they queried what ailed him? He told them from his feelings he was sure his daughter was deceased. His companions were not willing to believe the opening on his mind, and endeavored to encourage him to think it was not true. Nothing however shook his faith, and when they reached the place where they were to dine, he retired to a private room and opened his letter. It was but a confirmation of that which he by faith already knew. With tears he read the account of the dear child's sickness and death, and then summoning up fortitude, he passed into the parlor, threw the letter into the female minister's lap, and once more retired."

George Dillwyn had been unusually exempt from bodily pain, even in advanced age, but on the 3d of the Second month, 1820, when on his way to meeting, the ground being covered with sleet, he fell and fractured the hip bone. The attendant pain being very distressing, and every exertion failing to afford relief, a state of deep suffering ensued; his exercised mind was tempted, tried, and afflicted, as he expressed, beyond what he had ever before known, yet his concern was that he might be enabled to wait in deep abasement until light should arise upon his dwelling. Thus he passed nearly five months of great bodily suffering, and seasons of close mental conflict, through all which the Christian character shone with brightness. "I find there is a comfort over which disease has no power," was his remark on one occasion. Again, "Now I am prepared to adopt the language—Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Patently waiting the coming of his dear Master's summons, he was released from his suffering tabernacle on the 23d of the Sixth month following, in the eighty-third year of his age.

THE *staff* was the symbol of leading, of guidance, and of support; but the *rod* was

the old token of power and of control. The true child of God has peace always, by all means. Others may like His help in their difficulties, may sometimes wish for His guidance; but comfort from His absolute power, and joy and rest from His boundless control, none others know.—*Adelaide Newton.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

RISING IN TIME OF PRAYER.

The interest with which I read articles upon our "form" of rising at times of public prayer, is always coupled with something of anxiety.

That it is a *form*, is of course true; but is it possible for us to do away with all outward forms? Our going to meeting may even be classed under this head, as well as many of our "time honored" customs.

There is to me an impressiveness in the act of a congregation rising, when a minister or a Friend is brought so near to the Fountain as to feel he must kneel and pour out his soul in words; and I have ever feared that if Friends should dispense with the custom or practice, there might be an apparent indifference and apathy at such times, which would chill the emotions of many, and give to the young but a feeble impression of our belief in the efficacy of prayer.

The momentary stir, occasioned by rising, is immediately followed by such deep and reverential silence, that I have cherished the thought that attention and stillness were secured by the act, and the spirits of all more likely to be dipped into a prayerful state; and I have also believed there must be a sympathetic chord thus touched, which could not fail to deepen the inspiration of the supplicant.

It is as it were acknowledging and recognizing the Presence and the Power of the Almighty; and in the silence which ensues, we seem even more forcibly to obey the command, "Be still, and know that I am God."

That some persons—perhaps the more spiritually minded—are disturbed by the general rising, is doubtless one argument against the form; but I sometimes fear that, as a Society, Friends too much lose sight of the fact that all their members have not attained the high spiritual standing where they feel all form can be renounced, and "true worship be performed in the silence of all flesh."

It is not that I believe any of our members would regard one position of the body as being more worshipful than another; but I do believe the young, even children, are more impressed with solemnity upon the occasion of public prayer, by the assemblage rising, and that a devotional spirit is often begotten through the form.

S. H. B.

New York, 10th mo. 22d, 1871.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS.

Existence brings with it high responsibilities, and a round of daily duties, which, filled up in their minutia, enrich it with pleasurable enjoyments, giving solace in sorrow, and opening springs of joy. He that gave us being, and designed our highest good, provided means to accomplish it, and it is for us to embrace these means, and by honesty of purpose, pure intention, and high endeavor, act well our part in the great arena. The family is the most sacred institution,—the home a sanctuary of repose,—a holy shrine for the affections, where all the finer feelings should be cultivated and the most noble impulses cherished; where those pure excellencies that form stability of character flourish and become so strong as to enable us firmly to stem the current of change and fluctuation, which is ever attendant on human affairs. The virtues that preserve nations must be nourished within the sacred precincts of home. There the good seed, sown through the vigilance of united parental watchfulness and care, might spring up and grow like trees planted by the river, where the roots deepen, and the branches expand, until they yield a shadow under which to recline. Cautions properly administered come like distilling dews, giving strength to resist wrong things, while just restraint establishes right habits. A reverence for God may be instilled by gently reminding that He is the Creator of all the beautiful things in the material world, and that His laws are sacred. One of these is parental authority, which is ever to be respected and yielded to by sweet and ready compliance, thus building up filial affection so firmly that it becomes a tower of strength, and a wall of preservation, when desires arise to indulge in improper self-gratification. Consideration for paternal feelings will no doubt often terminate in self-surrender rather than to do anything to wound their feelings.

I would impress the sacredness of family relations; that the gentle and pure and true obtain, in the home circle, that blessed retreat where age is shielded and cared for, and the young nurtured in all that is lovely and praiseworthy; that as one generation passes away, another is prepared to take its place, and, profiting by the past, advance toward that period opened in prophetic vision, where in "Righteousness should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." All this must come through individual effort, through conforming to the rules of Divine economy. No man lives to himself alone; he is but one of the great aggregate that makes up a common brotherhood, in which mutual interests combine, and all seek the highest good. Each

has need of the other, and all should be co-workers together in the great harvest field; whether it be to sow or to reap, the same object should prompt to exertion, and all should rejoice together in the blessed hope, not only of enjoying good in the world to come, but of endeavoring to improve the world we live in, that we may leave it to posterity better than we found it. May every one put on "the whole armor," and may such as have deviated from the right track or are halting and bewildered, see their way back; or if any are disheartened and give out because none come to their help, let them remember that He who is the source of everlasting strength, is nigh. He fainteth not nor is weary—"He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might, He increaseth strength." This should induce a new effort to arise and journey on in the living way. There are many who need a word of cheer. May these solitary ones be made glad by the evidence of our recognition, and the voice of sympathy.

SARAH HUNT.

10th mo. 16th, 1871.

CAREFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

After allowing that the strictness of the Pharisee and a morbid strictness are mistakes, and ought to be discouraged, the substantial truth still remains that he who would do good service must be strict with himself, and the man who is not strict will surely sink into the lowest place, and may sink out of Christ's kingdom altogether.

There are two blessings which are especially attached to strictness of life. One is cheerfulness, the other is security.

Just at first sight we might look on cheerfulness as more likely to be found with the free and careless life than with the strict and watchful. But there cannot be a greater mistake. Strictness is the indispensable condition of cheerfulness. I do not mean of mirth and gayety, of course. Boisterous spirits may often enough be found in one who lives carelessly. But these boisterous spirits are quite compatible with much unhappiness. The uniform calm and cheerfulness which lights up the face of a true Christian, the happy expression of countenance, the sunshine on the brow,—these are never to be found where the life is not careful. And if you think of it, this stands to reason. What is so depressing as the perpetual recurrence of small pangs of remorse? The careless man is never free from some little thing which embitters his religious happiness. He cannot approach God without a constant sense of not having tried to please Him. He always carries about with him a sense of having neglected his Lord's wishes.

A great sin is something to be definitely repented of, and the sorrow of penitence seems to bring a man close to Him who alone can forgive sins, and take away sorrows. But to have no one definite thing to repent of, only a general sense of having neglected God's love altogether, how can that fail to stand between us and Him? Cheerfulness, to be true and lasting, and not a mere flush of high spirits, must come from within, not from without. How can any one find cheerfulness within who is conscious of being neglectful of himself, and careless of his Master's work? He is never what he feels he might be. He just takes off all the beauty and grace from his service, and so robs himself of the very thing which would make that service happy. And he has, too, a perpetual sense that he makes a dear bargain. The little irksomeness of being strict is nothing to the great irksomeness of being displeased with his own life. The man who has been a great sinner is sad; but the careless Christian is gloomy; and gloom is a heavier burden than sadness by far.

The other special blessing of strictness, namely, security, follows from the first. For there is no greater danger to a religious life than gloom. If you find religion gloomy, the temptation to find brightness in some other direction becomes enormously strengthened. Religion seems to present no satisfying pleasures; so a man seeks satisfaction in what is distinctly wrong. But besides this it is quite obvious that the careless Christian is like a man who never allows himself a margin in guiding his course. No failure is more certain in the end than that of the merchant who makes his calculations on the supposition that he will never make a false speculation, and allows himself no reserve for a time of reverses. No defeat is more certain in the end than that of the general who in variably hazards all, and never counts on even a partial repulse. And certainly the same rule applies to religious life. Some day or other, in your carelessness of how you live, you come into a sudden torrent of temptation, and are swept away.

It is quite natural that now, at the beginning of a new half year, we should begin with new resolves. We will brace ourselves up. We will make this half a little better at any rate, even if we fail in making it much better. We will not allow our consciences to reproach us so severely again. In God's name we will win the victory. Is not this the hope of many a Christian when he gets an opportunity of making a new start? Now, then, let me add to these resolutions this word of warning, Despise not small things. Try to make your service

strict and careful. No doubt, the bent of your will is chiefly shown in the great duties; but the sense of love and of wishing to be loved is chiefly shown in the small duties. The son who would win his father's heart, the son who is full of his mother's love, shows this not so much in great sacrifices; these may often come from other motives; but in little attentions, in small, unobserved sacrifices, in secret kindnesses, in hidden devotions. Of course it would be foolish to invert the order of duty and to put the little above the great, and the ornament as if it were the substance. But let each have its place. The great sterling duties, the exact word of truth, the resolute refusal to countenance wrong, the command of temper, the mastery of indolence, the unstained purity,—these, and such as these, form the character, and fashion our souls into instruments in God's hands for high and heavenly purposes in his providence. But the carefulness over details, the watchfulness over faults which we know to be faults, but which, notwithstanding, seem venial, the devout regularity and attention in our private prayers, the invariable good-humor of our manners, the seeking for occasions of kindness and unselfishness, the avoidance of little temptations, the care not to cause little annoyances,—to attend to all this for the sake of Christ our Master is the natural expression of a loving heart. And such love is always repaid ten-thousand fold. It is repaid in itself, for the consciousness of it is one of the greatest of all blessings; but it is repaid still more by the ever growing sense of belonging to Him to whom all this is offered. Servants and subjects offer labor, but only children come near enough to offer trifles. If we would be children, we must love like children, and choose anything rather than to be least in the love of our Father.—*From a discourse to the pupils of Rugby School, by Dr. Temple.*

THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

In the *providence of God* we see higher forms of his loving-kindness. In his multiplied and marvellous provisions for the happiness of his creatures; in the economy of our social affections and relations; the wonderful emotions that are inspired within us, and the attachments to which they lead. With what wonderful harmony all contribute to our happiness! The preservation of our being, the arrangements whereby it is protected and sustained, the surroundings of infancy, the nurturings of youth, the strength of manhood, the shelterings of age; each stage and condition of life having its peculiar adaptations and enrichments, its balance of endur-

ance and enjoyment, of want and provision, of cares and achievements, whereby the great purposes of our being are accomplished, and God's beneficent purposes for our race fulfilled; advantages of birth,—its place, its period, its circumstances; our condition of life,—the adjustment of our outward surroundings to our peculiar temperament; our marvellous sustentation night and day, awake or asleep; our unfailing supplies,—nine hundred millions of men lying down in unconsciousness every night, and every morning finding their table spread; the sustentation of the functions of life in their exquisite and complicated adjustments,—the beating of the heart, the respiration of the lungs, the motions of bodily mechanism; our marvellous preservation from day to day, as, unconcerned and unconscious, we walk the streets, traverse the desert, or go down to the sea in ships, dependent upon a thousand subtle conditions which we cannot control. Amid a thousand exposures to lawless forces or subtle poisons, safe in his protecting hand, we live our sixty or seventy years—years full of enjoyment, in which blessings and satisfactions largely preponderate over privations and miseries. In our embarrassed thought and gathering feeling we cannot describe these things, we can only exclaim, "The earth, O Lord, is full of thy goodness."

—From "The Quiver" for March.

IN vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.—*Horace Mann.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Seasons of heavenly silence, when we are able to feel the Father's presence, are truly strengthening, but why are we so distrustful when He sees meet to withhold the evidence of His presence from us? Surely we know He secretly upholds us whatever may be our allotment. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about His people, even forever." This is a blessed testimony, and it has been brought sweetly before me, while the desire has been breathed for our preservation and increased dedication to known duty. It is through obedience that we receive renewed energy to pursue an onward course. But how paralyzed are our energies oftentimes, under a consciousness of

failure and of shortcoming, and this, too, when we have received the offer of strength sufficient for the work of the day.

We know these things are so; why then not let the time past suffice, in which we have fallen short, and press forward with renewed confidence that He, with whom we covenanted in early life, He whom we then chose as our Leader, will be ever near to uphold us by His power, and to comfort us by His love.

Surely this Power, this Love, is able to sustain, to direct, and to keep in the path of peace, all who are submissive to its influence.

We can do nothing of ourselves that can add either to our own stature or to that of others, and yet there are times when we are introduced into close feeling with a fellow-traveller, and are able to share his joy or his sorrow. Thus, my dear friend, I believe I am measureably sharing thy allotment, under thy present exercises, but I may tell thee that I have been resting comfortably in the belief, that the Heavenly Helper was near thee, directing and supporting, and here I have been willing to leave thee, in the trust that, knowing thy own insufficiency for the work in which thou art engaged, thou wouldst not take thyself out of this holy keeping, in which alone there is safety. There are times when the cry is, "my leanness, my leanness, woe is me;" but in such seasons, let us hold fast our confidence in the continued mercy and care of Him whose covenant is as sure with the night as with the day, and whose wisdom, as well as love, is manifested in all His dealings with His children. Hence the appointment of night as well as day—of winter as well as summer. But His presence and sustaining power is in the one, equally as in the other, though sometimes in wisdom it is in measure veiled from us. Keep fast hold of the assurance that the Master will not send His servants whither He will not Himself come, and it will sustain thee when thy spirit may be introduced into noisome places, where it would seem the pure life must perish. The Master's hand is underneath, even here, and when the object of such descending shall have been gained, thou wilt be lifted therefrom.

THE modern theory that nothing is created entirely new, but that every form of being is the development of some antecedent form, may or may not be true in natural science, but it is certainly true of all spiritual progress.

When mortals find a kernel of truth, they seek to appropriate it as exclusively their own; and whatsoever kernel is picked up by others is declared to be a stone, from which no bread of life can ever be produced. But

the great harvest-field of the world is managed on different principles by the Father of all. While men are planting in narrow enclosures, He sends forth seed upon the winds; He scatters them on great floods, whose waters subside and leave them in rich alluvial soil; and birds of the air, unconscious of anything but their own subsistence, are His agents to scatter them abroad all over the earth. And when we think we have the harvest all to ourselves, lo! we find the same grain waving in far-off fields.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 4, 1871.

GOOD NEWS.—The grateful intelligence comes to us from Rio Janeiro, that the bill abolishing slavery, which had passed the House of Deputies, has been adopted by the Senate. The Emperor, Don Pedro, introduced the subject in Fifth mo. last in his address to the Chambers, and all the slaves of the Crown will be free at once in accordance with his will.

Brazil covers an area of three millions of miles, and occupies a position in South America similar to that of the United States in North America, and has, according to the last estimate, one million six hundred and seventy five thousand slaves.

The bill declares that all children born after its date shall be in all respects as those born of free mothers, except that they shall serve as apprentices until they are twenty one years of age, as a compensation to the owners of the slave mothers to whom the bill assigns the care of the free-born children up to their eighth year. The bill is said to contain a number of wise provisions for the protection of the freedmen in their newly acquired rights, and for the encouragement of their further liberation, but it does not include the emancipation of those heretofore claimed as slaves, except those held by the Imperial Government and those voluntarily manumitted by slave owners. It grants to all slaves the right to hold and inherit property, and compels their claimants to manumit them on the receipt of a stipulated sum to be fixed by law. Though it is not a measure proclaiming immediate and unconditional emancipation, there is every indication that it is

the commencement of a thorough and entire reform.

Slavery in Brazil has not been attended by the distinctions of caste which has attended the system in most other countries. The laws of the country made it easy for the slave to obtain his freedom, and as soon as he was liberated, every calling and office was open to him. In commerce, manufactures, agriculture, the army and navy, and in social and political circles, "color is no barrier to the highest success."

We are glad to record that legalized slavery no longer exists on this continent except in the Spanish colonies, and that government is agitating the question.

The *Press* of this city says:

"As a supplement to the good tidings that all men are free in Brazil, comes the news that the Emperor of Siam, an autocrat who has it in his power to decree both physical and political freedom, has declared that slavery shall end in his dominions on the 1st of January, 1872."

THE DRINKING FOUNTAINS OF KNOWLEDGE.—Elihu Burritt, in a recent article in the *New York Independent*, advocates very earnestly the establishment of free libraries, free drinking fountains of knowledge, in all our cities and villages. He warns us that England is already ahead of us in this department of popular education—and calls upon our people to be up and doing. He says:

"As England was first to open up drinking fountains of water for thirty men and beasts in all her large towns and villages, by a kind of natural affinity or suggestion, she was the first country in the world to open up for her masses those cheap and common drinking fountains of knowledge, FREE LIBRARIES—free for the people and by the people. This democratic feature should commend them to the American public. They are not charity soup establishments. They are not gifts to the people from munificent patrons or benefactors, like Peabody, Cooper, or A. T. They are the people's own institutions, just like the water, gas, or parks they vote and pay for. They are put on the same footing as our common schools, raised and sustained by a rate or tax the people vote to impose upon themselves. And why should not the people of any American town do the same as properly as to vote for a lamp post, a watering trough, or a paved sidewalk? Every motive and object that leads to the opening of free libraries in England appeals to us to establish them here. Why should England lead or outrun us in these free-drinking fountains of knowledge? Do her reading masses need them more than ours? Have they more use for these

living waters than our town and village communities?

Here, then, is our next educational move as a nation, town by town. And why cannot we bring our town and village people up to the work as quickly and as easily as the like communities in England are brought to it? The large town of Birmingham, the most democratic town in England, voted by a great majority, at the second trial, to establish not only one great central free library, but branch institutions, for the accommodation of the people. The statistics of that great drinking fountain of knowledge, or the number and character of the drinkers at it, would surprise Americans; or, what is better, stimulate them to go and do likewise. Nothing could be more democratic, both in ownership and enjoyment. It is the people's gift to themselves. They are not indebted for a drop of the living water to any rich patron or benefactor. If I may say it, reverently, feeling its need, they say at the polls, "Let there be light," and there is light—the light of knowledge, bright and free as air. And they find that it is good for the eyes that need and look to see something more than the bare sun reveals. It is a pleasant sight that meets the eye at the great central fountain of this light in Birmingham, from half past twelve to one o'clock daily. The large reading room is filled for those thirty minutes with hard banded mechanics, who, on the way from hasty dinners to their workshops, stop to feed their minds with the cheap and wholesome food spread before them in infinite abundance and variety."

A writer in the *Christian Union* suggests the use of the various houses of worship during the week as free reading-rooms, and proposes that a few earnest men and women of each congregation should act the part of librarians, without other compensation than the consciousness of doing something to raise the people to higher levels of intelligence and moral virtue.

"Here is work for rich women whose time hangs idly on their hands—work for all women of any leisure, who desire to do something for the spread of civilization and the advancement of the kingdom of God. There is not a woman who is not compelled to earn her daily bread, who could not take charge of such a room one day or half day in a month. As regards periodicals and newspapers—with the exception of the daily papers, which should be at the rooms at an early hour, say seven or eight o'clock, if possible—a large proportion might be furnished by the members of the congregation. Few care to save their weeklies, or even their monthlies, for binding. Once read they are cast aside. Let them be put to a useful purpose, not burned, or sold with rags, or thrown into a corner, there to remain covered with dust. The names of all members willing to give their periodicals away as soon as perused, might be obtained by a committee appointed for that purpose; and some school-boy who could be relied upon might be employed to go around and collect them. Many a school-boy would be glad to earn a little money for himself in this way.

"Is not this plan practicable? It seems so to us. It requires but little money. But it *does* require some enthusiasm and perseverance, especially in the outset. It needs some one thoroughly in

earnest to lead. Surely the enthusiastic element is in our churches. It only needs direction and guidance. There are men and women in our churches who would gladly do Christian work, who are longing to follow the example of Jesus in going about doing good; and yet who "stand all the day idle," doing absolutely nothing for humanity. The fact is, they don't know how to go to work—they need a leader."

WE call attention to an advertisement of New York Friends, for two teachers for the Indians. It will be found in our advertising columns.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY.

Committee of Management will meet in Library Room, Fourth day evening, Eleventh month 8th, at 8 o'clock. J. M. ELLIS, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

11th mo. 5th, Chichester, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Had'oufield, N.J., 3 P.M.
 " Providence (Montgomery Co.), 10 A.M.
 " Norristown, 3 P.M.
 " 12th, Flushing, L.I., 11 A.M.
 " 19th, Valley, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " Berwick, Pa., 11 A.M.
 " Orange, N.J., 10½ A.M.
 " Rochester, N.Y., 11 A.M.
 " Warminster, Pa., 3 P.M.
 " 26th, Octorara, Md., 3 P.M.

THE FRIENDS' SOCIAL UNION commenced their weekly meetings for the season on Fifth day evening, Eleventh month 2d, 1871, at the meeting house on 27th St., New York city.

J. HOWARD WRIGHT, *President*.

DIED.

TAYLOR.—At his residence in Wilmington, Del., on the 24th of Tenth month, 1871, T. Clarkson Taylor, a minister of Wilmington Monthly Meeting.

EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

SANTEE AGENCY, 10 mo. 17th, 1871.

It is said unpleasant news travels faster than good, and so it seems in regard to my recent adventure, for I find it has been to Philadelphia and back before I had said anything about it, and as things sometimes get a little wrong in carrying, I had better give the matter its proper position.

Several of our employees were sick or convalescing, and our stock of lemons being exhausted, I volunteered to go over to Springfield in quest of some. When I reached the river the wind was blowing very freshly, and the water so rough that I rather hesitated to cross, but a number of our tribe were going from home on a visit, and as they were crossing and re crossing without difficulty, I got into the canoe with four others, two men and two women. We fared very well until we were out in the middle of the river, when the waves swept over us, and our boat filled and sank. I grasped a bundle that lay in front

of me, for a float, but it had not sufficient buoyancy, so I tried swimming to shore, but, with my clothes and heavy boots, I was water-logged, and concluded to stay near the others. When our danger was witnessed from shore, a number of canoes put out to our rescue, but before they could reach us I had been under water twice, notwithstanding all my efforts. Taking the nature of the river and some other things into consideration, it seems almost miraculous that I escaped. Had it not been for the close proximity of help, this would have been impossible.

We have also had a narrow escape from fire during one of our high winds. The prairies being on fire, and the wind setting towards us, the hills back of our Agency were covered with sheets of flame, but the close pasturing in our immediate vicinity no doubt saved us, as the devouring element was thereby stayed when about three-quarters of a mile off. Several of our tribe have been entirely burned out; their cabins and contents and their crop of corn, all sharing the fate of the surrounding grass.

Since I last wrote, the Episcopal mission buildings came near being destroyed. There were shavings and straw in the vestibule of their church, left by the carpenters, and probably fired by some careless person lighting his pipe, as the congregation had not left the building more than half an hour before the fire was discovered. Had the wind not been remarkably calm at the time, nothing could have saved it, as all the water in the well and cisterns was exhausted.

G. S. T.

THE tests of our fitness for heaven, are, our feelings toward our friends, our enemies and strangers, and the use we voluntarily make of our time, means, and strength.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION AT CONCORD, PA.

The meeting of the Philadelphia Association at Concord meeting-house, Tenth month 21st, was large and interesting. Seventy-one delegates attended, and a number of our elderly Friends also were present. Written reports from twenty-nine Schools were read, and verbal ones were given in regard to others, mostly newly organized. It appears that since the meeting in Eighth month last, Schools have been started at Providence, Chester, Middletown, and Darby, Pa., and at Westfield and Mansfield, N. J.; also a sewing school for poor children, on Seventh day afternoon, under the care of the West Philadelphia First-day School. This already numbers eighty-six pupils, of whom fifteen are

colored. Preliminary steps toward the opening of schools at Mullica Hill, N. J., and West Grove, Pa., have also been taken.

The Executive Committee have held several conferences, and visited some of the schools already established.

With the exception of one, the reports were encouraging, and in reference to that one it was thought that if the way opened therefor, Friends of that neighborhood might be strengthened and a brighter feeling promoted, if the visiting committee should appoint a conference with the view of advancing an increase of interest in the school.

Excellent epistles from the Associations of Ohio and Indiana were acceptably read, and an epistle to the Baltimore Association adopted.

During the consideration of the reports, many interesting remarks were made. The large proportion of those not in membership with Friends, who attend our schools, was thought to indicate an increasing interest in the principles of our Society. Of nineteen schools furnishing the required data and included in the report to the General Conference in Sixth month last, nearly 66 per cent. of the attenders were not members amongst Friends; and of seven schools organized (and reporting) since that time, nearly 80 per cent. are in the same condition.

An aged Friend alluded to the First-day School movement as being, in his view, an effort to promote love to God and man, and consequently as tending to do away with that great evil of our time—war.

Another Friend desired that the minds of the children may be imbued with kind and humane feelings toward the dumb creation, unable as they are to speak for themselves.

The subject of juvenile literature claimed a large share of attention. The concern was mentioned in some of the reports that we should avoid giving to the children for their perusal what have been styled "little religious novels," which tend improperly to excite and pervert the childish mind; but that we should endeavor to present that of an elevating and improving nature. We have few juvenile works of a Friendly character suited to the wants of the children, and while selecting from that which we find already, let us carefully guard against that which is of a pernicious character.

The subject of dispensing with the usual mode of furnishing refreshments was brought up in the Moorestown report, and was pretty fully canvassed, but way did not open to recommend any change. It is, however, very desirable that where our meetings are held, Friends endeavor to keep in the simplicity, and avoid unnecessary preparation.

We were reminded that we must seek to be guided by the Divine Light and Spirit which alone can instruct in spiritual things. This is what built up our religious Society in the beginning, and this alone can maintain it now.

The meeting was an harmonious one, and doubtless all were strengthened to go on in the good work. J. M. T.

VACCINATION.

Great anxiety is occasioned by the prevalence of small-pox in England, and in many of the larger cities and towns in this country. But what must have been the terror and dismay of other times, when imperfect medical knowledge, the absence of precautionary measures, and the non-existence of municipal sanitary regulations, left the dreadful disease in full and mortal sway. The ravages of the disease in the thirteenth century, at which time the crusaders met it in the East, were fearful. It was a worse enemy than the Saracen, and is to be counted among the many things, evil and good, which date in Europe and this country, from the effort of the Christians to recover the Holy Land from its Mohammedan possessors. Beginning its ravages in Spain and France, the small-pox first appeared as an epidemic in Germany, in 1495. Military expeditions and invasions were the most notable means of the transmission of the fearful scourge. From Germany and France the disease spread all over Europe, and came thence to this continent.

The Arabian authorities mention the small-pox as brought from Ethiopia to Arabia about the close of the sixth century; and the common and troublesome, though not usually fatal disease of the measles, dates at the same time, and from the same country. This latter disease is regarded as a matter of course; and everybody expects it to occur in families as a part of juvenile experience. The treatment of measles has been very much modified, and under modern treatment the disease is much less disagreeable, as those can testify who themselves went through the ordeal fifty years ago, and see now how much better the youth of the day fare under treatment. If there is anything to object to in the present mode, it is that the disease is not now sufficiently dreaded; and that the ulterior consequences which follow negligent treatment are sometimes much worse than the actual disease.

The Moslems having had long experience in small-pox, practised *inoculation* long before that mode of lessening the danger of the disease was known in Europe. It was especially practised in harems, to preserve the

beauty of the young inmates, who, poor creatures, were probably allowed little choice in the matter. The celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who accompanied her husband to Constantinople, caused her son, aged six years, to be inoculated for the small-pox, in 1717, and on her return to England, in 1722, caused her daughter also to take the disease in the same mode.

Notwithstanding the example set by Lady Mary, and the full success of the experiments in the case of her children, the opposition to the novelty in England was intense. The next experiments tried were made on six condemned prisoners in Newgate, who all recovered. But in these experiments, it is curious to note how imperfect was the knowledge of the practitioners. It was supposed that inoculated persons could not communicate the disease. Six persons took small-pox "in the natural way," from fondling a child who had the disease by inoculation. The medical faculty and the clergy resisted the innovation. The doctors protested against it, and the clergy preached. A sermon against the "dangerous and sinful practice," the "diabolical operation," was preached at Saint Andrews, Holborn, July 8th, 1722, from Job i. 7: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown."

A new generation, however, accepted inoculation, and for many years it was recognized and practiced; and it certainly did very much to abate the terrors of the small-pox, and to limit the fatal extent of the disease. On May 14th, 1796, the first vaccination was made, and like many other things of vast utility it was discovered unexpectedly. Dr. Edward Jenner, who was settled at Berkeley, in the famous English cheese county, Gloucester, in inoculating his patients for the small-pox, found many persons who did not take the disease. Investigating the cause led to the discovery of vaccination—that is to say, taking a modified form of disease from the cow. The persons upon whom the operation of inoculation did not take were those who had accidentally taken "cow-pox." There was a local tradition in Gloucestershire, scouted of course by the learned, that those who had the cow-pox would never take the small-pox. Vaccination is an adoption by the medical faculty of one of the "superstitions" of that much abused party, "the old women." So is the use of "iodine;" it being the verification of the utility of the "old woman's" salve—lard and the ashes of a new sponge. The world might as well gracefully confess that women in sick-rooms are worth something; and among modern im-

provements it is pleasant to find that the gentle sex are better estimated by the profession.

It is remarkable, as is evident from the health reports, that a prejudice against vaccination still exists. But what is alleged against it now is nothing to the resistance which the innovation first encountered. Among other objections it was alleged that a child who had passed through the cow-pox, when it began to walk could only do so by swinging its head like a cow! Volumes were written on the subject pro and con. One of his learned opponents asked Dr. Jenner, "What may be the consequences, after a long lapse of years, of introducing a *bestial humor* into the human frame?" To this the question was returned: "What may be the consequence of introducing cow's milk, beef-steaks and mutton-chops?" It is to be remembered that even recovery from the actual small pox does not *invariably* secure the patient from the recurrence of a type of the disease. So neither does vaccination ensure perfect immunity. The prudent course is to repeat the operation after a lapse of years; certainly once after reaching adult age, though the operation may have been successfully performed in infancy.—*Philada. Public Ledger, Oct. 20th, 1871.*

Not in whirlwind, not in tempest—
But, the calmer, *after* hour,
Hears the soul the voice Eternal,
Yields obedience to its power.

THE INNER SANCTUARY.

There is a holy temple,
A sacred house of God!
By human hands not builded,
By human feet ne'er trod.
No voice of priest or preacher
Is heard its aisles among;
No lofty strains of music
Within its walls are sung;
No richly furnished altar
Stands forth in vain array;
Through many-colored windows
No tinted sunbeams play.
But yet a wondrous structure,
Beyond all mortal art;
Its architect, Jehovah!
Its place, the human heart!
This holy fane is open
By night as well as day;
The Master bids us enter—
He gently leads the way.
There He is ever waiting
Our worship to receive,
Our fainting souls to strengthen,
Our sorrows to relieve.
There, in His Holy Presence,
True peace alone we find,
When, its sacred portals ent'ring,
We leave the world behind.

R. T.

LIKE A WATERED GARDEN.

ISAIAH lviii. 2.

BY EDWARD ABBOTT.

For days the sun had beat upon my garden,
Out of a cloudless sky;
In its fierce heat the earth could only harden,
And suffering lie.

The dust, that from the roadway drifted,
Over the green leaves thickly sifted;
And every flower drooped, I feared, to die.

Then came a time of showers, brisk and often,
Out of a clement sky;
Under the rain the earth could only soften,
And grateful lie.

The rusty foliage was brightened,
Each flower's dingy hue was heightened;
My garden bloomed, I thought, no more to die.

Long time my heart has languished, as if burning
Under a hot, red sun;
Nowhere a shelter suitable discerning,
Its rays to shun.

My purpose fails, my love lies drooping,
I find myself to evil stooping;
Unless relief appears, I am undone!

Father in Heaven! Thou seest my condition;
My springs are all in Thee.

Thirsting, to Thee I offer this petition:
Send Rain on me.

Then shall my love revive, my purpose strengthen;
The days shall see me flourish as they lengthen,
And in my garden no more drought shall be.

OLD AGE.

Old age, more than any other stage of life, is dependent upon religion for its happiness. The sources of enjoyment from the physical appetites and active life fail under its decrepitude. That largest of all resources of human happiness, the hope of the future, daily diminishes, so far as this life is concerned; there is neither scope for much further exertion, nor energy for it, if there were. A revolution full of revulsion and sadness comes over life: hitherto its plans, its ambition, its joys even, have had reference chiefly to the future; now the retrospective takes the place of the prospective, and the future diminishes to a scarcely appreciable space, and is bounded by a termination from which the heart turns away. What, under such circumstances, must be the vacancy and wretchedness of existence to a human being who cannot throw the vision of the soul beyond the remaining interval of life and decay, on to the immortal prospects of religious hope? Religion may be more necessary, in earlier life, for the right direction and support of the duties of the man, but now it becomes more necessary for the support of the man himself.

Its sustaining grace and comfort at this period is often exemplified. Beautiful examples of serene and sanctified age adorn the ordinary walks of life—examples in which the hoary head is indeed a crown of glory.

Doubtless the reader can recall such examples now existing within the circle of his Christian intercourse; but, in attempting to do so, how many cases may be enumerated, also, of fretful and repulsive age, in which a life of Christian profession is terminating with infirm tempers, as well as infirm powers! Such instances can never witness without a deep sense of melancholy. Physical causes may sometimes account for and excuse them, but not always; they are seldom witnessed where there has been a previous life of profound and cordial piety; and too often it is to be feared that they are the result of a redevelopment of old characteristic dispositions, which were repressed under the self-restraint of less enervated faculties, but which would have been extinguished by a more thorough sanctification of early life. An ambiguous religious character, in early or middle life, seldom ends well; and men who, with a profession of religion, are nevertheless backsliders in heart, and continue so till advanced life, exhibit, as if by a retributive providence, the evidences of an inward and scarcely retrievable apostasy, while they still sullenly cling to the exterior of piety. Comfortless and chilling cases are these, and sad monitions to all who have not yet reached the same lamentable condition. Our salvation is indeed "by grace, through faith;" and by being thus conditioned, it is placed within the reach of sick-beds, capital culprits, and the eleventh hour of old age; but the laws of moral conduct still hold, and fearfully hold, against the delaying sinner; and he who, after having been purified unto God, loses his first love, and lives along through early and middle life with a depreciated, heartless regard for the cause of his Lord, will, when overtaken by the decay of old age, find his habitual negligence riveted like a fetter upon his debilitated soul; and if he is not permitted to live and die a solemn warning to others, it is because he is plucked as a brand from the burning. Look around you, and ask yourself how many you can enumerate, who, after a life of but partial interest in religion, attained in old age a consecrated character, and a comfortable, trustful piety? There is a solemn significance in that warning, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

Life is not only probationary to eternity, but its successive periods are probationary to each other. Old age is the last, we may almost say, the confirmed stage in the series; its facilities for the modification of character

are almost, if not entirely, gone. Childhood entails the peculiarities of youth, but the pliability of character is yet such that it may readily retrieve itself from unfortunate biases; youth, with still more certainty, transmits its tendencies to manhood; still the work of self-recovery is practicable and common, but if now postponed, manhood indurates the moral defects of youth—the heart of flesh becomes the heart of stone—and rarely does even the Gospel, with its demonstration of the Spirit and of power, rescue the self-doomed man.

A chief reason of the unfavorable moral qualities of old age is, that men do not remind themselves of this transmission and progressive development of moral characteristics through the successive periods of life. They indulge their characteristic defects for the present, believing that there will be time enough in the future to amend them; meanwhile the evil virus infects more radically the moral constitution, and what might have been readily overcome before is now irremediable.

Happy they, then, who early consecrate themselves to the true, the only befitting purpose of life, the sanctification of their souls; and who, like Carosso, as they advance through the stages of their pilgrimage, ascend higher and higher on the mount of Christian vision, so that when, with weary step, they approach the end of their course, it shall not be with uncertainty of their position, or the despondent consciousness that they have lost their way, and are wandering among dark ravines and arid rocks, but with the assurance that the radiant summit is at hand, and that its brightness increases on every remaining step of the journey!—*Exchange paper.*

[For the Lover of Flowers.]

FAIRYLAND.

BY ANNA WARNER.

Between the time when your list is finished, and, with a sigh of relief that tells how great the perplexity has been, you make a fair copy of the order to send it off, changing the possible into the inevitable—between that time and the delicious minute when the bulbs arrive, each wrapped in its own soft labeled paper, and the "inevitable" order has changed back again into a box full of wonderful possibilities—to begin once more—between those two bits of time there is much to do. Of course, you will question now and then with yourself as to whether the box may arrive "to day"; but meantime you must not forget there are other things in the world besides bulbs. Do you want columbines for next year, or hollyhocks, or foxglove, or sweet wil-

liam, or perennial poppies? These should all be planted early, for if the young seedlings are not well established before winter they will surely winter-kill. For larkspur and many other hardy annuals it is enough if the seed is in the ground any time before very cold weather.

For tender plants already grown have everything ready, so that you could bring them into the house at very short notice; but hale, hardy things, that must be covered, will not need protection until very late. The later the better, indeed; for they might as well be frozen as smothered, and smothered they will surely be if covered too early. December is generally time enough, unless the winter sets in very early.

If you have a good bit of reserve ground, where these fall sowings can be made, you will find it better than the regular beds. Most of the seedlings can be easily transplanted, with care; and then your beds are free for the late or early digging—late and early, if you can give it—which is so important to the summer display. One of my beds suffered sadly this year in the dry weather, because, being full of bulbs, it had but a light spring dressing; and the ground hardened and dried, as it should not. For this same reason, where you can, it is good to have beds just set apart for bulbs, and then to reserve some of your pot-plants (which can generally bear to wait a little) to fill them when the tulips and hyacinths have passed away.

For planting the bulbs you need only a good garden soil, well enriched with very rotten manure from the cow-yard, and softened and lightened with sand and leaf-mold if it is too stiff. It is also very important that the bed should be well drained. On no account plant either bulbs or tubers where the water will stand at any time. The same soil may be used for the bulbs in pots; though if you want the very best results (according to Mr. Henderson), make for them a compost of decayed turfy loam, river sand, rotten manure, and leaf mold, well mixed together. Mr. Vick says where the soil is stiff it is good to give each bulb a little bed of sand to rest in. But we are not come to the planting yet; only I would say, Have all your materials ready. The soil and the sand and the pots; the boxes, if they are to go in boxes; the moss, if they are to be planted in moss. Shall I go further, and say the turnip, if—? No; I most earnestly hope that everybody who has a turnip will put it to a more fitting use. Fancy contenting one's self with a hollowed-out turnip or carrot for a hanging-basket, while there was a yard of wire to be bought, or a handful of moss to be gathered, or an old box in the world that one could cover with pine-cones

and bark! If the ready made pretty things are not attainable, set your wits to work and make still prettier. The stems of wild grapevines are fine twisting material, and bits of old hollow branches, or old knot-holes with their frame-work, may be cut and trimmed and fashioned into the daintiest bulb-holders. Look about you in your walks—gather conch shells by the seashore, if your path lies there; or build up smaller shells and bright-hued pebbles into dainty conglomerates of what shape you like. Then exercise your taste in suiting the setting to the bulb. Let nothing too elaborate spoil the simple beauty of crocuses and snowdrops; and give tulips a holder which shall be dark and rich, rather than gay. I believe, to me, there is nothing so pretty as the plain red flower-pot, with its fresh, brown earth, for any house-plant; yet I have enjoyed a hyacinth in a glass very much, and some of the new crocus glasses are very pretty. As for porcupines, and beehives, and all the other enormities to which crocuses are sometimes condemned, I think they are just—worse than turnips! Could I say more?—*The Independent.*

From *The Independent.*

THE WORD AMEN.

BY ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY,
Dean of Westminster.

As with the prayers, so with the creeds and doctrines. Much is said in these times about the importance of dogmatic or of undogmatic faith. That is not the question. The real question is not whether we choose to call our faith by one of those hard names or the other, but whether we make the most of what we do believe; whether we try to enter into its meaning, to understand what is intended to be conveyed by the words which we use. "Words," it has been truly said, "are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools." It is the misfortune of many teachers, and many learners of religious truth, that they do not ask what is the real significance of what is taught; that they are content with talking about the words, and neglect altogether the thing intended.

If we might give a word of advice to any one who follows with interest the great questions suggested by the creeds which he hears recited in the church, or the speculations which he hears concerning them, let him ask this single question: "Do I understand the meaning of what is said?" "Should I be willing and able to receive it if it were put into other words of the same meaning, but of different sound?" Only those who do so understand, or who do so strive to understand, can be said to give their assent—their Amen—to what they profess to believe. There

may be many things as to the how, and the why, and the circumstances of this or that truth which we cannot understand. The brightest light has around it "a boundless contiguity of shade." Those mysterious surroundings we do not comprehend; and, not comprehending, we can be said neither to believe nor to disbelieve them. To think that we believe them, or assent to them, is a mere make-believe. It is saying Amen with the lips, and not with the heart.

But any truth that can be believed, must, so far as it is believed, be understood, and felt, and comprehended. And, therefore, when we say Amen or are invited to say Amen to any doctrine, it is an indication to us of the only way in which any doctrine can enter into our hearts. The doctrine knocks at the door. "Amen" (that is, our own assent and agreement) is the porter that opens the door. There was once in the Middle Ages a famous preacher [Abelard] to whom hundreds flocked, encamping even in huts and tents outside the city, to hear him unfold the doctrine which he had announced to them. It was very homely. We may almost be surprised that it should have excited so much enthusiasm. It was only this: "That nothing can be believed unless it is first understood; and that for any one to preach to others that which either he has not understood nor they have understood is absurd." But its very homeliness and simplicity was a new discovery at a time when people's minds were bewildered by endless controversial subtleties, and when the desire of understanding what they heard had become an unquenchable thirst.

Struggle, wrestle with the words in which sacred things are expressed. Behind them, within them, like jewels beneath the deep sea, like treasures hid at the bottom of a deep well, lie the truths themselves. In this way every man can become, as it were, a teacher to himself, can extract gold out of dross, can make even a doubtful creed or a foolish discourse impressive, can almost draw "sermons out of stones" and water out of the flinty rock.

And this leads me to the special thought of the use to be made of sermons. They must be, they will be of different kinds of excellence; but, if we were to name the quality which we should desire them to have, it would be that they should so appeal to the hearts and understandings of the hearers that the hearers should feel the words uttered to be as it were their *own words*—that they should feel the words to be the voice of which their own inmost thoughts were the echo.

There is a description of a sermon preached, not in any Christian church, which has yet

always seemed to me the most moving example of what the effects of a sermon should be. The scene described was in that great day—the chief sacred day of the Mussulman religion—the Friday in the great Sanctuary of Mecca—where the pilgrims are assembled from all parts of the world, around the sacred stone, the object of the Mussulman devotions. "The vast quadrangle," says the eye witness, whose words I quote, "was crowded with worshippers, sitting in long rows, and everywhere facing the central black tower, in such diversity of costume as would probably not be seen mixed together in any other building upon earth. In the midst, and raised above the crowd by the tall pointed pulpit, whose gilt spire flamed in the sun, sat the preacher, an old man, with snowy beard, which flowed down from his white turban upon his robes, which were white as both. Gradually he rose in his place, and began to preach. It was to all those thousands of pilgrims the great sermon, the great crisis of their lives. As the majestic figure began to exert itself, there was a deep silence. Presently a general Amen [the word is the same in Arabic as in Hebrew] was intoned by the whole crowd at the conclusion of each sentence. And at last, toward the close of the sermon, every third or fourth word was followed by the simultaneous rise and fall of the same Amen, repeated by thousands of voices."

He who described this sight was one not given to be moved by any strong sentiment, human or divine. But he adds: "I have seen the religious ceremonies of many lands; but never, nowhere, aught so solemn, so impressive as this spectacle." And do we ask why? Do we ask why the sound of that reverberated word—of that single Amen—so drew tears, we may almost say, into the very tones of this otherwise unconcerned spectator?

It is because nothing can be so affecting as the consciousness of a vast multitude awakened into sympathy with a voice which comes to them from above, or the thought that a voice has been felt which can penetrate into the depths of the human soul, and call forth its innermost response. It is the very description given by St. Paul of a true preacher or prophet—that "he shall convince, that he shall judge, that he shall make manifest to his audience the secrets of their hearts." Whenever the conscience of the hearer so responds to the voice of the preacher, the apostle assures us that there is a "real presence" of God.

Whenever a sermon is preached to a vast listening multitude, such an "Amen" may, at least, now and then be awakened; such a "cheer"—not the less real because unexpressed. If the arrows of speech can pierce,

if only here and there, a sin which was lurking in some deep corner of some one human heart, and awaken a new hope in some suffering, solitary soul, which needs only to be assured that one other kindred spirit is feeling with and for him or her in some dread extremity of trial; if any one new ray of light can be imparted about the Bible, any one new thought about God or man which the hearers have not known before, but which, then hearing, they at once recognize as the very thing which they want to know—whenever this is the result of preaching or teaching, then the preacher or the teacher has not spoken altogether in vain. Such preachers and prophets, indeed, are rare; utterances of such prophetic insight and sympathy are rare even in the most gifted. Yet they may be found from time to time. They have been heard not only in the far-off accents of Arabian or Hebrew devotion, or apostolic ages; but in our own native English tongue, wherein we were born.

TRANSLATION FROM MARTIAL.

Book V. Epigram 42.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thieves may break in and bear away your gold,
The cruel flame may lay your mansion low,
Your dues the faithless debtor may withhold,
Your fields may not return the grain you sow;
A spendthrift steward at your cost may live,
Your ships may founder with their precious store;
But wealth bestowed is safe,—for what you give,
And that alone, is yours for evermore.

A like sentiment is quaintly expressed in that fine old epitaph, formerly existing at Tiverton, in England, upon the tomb of one of the Earls of Devonshire:

“Hoe, hoe, who lyes here?
’Tis I, the goode Erie of Devonshire,
With Kate, my wyfe, to mee full dere.
Wee lyved togetheer iifty-fyve yere;
That wee spent, wee had;
That wee lefte, wee loste;
That wee gave, wee have.”

THERE are three things which can in no wise be used for good—malice, envy, and folly; and there are three things that can by no means be employed for evil—humility, contentment, and liberality.

I T E M S .

THE DESTRUCTION OF SHADE-TREES.—The wanton destruction of shade-trees in meeting with just condemnation in influential quarters in England. The Gardeners' Chronicle calls for the appointment in each town and city of a public officer, to be called the conservator of trees, whose duty it shall be to protect from ruthless destruction all ornamental and shade-trees on the line of public highways and side-walks. Officers with similar powers are needed in this country.

THE total eclipse of the sun which will take place on December 11th will be visible in Asia. The governments of Europe have sent out corps of observers, but the astronomers of the United States, although respectfully requested to join the expedition, have not been able to accept the invitation. The professors attached to the Naval Observatory at Washington distinguished themselves by their accurate observations of the total eclipses of August 1869 and December 1870, but in consequence of the additional duties imposed in making the calculations in reference to these phenomena, the regular work of the observatory has fallen behind, and must be brought up to the present time. Another reason for the absence of the United States astronomers is to be found in the fact that they are busily engaged in making preparations for taking observations on the Transit of Venus, in 1874. This rare phenomenon, which occurs at intervals of about ninety years, will be visible in 1874—only in Australia and along the coasts of China and Japan. The United States Government intends to send a very large scientific expedition to Eastern Asia, to make extensive observations on this transit of Venus. At its last session, Congress designated a board of five prominent astronomers and mathematicians, under whose direction all money appropriated for the expenses of the preparations, is to be expended.—*Public Ledger*.

THE Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia solicits all citizens disposed to cherish and extend the cultivation of the Natural Sciences in the community, to give it pecuniary aid. The Legislature of Pennsylvania has been petitioned to grant to the Academy a subsidy of \$125,000, on condition that individual contributions to its building fund shall be increased to the same amount. This appeal should not be in vain.

PROF. TYNDALL has recently perfected a new respirator for firemen, in which the solid particles of the densest smoke are arrested by films of cotton-wool wetted with glycerine, and the most pungent gas by layers of charcoal. By these simple means, firemen can remain within burning buildings for upwards of half an hour at a time, with safety and comfort, so far as their respiration is concerned.

THE Reichsrath has decided that all the gambling-tables of Germany must positively be closed on the last day of Twelfth month, 1872. The government has derived considerable revenue from the licensing of these tables, but it is to be hoped that the law prohibiting them will be rigidly enforced.

THE first manufacturer of buttons in the United States was Samuel Williston. While he was dragging along as a country storekeeper—his eyes having failed him while studying for the ministry—his wife bethought her that she could cover by hand the wooden buttons of the time, and thus earn an honest penny. From this the couple advanced in their ambition until they had perfected machinery for covering buttons, the first employed for the purpose in the United States. From this sprang an immense factory, and then others, until Samuel Williston made half the buttons of the world. His factories are still running at Easthampton, coining wealth for the proprietors, and known to every dealer in buttons the world over. He is now between seventy and eighty years of age, is worth \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000, and has given \$400,000 to Easthampton for a seminary and for churches, \$200,000 to South Hadley Female Seminary, and \$200,000 to Amherst College, besides lesser gifts.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

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From "The British Friend."

ROUND ABOUT SWARTHMORE.

More than a few, probably, of the readers of this journal may have been privileged to visit the locality described in the annexed article. To the great majority, however, we doubt not it will be new; and they cannot but feel interested in perusing an account of what, as the writer terms it, must ever be to Friends "*classic ground*."

"Not far from the sloping shores of Morecambe Bay, and within a mile of Ulverstone, there is a spot fraught with historical associations—steeped in memories of

"The Quaker of the olden time,
So good, so calm, so true."

Close to the road leading from Ulverstone to Birkkrigg and Urswick, there is an old meeting house, tree shaded, ivy covered; and from the notice on the white door of its courtyard, and a dwelling not far away, the visitor may rightly infer that this is the spot given by George Fox nearly two hundred years ago, and by him dedicated to its present use. As might be expected, the building—low, and with its slated side—is simple in character and unornamented, surrounded by green leaves, or the darker shade of firs; but surely marked by clustering memories of the just. There is a courtyard, with its mounting steps of stone, and shed, that tell of the times when, on saddle or pillion, or in their carts, the Friends rode hitherwards over marshy downs,

through swamps, and over heaths that bore only heather and wild flowers.

"Internally, there is, I suppose, little change since the day when this house was appropriated to its present use, with the 'three acres of land, more or less'—all the land and house' their owner had in England. The old desk to which the Bible was chained for reference is removed, but there still is 'the great elbow-chair that Robert Widders sent,' and there also are the posts of the 'ebony bedstead,' heirlooms given by the donor, so that wayfarers 'may have a bed to lie on, and a chair to sit in.' And in this quiet room, with whitewashed walls, and ceiling with protruding beams, and on the narrow olden seats, for generations Fox's successors have met, in 'the winter cold and the wet, and the summer mer heat.' There, too, remains the old chained 'Byble,' still shown, though more than 300 years old; in the quaint black letter of which the reader may discover the word now rendered 'balm' (of Gilead) translated as 'treacle,' with other instances of olden and expressive wording. A visitors' book is kept on the premises, in which it was interesting to notice the names of men of many creeds and countries. There were, in a few pages, the signatures of Philadelphian descendants of the Fells; well-known names of visitors from Darlington, Sunderland, Stockton, Huddersfield, Ackworth, Gloucester, Ireland, &c. there were the well-formed characters of

'John Bright, Rochdale;' and there was an exhibition of bad taste on the part of two Episcopalian clergymen, who (in such a book) had prefixed to their names 'Rev.,' in strong contrast to another of their cloth, known as that one 'in labors more abundant,' who had simply subscribed the name of 'William Caine, of Manchester.' . . . This is 'the house and land called Petty's;' and though it is simple almost to rudeness, when compared with ornate churches or cathedral piles, yet the long bead-roll of visitors shows that it has more than a sectarian, local, or party interest.

"Not many yards away is Swarthmoor (or Swarthmore) Hall, from the door like window of which Geo. Fox is stated to have preached; from whence Margaret Fell was imprisoned for years for refusing to swear—a place in which the happiest years of the two were spent. The old hall is dilapidated now; its embayed windows and 'rough cast' walls bear the marks of age; but the hole-pierced barn, the trees in the old-walled orchard, the study, and the oaken parlor, remain apparently in the state they were two hundred years ago; and discourse eloquently of Margaret Fox in her 'red cloth mantle,' and her husband in his 'gray suit, with alchemy buttons'—tell of the days before the erection of the place we have just left, in the hedge-shaded lane—then a moorland field, now rose-bespangled and fragrant with honeysuckle. There seems to pass before the mind dim shapes of those who met 'in this old hall'—grave men and reverent women, such as Fox and Burroughs, Fell, and even him whom Elia calls 'that much injured, ridiculed man, James Naylor'—who were honored instruments by whom religion was purged of many errors, and placed in a newer and nobler light.

"Classic ground is this! The names of the places and persons here around read like pages from the diaries of George Fox and his friends—the very stones bear witness to their labors and sufferings. Just below yonder Eddystone like monument on Hoad Hill is Ulverstone Church, where, says Fox, 'The people fell upon me in the steeple-house, . . . knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me;' there, too, close by, is the common where the constables thrust him 'among the rude multitude,' who beat him till he was senseless. Close hereto, also, is Walney Island. 'With staves, clubs, and fishing-poles,' forty muscular Christians rushed upon him when he landed, with the intent to drive him into the sea. Lyndal, Dalton, Baycliffe, Cartmell, A denham, and others of the villages and places here around, were often visited by him, were often the scene of his labors, and were also near to the residences of some of his fiercest persecutors—the Kirbys and Sawreys

of the day. Just across the Bay, too, is 'time-honored Lancaster,' the scene of more than one of his imprisonments—the place where his quick-wittedness and common sense baffled judges and confused justices. All around speaks of these times, from the day when his address drove conviction to the heart of Margaret Fell to the time when she was laid in the unmarked grave near Sunbrick, on Birk-rigg's sloping side, where the waters of Morecambe sing an eternal requiem by the resting-place of this mother in Israel—a quiet ground covered by 'a thick swathe of the greenest grass,' standing beside which the words of the man of Uz come irresistibly to mind; for there, indeed, 'the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor;' for there 'the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.' In burial-grounds on lonely roads, in unmarked villages, and in vast towns, are laid the remains of these ancient heroes; and in the midst of the din of the great city, in Bunhill Fields, rests the body of their leader, mourned for then in such words as these of Ellwood, Milton's friend:—'Very tender, compassionate, and pitiful he was to all that were under any sort of affliction; full of brotherly love; full of fatherly care; . . . he lived and died the servant of the Lord.' Yet, among the people his name and fame are dying out, and small now is his part in

"All the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills."

But though the world, which owes much to him and his friends, seems willing to forget its indebtedness, there be some for whom 'neither days nor length of time will wear out their' memory. And if the world knew the lesson taught round about Swarthmoor—read aright the history of Fox and Fell, Burrough and Howgill; knew how great is their indebtedness to these men; knew that to Penn and Mead in the bail-dock they owe one of 'the great charters of our liberties;' and that to their successors—an illustrious bead-roll—they owe much in 'all that is decent and civil' in the region of education; knew that these, with countless deeds of philanthropy and mercy, were due to the principles propagated here two hundred years ago, a deeper interest would be felt by the common people in this lovely locality.

'In addition to the interest which is attached to the central figures that people Swarthmoor Hall, there is the memory of many a martyr to the cause of religious liberty who in those early days were here honored guests. Here had been Francis Howgill, who, from Kendal, was sent to Appleby jail, and after years of confinement found freedom in death. Edward Burrough, who

was seized while preaching, and died in the crowded courts of Newgate; Parker, Pearson, Whitehead, Barclay, and Penn, with many another—all sufferers alike for one cause; all freely giving themselves up to spend and be spent in the cause they esteemed just and true. Theirs, indeed, was a hard battle to fight, for they were, as Charles Lamb says, 'betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and off-scouring of church and presbytery.'

"Often the fierce rabble, parson-instigated, fell upon them; the church 'militant' turned its malice upon their unresisting heads; a savage soldiery and brutal sea-ruffians invaded their meeting-places, and often maimed with their swords those therein; justices oppressed them, and even the majesty of law turned its terrors on the innocent. They were scoffed at, scorned, despitefully used, spit upon, buffeted by rude hands, beat, bruised, wounded, slain; tender women and hoary-headed men were remorselessly flogged, despoiled of their goods, their estates seized, themselves bitterly tortured, cruelly imprisoned by thousands in vile dungeons, where they languished and expired—their lives worn out by labor and suffering. The very bones of their dead were disinterred and vilely treated—all because they dared to worship in the manner conscience dictated.

"Upon them, at a critical period, was thrown the burden of English Nonconformity. When fines and imprisonments were by the law adjudged the due of all frequenters and keepers of what were contemptuously called conventicles, other sects bowed their heads or fled before the storm, which burst in all its fury upon the Friends' devoted heads; and they met it with an unflinching endurance. If their ministers were hurried to prison, others arose; if their meeting-places were seized, and themselves excluded, they met in the courtyard, or even in the street; and if their meeting-houses were destroyed, they still met in the ruins. Nothing daunted them; nothing could bend their minds, and so the malice of their persecutors spent its fury; and their sufferings and perseverance purchased for Nonconformists in general the repeal of odious enactments, and the right for congregations to meet 'under their own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make them afraid.' Swarthmoor brings up this picture of heroic endurance in the times and turmoil in the troublous seventeenth century; and brings to memory the life of him who merits Longfellow's lines; for that life was—

"Made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint—
Whose pleasure was to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Parselete."

"J. W. S."

A number of tributes to the memory of our deceased friend T. Clarkson Taylor have been sent us, from among which we have selected the following as largely embracing the whole:

For Friends' Intelligencer.

T. CLARKSON TAYLOR.

Died, in Wilmington, Del., on the 25th inst., of rupture of the splenic artery, Thomas Clarkson Taylor, in the 47th year of his age.

Thus suddenly, in the ripeness of his manhood, he has passed from a wide field of usefulness to the fullness of a higher life.

He was born in Loudoun Co., Va., the son of Jonathan and Lydia B. Taylor, who were originally from Bucks Co., Pa. He attended the school of Benjamin Hallowell in Alexandria, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of his tutor. On his recommendation, he came to Wilmington in 1852, to take charge of the Friends' School here. By his energy and ability he established a large and flourishing institution. At the end of five years, the buildings becoming too limited, he built an academy of his own, in 1857, to which he has been obliged by the requirements of his school to make several additions, and within a few years to associate with himself a partner in the business. Fourteen years of constant labor there have so impressed his personality upon all his belongings,—his books, his table, his lecturing apparatus,—that, going out from his seat only one short week ago, it is no wonder that his pupils and teachers almost listen for his well-known footstep on the stairs, or turn to greet the familiar face at the door. Being dead, he yet lives, in memory and influence.

His beautiful life is a nobler monument than marble shaft,—a better sermon than wordiest exhortation.

Only rarely do the outward and spiritual produce so rich a character as his. His nature was many-sided; his labors various and distinct, and yet so well-performed was each, that by the very homogeneity of excellence of whatever form, they blended into an almost perfect whole,—*his life*.

He was an able and successful teacher; not more by reason of his intellectual ability, than by his geniality, his genuine love for young people, and his quick perceptions of and ready sympathy with their needs.

He never forgot the *boy* in himself, and he had a boyish gladness that was contagious, which knit him to the hearts of his pupils.

He loved learning, and infused his own thirst into others. He worked with an untiring energy, and inspired those around him with some of his own zeal.

His lessons of morality, of practical goodness, in the commonest every-day relations,

were constantly enforced by his own example. No one was more self-sacrificing, no one readier to bear another's burden; cheerful, helpful, forgiving, *generous* ever. Tender and sympathetic as a girl, gentle and gay as a child, his smiles were softened by tears, his tears were brightened by smiles.

Perhaps the element in his character which gave him greatest power over others, was his transparent genuineness. You felt that you looked directly into the heart of the man, and found it without guile, abounding in love for human kind, and in true humility.

Hundreds of young men have gone out from his schoolroom, reverencing him in becoming not only *wiser*, but *better*; for he constantly taught that the chief end of Knowledge is Virtue.

His education he obtained mainly by his own exertions, but never at the sacrifice of a single domestic or filial duty towards a widowed mother, who looked to him as an example and guide for her younger children.

His interest in the Society of Friends, and in the maintenance and spread of their principles, was always great, and after coming to Wilmington he occasionally spoke in their meetings.

His ministry gradually increased in power, and was acceptable to the large body of Friends. Receiving the formal sanction of the Meeting, he was strengthened and encouraged. His whole warm nature would pour itself out, touching old and young alike, for he spoke to the great human heart, right to its needs, out of the fulness of his own. In sympathy with all active, earnest measures for good, in whatever direction, he was inspiration to the flagging spirit, support to the weak, and an incentive to the strong.

Peculiarly gifted in his clear insight into the meanings of Scripture, his interpretations were beautiful and instructive. It is as a minister, even more than as a citizen, teacher or friend, that his loss will be the most deeply and widely felt.

In the maturity of his physical and intellectual being, it is believed that his spiritual powers had not yet reached their full fruition, but that there awaited us, through his ministrations, still richer offerings of the divine Love and Wisdom,—still fuller outpourings, in eloquent words, of that Goodness which filled his life, and which shed abroad a radiance more wide spread than his own religious Society. There was nothing narrow nor sectarian in his views; he preached the broadest catholicity of doctrine, limited by no church or creed, and was usually in advance of even the foremost of his own Society, in promulgating liberal Christian truths.

Religious growth does not stop with man's

maturity, and *his* was reaching upward and outward daily; spreading into new and beautiful forms, softening all the harshness tendering all the deepest emotions.

Actively interested for the Indian, for the freedman, for the temperance cause, for the workingmen everywhere, for the cause of education and the advancement of science for the spread of liberal and advanced Christian ideas,—he also had the interests of children and the First day Schools very near at heart. To the large First day School in Wilmington, to both the adult and children's classes his loss is irreparable. In the close relation he sustained to them, he made himself even better loved and appreciated than in most other connections. He was in fact the foster-parent, under the one Divine Father, of that religious growth which made the First day School possible.

Abounding in spiritual life, he infused some of his own vitality into even the coldest; and his sudden death has been like a blighting frost on the tender plants which more to him than to any other human influence owed their growth. May their weakness be strengthened and his work not "let die."

While almost overwhelmed by this crushing dispensation, we do not forget that our friend bore the tender relation of husband and father to a truly stricken family, and the most heartfelt sympathy is theirs.

We mourn our loss, and cannot be comforted *now*, but we cherish the bright example of his life. **

Wilmington, Del., 10th mo. 31, 1871.

TRUE MORAL PERFECTION.

It is a truth full of deep meaning that all through human nature perfection is intimately associated with unconsciousness. In the physical nature the most complete health is where each organ performs its part unheeded, where the activities are harmoniously engaged, not in analyzing their own nature but in accomplishing their own functions. Directly any part of the body asserts its own separate existence, and demands special notice, it is a proof that something is out of order and is the first symptom of disease. The countryman, who, on being asked how he kept his physical system in such perfect order, replied, that "for his part he had no system," showed by his answer a perfection of health which but few ever realize. It is when the head aches, or the tooth throbs, or the limb is injured, that we become specially conscious of their existence; when they are in good working order we forget them, and only consider the results they produce.

This truth is not confined to the bodily functions. The strongest mind is not the

most conscious of its strength. The greatest geniuses of the world have lived and died unaware of the richness of their mental treasures. The true artist is so absorbed in the love of his art that he forgets his own powers, while the mere dabbler is vainly conscious of his inferior abilities. Often those faculties upon which we most pride ourselves are the most superficially developed, while our real powers lie unfathomed and unknown. He who works for fame or applause is always measuring his own skill, and estimating his own progress, while he whose heart is centred on the work itself dwells not upon his own instrumentality, but rejoices in the furtherance of the object, by whatever means. One orator, filled with the greatness of his theme, bent on effecting some reform, and anxious to inspire others with a like enthusiasm, is unconscious of the eloquence which holds his audience in rapt attention, nor does he care to measure it; his object lies ahead of himself, and he uses himself, as it were, for a step by which to reach it; he employs his powers, as the carpenter his tools, merely as instruments to accomplish a higher purpose. Another, bent on self display, only handles his subject with a view to carve his own name. Uninspired by great thoughts, he is only alive to all his rhetorical excellencies and failures; he weighs his abilities with accurate precision, and measures his success by the degree to which his hearers appreciate them, instead of the conclusion they form as to his theme. The same difference divides all the intellectual labor of the world. Its best performance is always attended with a certain consciousness of self, while its inferior work is characterized by a keen analysis of the powers employed. The one is natural, the other artificial; the one regards the end as absorbing, the other loves rather to dwell on the means.

Equally does this truth apply to our moral conduct. Virtue requires a certain degree of unconsciousness to maintain her very excellence. The moral worth of a good action depends greatly upon its spontaneity. Where is the natural outflow of a loving or generous heart it is priceless, but when we begin to praise ourselves inwardly, and think how meritorious we are, it immediately loses its luster. Not more surely is the snow dissolved and dissipated by the rays of the sun, than goodness fades and vanishes before the conscious pride of itself. Some one, in writing of humility, has said,

It is so frail, so delicate a thing,

If it but look upon itself, 'tis gone,

And he who ventures to esteem it his,

Proves by that very thought, he has it not.

And the same is true to a great extent of

every virtue. He who most fully appreciates his worth, has generally a slender stock to estimate. Above all, the boaster, who talks glibly of virtue, in order to extol himself, knows nothing of its profound realities. Even self-depreciation is not akin to virtue in its deep significance. It is at the best, when sincere, an unhealthy sort of goodness, which dwells upon self, after all, to the neglect of higher things; and when insincere it is the basest hypocrisy. The truly virtuous man is he who sinks self in his object, who labors in the cause of right and truth, sacrificing his own interests, without feeling himself a martyr, without boasting of his deeds, without too closely analyzing his own part in the matter, either to applaud or to censure. He exerts all his powers to the utmost, and rejoices in their ability to carry out his noblest conceptions; but he values them as the mechanic does his tools, not for their own sake but for what they can produce. He exults, not in his own benevolence, but in the happiness it sheds; he congratulates himself, not on his own sense of justice, but that others have their rights; he triumphs, not in his ability to convince or persuade men, but in their acceptance of the truth. His is that natural, spontaneous and unconscious virtue that pauses not to gaze upon itself, but hastens to forward and to welcome glorious results; his is the heroism, the fortitude, and the martyr spirit that animates life to noble deeds, but know not of themselves.—*Phila. Ledger.*

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

Keshub Chunder Sen (the Hindoo reformer) said: "I have come to a Christian country in order to study all the varied and numerous phases of Christian thought, feeling, and action; but I must say, candidly, I cannot understand how Christians, as Christians, can fight so brutally as they often do. As a Hindoo I cannot understand, and look upon it as a great anomaly in Christendom, how year after year the most deadly and destructive weapons and engines of torture and war are being invented in order to carry the art of slaughtering our brother man to perfection. These are barbarities, these are brutal things which have cast a slur upon a Christian nation, and which for the honor of a Christian nation ought to be removed and obliterated instantaneously. I hope and trust that every legitimate attempt will be made to take away from war all its deadly spirit, and save Christendom from the reproach of encouraging war. I really cannot tell how the followers of the Prince of Peace can ever go to war. It has been said, and may oftentimes be repeated in future, that a small number of men, however educated and powerful they may be, on

the banks of the Thames, can never expect to revolutionize the whole world. Ideas of war, and the very spirit of war, have been established in the midst of all civilized nations, and it is impossible to believe that the Peace Society will ever achieve success in this direction. But I do not, and cannot believe, that if we all bring our best energies and our best sentiments into play we shall fail. We should not fail if God is on our side—if truth, mercy, and love are on our side. There is something appalling in the very idea of a battle. If we only take into account the number of those who have been made orphans and widows, and the huge amount of suffering caused to various individuals and nations, the pecuniary losses, physical sufferings, and all manner of cruelty exercised and sorrow endured; I cannot for one moment believe that men can live and die as true Christians without doing all in their power to check and arrest the growth of the spirit of war. The demon of war requires to be crushed down immediately, and in every possible way. By resorting to newspapers, by using our influence in our own private circles, by means of public preaching, and by means of our own example and conduct, let us try to induce all sections of human brotherhood to fraternize with each other."

BAFFLED LIVES.

We are apt to think and say that success is the test and measure of power. He who fails in his attempts is apt to be set down as one who lacks real force; while he who wins a fortune, a place or a name, is crowned a hero, and held up as an example. Praise goes freely along the path of outward prosperity; but the multitude are ready to vote the defeated man a coward or an imbecile, to sneer at his story, and give his name over to contempt or oblivion.

Understood aright, success is the test of a spirit and the touchstone that tries a life. But interpreted as it often is,—to mean mere outward show and surface impression,—it often cheats the observer. In God's economy, the forces that work in silence and unseen, are often doing most and best. He sometimes sees a splendid triumph where men behold only disaster and defeat. He puts the chief honor upon spiritual wealth such as is not recognized at brokers' boards. The purpose that fights down a strong passion, because it is Satan's ally and the foe of goodness, is, perchance, in the sight of Heaven, a grander and mightier thing than the shrewd policy that carries a contested election, or that makes a million of dollars in a single day's transactions at the stock exchange. He whose struggles have really purified himself and set him

at one with Heaven, whatever else he has failed to do or be, is sure of the victor's amaranth when the final awards of justice are distributed.

There is something grateful in the cheerful, resolute, achieving worker. It is pleasant to bind up golden sheaves and bear them to the garner with gladness and singing. It is sad and disheartening to sow beside all waters and look vainly for the springing grain. It is sad to see a true-hearted and willing worker dismissed from the field he would gladly cultivate, and sent home sick at heart and weary of enforced quietude or unappreciated toil. It is sadder to see that experience repeated again and again. It is saddest of all to see a life that seemed to have fair possibilities and a noble purpose, ending in discouragement, all its highest endeavors wanting in obvious success, and all its best hopes far away from fruition. Touching and mournful indeed is the picture of a baffled life. And such things are not very rare.

It is easy perhaps to account for many of these baffled lives. Not a few honestly mistake themselves and the world. They never find their sphere. They would not know it if it were found. They will persist in believing themselves fitted for what everybody else sees is wholly outside their province. They are like Sydney Smith's square block trying to squeeze itself into the round hole. They mistake a transient and surface desire for a deep-rooted and abiding instinct. They interpret a beckoning of ambition as a providential call. Pushed by a low impulse, they deem themselves pressed by the sacred hand of God. There are others who are unwilling to do their proper work even when known; for their selfishness pleads for something more dainty and less taxing. They would gladly ornament the world, a thing they can not do; but they scorn to serve it, a thing to which they are solemnly appointed. Others have some unfortunate tendency or vicious trait which neutralizes every better element; just as sulphate of iron in a soil, otherwise rich, keeps it barren and makes the farmer's pains and labor fruitless. And others still seem, to our human eyes, forever harassed, hindered and tripped in their undertakings, so that what they hope for eludes them, and what they touch they spoil. And these last lives are the baffled ones that plague inquiry, burden hearts, and sometimes set the soul questioning the impartial justice of God's rule in the earth.

These baffled lives are found in all sorts of spheres. They appear in the lowliest and the loftiest places. The honest and hard-worked toiler for daily bread is sometimes married to poverty all his years through, and he turns his children over to the same alliance. So,

too, the worker for spiritual gains seems to find his life an unrewarded struggle.

* * * * *

Some of these baffled lives present grave problems. We can not solve them now and here. They seem like examples of wasted force in the moral economy of God. But the explanation is likely to come in that great hereafter for which they call, which they constantly hint at, and where we are wont to look for compensations. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face; now we know in part, but then we shall know even as also we are known." Let such souls keep themselves teachable, trustful, dutiful, patient and brave. Heaven will find a sphere for all their wise service, and make fruit spring from all their true toil.—*Morning Star*.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray,
With moving lips and bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose,
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation;
No wish conceived, no thought expressed,
Only a sense of supplication;
A sense o'er all my soul impressed
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal strength and wisdom are."

Coleridge.

SELF-WILL.

It is not safe for us to always have our own way. If we do, we become obstinate and self-willed, and incapable of bearing contradiction. When we get into such a state, we are well nigh incurable. For what is really a very great vice, we then esteem a very great virtue. Our self will wears, in our own eyes, the guise of zeal for God. Submission to the judgment of others, as spiritual as ourselves, even where no principle is involved, and where the peace and welfare of a whole society may be at stake, looks to us like compromising; and so we dare not yield. To pause, because of the evil consequences that are almost certain to result from our rash actions, has, in our eyes, the appearance of distrusting God. No one is always right. The judgment of the very best is liable to be swayed by ignorance or prejudice. Here we know only in part. Our understanding is imperfect, and our knowledge limited. We should not, then, in matters where others are as much interested as ourselves, always insist upon having our way. We should learn to yield fully and gracefully. The Divine rule is, *submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God*. This does not mean that everybody must submit to us. The submission is to be mu-

tual. We ourselves, must sometimes yield. The earth attracts the moon, but the moon at the same time attracts the earth just as much in proportion to its size. This is the cause of tides. So we must make towards others as well as require them to make towards us. The backbone supports the body. It is not rigid and inflexible, but is full of joints. If it would not bend, it could not keep straight. A loss of flexibility produces deformity. A symmetrical Christian can keep straight along and do his duty even when others do not concur in his opinion. Peter did not leave the church because the advice of James was followed.—*Earnest Christian*.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. Is this thy experience, my sister? Well, no new thing has happened unto thee. This truth was realized many long years ago, by those who trod the same path thou art now treading. When we fail through the weakness of the flesh, it will not do for us to give back, neither is it well to be unduly discouraged because of failure. Remember we have to do with One "who discerns between infirmity and sin." Then "try again"—persevere. Thou wilt be helped by Him who hath promised to be strength in weakness. Fear not, but trust. He will strengthen thee, He will uphold thee, and thou wilt be enabled to overcome the sin that doth so easily beset thee.

I am with thee in close sympathetic feeling, and in renewed faith I can bid thee be of good cheer; all will yet be well.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." If this be true as regards personal intercourse, it may also be true as applied to epistolary communings,—which, were the writers under the quickening influence of divine love, would animate and strengthen those addressed. It is well to watch earnestly against the utterance of idle words, which, let them come through what channel they may, cannot fail to be burdensome to a religious mind.

I wish not to assume too high ground for our social movements, but were we the people we profess to be, I believe there would be less *unprofitable* visiting and conversation, while there would be no diminution of those manifestations of love and kind remembrances, by which the countenance of a man would

gladden the heart of his friend. The Father's love, if suffered to influence our daily lives, would not withdraw us from companionship with those around us, but it would purify this companionship and so regulate it, that we could be one another's helpers in all that was excellent. With your present surroundings, I greatly desire you may be ever on the watch, and make straight steps, that so you may wash your hands in innocence—compass the altar of the Most High, and beg a blessing on your household. Such a petition will not be unavailing.

If we dwell under the regulating influence of Truth, and suffer it to control all our movements, we will have the blessed experience that there is an anchor, sure and steadfast, which is able to preserve in all times of tossing.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 11, 1871.

"GEOMETRICAL ANALYSIS" is the title of a work proposed to be published by Benjamin Hallowell, long and favorably known as Proprietor and Principal of Alexandria, Va., Boarding School.

"There are in the work some 212 Problems and Theorems, illustrated by 246 Diagrams," and it will contain about 254 pages. The publication will be rendered costly by the large number of Diagrams, but as pecuniary reward is not the desire of the author, it will be furnished to subscribers at \$2.50 per copy. *Whether it will be printed or not* depends upon the response that shall be made to the circular which has been issued. "Many or few, or a single copy, the subscription will be valued as assisting to secure the desired publication."

The want of a suitable text-book upon Geometrical Analysis experienced by B. H., while engaged in teaching, has induced the effort to supply this want without "expecting or desiring any pecuniary return from his work." In the "Introductory Note," he says:—"It is a labor of love for the youth of our country, and of interest and sympathy with those to whom their education may be entrusted, in their arduous and responsible engagement, by one who has now completed two more than his three-score years and ten, and who regards the preparation of this work as the closing and crowning labor of his life in that direction."

NOTE.—We are requested to state that the school established by our friend T. Clarkson Taylor, in Wilmington, Del., was re-opened Tenth month 30th, and that it will be conducted in future by his former partner, in connection with Charles Swayne, according to the principles established by the founder.

DIED.

FISHER.—On the 7th of Tenth month, 1871, after a short illness, Ulysses G. Fisher, youngest son of Ira and Rebecca Fisher, of Half moon, Centre Co., Pa., aged 4 years.

WILLIAMS.—On the 22d of Tenth month, 1871, at her residence near Richmond, Ind., Hannah J. Williams, in her 79th year; a member of Indiana Yearly Meeting. During her sickness, she remarked that she had made no great profession, but had endeavored to do that which would please her heavenly Father; and that though her faith was but as a grain of mustard seed, she humbly hoped it was sufficient to save. We doubt not she has entered the heavenly mansion of peace and joy. R. P.

PARRISH.—On the 3d inst., at his residence, Oxmead Farm, near Burlington, N. J., George Dillwyn Parrish, aged 51 years; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

THE following contributions for the sufferers by the fires in the North-west have been received by John Comly, at the office of *Friends' Intelligencer*, 144 N. Seventh St.:

M. S., cash,	\$20 00
L. R. B., cash,	5 00
Friends' School at Byberry, cash,	20 00
J. J., cash,	10 00
T. K. P., cash,	10 00
W. T., cash,	5 00
A. T., cash,	5 00
L. A. T., cash,	5 00
Two sisters, cash,	20 00
I. C., cash,	5 00
	\$105 00

M. L. H., bundle of clothing.
E. B., carpet and bedding.
E. B., bundle of clothing.
A Friend, package of clothing.
J. H. McL., clothing, bats, &c.
H. L. P., bundle of clothing.
E. B., bundle of clothing.
M. A. M., trunk of clothing.
P. B. H., bundle of clothing.

In addition to the above, Friends' School at Green Street has contributed a bundle of clothing, and cash \$28.33, of which \$8.33 have been expended for the immediate relief of sufferers from Chicago.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

11th mo 12th, Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.
" 19th, Valley, Pa., 3 P.M.
" Berwick, Pa., 11 A.M.
" Orange, N.J., 10½ A.M.
" Rochester, N.Y., 11 A.M.
" Warminster, Pa., 3 P.M.
" 26th, Octorara, Md., 3 P.M.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS within Purchase Quarterly Meeting have been appointed as follows:

11th mo. 12th, Mamaroneck, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" 19th, Tarrytown, N. Y., 10½ A.M.
" 26th, North Castle, N. Y., 11 A.M.

12th mo. 3d, Mount Kisco, N. Y., 11 A.M.
 " 10th, Salem, N. Y., 11 A.M.
 " 17th, Peach Pond, N.Y., 11 A.M.
 " 24th, Peekskill, N.Y., 11 A.M.
 " 31st, Purchase, N.Y., 11 A.M.
 1st mo. 7th, '72, Chappaqua, N. Y. 11 A. M.
 " 14th, Amawalk, N.Y., 11 A.M.

CIRCULAR MEETING'S

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Eleventh month 17th, at 4 o'clock. WM. EYRE, *Clerk.*

FREEDMAN ASSOCIATION

Will meet at 1516 Vine St., on Fourth-day evening, Eleventh month 15th, at 7½ o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

We have been kindly furnished by a Friend in attendance, with a synopsis of the proceedings of Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

This body may be said to have commenced its labors with a pretty full meeting of its Indian Committee, on Sixth-day evening. The record of the year's work was quite satisfactory, giving evidence of care and activity in the labors of this concern. Seventh-day there were two sessions of the Meeting for Ministers and Elders, with rather more than the usual attendance of Friends from other Yearly Meetings. These sittings were felt to be good and precious seasons—the overshadowing presence of Divine Love being realized in more than an ordinary degree, especially during the solemn silence which formed a fitting close to the morning meeting. In the evening the Representative Committee met and had an interesting sitting. First-day there were the usual meetings in the morning, afternoon and evening, all largely attended, and quiet and impressive seasons. Much deep exercise seemed to be felt among those called to serve in the ministry, and several were favored to present truth "in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." The attentive interest given by the many young or middle aged attendants seemed to give evidence that the seed was falling into good ground, and the petition arose that as Paul planted and Apollos watered, the Lord might give the increase, that it might be gathered into His garner to His honor, and to the everlasting happiness of those thus gathered.

Owing to a misunderstanding, the meeting of the General Committee on Indian Affairs for the six Yearly Meetings, was appointed for First day afternoon during the time of the afternoon meeting for worship. The error being discovered too late for correction, a large proportion of the committee, with a few other Friends interested in the work, met according to the appointment. Samuel

M. Janney, late superintendent of the several agencies under our care, was present, and presented for reading a clear and full report of the condition and needs of the Northern Superintendency, which he had prepared as his official report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Ill health prevented the preparation of a special report to the committee. By request, he will, however, finish the one that had been commenced, and a large number will be printed for general distribution. The interest heretofore felt by our Society in this great labor seems to have increased rather than diminished, and we trust it may not weary of well doing while the need of its care exists. The results thus far have been surprising, in the rapidity of the changes wrought in many cases in the life-long habits and customs of the Indians under our care, and while we have as it were but entered a little way into the great field, yet the confidence thus early given us, not only by the Government, but also by these much neglected people, gives hopes of still greater and more permanent success for the early future. Second-day morning the business session of the Yearly Meeting proper was opened in the usual manner. One Friend before the business was entered into, likened the body to the human frame, wherein no muscle or tendon could be withdrawn from its proper place or neglect the performance of its proper duty, without creating pain and loss of efficiency to the entire body. Another carried the simile a little further, showing the necessity of the head, to direct and guide profitably all the rest. Another likened the meeting to a ship with its sails, rigging and ballast, showing that unless the ballast, or body of the meeting, maintained its proper position, a tempest would endanger the safety of all.

Early in the appointment of committees, Friends were advised to give the younger members a full proportion of places upon the committees of the body, that they might thus, under the shielding influence of experience, prepare themselves for profitable participation in the affairs of the Society, and the belief was expressed that the meeting would gain in life and interest by such a course. Minutes were read for the following Friends from other Yearly Meetings; their company and labors, together with the company of other Friends not bringing minutes, were felt to be strengthening and acceptable. From New York Yearly Meeting, Rachel Hicks, Mary Jane Field, Edward Rushmore, Daniel H. Griffin, Amy W. Griffin, John D. Wright; From Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Wm. Brosius, Benjamin Kent, Enoch S. Hannum, Solomon Pusey, Annie

S. Clothier, Caleb Clothier, Louisa A. Wright, Mark Wright, Harriet E. Stokly, Reuben Wilson, Benjamin Eves; From Genessee Yearly Meeting: Joseph M. Howland, Edward Ewer; From Ohio Yearly Meeting: (no minutes,) Ezekiel Roberts, Samuel S. Tomlinson.

Epistles were read from each of the Yearly Meetings in correspondence with this, the reading being divided between the two sittings. The interest manifested by these meetings in the various movements tending to the elevation and comfort of the human family, gave comforting assurance that life and activity pervaded our body throughout. A feeling testimony was borne to the baneful effects of the use of tobacco, and evidence of the growing interest in this subject was shown in the allusion to it in two or more of the epistles.

In the evening one-half of the house was well filled with an interested audience, to participate in the proceedings of the First day School Association of this Yearly Meeting. The report of schools and of the Executive Committee showed much faithful labor upon the part of the workers in this important field, and also the great need of an increased number of faithful laborers. The presence of so large a proportion of elderly Friends, and their earnest appeals to the younger to more generally participate in the proceedings of the evening, were very encouraging, giving evidence that in this portion of our Society the experience of age is prepared to join with the ardent activity of youth, in carrying on a work which promises to be an instrumentality in promoting the increased usefulness of our religious organization. Faithful personal and organized labor in this field, under a realizing sense that a knowledge of Divine truth comes through inspiration, and of the necessity to seek for this guiding voice of the Father of Love, will bear its fruit in a more general and lively comprehension within our Society, of the testimonies and principles that our worthy predecessors advocated and that our organization rests upon, and consequently increasing works of practical righteousness in the world at large. The meeting closed at a late hour, in much warmth of feeling.

Third-day. The state of Society as shown in the answers to the Queries, appears to be much as heretofore, and called for earnest counsel and advice to those who are delinquent in the attendance of our meetings, and on other subjects queried after. The need of individual faithfulness, if we would have life and power increase among us, was largely alluded to, but no steps were taken at the present time to act as an organization for the removal of the short-comings. That faithful

and aged servant Rachel Hicks, with Louisa Wright and their companions, paid the Men's Meeting a visit in Gospel Love, which visit brought an overshadowing of tenderness and love that left many in tears.*

In the evening, a second session of the Yearly Meeting's Indian Committee was largely attended by an interested audience, Our late Superintendent, Samuel M. Janney, gave a general history of the present condition of the several agencies recently under his charge, showing an encouraging contrast as compared with their former condition..

This change, both in the Indians and in the Society of Friends, as concerns a willingness actively to co-operate with government, and also in the current of public opinion, has been so great during the two and a half years just past, as to call forth gratitude to our All-wise Father for the blessing.

Fourth-day. Meetings for worship were held as usual at Lombard Street and Asquith Street meeting-houses, wherein valuable, and we trust impressive counsel was given.

In the afternoon the remaining Queries were answered, the minutes of the Representative Committee, and a memorial of a deceased Friend (Gulielma Wilson) were read. The Minutes of the Representative Committee, among other subjects of interest, gave information of a correspondence with the Meeting for Sufferings of Indiana Yearly Meeting in reference to memorializing the President and Congress upon the subject of inviting the co-operation of other nations in the establishment of an international Court or Umpire, for the settlement by arbitration of all difficulties arising between the nations represented therein; also of their having prepared a memorial to the President, and on the 27th inst., in company with Friends representing Genessee and Indiana Yearly Meetings, bearing a like memorial, presented it to the President, who received them cordially, listened attentively, and gave the assurance that the subject had claimed his thoughtful consideration, leaving the impression that our request would in some manner be satisfactorily responded to.

Much gratification was felt at the action of the Committee in this respect, and the belief was expressed that this movement, if successful, would form an epoch in the world's history, and that the fruits of faithfulness in presenting and advocating these peaceable testimonies, would redound to the honor of Him whose Gospel we had received.

Fifth-day. The meeting gathered as usual, heard the reports of committees, and read

*Daniel Griffin and Darlington Hoopes visited the Women's Meeting.

memorials for our deceased Friends Louisa Steer and Nathan Walker, which were approved and directed to be printed with the minutes. Our Friends, Benjamin Kent and Wm. Brosius obtained leave to visit the Women's Meeting.

A little later, our Friends Harriet E. Stockly and Rebecca Price, visited on a like mission the brethren, among whom their earnest and tender appeals found a warm response.

The meeting was brought into unusual solemnity, during which a few short and touching acknowledgments of gratitude were offered, and a wish expressed that under the visitation of the Father's love the meeting might close, which it did by adjourning to meet again, with Divine permission, at the usual time and place next year.

Fifth-day evening. An adjourned session of the First-day School Association met, appointed an Executive Committee, and elected officers of the Association for the ensuing year. Much interesting information regarding the exercises and management of schools was given, and the Association at a late hour adjourned till Third month next.

WE are requested to call the attention of Friends to the following circular:

To Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting interested in the Indians under its care.

The Committee on Indian Affairs of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, has appealed to the members thereof to enlist their active sympathies in support of the efforts of the agents among the Indians.

That committee desires that reliance shall be placed, as far as possible, to meet future demands, upon VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS from individuals rather than that it shall draw heavily on the funds of the Yearly Meeting.

In view of this it appeared desirable that the Aid Societies of this Yearly Meeting should organize to promote the formation of new Aid Societies, to encourage contributions both of money and goods, and to arouse a more widely spread interest among our members in regard to this important subject, by spreading throughout our Yearly Meeting the information received from the agents of what is most needed for the Indians; also, to take such measures as will make available, and apply to the greatest advantage, all contributions that shall be received by the Central Committee. At a meeting of the Philadelphia Branch of the Indian Aid Association of Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, the following named Friends, viz., Wm. Canby Biddle, Mary Jeanes, Deborah F. Wharton, Dillwyn Parrish, Mary F. Saunders, Mary S. Hancock, Samuel Jeanes, Mary P. Saunders, Susan D. Wharton, and John Saunders, were appointed to have charge of this subject, in connection with such representatives as may be added to their number by the other Aid Associations, to constitute together

The Central Committee of the Indian Aid Associations of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

We recommend that every Indian Aid Association within our Yearly Meeting, shall appoint one

or more representatives to be members, and to attend, when convenient, the meetings of the Central Committee. The first meeting to be held on the 11th of Tenth month, 12 M., at Race street Meeting-house, Philadelphia.

This committee will correspond with the agents, and others among the Indians, to ascertain the most pressing wants from time to time; receive through their agent and treasurer and acknowledge contributions of goods and all sums of money contributed to them for procuring supplies; correspond with all Aid Societies; attend to forwarding all goods contributed; and by means of the Press keep our members apprised both of what has been done and of what is yet needed, in order properly to support our agents in the interesting and responsible position in which they have been placed.

If we mean to show that we appreciate the importance of the position assumed by our Society; to vindicate our ancient claim that we are the friends of the Indian; and not to lose this golden opportunity of proving that we have an abiding faith in the superior influence of kindness and love over violence and force, now is the time for action; we must follow up our words of profession by deeds of benevolence.

The Central Committee of the Indian Aid Associations of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, appeals earnestly to all the members thereof, for contributions of money, and of all supplies such as have heretofore been furnished to the agents, viz., partially worn clothing for children, women, and men; and stores, such as dried fruit, &c., for the aged and sick. Money is urgently needed at once; the most pressing wants are clothing, stoves, and material to finish houses; these should be supplied without delay before the approach of winter.

At least three thousand dollars will be required, and a much larger sum can be advantageously used.

It is believed that one-half of this amount can be collected in this city, and to supply the remainder we hope Friends in each Monthly Meeting will promptly make collections for the use of the Central Committee.

We propose to publish occasionally in *Friends' Intelligencer* information of an interesting character, of the progress of the work at the agencies; and we would respectfully urge the formation of an aid society, wherever even a very few Friends are desirous to work for the elevation of the Indian. Remittances may be made to our treasurer, John Saunders, No. 34 North Fourth Street, who will also receive as heretofore, contributions of goods.

With every such contribution, whether packed ready for transportation or otherwise, a complete list in detail should be forwarded with valuation attached, and giving name of the place whence it comes, and Post Office address of the writer. Send also a duplicate list to the Committee on Correspondence, in order to secure prompt acknowledgment, and prevent the receipt of a surplus of articles not needed, while a deficiency exists of those which are wanted.

Arrangements have been made for the transport, free of cost, from Philadelphia to a point near our agencies, of all the supplies that may be furnished.

The Executive Committee meets weekly on Fourth day, at 11½ A. M.

The meetings of the Central Committee are held on the first Fourth day of each month at 11½ A. M., at the Library Room, Race street Meeting; all Friends interested in the cause are invited to attend these meetings.

Committee on Correspondence, Deborah F. Wharton, 336 Spruce street; Mary Jeanes, 1023 Arch street; Wm. Canby Biddle, 513 Commerce street; Susau D. Wharton, 336 Spruce street; to either of whom letters may be addressed.

WM. CANBY BIDDLE, *Secretary.*

From the *National Standard* we extract an account of the introduction of the new Superintendent at a Council held at the Pawnee Agency, 10th mo. 17th, 1871.

A COUNCIL MEETING.

Yesterday a Council meeting was held in the Agency Council House to welcome the new Superintendent, and to consider some business preliminary to the distribution of goods and the payment of the annuity money. It was fully attended by the chiefs, the soldier police, and the leading men of the tribe. No women were present. If the opponents of the recognition of equal rights for women want a precedent and an illustration, they have both in perfection here among the Indians. The subordination of women here is complete. But of this more in another connection. One good feature of the Council we are glad to note. The Indians, discouraged by the Superintendent, Agent, and Friends in charge, have been induced to forego smoking in the Council, or if they must smoke, to go into another room or out of doors. We commend their praiseworthy progress in this respect to the thoughtful consideration of such white men, called civilized, as still rudely, if not barbarously, inflict the intolerable nuisance of tobacco and cigar smoke in the presence of ladies and gentlemen, upon railway trains, steamboats, in parlors and elsewhere.

In other respects the real Indian customs are still in vogue. A few of the chiefs were in military costume, given them by the white soldiers, and others in plain suits of citizens' dress. The majority however were in blankets and buffalo robes, with tomahawks, bows and arrows, and some as a special mark of respect for the new "Grandfather" (Superintendent) presented themselves with hideously painted faces. Several had no garments save a buffalo robe. The chiefs used chairs, the larger proportion sat upon the floor. A preliminary proceeding was a general hand shaking with the new Grandfather—"Artibet," the agent and other white men present. The agent, Jacob M. Troth, in a few appropriate words of welcome, then formally introduced to them Superintendent White, who expressed his pleasure in meeting them; referred to the illness of the good Grandfather (Janney), who had recently left them; told them he had come to pay their annuity money and to distribute among

them their goods. He also referred to other subjects which later would claim their attention, viz.: the rendition of four prisoners of the tribe, under arrest for murder, but released on bail, to be tried at Lincoln a week hence; and also he should have something to say to them from the Great Father concerning a late visit of three hundred of their tribe, armed, among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

It was an amusing study to watch the countenances of the Indians as they listened to, and studied the face and bearing of the new Superintendent. They are very shrewd in reading character. Every new representative of the white race sent among them they measure very critically. Their verdict in this instance was manifestly in favor of the new Grandfather. It could not well be otherwise. He is not a man of many words, but of kindly, judicious, and firm bearing. He was to inaugurate among them for the first time an important reform which they (the chiefs) had previously reluctantly assented to as proposed by Superintendent Janney, namely, a distribution of the goods directly to the rank and file of the people for whom they were intended, instead of giving them into the hands of the chiefs of the respective bands to distribute as hitherto. The chiefs and soldier-police of the tribal government have heretofore constituted a corrupt "Ring," not very unlike Tammany, from which the poorer Indians have suffered greatly. The chiefs, under the old system of distribution, have always appropriated the lion's share—many of the squaws and needy children receiving nothing at all. Like white men, the chiefs surrender power very reluctantly.

The head chief, Pe-ta-la-sharo, was the first to speak. Shaking hands with the new Superintendent he welcomed him in behalf of the tribe in really graceful and appropriate terms, as rendered by the interpreter; referred very kindly to the labors of Samuel M. Janney among them, and to their regret at his leaving them. He also spoke kindly of their Father in charge (the Agent) who had dealt justly by them, and encouraged them to work, etc. He then made an earnest protest against any change in the method of distributing the goods.

He was followed by Eagle Chief of the Skeedees; by A-saw-u-hot-tuck, a chief of the Kit-ka hock band, and other chiefs and leading men, all of whom were very cordial to the new Grandfather, but unitedly opposed to surrendering their old time opportunity of distributing the goods, and making undue appropriations therefrom.

After listening quietly to all they had to say,

Superintendent White again addressed them, saying that he did not desire the labor and care of the distribution, but that he had heard complaints that the poorer and most needy among them had hitherto failed to receive their proper share, that it was important that justice should be done to all; and he also reminded them of their previous assent to such a change in consideration of receiving \$3,000 of the annuity money in addition to their individual proportion, as compensation for their services as chiefs and soldiers. This money he advised them could not be paid to them unless the agreement as to the new method of distributing the goods was carried out.

They readily saw that it was useless to make further protest if they were to have the money compensation for their services to the tribe, and signified through their chief their assent. By way of additional discouragement, however, the chief, while expressing confidence that the new Superintendent would be just, very shrewdly warned him that he would find it a very great labor, that he would need an iron fence for protection from the crowd, that his head would grow much larger and ache severely! The Council then terminated, the Superintendent, Agent and other friends of the Indians feeling much gratified that so important a change had been thus guaranteed for the benefit of the most needy and dependent of the tribe.

From the National Standard.

TRUE VIRTUE NOT MERCENARY.

If for good works thou askest a reward,
Then sink'st thou to a servant. Be the master,
Reward the good, acknowledge it, in silence.
"The honest servant, who says naught, asks much."

Still, he repays most nobly, who in silence
Hides the good deed. Reward not then thyself,—
Say, haply there is one thou serv'st with joy,
'Twill comfort much thy neighbor, comfort much
The poor to know where to find help in need.
Does not one owe thee thanks whom thou hast
served?

Dost thou not owe him thanks, that thou couldst
serve him?

Say, is the crop a debtor to the clouds
That rain upon it? * * *

"In Heaven is no account book, nor on earth,
Wherein is registered what each one owes,
Throughout the Universe, to all and each:
Neither how much the lily owes the dew,
Nor what the bee must pay the clover bloom,
Nor what the clover owes the husbandman,
Nor what's the debt the cluster owes the vine,

* * * The spider not

For wages spins, nor sings the lark her song.
As blooming to the tree, and to the dew
Its nightly fall, so let well-doing be
To thee, dear man!

* * * Whose knows and thinks:

"Now I do good!" knows naught of God, nor yet
Of natures godlike in their purity;

Be still and know God lives in thee! Be good!
Then only do what 'tis thy nature to,
Just as it is the clouds to scatter rain,
Just as it is the sun's to shine down warm;
The good man's doing is simply doing good.

—*Leopold Schefer*—*Layman's Breviary.*

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE FIRE.

From the *N. Y. Tribune* we extract this most touching and graphic account of the Chicago fire. While so much detail has appeared in our public papers in regard to this sad event, we have thought this more personal narrative was invested with peculiar interest:

CHICAGO, Oct. 17th, 1871.

Where shall I begin? How shall I tell the story that I have been living during these dreadful days? It's a dream, a nightmare, only so real that I tremble as I write, as though the whole thing might be brought to me again by merely telling of it.

We lived on the North Side, six blocks from the river—the newly-regenerated river, which used to be at once the riches and the despair of our city, but which had just been turned back by the splendid energy of the people to carry the sweet waters of Lake Michigan through all its noisome recesses. We were quiet people, like most of the North-Siders, flattering ourselves that our comfortable wooden houses, and sober, cheery, New England-looking streets were far preferable to the more rapid, blatant life of the South Side.

Well, on Sunday morning, October 8th, Robert Collyer gave his people what we all felt to be a wonderful sermon, on the text, "Think ye that those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all those who dwelt at Jerusalem?" and illustrated it by a picture of the present life, and our great cities, their grandeur, their wickedness, and the awful though strictly natural consequences of our insatiable pursuit of worldly prosperity, too often unchecked by principle; and instanced the many recent dreadful catastrophes as signs that not the Erie speculators alone, nor the recognized sinners alone, but we, every man and woman of the United States, were responsible for these horrors, inasmuch as we did not work, fight, bleed, and die, if necessary, to establish such public opinion as should make them impossible.

I came out gazing about on our beautiful church, and hoping that not one stone of the dear church at home had been set or paid for by the rascality which our preacher so eloquently depicted as certain to bring ruin, material as well as spiritual, and so we passed the pleasant, bright day, some of us

going down to the scene of the West Side fire of Saturday night, and espying, from a good distance, the unhappy losers of so much property. About 5½ in the evening our neighboring fire telegraph sent forth some little tintinnabulations, and we lazily wondered, as D—— played the piano, and I watered my ivy, what they were burning up now. At 10 o'clock the fire bells were ringing constantly, and we went to bed regretting that there must be more property burning up on the West Side. Eleven o'clock, 12 o'clock, and I wake my sister, saying, "It's very singular; I never heard anything like the fires to-night. It seems as if the whole West Side must be afire. Poor people, I wonder whose carelessness set this agoing!" One o'clock, two o'clock, we get up and look out. "The fire has crossed the river from the south. Can there be any danger here?" And we looked anxiously out to see men hurrying by, screaming and swearing, and the whole city to the south and west of us one vivid glare. "Where are the engines? Why don't we hear them as usual?" we asked each other, thoroughly puzzled, but even yet hardly personally frightened by the strange aspect of the brilliant and surging streets below. Then came a loud knocking at the back door, on Erie Street—"Ladies, ladies, get up! Pack your trunks and prepare to leave your house; it may not be necessary, but it's well to be prepared!" It was a friend who had fought his way through the Lasalle-street tunnel to warn us that the city is on fire. We looked at each other with white faces. Well we might. In an inner room slept an invalid relative, the object of our ceaseless care and love, the victim of a terrible and recurring mental malady, which had already sapped much of his strength and life, and rendered quiet and absence of excitement the first prescription of his physicians. Must we call the invalid? and if we did, in the midst of this fearful glare and turmoil, what would be the result? We determined to wait till the last minute, and threw some valuables into a trunk, while we anxiously watched the ever-approaching flame and tumult.

Then there came a strange sound in the air, which stilled, or seemed to still for a moment, the surging crowd. "Was it thunder?" we asked. No, the sky was clear and full of stars, and we shuddered as we felt, but did not say, it was a tremendous explosion of gunpowder. By this time the blazing sparks and bits of burning wood, which we had been fearfully watching, were fast becoming an unintermitting fire of burning hail, and another shower of blows on the door warned us that there was not a moment to be lost. "Call E——" (the invalid); "do not let him stay

a minute, and I will try to save our poor little birds!" My sister flew to wake up our precious charge, and I ran down stairs, repeating to myself to make me remember, "Birds, deeds, silver, jewelry, silk dresses," as the order in which we would try to save our property, if it came to the worst.

As I passed through our pretty parlors how my heart ached. Here the remnant of my father's library, a copy of a Bible printed in 1637, on one table; on another, my dear Mrs. Browning, in five volumes, the gift of a lost friend. What should I take? What should I leave? I alternately loaded myself with gift after gift, and dashed them down in despair. Lovely pictures and statuettes, left by a kind friend for the embellishment of our little rooms, and which had turned them into a bower of beauty—must they be left? At last I stopped before our darling, a sweet and tender picture of Beatrice Cenci going to execution, which looked down at me through the dismal red glare which was already filling the rooms, with a saintly and weird sweetness that seemed to have something wistful in it. I thought, "I will save this, if I die for it;" but my poor parrot called my name and asked for a peanut, and I could no more have left him than if he had been a baby. But could I carry that huge cage? No, indeed; so I reluctantly took my poor little canary, who was painfully fluttering about and wondering at the disturbance, and, kissing him, opened the front door and set him free—only to smother, I fear. But it was the best I could do for him if I wished to save my parrot, who had a prior right to be considered one of the family, if sixteen years of incessant chatter may be supposed to establish such a right.

What a sight our usually pretty quiet street presented! As far as I could see, a horrible wall—a surging, struggling, encroaching wall—like a vast surface of grimacing demons, came pressing up the street—a wall of fire, ever nearer and nearer, steadily advancing upon our midnight helplessness. Was there no wagon, no carriage, in which we could coax our poor E——, and take him away from these maddening sights? Truck after truck, indeed, passed by, but filled with loads of people and goods. Carriages rushed past drawn by struggling and foaming horses, and lined with white, scared faces. A truck loaded with goods dashed up the street, and, as I looked, flames burst out from the sides, and it burned to ashes in front of our door. No hope, no help for property; what we could not carry in our hands we must lose. So, forcing my reluctant parrot into the canary bird's cage, I took the cage under one arm and a little bag, hurriedly

prepared, under the other, just as my sister appeared with E——, who, thank God, was calm and self-possessed. At last the good friend who had warned us appeared, and, leaving all his own things, insisted on helping my sister to save ours, and he and she started on, dragging a Saratoga trunk. They were obliged to abandon it at the second corner, however, and walk on, leaving me to follow with E——. "Come, E——, let us go," said I. "Go where? I am not going. What is the use?" he answered, and he stood with his arms folded as if he were interested merely as a curious spectator. I urged, I begged, I cried, I went on my knees. He would not stir, but proposed going back into the house. This I prevented by entreaties, and I besought him to fly as others were doing; but no. A kind of apathetic despair had seized him, and he stood like a rock, while the flames swept nearer and nearer, and my entreaties, and even my appeals to him to save me, were utterly in vain. Hotter and hotter grew the pavement, wilder the cries of the crowd, and my silk and cotton clothing began to smoke in spots. I felt beside myself, and, seizing E——, tried to drag him away. Alas! what could my woman's strength do? There followed another shout, a wild push back, a falling wall, and I was half a block away, and E—— was gone. Oh, God, pity these poor worms of the dust, and crush them not utterly, was my prayer.

(Conclusion next week.)

BISHOP TAYLOR beautifully remarks: "Prayer is the key to open the day, and the bolt to shut in the night. But, as the clouds drop the early dew and the evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double falling of the dew unless some great shower, at certain seasons, did supply the rest: so the customary devotion of prayer, twice a day, is the falling of the early and the latter dew; but if you will increase and flourish in works of grace, empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall in a full shower of prayer."

MINOR MORALS.

There is a sphere in men's lives into which they are accustomed to sweep a whole multitude of petty faults without judging them, without condemning them, and without attempting to correct them.

There is a realm of moral moths for almost all of us. We all hold ourselves accountable for major morals, but there is a realm of minor morals where we scarcely suppose ethics to enter. There are thousands and thousands of little untruths that hum, and buzz, and sting in society, which are too

small to be brushed or driven away. They are in the looks; they are in the inflections and tones of the voice; they are in the actions; they are in reflections, rather than in direct images that are represented. They are methods of producing impressions that are wrong, though every means by which they are produced is strictly right. There is a way of serving that which is wrong, while you are prepared to show that everything you say or do is right. There are little unfairnesses between man and man, and companion and companion, which are said to be minor matters, and that are small things; there are slight indulgences of the appetites; there are petty violations of conscience; there are ten thousands of these plays of the passions in men which are called foibles or weaknesses, but which eat like moths. They take away the temper; they take away magnanimity and generosity; they take from the soul its enamel and its polish. Men palliate and excuse them; but that has nothing to do with their natural effect upon us. They waste and destroy us, and that too in our very silent and hidden part.—*Beecher.*

WHEN a man dies, the people ask, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels, as they bend over his grave, inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"—*Mahomet.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.
REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

TENTH MONTH.		
	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	14 days.	4 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	0 "	3 "
Cloudy, without storms.....	4 "	13 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	13 "	11 "
	31 "	31 "
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.		
	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 10th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	60.12 deg.	57.87 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	80.00 "	78.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	39.50 "	37.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	3.89 in.	3.28 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 5 current weeks for 1870 and 4 for 1871.....	1200	1220
Average of the mean temperature of 10th month for the past <i>eighty-two</i> years....		54.70
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1793).....		64.00 deg.
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1827),.....		46.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1870.	1871.
Totals for the first six months of each year, . . .	25.43 inch.	21.32 inch
Seventh month,	3.94 "	6.81 "
Eighth month,	5.11 "	5.91 "
Ninth month,	1.71 "	1.77 "
Tenth month,	3.89 "	4.86 "
Totals for ten months each year	40.08 "	40.73 "

While severe droughts have prevailed so extensively in the west, we are told that at New Orleans ten and six-tenths inches of rain fell during the 24 hours ending at 6 P. M. on the 3d of the month.

In confirmation of the statement as to droughts, we find it stated on the 7th that

"The drought now prevailing in the west has not been equalled within the past twenty-five years. And through central and southern Illinois wells and small streams are completely dried up, and the inhabitants find great difficulty in obtaining sufficient water for household and stock. The soil is so dry that plowing is rendered impossible. The drought extends farther north and to Wisconsin."

While in opposition to a very generally received theory, it has been reported that

"Professor Henry says that the observations of the Smithsonian Institute, which extended over a period of twenty years, has as yet, failed to confirm the popular belief that the removal of the forests and the cultivation of the soil tend to diminish the amount of rainfall."

In reference to temperature, but little to remark. It may be seen from the above it has been less than for the corresponding month last year, though more than three degrees above the average for the past eighty-two years. The slight difference in the quantity of rain for the entire ten months is a little remarkable, while the increase in the number of deaths forms not quite as satisfactory a record as our review has previously shown from month to month.

To arrive at a correct comparison of deaths as above, deduct from the record of 1870 for the extra week reported on the 1st of the month, viz., 270, and we have 930 for last year against 1220 the present, being an increase of 290!

The month under review has been replete with almost every conceivable calamity of fire, flood, shipwreck, &c.

Throughout the greater portion of it awful fires have raged in the woods in the west and north western sections of our country, destroying whole villages and towns, as well as many lives.

Our own State (Pennsylvania), New Jersey and other States have all suffered severely, but the heaviest pecuniary loss befalling any one particular locality has been that at Chicago, resulting from the terrible fires of the 7th and 9th of the month.

The public has been kept so thoroughly posted up by the graphic accounts published from day to day, it is unnecessary to repeat them here.

Philadelphia, 11th mo. 2d, 1871.

THE well-known Goethe was accustomed to say: "The destiny of any nation at any given time depends on the opinions of its young men who are under the age of twenty-five years." What an incentive this should be to all to have the young carefully taught only right principles in religion, government,

business,—and in one word, in everything. Are parents, guardians, and teachers aware of the momentous responsibility that is devolved upon them in this matter?

ITEMS.

MEASURES.—An Irish mile is 2,240 yards; a Scotch mile, 1,984 yards; an English, or statute mile, 1,760 yards; German, 1,806 yards; Turkish, 1,826.

An acre is 4,840 square yards, or sixty-nine yards, one foot, eight and a half inches each way; a square mile, 1,760 yards each way, containing 640 acres.

HISTORY OF THE PENNY.—The ancient English penny was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors. At the time of Elhelard it was equal in weight to our threepence. Till the time of King Edward I. the penny was so deeply indented that it might be easily broken and parted on occasion, into two parts—these were called halfpence; or into four, these were called four things, or farthings.

AGE OF OYSTERS.—It is a well-known fact that an oysterman can tell the age of bivalves to a nicety. This is done simply by counting the successive layers or plates overlapping each other, of which an oyster shell is composed. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth. Up to the time of the maturity of the oyster these shoots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the size and thickness which some shells attain, this mollusk is capable of attaining a patriarchal longevity, and an oyster with fifty, or even three-score years upon its back may by chance be met with. They are in perfection when from five to seven years old.

THE WORTH OF WASTE HEAPS.—"Old and spoiled photographs themselves are a very valuable waste, in consequence of the amount of gold and silver they contain, which is recovered by simply burning them, and from the washings of the prepared paper they are secured by evaporation. The amount of refuse silver thus recovered amounted in one large photographic establishment to \$5,000 in one year. Every refuse of the precious metal is most carefully collected. A jeweller's leather, old and well worn, is worth five dollars; and what are termed 'sweeps,' or the dust collected in the leathern receptacle that is suspended under every working jeweller's bench, is a regular article of trade. A worker in the precious metals can always obtain a new waistcoat for an old one, in consequence of the valuable dust adhering to it. Bookbinders doing a large business tell almost incredible tales of the amount of gold they collect from the floors and the rags of the binders."

TANNED COTTON.—This is prepared by treating cotton fabrics in a similar manner to that in which skins and hides are treated for the manufacture of leather. Cotton thereby acquires greater strength, and is more enabled to resist the effects of moisture and disintegrating effects.

ALUMINIUM BELLS.—It appears that some Belgian manufacturer has just had a bell cast of aluminium, and with good results. It is of course extremely light, so that, though large, it can be easily tolled; its tone is reported to be loud and of excellent pitch. Aluminium is the most sonorous of all metals.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Strattan, Richmond, Ind.

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From "The British Friend."

LECTURE ON GEORGE FOX.

Having repeatedly of late had lectures regarding George Fox, we are ready to think them tiresome. It is well, however, from time to time to see how those outside of the Society of Friends look upon its reputed founder, and mark the direction of public feeling which those who take him for the theme of their lecture may be held as to a good degree representing, if they be men of intelligence, and disposed to be impartial.

The following, which we quote from *The Northern Echo*, appears, on the whole, quite equal to what might be expected, considering, as we always have to do, the particular standpoint of the lecturer—A. A. Rees, formerly curate of Bishopwearmouth, for thirty years minister of the Bethesda Congregation, in which chapel, Sunderland, he delivered the lecture. The placards announcing it contained certain sentences exciting public curiosity, as "An Israelite indeed," "A Pearl in an Oyster," &c. One remark of the lecturer may be worth taking to heart. He said that "extremely few even of George Fox's disciples in the present day had taken the trouble to gather their information from the only source whence perfect truth could be obtained—his own journal."

"The lecturer remarked that there were few men of historical importance who had left deep 'footprints in the sands of time' of

whose life, works, and character, so little was generally known as George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends. No doubt there were vague and inaccurate notions, the offspring of false tradition and blind prejudice, pretty widely circulated; but a correct and comprehensive view of what he was and what he did was rarely held, even by professed historians; whilst of the great bulk of his fellow-countrymen and of the common run of readers it might truly be said 'they knew him not.' The reason was, that extremely few, even of George Fox's disciples in the present day, had taken the trouble to gather their information from the only source whence perfect truth could be obtained, viz., his own journal. Too late, he acknowledged, he had drunk at that source of information; and now, being full of George Fox, he felt prompted to point him out for the benefit of others. Nor should he be much surprised if, when he had achieved his task, a great statue had been unveiled to the wondering eyes of many who, all their lifetime, had mistaken a marvellous piece of sculpture for a mere block of stone covered with canvas. The hero of this story was born in the reign of one who was not a hero in any sense of the word, viz., James I., and in the very year (1624) in which this unwarlike king declared war against Spain. From his earliest years George was as sober as an old Friend, though he was by no means

a cynic in his gravity; he was as conscientious as he was sober. His parents were decent well-to-do folks, and were seriously inclined; but they did not understand George, for of all professions in the world they wished to make him a parson, that which he came afterwards to abhor. Then they apprenticed him to a shoemaker, who was also a dealer in cattle; but this did not last long: George was destined to something higher than to handle cobbler's wax or to tan the hides of poor beasts. It was indeed his ultimate vocation to tan hides, but it was the hides of the priests, which often got him a good hiding in return. At nineteen George left country and kindred in search of something better than he had found at home; for he had discovered there that both old and young, professors and non-professors, were all alike as far from God in reality as they were near to him in pretension. The first town he visited after quitting his father's roof was Lutterworth, where, 300 years before, Wycliffe thundered against the friars, and from thence he passed from town to town, not yet as a preacher, but as a seeker of rest to his soul, for he was sore troubled at what he was and what he saw. As he travelled he consulted minister after minister, but found them all like Job's comforters, and, after a while, he returned home as wretched as when he left it; and not finding relief from the parsons, he spent whole days and nights in solitude, wandering in the fields, and sleeping in barns, caves, and hollow elms, searching 'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

At length the day of George's deliverance arrived. Priests, preachers, and professors had tried their hands in vain, and now, when almost sunk in the Slough of Despond, he heard a secret voice which said unto him, "There is one that can speak to thy condition, even Jesus Christ." From that hour he became not merely a servant, but a devotee to his new Master, and from day to day his eyes were increasingly opened to the great religious sham of baptized Christendom. He saw colleges and universities as the factories of man-made ministers, who trafficked in religious rites, and made merchandise of souls. Brick and mortar churches, which he called steeple houses, were in his eye what a red flag is to a bull; and, to use his own expression, 'of all sounds that fell upon his ears, none were so jarring as the sound of church-bells.' No wonder that from the outward show he returned to the inward reality, though it is possible he was driven from one extreme to another; at any rate this was human, and George Fox was human. But though George hated steeple-houses and

steeple-bells, for this very reason the bells drew him to the houses, not to worship or to hear, but to protest; and in those times, unlike the present, it was not deemed profane for any man after service to ask questions, or, with the permission of the minister, to address the people.

"The lecturer quoted the following as a sample of George's extemporaneous preaching in the steeple-houses, where he was wont to mount on one of the worm-eaten wooden benches—for he would never speak from a pulpit—and address first the priest and then the people: 'Friend in the pulpit—the word of the Lord unto thee. Who gave thee authority to traffic in the words of apostles and prophets, whilst thou hast nothing of thy spirit within thee? for they did not preach for hire as thou dost; they were not called Rabbi, and thou art? Come down from thy high place, thou false prophet, thou well without water, thou cloud without rain. Why dost thou deceive the people, by gathering them to a church which is no church, but an idol temple, where the Lord doth not dwell? Repent of thy hypocrisy, thou child of Cain, and haply the Lord may forgive thee, and make thee a minister after His own heart.'

"Nor did he confine himself to the invasion of ordinary churches, so called; he made a dash at cathedrals, including York Minster, where he got violently thrown down the steps for his boldness. It was not to be expected that such caustic reproofs as his could be borne with patience; nor were they. Their effects were two-fold; hundreds and thousands, priests and people, throughout the country, not only in England, but also in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, nay, even in Holland, the West Indies, and North America, were brought under conviction by his preaching, and it was impossible to account for this but on the assumption that he spoke with real spiritual power. The sufferings of himself and his converts were so incessant and so extreme that nothing but the consciousness of sincerity on their part, and succor on the part of God, could have enabled them to endure what they endured. On the other hand, many were excited to fury by the manner and matter of his testimony, and their anger was intensified by certain strange peculiarities, which were entirely his own. The lecturer proceeded to refer successively to Fox's use of the singular instead of the plural pronoun; his refusal to take an oath; his refusal to doff the hat to any but God (a scruple which cost him many a buffeting); his theory of worship and ministry; his nomenclature of the months and of the days of the week; his refusal to pay

tithes and to accord titles; and his assumption of the prophetic style both in preaching and writing. These singularities greatly augmented the opposition stirred up by his preaching, insomuch that, when it was rumored that 'the man in leather breeches' was on his way to any town or village, there was a general commotion, which, for the most part, assumed a violent form; and the beatings and imprisonments he underwent for one or other of his principles it is frightful to think of.

"These beatings and imprisonments, too, were under the Puritan rule of Oliver Cromwell, who, however, was not personally responsible for this treatment, for he was no persecutor, but he was shackled by the circumstances in which he found himself when he became head of the state. The church was established, and was therefore oppressive; the justices were ignorant, intolerant, and brutish; the prisons were worse than pigstys; the jailors were bull-dogs; the people priest-ridden; and the Protector's hand was not long enough and strong enough to reach and remedy these abuses. Not that he (the lecturer) could endorse all the sayings and doings of George Fox. He believed that, in a modified sense, he was an inspired man, as many reformers were before him; but he did not believe that he was more infallible than they—that is, he did not believe that in point of inspiration he stood on the same ground as the apostles and prophets. As to his visions and prophecies he should deal very tenderly with them, as he would with the symbolic actions of himself and of some of his disciples. He did not deny that in some of his principles he was divinely taught; but he could not accept the teachings of Fox as he did those of Paul. He none the less admitted that he was in many respects a true and thorough reformer—extreme, perhaps, in some of his views, erroneous in others, but most sincere in all. His condemnation of ecclesiastical things and persons was just in the main, but too sweeping, as when it included such men as George Herbert, Sir Matthew Hale, and hundreds of the excellent of the earth with whom he never came in contact. Again, he was right in his belief that God had raised him up for a special purpose; but he was egregiously wrong in the notion that since the apostles' days there had been no such reformer as he; that, in fact, the whole period from the first to the seventeenth century had been spanned by one long night of apostasy, the darkness of which was dispelled by his mission. But this mistake was owing to ignorance rather than pride, and had he read church history, or had he been better acquainted with the good

men of his own time, he would have been less exclusive. But whatever his mistakes, his fidelity to his convictions was unsurpassed by either prophets or apostles, and his sufferings in supporting them almost unexampled.

"Having referred to Fox's marriage with Margaret Fell, the widow of Judge Fell, the lecturer proceeded to speak of his journeyings, which he said were perfectly prodigious, 1200 cities, towns, villages, and hamlets in the United Kingdom having been visited by him during his ministry. Moreover, besides his preaching and travelling, there had seldom been such a letter writer as Fox, whether they considered the number, length, and destination of his epistles, which constituted a great part of his voluminous journal. He said 'destination,' because he addressed nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, including the Pope himself. The lecturer next referred to his hero's works, which were prodigious both in quantity and effect. And it was not to be wondered at that, in view of his marvellous success, he jumped to the conclusion that steeple-houses, rites, priests' ceremonies, tithes, prayer books, and costumes would be swept away by the advancing tide of his own and his disciples' efforts. Alas! since his day these things have been multiplied twenty-fold. Still he achieved wonders, and 'being dead, he yet speaketh' in the true principles of the Society of Friends. The lecturer concluded by reading the eloquent eulogiums of Thomas Ellwood, a contemporary, and of William Penn.

"The lecture, which occupied in delivery over an hour and a half, was listened to with marked attention, and was frequently and loudly applauded."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REFLECTIONS ON TAKING OFF THE HAT, AND RISING IN TIME OF PUBLIC PRAYER.

It may be a matter of doubt, and probably is, as to when the practice of taking off the hat, and rising in time of public prayer was introduced into the Christian Church. One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that at the period of the rise of the Society of Friends, and for some considerable time thereafter, it was a general, and perhaps, almost universal custom for Friends to observe this practice. And Friends in that early day did not feel it wrong, nor did they feel required to renounce the practice, but on the contrary, they did feel called upon to defend it in a most able and masterly manner. In the light which was furnished to their minds, they did not regard the custom as inexpedient or unsuitable to the truth as they held it, but they seemed to realize and

feel as some of their successors still do, that there is a *vital principle* contained in the *observance of the practice*.

That venerable elder and powerful minister, George Fox, reproved and even denounced in his day, one John Perrot and others, who seemed to take the same view, for their non-compliance with this custom, in the following words, viz.: "We had not only sufferings from without, but sufferings from within also, by John Perrot and his company, who giving heed to a spirit of *delusion*, sought to introduce among Friends that evil and uncomely practice of keeping on the hat in time of public prayers." "Friends had spoken to him and divers of his followers about it, and I had written to them concerning it; but he and some others rather strengthened themselves against us. Wherefore feeling the judgment of truth to arise against it, I gave forth the following lines as a warning to all concerned therein: . . . Perhaps it is not necessary at present to give the expressions, or quote the sharp and cutting words of rebuke contained in this most memorable warning. Suffice it to say, that if the judgment of truth was then manifested in a certain direction through him, as an instrument, and adopted and sustained by the Society, can it be that the truth which is always consistent with itself, can now be manifested in an opposite direction, or contrary to itself?"

Again, let us hear what that amiable and sound ancient Christian minister Thomas Ellwood has to say upon the subject. "In 1667 there was a memorable meeting appointed in London through the divine opening, in the motion of life, in that eminent servant and prophet of God, George Fox, for the restoring and bringing in again those who had gone out from truth, and the holy unity of Friends therein, by the means and ministry of John Perrot." And Thomas Ellwood, after speaking of the causes or the reasons which made way for the more ready propagation of that *peculiar error* of Perrot's of keeping on the hat in time of prayer, unless they had an immediate motion, at that time, to put it off, further says: "I, amongst the many who were caught in that snare, was taken with the notion, as what then seemed to my weak understanding, suitable to the doctrine of a spiritual dispensation. But the Lord in tender compassion to my soul, was graciously pleased to open my understanding and give me a clear sight of the enemy's design in this work, and draw me off from the practice of it, and to bear testimony against it, as occasion offered." And Thomas Ellwood goes on to state further, "that he with many more went to the

great meeting at London above referred to, with gladness of heart, and with simplicity and humility of mind, did honestly and openly acknowledge our outgoing, and take condemnation to ourselves." "And that he with most of those who had thus returned, had renounced the error and forsaken the practice." Now, I may simply remark that in giving this narrative, I only vindicate the truth of history, and would observe in passing, that that mighty power which clothed the mind of this eminent and faithful servant, and led him as it did, *cannot lead in an opposite direction now*.

I will content myself with bringing forward one more authority—the powerful and eloquent Jesse Kersey. He says, in Fourth month, 1840: "I was at a Monthly Meeting in which I felt my mind tried with a circumstance that occurred, and which I considered to be out of the order of Friends. There was an appearance in prayer, and during the time of vocal supplication, several persons kept their seats and did not rise nor uncover the head. Considering this practice, I felt tried because I could not believe that such conduct would ever be the means of building one another up in that which overcometh the world. In my reflections upon the subject, my views were extended to the principles upon which religious Societies should be founded. There is no principle of equal value to the existence of our religious Society with that of unity. If once the unity of Society is lost, all that will be left will be of little value. Hence I conclude that any part of the conduct of a Friend which strikes at the unity of the body is dangerous, and should be carefully guarded against. . . . To this form of uncovering the head in time of public vocal supplication is added kneeling, as the expression of humble and reverential feelings, in thus approaching the Throne of Grace, and addressing the majesty of Heaven. The company or assembly present on this solemn occasion rise, and the men uncover their heads in token of reverence to the Divine Being thus vocally addressed in their hearing, by one professing to be divinely moved thereto." So far as authority goes, it seems to me that enough has been educed to establish my position conclusively. And I apprehend that if the principle, in the early day of the Society, was sound and correct, it is equally so now. It is this for which I contend. The principle is a living, vital one, and should be maintained inviolate. And if any should ask what principle is involved, the ready answer is, unity; and the audience indicate, by taking off the hat, their respect and veneration to God, and by their rising (or all bow-

ing the head, would express the same thing) that they *unite* with the supplicant, a fellow member in unity with the body, in the solemn act of invoking the Almighty Jehovah in their presence. It becomes, in some sense, a united invocation or act of prayer on the part of the whole congregation, one united appeal to the God of heaven, because the audience *join* with the individual who feels moved thereto by their sympathy and unity thus expressed. It does not follow that they must necessarily unite with every word or sentiment of the vocal supplicant, or that they feel a special impulse to prayer themselves, but simply that they do unite with the minister who so feels, in appealing to God in their presence in humble heart-felt public prayer. And there is not only beauty and dignity in the practice, but there is a living vital principle involved in its continuance—the principle of unity. And how can the audience show their unity with any Friend in good standing, who feels moved to prayer, but by some form which expresses that unity? And how can they show their belief in, and respect and veneration for God, and their willingness to join a fellow-member in a public invocation to Him in solemn prayer? Surely such a service or sacrifice would be acceptable to our Father in heaven. And that He should be thus invoked in prayer on the bended knee, in the form and manner adopted by Friends, who would be so bold as to doubt or question for a moment? That He should be thus approached by His dependent children, in right ability, we have the highest authority for believing. In fact, we have a positive command for it, and we are instructed how to perform the service. The principle of unity is expressed by the auditory in rising, thus showing it by this visible form.

It is ever a matter of regret and sorrow that this practice should be a burden to any Friend. It ought not so to be, as it is a custom or usage of the Society from its earliest rise down to the present, and the law or regulation enjoins only that which is inherent in the truth. It is not an empty form. It is a living reality, and it embraces a substantial and vital Christian principle. Public prayer is as much enjoined upon us, as secret, private prayer in our own closet. The one as much as the other. We are commanded not only to pray, but *how* to pray, and I have sometimes feared that we were dwindling and fading away in this particular and losing strength. I would now put the questions, how can we get on without order? and how can our religious Society be kept together without Christian discipline? Discipline is as necessary for the regulation of

the affairs of the church, as the laws or the constitution of the land are necessary to keep the community in order and give security to life and property. It is simply indispensable. Without discipline the Society would inevitably fall to pieces, or go into chaos. Therefore it follows necessarily that it should be maintained inviolate. If we decline to comply with one of its provisions, or any established law or usage, we may with another, and still another, and so on until there is nothing left. This most assuredly cannot be right. I therefore feel it in my heart to admonish and exhort all in Christian charity and love, to maintain our Christian discipline in every part, believing that the welfare and permanence of the Society depends thereon. And with order and Christian discipline and unity, we shall yet go forward and continue to be a Christian church.

THOMAS FOULKE.

New York, 11th mo. 2d, 1871.

Our readers may remember a very impressive exercise opened in a late Yearly Meeting, which at the time occasioned great surprise, concerning a crime which was alleged to be on the increase in the community, and even known in our very midst. Our friend Dr. Michener, in this essay, treats the same subject with great plainness, yet with such deep feeling and earnestness, that we think it right to give it place in our columns.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BRIEF NOTES NO. 4.

On Criminal Abortion, or Feticide.

It is probable that some may turn away from this discussion in disgust, as being unworthy of their attention, and unfit to be published in this paper. But it is necessary to investigate an evil, and determine its true character, before we can rationally expect to mitigate or remove it by appropriate remedies.

Feticide has long lived, and flourished, screened from the public view by the veil of a false and spurious modesty. It is time this veil should be removed, and the hideous monster exposed, in all its native ugliness, and reeking with the blood of innocence. To do this, it is proper that we should inquire:

1. What is criminal abortion, or feticide? What are the characters of its inherent crimes?
2. Who are the agents? Who are the victims of the diabolical trade?
3. What are the disastrous results to mother and offspring?
4. What are the most appropriate and

practical means to arrest the horrid mischief?

I. The product of conception before birth, is variously named, according to the progressive stages of its development.

1. In its early, rudimental state, it is called an *Embryo*.

2. As it assumes form and features, it becomes a *Fœtus*.

3. When it reaches a viable state, capable of a separate, independent existence, it is named a *Child*.

It must be evident, however, that these several terms all apply to one and the same *object*, during its pre-natal existence; but their use is arbitrary and uncertain. Yet, upon this distinction, *abortionists* rest the plea for their justification. They allege, that in the *embryotic* and *fœtal* states, more especially the former, there is no vitality—*no life*, consequently there is no destruction of life; no murder in destroying it, before it becomes viable. The fallacy—the utter absurdity—of such a plea, must be obvious to the most casual thinker. The idea of a *dead, inanimate germ* becoming *vitalized* and developed into a *living human being*, is too monstrous to be entertained for one moment. If the germ did not possess *vitality*, an *embryo* could not have resulted from it; and that vitality must be destroyed whenever the development of the *embryo* is arrested by the abortionist. Hence, he becomes a destroyer of intra-uterine life—a murderer—and ought to be held amenable to the law for his homicidal crime.

II. Of the abortionists, I need say but little. They are known by their works. They glory in their shame, and hold up their gory hands in acknowledgment of their murderous deeds. Their names, and their whereabouts, are to be found in almost every advertising newspaper, hoping to allure the unwary, and decoy the ignorant, within their murderous grasp. Some of them flourish an M. D., having obtained a diploma surreptitiously, or by purchase, from some spurious college. Others, it may be feared, have disgraced themselves and their *Alma Mater*, and have basely sacrificed their integrity on the bloody shrine of *feticide*.

Time was, when the common prostitute—the utterly licentious,—were the only victims of the abortionist, and the trade was not remunerative.

Then came the forsaken and heart-broken victim of the foul seducer, in the forlorn hope to conceal her shame; often prompted thereto by her perfidious betrayer.

The woman who, unfortunately, has a drunken and improvident husband, and a family of dependent children, whose wants and necessities she cannot, and he will not,

supply, when she finds herself forewarned of an addition to the number of her starvings, is sometimes tempted to nip the nascent bud from the parent stem.

Last, but not the least, come a number from the upper classes. Nursed in the lap of affluence and ease; too indolent, too proud, too much occupied in the giddy whirl of fashionable life, and destitute, withal, of that heaven-infused maternal love, which scarce any other animal in God's creation would dare to ignore—they furnish to the abortionists the pabulum of their trade. It is mainly this class who build for them their palatial mansions, enable them to pay \$150,000 to the public press, as the price of blood, and to blur the type that would expose their infamous practices.

III. Though the professed purpose of the abortionist is to murder the product of conception—call it what we may—yet there is another aspect of the case which ought to deter a woman from so desperate a course—**THE DANGER TO HER OWN LIFE.**

Muffled and corrupted as the daily press is, by the profits arising from their advertising columns, thanks to a few more independent journals we have the assurance made doubly sure, that the more aggravated and inexcusable crime of *matricide* is too often added to that of *feticide*. The mother is frequently immolated on the same shrine with her devoted pre-natal babe.

I have felt it to be the more necessary thus to forewarn women, believing that some, in their ignorance, may be innocently drawn into the measure, unconscious of its criminality. My position has never been one to invite the confidence of the lewd and the profligate; but I have repeatedly been consulted for this purpose by women who did not appear to be sensible of any wrong. One, whom I now recollect, was the mother of several children, fast growing up to adolescence. Her family were industrious, frugal, and prosperous; and though not affluent, possessed a sufficiency. She was, moreover, a professor and zealous member of a religious society. When questioned, she could assign no other motive than her own ease—she had children enough—she did not want any more, and seemed surprised that I should indignantly refuse her request, with a severe reprimand. I do not believe that the idea of blood-guiltiness had ever occurred to her mind. There may be many such.

IV. The advertising press has probably done more than all other causes combined, to extend and popularize both the knowledge and the practice of abortionism. And it now becomes the Herculean labor of the moral and the religious, to purge this Augean stable,

the public press, of its corruption and blood. So long as this is tolerated—so long as editors, otherwise worthy men, continue to publish their advertisements, a scandal to the Christian name,—so long as they are allowed to enter our houses, to lie upon our tables, and to be read by all, so long will abortionism and crime continue. Is it not, therefore, the duty of the outraged moral and religious sentiments of the people, to put an indignant negative upon the public press, and refuse it their support until purged of its corruption?

As a means of promoting the same desirable end, it is proper that correct information should be scattered broadcast by every moral and religious press throughout the land. It is time for virtue and truth to assume a bolder and more defiant attitude, in opposition to licentiousness and crime. Who shall lead the way?

The Albany *Evening Times*, is an honorable exception to the muffled press, in relation to abortionism. It very truly says:

"The people have it in their power to demonstrate, in the most effective manner, whether they approve of the publication of such advertisements. . . . Parents and guardians can show whether they will approve of such advertisements, by taking the paper containing it into their family circles; and the Young Men's Christian Association can show whether they are willing to belie their profession of morality and religion, by daily placing those papers on their files. The power of public opinion is stronger, even, than the ministers of the law. Will it continue to be indifferent to these exposures? or will it be manifested in its own strength? That is the question which every man and every woman in the community must decide, so far as each person is concerned, upon his or her individual responsibility to society and to God."

EZRA MICHENER.

New Garden, 11th mo. 1st, 1871.

THAT complaisance is a virtue, not a mere felicity and ornament, we must think when we see how the want of it nullifies the usefulness of many good people, unfitting them for the more delicate offices of benevolence. It means of course something much deeper than manner, than smiles, than a bright reception and a ready attention and courtesy of deportment; it means a cheerful resignation to circumstances, an accepting of the situation whatever it is, a general good-will towards mankind, and sense of equality with them; the expectation of good from them, as well as a readiness to confer good upon them. Pride can perhaps feign complaisance, but cannot feel it. However, fortunately, there is much rough though necessary work to be done in

the world, which persons devoid of the grace in question are perhaps the better fitted for. It is where people have to do with the nicer sensibilities of men that the want of it is a bar to influence. There are occasions when the plainest plain-speaking is the first duty, and then the man who is accustomed to make things pleasant might not be the right man. Yet it is well to remember that all great teachers of mankind are complaisant. Paul was all things to all men; Peter bids us to be courteous.

Scrap

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

My allotment of late has been to feel very closely and tenderly with those who have been called to the work of the ministry. I feel the importance of faithfulness to the call these have received, but my mind has been impressed also with a sense of the necessity of minding the shuttings as well as the openings of Truth; that while the messenger arises under the fresh feeling of command to stand forth, there may be maintained a constant watchful care over his steppings, that so every word may have the savor of life. If this concern or exercise be not experienced, vocal communications will tend to scatter rather than gather to the true place of feeding.

I am jealous of us lest as a people we even now measurably forsake the Fountain of living waters which is in us, and seek without for refreshment, depending unduly upon the poor instrument.

I have sometimes thought this condition of the people is largely caused by a want of care on the part of those who are commissioned to hand forth the word of life; a want of faith in the efficacy of secret travail, as sometimes having power to meet the wants of those assembled. It was to the efficacy of this travail of spirit, that our forefathers bore such ample practical testimony.

Let ministers dwell with their exercises all the appointed time, and not too hastily seek relief through expression, then I believe life would more abound in our religious assemblies, and when there was expression it would be as life answering to life, or as the shout of a king in our camp.

It has been my happy privilege during the past few days, to understand more clearly than ever before, the great and good work which the Society of Friends is doing among the Indians. I have listened with deep in-

terest to several lengthy and interesting reports, which gave in detail the blessed results of their labors.

I have learned much more from daily intercourse with some of those who have been actual workers in that great field of labor, learning from their own lips, the difficulties to be encountered, the unceasing care and the untiring devotion to their work that is required.

Abundant evidence has been afforded that their labors have been blessed, and that they have received their reward for all the privations they have endured, all the heavy burdens they have borne.

One touching tribute of affectionate regard deserves to be made public, as showing how the children of Onas are loved and trusted by their Indian brethren. After our beloved friend Asa M. Janney had resigned his position as agent among the Santee Sioux, some of the prominent men among them met to persuade him to withdraw his resignation, supposing other circumstances besides his failing health, had hastened his departure.

Several of them had spoken in a very feeling manner, expressing their deep regret at the prospect of losing him, and urging him to reconsider his decision, when a venerable man, a true Indian in feeling, one who sorrowed in silence for the misfortunes of his people, and who fully appreciated the disinterestedness of their white brother, and his desire to serve them, deeply lamenting his departure, gave utterance to this short but touching speech: "My father, I have something to say to you. Jesus Christ came into the world to do a great work. Some people liked him and some did not, but he stayed till his work was done. And if you will stay, God will help you."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 18, 1871.

ATTITUDE IN TIME OF PRAYER.—The consideration of this question has no doubt arisen from a sincere desire for the health and growth of our Religious Society: that we may be redeemed from the thralldom of mere form and become true spiritual worshippers. The concern on this subject has found expression in able and forcible arguments on both sides. Both desire to arrive at the same result—the glory of God, but through different forms. Some consider this may be best secured by a form different from the one now generally prevailing; others think

the long accepted one safer, because recommended by custom and more reverential.

Vocal prayer is probably the most sacred exercise that can engage the attention of a public assembly. When any one is called into such service, those before whom the offering is made should seek a qualification to enter into sympathy with the one thus engaged, that the petition may go up to the Father as from the heart of one man. The position of the body, most will acknowledge, is of secondary importance, and may it not be safely left to individual feeling whether to stand or to remain seated?

We have no discipline prescribing any form on such occasions, though it recognizes the custom of rising, by forbidding the retaining of the seat or keeping on of the hat, if intended as an expression of disunity with an acknowledged minister.

Most other religious denominations place no restriction upon their members in regard to the attitude assumed at such times, but leave each one to decide the question for himself. The chief point is that all may be gathered, as nearly as may be, into one spiritual condition—a drawing nigh unto God.

MARRIED.

WALL—CLEAVER.—On Sixth-day, the 20th of Tenth month, 1871, at the residence of the bride's parents, Grampian Hills, Pa., under the care of West Branch Monthly Meeting, Miles, son of Reuben and Sidney Wall, to Elizabeth, daughter of Charles and Mary Cleaver.

DIED.

PIDGEON.—Of consumption, on the 26th of Tenth month, 1871, S. Catharine Pidgeon, daughter of Samuel L. and Sarah M. Pidgeon, aged 18 years.

FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting will be held in the Monthly Meeting room of Friends' Meeting-house, on Race Street, on Seventh-day evening, 11th month 18th, 1871, at 7 o'clock. The general attendance of Friends is invited. **WM. HEACOCK**, Clerk.

Liberal contributions are solicited, and may be sent to the Treasurer, **T. MORRIS PEROT**, 314 Vine Street.

The Indian Aid Society of Philadelphia desire to inform those interested, in this immediate neighborhood, that the library room at the Race Street Meeting-house is opened for work every Sixth-day, from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M., and as the season is already far advanced, the necessity for immediate action is very urgent. **DEBORAH F. WHARTON**,
On behalf of the Committee.

Philadelphia, 11th mo. 9th, 1871.

RELIGIOUS men are always trying to set forth in defence of their faith, demonstrations which shall be irrefragable. This is natural, nor do I say that it is altogether unwise. For, as facts and doctrines form the intellectual outworks of faith, historical criticism must make good the one, sound philosophy must so far warrant the other. But when all that argument can do has been done, it still remains true that the best and most convincing grounds of faith will still remain behind,—unshaped,—into argument. There is a great reserve fund of conviction, arising from the increased experience which Christian men have of the truth of what they believe. And this cannot be beat out into syllogisms. It is something too inward, too personal, too mystical, to be set forth so. It is not on that account the less real and powerful. Indeed, it may be said that once felt it is the most self-evidencing of all proofs. This is what Coleridge said: "If you wish to be assured of the truth of Christianity, try it." "Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief." To be vitally convinced of the truth of "the process of renewal described by Scripture, a man must put himself within that process." His own experience of its truth, and the confident assurances of others, whom, if candid, he will feel to be better than himself, will be the most sufficing evidence.—*Principal Shairp.*

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

Whether women would be better and happier, and the world be governed with more efficiency and wisdom by the admission of the gentle sex to the franchise, and whether the extension of the number of woman's occupations would tend to "the greatest good of the greatest number," are questions which are to a great degree yet to be tested. To make any radical and thorough change in the conditions of society must, of course, involve new situations, and take the innovators into untried paths. There is always enough to be said on all sides of a question, and the amount of words is vastly increased when the disputants defend or attack untried theories. While hypotheses and experiments are being argued, and the world must wait for the only true solution, trial and experience, there are certain directions, well known, in which women's rights can be more fully recognized and their happiness promoted; and that, too, not only without disadvantage to the men, but to their great profit and happiness.

It is a "woman's right" to have a correct general idea of her husband's business relations and position. She should understand what, in the matter of expenses, he can safely

afford. Many men, in mistaken and indolent good nature, put no limit to the gratification of the demands of their families, and encourage expenditure, rather than tell the plain truth to their wives. Such families live under pretences, which, if not deserving so harsh a name as "false," are yet but pretences. Wives and children unconsciously subject the father to very unkind, though perhaps just, criticisms, from persons who know his means and income better than his own family understand his position. Thus are wives themselves severely blamed for the fault of extravagance, while they are completely unconscious of anything in their mode of living which deserves such censure. All this could be averted by a proper confidence between man and wife; and it is not necessary to remark how much mutual trust enhances the happiness of home.

It is woman's right to share in the amusements and recreations of her husband. Some things there are, perfectly allowable and proper, in which she cannot directly participate. This description of amusement or pursuit should be kept down to a reasonable proportion of the husband's leisure, and should be of such a character that the wife and family can share in it indirectly, by its being made the topic of conversation. Of course neither man nor woman need go into foolish and tedious minutia. There are some things which both husband and wife see and hear which are not worth remembering, much less repeating. But the main course of the occupations and amusements of husband and wife should be known to each other.

To a much greater degree than is common, husband and wife should unite in their pursuit of recreation; and where there are children the whole family, so far as practicable, should have common interests and common amusements. There is no better safeguard against the habits and follies by which young men disappoint the hopes of their parents. It is "woman's right" that the father of the household should be in it and of it, in business and in pleasure. In many things woman is more than man's equal. She is his superior in most of the requirements which make home happy. Many times it is the wife and mother who preserves the family bond, and keeps up the ties of affection which the father neglects if he does not despise. It is woman's right as wife, as mother and as daughter, to be recognized in the household. Whatever may be done or attempted outside of the home circle, let woman maintain her influence at home, and in this, her best and happiest sphere, "Woman's rights" will be not only unchallenged, but promoted by all true men.—*Public Ledger.*

RICHES and leisure, without serious duties, and earnest pursuits, lead to idleness, and self-indulgence, and a gradual but sure decay of the spiritual life.

IN A RUT.

Near where the writer is living, some public works are going on, requiring a large amount of bricks, and all day long a stream of brick-laden carts passes the window. Each cart has a driver, whose business it is to walk beside his team and keep them in the right direction. But the love of gossip dwells in these men, as it does in most men, and nothing is more common than to see two carts, one close behind the other, and then two drivers trudging along side by side in deep talk, leaving the carts to their own guidance. Two such carts are passing at this moment. They are very heavily laden, and each has three horses to pull it. The leader of the first cart, being left to "his own sweet will," makes for an inviting tuft of grass that is seen upon the sidewalk, and before the drivers see or know anything of the movement, the wheel is fast locked in a rut between the cobble-stone and the curb.

The amount of gee-hawing and whip-cracking that follow would be ludicrous, were it not for the spectacle of suffering and strain put upon the poor dumb brutes, by their more brutish masters. After various fruitless efforts to drag the cart out of the rut, two horses are detached from the other cart, and are hitched on in front. The five horses then give a joint pull, straining their muscles in the generous effort till their veins start out like whipcords all over them. But the effort is useless, or rather, the harder the pull the tighter the cart. The wheel is wedged in a crevice between the stones, and pulling forward only drives the wedge in more firmly.

It seems at last to get through the brains of the drivers that a little thought and contrivance might be of use, instead of relying upon mere brute force. So they have a consultation, and make an examination of the rut. This reveals to them the cause of the difficulty, and they change at once their plan of operations. Two of the horses are hitched to the *tail* of the cart, and without further ado it is dragged *back* the way it came, until it stands once more upon level ground, and then the procession moves on without further difficulty.

Has this common, every-day occurrence no lesson?

Are we not, in all our enterprises, public and private, continually getting into a rut of some kind, and in our efforts at extrication using, often, no more discretion or wisdom than these two carters did?

A teacher or a superintendent, in the management of a school or a class, often gets into a difficulty of this kind. A school or a class becomes refractory, or perhaps they become involved in some mental perplexity. They encounter a question for which they can find no solution. They get into a snarl in some case of discipline. No one can or will budge. The machinery stands still. Now, there may be cases, both in mental and moral movements, in which to recede would be wrong. Straight forward, though the heavens fall, must be the motto. But one should not be hasty in assuming a case to be of this clear, undoubted character. Positiveness of opinion is not a sure sign that one is right. The men who know least are proverbially those who are most positive. It is well, therefore, whenever any kind of enterprise begins to drag, or comes to a standstill, to inquire whether it is more motive power that is needed, or whether, by some inadvertence, the machinery has not left the track and got into a rut.

Some teachers seem to think that they will lose authority in the minds of their scholars by making concessions, or by receding from a position once taken. On the contrary, if the position is a false or untenable one, the teacher gains by such a course. It shows that he is honest, and there is nothing that children respect more than honesty. As he obliges them to retreat when they do wrong, he should unhesitatingly do the same when he is manifestly in the wrong himself. He increases their respect for him by a prompt and frank withdrawal from a false step, while by a dogged persistence in it he makes them both hate and despise him. Those very horses that have furnished the text for the present sermon showed unmistakable signs of approbation at the change of plan adopted by the drivers. So will any one, brute or human, on seeing an honest effort to back out from a false position.

It is a question as important for teachers as it is for drivers, to be attentive to the direction of things under their control, and not to allow them to glide into a rut through inadvertence. Four-fifths of the practical difficulties in the management of schools grow out of this sort of neglect. The teacher, like the driver, should watch the tendency and direction of every movement, and check it at the first deviation from the right line. It is much easier to *keep* out of a rut than to *get* out.—*Register*.

"I AM glad," said a missionary to an Indian Chief, "that you do not drink whiskey, but it grieves me to find that your people are accustomed to drink so much of it." "Ah

yes," said the red man, as he fixed an eloquent eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whiskey, but we not make it."

EXCAVATIONS AT JERUSALEM.

Letters recently received at the State Department, giving account of discoveries made in Jerusalem by the English party working under the direction of those who control the "Palestine Exploration Fund," are of much interest. Excavations have now been in progress for nearly three years. In spite of obstacles thrown in the way by the ignorance, stupidity and cunning of the Orientals; in spite of perils from falling stones and poisonous air, freezing waters and suffocating heat; in spite of the superstitions of Turkish dignitaries, the results thus far reached are most satisfactory. In fact, topographical controversies centuries old have been settled by positive discoveries. As an example of the Moslem stupidity which the explorers had to encounter, take the objections of the Pacha of Jerusalem, a well-educated military man, not wanting in brains. He assured Captain Warren that it was unnecessary to dig about the Holy City to settle archaeological doubts. Mohammedan traditions were all sufficient, he said. *Sakhra*, the sacred rock, lay on the top leaves of a palm-tree, from the root of which sprang all rivers. To pry into such matters, he thought, was a sure precursor of dire calamity. The excavations proceeded nevertheless.

Jerusalem is built on a ridge of rock which is the backbone of Palestine. It is approached only by rough mountain roads. The position has great natural strength. It is at the present time surrounded by a massive, well-built wall. Five of the city gates are open; five are closed. All are ancient.

Upon Mt. Moriah there is a large open space, studded with cypress and olive trees, and surrounded with, perhaps, the finest masonry in the world. In the centre of this area rises *Sakhra*, the mosque, with its surpassingly beautiful dome. This mosque Christians call the "Holy Sanctuary." Within the same area once stood both the temple of Solomon and that erected by Herod. All traces of both disappeared ages ago, and the exact positions occupied by them have for years been fiercely-contested points in regard to the topography of Jerusalem. Was Solomon's Temple coextensive with the Sanctuary? Was it confined to a square of six hundred feet in the south-west corner? Or was it placed elsewhere, in what is now the great open space? These questions excavation only can answer. It is certain that the

Stoa Basilica, built by Herod, stood on the southern wall. More than this we do not yet know.

Within the Sanctuary enclosure and under its solid floors it has hitherto been supposed that there were water springs. Such is found not to be the fact, but on the contrary, the whole mount is honeycombed with a series of remarkable rock-hewn cisterns, in which the water, brought by an aqueduct from Solomon's Pools, near Bethlehem, was stored. These cisterns are connected by a system of channels cut out of the rock, so that when one was full the surplus water ran into the next, until the final overflow was carried off to the Kedron. One of the cisterns has a capacity of two million gallons, and the total number of gallons that could be stored in all the cisterns exceeded ten millions. And yet, with these gigantic means of supplying the city with water, which at no extravagant expense might at any time have been made available, the dependence of the inhabitants for a thousand years has been upon cisterns which receive the rainfall from the roofs of houses and the gutters of streets.

Next to the Sanctuary, in point of interest, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is situated in what is called the Christian quarter of the town, at a considerable distance from the Sanctuary. The authenticity of the Holy Sepulchre has been the subject of fierce dispute for many ages. The dispute is not settled, though much progress has been made towards its solution by the excavations. At the time of the Crucifixion, it is agreed by all parties, the place of burial was outside of the walls. The place now pointed out is within them. This has always been explained by the alleged fact that after Constantine built his "Church of the Resurrection," the town was spread out and surrounded it. Others are certain that the present site must have been always within the limits of the ancient city, and that the sepulchre must be looked for elsewhere. The solution of this difficult question depends upon—first, the existence of an earlier wall surrounding the city; and second, upon its course; if it existed and ran to the east of the alleged place of the sepulchre, the position claimed is doubtless correct; if it ran to the west, the position is certainly wrong. It is significant that up to the present time, in spite of every effort, no portion of this wall has been discovered. The point at which it started and that at which it ended are alike unknown.

More than thirty years ago Professor Edward Robinson believed that he had discovered in Jerusalem traces of the arch of a bridge which led from the temple to Zion. If this was true it would furnish a key to un-

lock several archæological difficulties. But the great antiquity of the arch was doubted by travellers as erudite as the Professor himself. He nevertheless supported the theory stoutly. It became finally one of the many "mooted questions," and "Robinson's Arch" was one of the curiosities of the Holy City. Whether belonging to the time of Solomon or Justinian; whether the support of a vast viaduct or the entrance to royal cloisters; this jutting out of a few large stones, as if burst from the wall by some heavy shock—the "fragment of the arch" is nothing more than this in appearance—the place has been sought eagerly of late years by American and European tourists, in spite of the dissuasions of guides and the dangers of narrow streets. At the convent, where tourists from the west generally stop, the inquiry of new-comers for "Robinson's Arch" became a subject of constant merriment, and the demand to be taken there, always followed by Oriental shrugs and gesticulations, was the *bête noir* of muleteers and camel-drivers.

The dispute on this subject has at last been settled. At no inconsiderable cost, in the face of strong opposition from the Pacha, and with great perseverance, Captain Warren sunk seven shafts in a line east and west across the Tyropœon Valley. He has settled it beyond question that Dr. Robinson's conjecture was correct. The bulge in the wall is the fragment of an arch built in the time of Solomon. There exists in vast masses the remains of a viaduct. There are the fallen *voussoirs* of the arches and the ruins of the piers.—*N. Y. Post.*

SKILL, wisdom, and even wit are cumulative; but that diviner faculty, which is the spiritual eye, though it may be trained and sharpened, cannot be added to by taking thought.—*Lowell.*

HYMN FROM THE GERMAN.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Our God is good, in every place
His love is known, His help is found,
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.
Easier than we think can He
Turn to joy our agony.
Soul, remember, 'mid thy pains
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Say, shall He slumber, shall He sleep,
Who gave the eye its power to see?
Shall He not hear His children weep,
Who made the ear so wondrously?
God is God; He sees and hears
All their troubles, all their tears.
Soul, forget not 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
He who can earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty Whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love Him, He will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly
To Him where only rest is sweet;
Thy God is great, His mercy nigh,
His strength upholds the tottering feet.
Trust Him, for His grace is sure,
Ever doth His truth endure;
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!

O, my Soul, despair thou never!
When sins and follies long forgot
Upon thy tortured conscience prey,
O, come to God, and fear Him not,
His love shall sweep them all away.
Pains of hell at look of His,
Change to calm content and bliss.
Soul, forget not in thy pain,
God o'er all doth ever reign.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewild'rd with their woe,
God gently to His bosom takes,
And bids them all His fulness know.
In thy sorrows' swelling flood
Own His hand who seeks thy good.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Let earth and heaven, outworn with age,
Sink to the chaos whence they came;
Let angry foes against us rage,
Let hell shoot forth his fiercest flame;
Fear not Death, nor Satan's thrusts,
God defends who in Him trusts;
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread, with bleeding feet,
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness,
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

—*Zihn, 1682.*

I AM inclined to imagine there are no little things with God. His hand is as manifest in the feathers of a butterfly's wing, in the eye of an insect, in the folding and packing of a blossom, in the curious aqueducts by which a leaf is nourished, as in the creation of a world, and the laws by which the planets move.—*Austin Phelps.*

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE FIRE.

(Concluded from page 591.)

How I passed the rest of that cruel Sunday night I scarcely know. Wandering, staring, blindly carrying along my poor parrot, who was too tired to make a sound, I seemed to go in a dream. Starting north to get help, running back as near to the flame as I could in the vain hope of finding E——, bitterly reproaching myself that I had ever left him for an instant, I passed three hours of which I can scarcely give any account. I know that, as I turned wildly back once toward Dearborn St., I saw the beautiful Episcopal church of St. James in flames. But they came on all sides, licking the marble buttresses one by one, and leaving charred or blackened masses where there had been white marble before. But the most wonderful sight of all was the white and shining church tower from which, as I looked, burst tongues of fire, and which burnt as though all dross of earth were indeed to be purified away from God's house forever. As the tower came crashing down, the bells with one accord pealed forth that grand old German hymn, "All good souls praise the Lord." I almost seemed to hear them, and to see a shadowy Nicholas striking the startled metal for the last time with his brave old hands. If this is right, if it can be right, make me think so, groaned my soul, and the souls of many weeping women that night, as they fled homeless and lost through that Pandemonium of flames and tumult.

Constantly faces that I knew flashed across me, but they were always in a dream, all blackened and discolored, and with an expression that I never saw before. "Why, C——, is this you?" some frightened voice would exclaim, and a kind hand would touch my disordered hair, from which the hat had long since fallen off, and some one, only a little less distracted, would whisper hopefully a word about E——; that he might not be lost, that the actual presence of flame would arouse him, and so on; and I loved them for saying so and tried to believe them. Very little selfishness and no violence did I see here. Neighbors stopped to recognize neighbors, and many a word was exchanged which brought comfort to despairing hearts. "Have you seen my wife and children?" would be asked, and the answer given: "Yes, they are safe at Lake View by this time." "Won't you look out for my baby?" (or Willie or Johnny, as the case might be). Out would come tablets or papers, or names or inquiries would be noted down, even by the man who was making almost superhuman efforts to save a few goods from his burning house. Some friend—it was days before I knew who

—took my parrot and forced a little bottle of tea and a bag of crackers into my hand as I wandered, and I was enough myself to give it to a friend, whom I found almost fainting with heat and fatigue, and who declared that nectar and ambrosia never tasted better. At last I found myself opposite Unity Church. Dear Unity! will her little circle of devoted ones ever come together again, and worship sometimes, and work for the poor sometimes, and sing and play in her beautiful under-parlors sometimes, and love each other always? I know not, but I know that I wept and beat my hands together, and raged hopelessly, when I saw that the beautiful homes on the west side of Dearborn St. were gone, and the Ogden Public School was one bright blaze, while the graceful and noble Congregational church, next to Mr. Collyer's church, had caught fire. Nothing could save our pride and joy—our darling for which we had made such efforts in money and labor two short years ago, that the fame of Chicago munificence rang anew on our account through the civilized world.

I was grieving enough over my private woes; but I awoke to new miseries when I saw our pastor's great heart, which had sustained the fainting spirits of so many, freely give way to lamentations and tears as his precious library, the slow accumulation of twenty laborious and economical years, fell and flamed into nothingness in that awful fire. I turned away heart-sick and resumed my miserable search after the face which I now felt almost sure I should never see again. A new sight soon struck my eye. What in the world was that dark, lurid, purplish ball that hung before me, constantly changing its appearance, like some fiendish face making grimaces at our misery? I looked and looked, and turned away, and looked again. May I never see the sun, the cheerful daily herald of comfort and peace, look like that again. It looked devilish, and I pinched myself to see if I was not losing my senses. It did not seem ten minutes since I had seen the little, almost crescent moon look out cold, quiet, and pitiless, through a rift in the smoke-cloud, from the deep blue of the sky.

Two dear children, whom I had taught peacefully on Friday, in our cheerful school-room on Chicago avenue, met me, crying, "Oh! have you seen mother? We have lost her." This appeal brought me to myself. I felt that I had something else to do than wander and grieve; so I persuaded the lost lambs to go with me to a friend on Lasalle Street, where I felt sure we should find help and comfort, and which every body supposed would be safe. Indeed, a very curious and rather absurd feature of this calamity was

that nobody thought his house would burn till he saw it blazing, and also felt perfectly sure that this was the last of it, and that he and his family would be safe a little further up; so the North-Siders never began to pack up till the fire crossed the river, and then the lower ones moved about to Erie Street, six squares from the river, and then stopped. Then they were driven by the flames another half dozen streets, losing generally half of what they saved the first time; then to Division Street, then to Lincoln Park, where heaps and heaps of ashes are all that remain to-day of thousands of dollars' worth of eatables and furniture.

Exhausted and almost fainting, weeping and sorely distressed, I finally landed in a friendly house, far up on Lasalle St. As I stepped inside the door, E—— appeared, quiet, composed, and almost indifferent. Burnt? Oh, no; he was all right. Did I suppose he would stay and be burned? There was D——, too, if I wanted to see her, in the parlor. Did I feel reverently thankful? Ask yourself.

NO MAN is worth reading to form your style who does not mean what he says; nor was any great style ever invented but by some man who meant what he said. Find out the beginner of a great manner of writing, and you have also found the declarer of some true facts or sincere passions; and your whole method of reading will thus be quickened, for, being sure that your author really meant what he said, you will be much more careful to ascertain what it is that he means. And of yet greater importance is it deeply to know that every beauty possessed by the language of a nation is significant of the innermost laws of its being. Keep the temper of the people stern and manly; make their associations grave, courteous, and for worthy objects; occupying them in just deeds, and their tongue must needs be a grand one. Nor is it possible, therefore,—observe the necessary reflected action,—that any tongue should be a noble one, of which the words are not so many trumpet-calls to action. All great languages invariably utter great things, and command them; they cannot be mimicked but by obedience; the breath of them is inspiration, because it is not only vocal, but vital, and you can only learn to speak as these men spoke by becoming what these men were.—*Ruskin.*

ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

We never saw a more graphic sketch of the sensation of riding on an engine than one contributed to the *Independent* by T. DeWitt Talmage, who tried the experiment while

journeying in the Rocky Mountains. He says:

"May I get on with you?" I asked an engineer on the Pacific Railroad, at a station six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. "Certainly," he said, "but hold fast tight, or you may fall off."

"Toot! toot!" went the whistle, and the long anaconda of a rail-train first went crawling along the rocks, but soon took on fearful momentum. Sitting in "Pullman's Palace Car," looking out of the window, the passenger gets no idea of the speed of the train; but close by the engineer, and feeling the nervous quiver and jump of the iron courser, you see the "mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs."

The door of the locomotive furnace clangs open and the flames rave as though they would leap out to devour, and the fireman jars the coal into the raging jaws of the monster. The engineer has his hand on the iron bit that controls the speed, and seems to use no more exertion than a doctor feeling the pulse of a child. Indeed, the locomotive, to the engineer, is not a mere machine, but animate. He talks to it, seems almost to pat it lovingly on the neck. He is proud of it. There is a warm understanding between the two, and in occasional spurts of steam the locomotive seems to take voice and answer its rider. An engine never hurts its master, save in the effort to throw the passengers.

But the engineer, though sitting so placid, is wide awake. He is kept on duty only four hours in the day, and all the energies of body and soul cluster in his vigilant eye and quick thumb. Two hundred lives hang on his wrist.

We plunge into a snow-shed with infinite clatter, every board and beam beating back the deafening roar of the Pacific Express. As we rush on, the prairie dogs skulk into their holes, or sit on their hind quarters, with fore feet lifted, as much as to say, "What next?" The antelopes scamper over the plain. We ride unimpeded where less than two years ago the buffaloes stopped the train, as the herds stampeded across the track; and along here the savages careered on their ponies. You see here and there groups of red men, with long hair, and cheeks dashed with war-paint, ringed ears, and a superfluity of dirt that buries your last romantic notion about the "noble men of the forest." The air is laden with the breath of the cedar, madrona, manzanita and buckeye. Here we are passing through what seem the ruins of castles and temples and cities, and calling up to mind Petra and Pompeii and Nineveh and Thebes; but these ruins on either side our track must have been vaster abodes, where

giants might have lived till the Titans began here to play leap-frog and turn somersault. Now the whistle lets off a wild scream; a cow and calf on the track. The cow we cut into halves, and the calf with broken legs tumbles over into the ditch. I wonder if that man just ahead will get off in time. Perhaps he is deaf! Perhaps he is crazy, and wants to be run over! Neither. In time to save himself he switches off and robs the coroner.

Hold your breath! Ravine a thousand feet deep on this side! Embankment a thousand feet up on the other! As we turn the curve the engineer pulls the steam-valve, and the silence that chiefly reigned here for six thousand years lets slip all its sounds of echo and reverberation.

Whew! how we fly! If a bolt break, or a truck fall, or a rock dislodge, we are in eternity! Innumerable varieties of flower break their alabaster at the feet of the cliffs; but yonder the mountain tops are blooming into the white lily of everlasting snow. Bridges, high, narrow, tremendous, that break and tremble under the pressure of the train. A tunnel! Ink-black, midnight doubled, dampness that never saw the sun; while far ahead is a hint of sunlight peering through a hole that looks about the size of the arch of a mouse-trap, but which widens till at last it is large enough to let a whole train escape into the golden day.

Out there is the old emigrant road, with occasionally the skeleton of a cow or horse, or the wreck of a wagon that hopelessly broke down on the way; and here a mound, and a rough stone at the head of it, that show where some worn traveller finished his journey, in those times when in one year across these heights went five thousand wagons, pulled by seven thousand mules and thirty thousand yoke of oxen. * * * *

And now the night begins to fall, and the train goes plowing through the darkness. The great burning eye of the locomotive peers through, and flashes far ahead upon the wild scene.

The grizzly bear, the panther, the night hawk, the cormorant, the pelican, the grosbeak, the eagle, that kept aloof while the day shone, may venture nearer now, if they dare. Oh! how we fly! The rush of the wind, the jamming of the car-coupling, the clang of the wheels, the steam hiss, the fierce shower of sparks that set the night on fire, the shooting past of rocks five hundred feet high, followed by a precipice a thousand feet deep, make the breath short, and the heart hump, and the very scalp lift!

How the shadows shuffle! How the crags shiver! How the echoes rave! An express

train at night on the Rocky Mountains! The irresistible trampling the immovable! Yet the way smoothed down by human engineering. Then it will not be so difficult to prepare the way for a grander coming when the mountains shall be made low, and the crooked straight, and rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together!

A VIPER AT THE HEARTHSTONE.

Parents and guardians of the young cannot be too vigilant at the present day in noticing the class of newspapers and periodicals that fall into their hands. The press is so flooded with evil books and papers attractively illustrated, that it is hard to keep their minds from the stain of contact with them. The best safeguard is in filling their minds with noble, pure thoughts; providing them abundantly with good entertaining literature that will awaken stirring thought, and teach them something worth knowing. Mothers, much of power lies in your hands. A young man who left home early, and was exposed to many temptations to dissipation, gave as the reason why he did not fall before them: "My mother was always very faithful to me."

Teach your boys and girls to look on a bad book or paper as a viper to be shunned and detested. Teach them that even an hour's reading will often taint the moral character for life.

John Angel James tells us that once a companion lent him a bad book for only fifteen minutes, but the poison he then imbibed embittered his soul twenty-five years afterwards. He prayed and fought against it; yet it haunted him like a foul fiend.—*Country Gentleman.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER.

(Concluded from last week.)

Our faithful correspondent (Geo. S. Truman) gives the following particulars as to the weather at the *Santee Indian Agency, Nebraska*, for last month, which may be of interest in a comparison with the temperature of this city:

Highest temperature attained (3d of the month),	85.00 degrees
Lowest temperature reached (31st of the month),	20.00 "
Mean temperature of the month,	50.67 "
Highest mean of any one day (the 20th,)	66.00 "
Lowest mean of any one day (the 30th,)	28.34 "
Rain for the entire month only,	0.25 inch.

He also adds: "Heavy frost at intervals throughout the month, and ground slightly frozen. On the night of the 25th a heavy thunder storm visited us, accompanied with vivid lightning and slight hail."

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, 11th mo. 15th, 1871.

ITEMS.

A CEMENT FOR LEATHER is made by mixing ten parts of sulphide of carbon with one of oil of turpentine, and then adding enough gutta percha to make a tough, quickly flowing liquid. One essential prerequisite to a thorough union of the parts consists in freedom of the surfaces to be joined from grease. This may be accomplished by laying on a hot cloth, and applying a hot iron for a time; the cement is then applied to both pieces, the surfaces brought in contact, and pressure applied until the joint is dry.

"SPONGE dipped in glycerine and well pressed remains elastic, and can be used for mattresses, cushions, and general upholstery," according to the *Journal of Applied Chemistry*. It might be added that sponges are made up of an intricate network of fine silicious spicules, like bits of thread, which moths cannot consume; and for this reason sponge stuffing will undoubtedly meet with great favor. It is not generally known that there are many species of soft, beautiful sponges growing on the coast of New England, on the piles of bridges and wharves, which might thus be utilized.

FRED. LAW OLMSTED, in a Chicago letter to the *Nation*, says: The most costly and best form of charity has been that of supplying, either as a loan or as a gift, a limited amount of building materials with printed plans for a rough cabin of two rooms to be made of it, together with a stove, mattresses, and blankets, to men having families, and able by their work to support them. This has already been done in six thousand cases. Great eagerness is shown to obtain this favor, especially by those laboring men who were burned out from houses of their own, and who can thus at once reoccupy their own land.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.—The *Chicago Tribune* says that the late great fire in that city has demonstrated that no building can be considered really fire-proof which has any wood-work in its composition, or which has iron columns supporting the walls or the joists. Wooden floors, even when laid in cement, and wooden doors, window-cases and roofs, even though encased in iron, it is contended, are not protected against fire. Iron shutters, either inside or outside, it is insisted, are absolutely necessary for preservation. The first-mentioned precautions were taken in the construction of the splendid building of the *Chicago Tribune*, and proved unavailing against the whirlwind of fire that raged around. The sudden combustion of the woodwork of the building, aided by the fierce draft caused by the prevailing hurricane, produced heat sufficient to melt glass two inches in thickness.

THE SALES OF LIQUORS in the United States during the fiscal year ending 6th mo. 30th, 1871, it has been calculated by Edward Young, the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, amounted to six hundred millions of dollars. This total is made up as follows: Sixty million gallons of whisky, at six dollars a gallon retail, \$360,000,000. Two and a half million gallons of imported spirits at ten dollars a gallon, \$25,000,000. Ten million seven hundred thousand gallons of imported wine at five dollars a gallon, \$53,500,000. Sixty-five million barrels of ale, beer, and porter, at twenty dollars a barrel, \$130,000,000. Native brandies, wines and cordials in unknown quantities, it is estimated, have been consumed, involving an expenditure of \$31,500,000. These figures, although not so large as some that have been published, yet give a total that should astonish the consumers of ardent spirits. This sum of six hundred millions of dollars a year

would in less than four years pay off the National debt, or if invested in works of internal improvement, would complete all the unfinished and projected works in the United States.

THE Russian government is taking means to further the cause of education throughout the Czar's vast dominions. And, judging from the statistics published, there was great need of some such action. In 1856, with a population of 65,000,000, Russia had but 450,000 pupils in her schools. According to the last census, her population amounts to about 78,000,000, and if the increase in school attendance kept pace with the population, the number of children attending school would at this time be only about half a million in the whole empire. But in reality there has been a falling off in the school attendance since the teachers have been confined to the exclusive use of the Russian language. The people in the western part of the empire having a decided aversion for the national tongue. Russia has excellent colleges; what she now requires is to bring within the reach of all the means of obtaining a common-school education.

It is officially stated that the faculty of medicine of Moscow, with the full concurrence of the Council of the University, have decided to grant to women the right of being present at the educational courses and lectures of the faculty, and the following of all the labors of the Medic-chirurgical Academy. The tests of capacity will be precisely the same as for male students.

The Emperor has issued an order to the existing institutions for instructing women in midwifery, and authorizing them to act as surgeons, to vaccinate, and to be employed as chemists.

It is stated that no less than 822,279 undelivered letters were sent, in one month, to our Dead Letter Office, on account of errors by carelessness in their address.

A SOCIETY of ladies is proposed in England, under the leadership of Harrison Swange, Dorsetshire, "to promote modesty of dress, to do away with extravagance, and substitute the neatness and sobriety suitable to Christian Women."

FIRE IN A COAL MINE.—One of the most curious phenomena in connection with coal mining is exhibited at the Bank colliery, near Rotherham. This pit caught fire one hundred years ago, and all the efforts of the workmen at the time and subsequently have been quite ineffectual to extinguish it. A short time ago it was ascertained that the flames were approaching the bottom of the shaft, and it was then resolved, if possible, to stay their progress, so that they might not extend to other parts of the workings. At length the superintendent of the collieries conceived the idea of building a wall to shut in the fire, and in order to ascertain the best site for this wall, several of the officials crept on their hands and knees through the dense stifling smoke, as far as possible into the workings. Their efforts were successful, and a wall is now completed nearly 1,000 yards in length, and varying from 9 inches to 5 feet in thickness. At distances varying from 30 to 50 yards metal pipes have been inserted in this wall, which are securely plugged at the end, so that at any time, by removing the plugs, the state of the air on the side of the fire, and even the position of the fire itself, can be ascertained. So intense is the heat arising from this fire that people possessing gardens above the colliery declare that the growth of plants is materially affected, and that they are enabled to obtain two and three crops every year.—*London News*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Strattan, Richmond, Ind.

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From the Journal of Job Scott.

ON CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

Though there appears to be cause of mourning in most meetings we were at, in this visit, yet I believe it may safely be said there is also a hopeful remnant, who are engaged at heart for God's glory, and the welfare of Zion. These have often to go mourning on their knees, and bowed down under a sense of the great slackness and declension on the one hand, and the wild-fire zeal of divers (which preads desolation, and seems as if in some places, it would almost eat up every green thing), on the other. Although I have suffered much, in spirit, by reason of the first of these evils, in some places, I have not seen or felt any thing that has been so sorrowful to me, as the prevalence of this kind of unsanctified zeal, in some other places, under a specious notion of reformation, cleansing the camp, cutting off rotten members, &c. And though I am abundantly sensible, that reformation and cleansing are greatly wanting, yet I know of nothing which operates more powerfully against a real reformation, than this forward, fiery kind of zeal. I am persuaded it has done great hurt, in some places, almost extinguishing all the feelings of tenderness and charity in the minds of some, creating parties, disunity, schisms, and hardening, and has even done much toward prejudicing many, otherwise well-minded friends, against good and wholesome disci-

pline in the church, and in families. These observing the wild work which this zeal makes, grow almost afraid of all zeal, and even of the very name of zeal; and so erring on the other hand, let things run to confusion through slackness.

Oh! the necessity of laboring for good order! and oh, that it may be done with tenderness, meekness, love, and forbearance! For I do not believe that labors bestowed more in order to cut off, than to reform and restore, will ever reach the true witness in the minds of offenders. But when offenders are labored with in the spirit of meekness and love, with an earnest desire for their amendment, welfare and restoration) the only right way and object of laboring with them), it is pretty certain, if their day is not over, to reach the witness, more or less, in their minds, and to fix such an evidence therein, that though they may reject and spurn at such faithful labors, and those who thus bestow them; yet, if ever such offenders feel the tendering visitations of divine grace powerfully extended to them, they can, and generally will, look back upon the labors bestowed on them by their brethren, and have a feeling testimony and acknowledgment in their minds, that they have been sought unto and labored with in love, good-will, and tenderness. This very much unites them in love to their friends, although they may have been constrained, on account of the obstinacy of such trans-

gressors, to deny unity with them as members. But now, having in the day of renewed visitation, such a lively sense of the love and tenderness wherein they were labored with and disowned, they are willing to own that they were justly dealt with. And oh! how powerfully does this co-operate with the workings of redeeming grace, in the visitations thereof to their souls; and it helps to draw them back to their brethren, in a disposition cordially to make full condemnation of their offences, and to make up the breach occasioned thereby, or become reconciled to their brethren.

Oh! how do I wish there may never be any labors bestowed upon offenders, in any other disposition; for offenders are not generally in a condition to bear harsh dealing. Although plain dealing, in tenderness, is ever commendable; yet to fall censoriously upon the poor creature who is overtaken with, or in a fault, and rashly to reprove or condemn, and reprehend him, tends directly to beget obstinacy and resentment in him; and perhaps will induce him to throw out unguarded expressions or scornful language, and to wish himself disowned and separated from such hard-hearted people. Here the wound is aggravated, and the zealous laborers take the advantage of that obstinacy which themselves have kindled, and hastily judge the poor offender unworthy of longer forbearance, and so forthwith cut him off. Thus, instead of leaving a witness in his heart, that he has been tenderly dealt with in the spirit of meekness and love, he becomes hardened, and very probably will imbibe an opinion, that there is nothing in our profession of an inward leader and guide; or that it is a deceptive and arbitrary spirit of cruelty; and so, in a day of renewed visitation, he may feel strong rising of opposition against the workings of truth itself; and remembering the severity of Friends against him, he may be induced to feed on others' faults, and suffer prejudice to determine him never to have any communion with them again, nor ever be like them in any thing, however commendable; and so go on growing harder and harder, to utter destruction. Now query, will not his blood be required of such unskillful and rash laborers, in the day of solemn inquisition?

I wish these things may be seriously considered; and such as offend, tenderly dug about, and waited upon, as it were one year longer, in imitation of Him who waits long to be gracious. Oh! how has He waited long, and borne much with us! And why are we so hasty and censorious one with another? Let us cease from severity, and exercise loving-kindness and forbearance, with plain-dealing, in the honesty and simplicity of the

truth, endeavoring to win the hearts of such as have gone astray. A young tree or twig, in a cold, frosty day, by being rashly or suddenly laid hold of, in order to bend or twist it, may very soon be broken, snapped off, and rendered useless; but, by being gradually warmed by the fire, or by waiting till a warmer day or season, and then gently bending or twisting, it may be rendered very pliable, and wrought into any position, or handled in any manner that is desired, and so become useful to the husbandman. Much so it is with a young man or woman, as with a young tree or twig. Let them get a little out of the way, and into a cold state and condition, and then attempt suddenly and rashly to bend them, or make them submit and comply, and alas! how brittle they appear! how they crack! how short they break! and how utterly useless they become! being perhaps wholly ruined! But if when we perceive them out of the way, and grown cold and brittle, we begin gently with them; and if they will not bear much bending or twisting at first trial, wait till a warmer season, when truth may have warmed and softened them; or, by gently gaining upon them, by the softening warmth of a loving, tender, entreating disposition; how may we gradually bend, soften, and form them, till they are brought to submission, condescension and amendment; and till they will bear to be handled, almost as we please; and even become useful in the work of the great Husbandman, and like the withered twig, help to hold the work together, or build up the hedge or fence about the vineyard.

I have often observed, that he who, laboring with brittle offenders, has begun gently, felt and spoke tenderly, and continued to deal with meekness and gentleness, has won the heart of the offender, and so gained upon him, that he could, at length, say almost anything to him, deal with the greatest plainness, lay things close to him, and yet not offend him; but prevail upon him to acknowledge his faults. While another person, who has rashly fallen on, in the language of censure and severity, has soon raised an obstinate resistance, shut up his own way, and done great injury to the cause of truth.

I feel a serious and tender desire, that all zealous young Friends, who, with sincere and good intentions, are beginning to exercise themselves, or to be exercised, in the discipline of the church, may seriously and awfully consider the hurt that has been done by a fiery zeal, without the knowledge which experience produceth, and withhold their hand from rashness. For, however clearly they may see that things are out of order, and that many are greatly short of a true and

necessary zeal for reformation and good order, yet they should consider, that though they know that they themselves mean well, yet their judgment and experience is that of children, to whom moderation, wisdom, and necessary forbearance are generally very unnatural. And oh! that such may wisely suspect themselves, whilst in the heat of their first zeal, which may be compared to the heat and violence of youthful blood. Let them also consider, that such as have at first given way to this wild (though well-intended) zeal, if they have held on their way, in a religious engagement, and been favored with an advancement and growth in religious experience, have scarcely ever failed to see beyond the weakness of that childish state, have learned moderation, meekness and forbearance, and have had to lament the austerity and severity of their former days, and often to mourn over the rents and breaches, the wounds and desolations, which their own too confident, self-sufficient zeal and rashness have occasioned.

I believe my own sorrowful experience, and the present engagement of my mind, warrant me in thus cautioning and warning others. For, alas! a zeal, like what I have been treating of, has, in days past, had too much place in my mind, and I have no doubt, has been exercised to the injury of others. And though I meant well, and thought with Paul, when Saul, that I did God service, and that truth required such a cleansing of the camp, as I then aimed at, yet (and it is now no small cause of thanksgiving and joy), my merciful leader and redeemer has opened my eyes to see my danger, and flee for my life, before I was ruined and destroyed by the flames of this wild fire.

THE INTERMINGLING OF RELIGIONS.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Antioch, where the first church of Christians was gathered in Gentile lands, was on the high road between Europe and Asia. Ephesus, one of the earliest head-quarters of the Christians, was always swarming with foreigners, especially with Orientals. Rome, where a Christian church was very early gathered, was full of the spoils of many conquered nations, and their theories also. Alexander the Great had built the new Egyptian city of Alexandria, to which he was very desirous to attract the learning and commerce of the world. For that purpose he encouraged the greatest freedom of discussion, and unbounded toleration of opinions. Thither flocked zealots and philosophers from all quarters, eager for controversy. Such a seething caldron of doctrines the world had never witnessed. Dion Chrysostom, who

wrote in the beginning of the second century, informs us that Greeks and Romans, Syrians, Ethiopians, Arabians, Persians, and travellers from India were always to be found in that cosmopolitan city. In this focus of diverse ideas the Christians early planted a church. Jewish converts to Christianity were for a long time extremely tenacious of their old Hebrew traditions and customs; while Gentile converts, from various nations, manifested a great tendency to amalgamate the teachings of Jesus with the old ideas and ceremonies in which they had been educated. In the conflict of sects arising from this state of things it was almost inevitable that the teaching of Jesus and his Apostles should become more or less largely interfused with ideas from various religions; especially with those from Hindostan and Persia, which prevailed so extensively at that period.

These Oriental ideas have had such a very important influence, not only on the faith, but on the social conditions of men, that it is worth while to trace them briefly to their abstract source. Orientals conceived of the Supreme as the Central Source of Being, dwelling in passionless repose in regions of resplendent light. He did not create anything; but all spirits radiated from him, in successive series of emanations, from the highest seraphs down to the souls of men. Coeternal with him was an antagonistic principle called Matter; a dark, inert mass, which gave birth to the Devil and all forms of evil. When some of the lowest series of Spirits of Light approached the region of Matter, the Spirits of Darkness were attracted by their splendor and sought to draw them down among themselves. They succeeded; and thus mankind came into existence with ethereal souls derived from God and material bodies derived from the Devil. The only way for these Spirits of Light, imprisoned in Matter, to get back to the Divine Source whence they emanated, was to subdue the body by all sorts of abstinence and tormenting penance, while the soul was kept in steadfast contemplation on spiritual things.

The Jews had quite a different theory of creation. They conceived of God as an active Being, who made the body of man with his own hands and then breathed a soul into it. Thus regarding the body as divine workmanship, they had no contempt for it and did not consider its senses sinful.

When these different ideas, coming from afar, met front to front in the Christian churches, they gave rise to a motley amalgamation of doctrines. The most conspicuous specimen of this is to be found in the numerous sects classed under the general denomination of Gnostics. The name is derived from the

Greek word "Gnosis," signifying wisdom ; and it was bestowed on them because, however they might differ on other points, they all believed that by subjugation of the senses human souls might be restored to their original oneness with God, and thus become recipients of intuitive wisdom directly emanating from him. With few exceptions, all these Gnostics were of Gentile origin, and their doctrines bear the obvious stamp of Hindostan and Persia ; though it is likely that they derived them from various intermediate sources. Many of their leaders were men of uncommon talent and learning, wedded to ancient theories, but sincerely attracted by the teaching of Jesus. They troubled the Christian churches as early as the time of Paul, who alludes to them as "seducing spirits, forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats." Their theories proved very attractive, especially to scholars prone to abstract speculations. The celebrated Saint Augustine was for several years a Gnostic, and Christian converts were not unfrequently drawn aside into their erratic paths. They increased with such rapidity that at one time their flood of Oriental ideas threatened to sweep away the Jewish foundations of Christianity. In the middle of the fifth century, the Bishop of Cyprus records that he found a million of them in his diocese, and succeeded in bringing them all within the folds of his church. How much it was necessary to compromise with their ideas in order to accomplish that object he does not inform us.

The different elements that were jostled into contact during this transition state of the world gave rise to much controversy that sounds odd enough to modern ears. The Jews were such an exclusive people, that Gentile nations had very little opportunity to become acquainted with their religious views, till they met together on the common ground of reverence for Jesus. Jehovah was to them an altogether foreign God ; and having no traditional reverence for his name, they discussed his character as freely as we do that of Jupiter. It was a revolting idea to them that the Supreme Being could have formed anything out of Matter, which in their minds was associated with everything evil and unclean. And believing that all Spirits were evolved, without effort, from the Central Source, by the mere necessity of outflowing, they ridiculed the idea that God worked six days to make the world, and then had to rest from his labors. They declared that if Jehovah confined his care to one people, and was jealous when they gave glory to other gods, if his anger waxed hot when they disobeyed him, if he commanded them to slaughter their enemies, and promised them mere earthly

rewards for obedience to his laws, he could not possibly be the Supreme Being, for He was altogether free from passion. So one of the Gnostics admitted that Jehovah might belong to one of the inferior orders of spirits, evolved from the Source of Light ; others maintained that he must be an Evil Spirit, and that the Scriptures said to be inspired by him were obviously the work of the Devil. They all believed Jesus to be one of the Spirits of Light ; but their ideas concerning the inherent wickedness of Matter led them to reject the idea that he could be born of a woman. They said he merely appeared to have a body, for the purpose of performing on earth the benevolent mission of helping Spirits out of the prison-house of Matter, and restoring them to their original oneness with God. Paul probably aimed a shaft at this doctrine, when he said, "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus is Christ come in the *flesh* is not of God." Asceticism, in a greater or less degree, characterized all the Gnostic sects. They despised all luxuries, ornaments, shows, and amusements ; everything, in fact, which contributed to the pleasure of the senses. They abstained from wine and animal food, and ate merely sufficient to sustain life. They all regarded matrimony as incompatible with holiness ; and some thought it a great sin, inasmuch as the reproduction of human bodies was entering into a league with spirits of Darkness to help them to incarcerate Spirits of Light in the prison-house of Matter.

These ascetic ideas, so conspicuous in very ancient Hindoo writings, were, in one form or another, afloat almost everywhere at the time the Christian Church was in the process of formation out of a great variety of nations. By early emigration, or otherwise, they had come to prevail extensively in Egypt, where the deserts swarmed with hermits vowed to celibacy and severe mortification of the senses. In Grecian mythology, copied by the Romans there was no antagonism between Spirit and Matter. Those nations had never been taught that their bodies came from the Devil, and consequently they had no contempt for the senses. They revelled in physical enjoyment, and ascribed the same tendencies to their gods. Bacchus was their jovial companion, and Venus adored as the beautifier of life. But though the people were on such gay and sociable terms with their deities, philosophers had introduced from Egypt the sombre ideas of the Orient. Plato taught that Matter was the original Source of Evil, antagonistic to the Principle of Good. Plotinus, the most celebrated of his later followers, was ashamed of his body, though it is said to have been a remarkably beautiful one. He blushed for his parents that they had given birth to it

and any allusion to physical instincts or necessities was deeply mortifying to him. While Egyptian zealots and Grecian philosophers were strewing abroad the seed of ancient asceticism, Buddhist missionaries were also industriously propagating it. We are told that travellers from India were always in Alexandria, which was the great focus of Gnostic sects. Bardesanes, one of the leaders of the Gnostics in the second century, wrote an account of religious communities in India, the members of which merely endured life as an inevitable bondage, and sought, by devout contemplation and severe mortification of the senses, to rise above the prison-house of the body. Mani, who lived in the third century, and was perhaps the most remarkable of all the Gnostics, studied a book called "The Treasury of Mysteries, by Buddha, said to have been born of a Virgin." And it was a common doctrine with these sects that Zoroaster, Buddha, and Jesus were the same Spirit of Light appearing on earth in different places and forms, for the benevolent purpose of bringing back to oneness with God those stray Spirits which had become separated from him by being shut up in material bodies. These sects, standing between the old religions and the new, were hotly persecuted by both. They finally vanished from the scene; but for several centuries their theories, under various modifications, reappeared to trouble the churches.

Every one knows that the Roman Catholic Church abounds in ceremonies and traditions of which no trace can be found in the Old Testament or the New. The teachers of that church say they are derived from the Christian Fathers, whose authority they deem sacred. The prominent preachers of Christianity during the first three centuries, called Fathers of the Church, were, almost without exception, converts from the Gentile religions, mostly Greek and Roman. The rejection of foreign customs had been religiously inculcated upon Jews; and those of them who accepted Jesus as their promised Messiah retained that extreme aversion to innovation which characterized them as a people. But Gentile converts, who were far more numerous, had received quite a different training. Grecians easily adopted the festivals and the gods of other nations; and Romans manifested still greater facility in that respect. They never attempted to convert the numerous nations they conquered. If they found among them religious festivals which seemed useful or agreeable, they adopted them; and if they took a liking to any of their deities, they placed their images in the Pantheon with their own gods.

These elastic habits of mind may have had

considerable influence in producing that system of politic adaptation to circumstances observable in the Christian Church, especially after Constantine had made Christianity the established religion of the state. I believe it is Mosheim, who, in allusion to this process of adaptation to the customs of converted nations, says: "It is difficult to determine whether the heathen were most Christianized, or Christians most heathenized."

The Emperor Constantine was for forty years a worshipper of Apollo, God of the Sun, whom he regarded as his tutelary deity, his own especial guardian and benefactor. Many things show that this long habit of trust and reverence was never quite obliterated from his mind. One of the earliest acts of his reign was to require the universal observance of the Sun's Day; for which purpose he issued a proclamation: "Let all the people rest on the venerated Day of the Sun." Saturday, the seventh day of the week, was the Sabbath of the Jews, and converts from Judaism to Christianity long continued to observe that as their holy day; but Christians were accustomed to meet together on the first day of the week in memory of the resurrection of Jesus; and as that harmonized with the proclamation of the Emperor, and with an old custom in Grecian and Roman worship, the Sabbath of the Apostles was superseded by Sun day.

Festivals that were universally observed, and endeared to the populace by long habit and as occasions for social gatherings, were generally retained by the Christian Church, though the old forms were consecrated to new ideas. Almost all the ancient nations hailed the return of the sun from the winter solstice by a great festival on the 25th of December, during which they performed religious ceremonies in honor of the sun, feasted each other, and interchanged gifts. To have abolished this day would have been as unpopular among the masses of Gentile proselytes as the Abolition of Thanksgiving day would be in New England. It was accordingly retained as the birthday of the "Sun of Righteousness," concerning whose real birthday history leaves us entirely in the dark. The ancient Germans observed in the early spring a festival in honor of Ostera, who was probably their Goddess of Nature, or of the Earth. Scholars derive her name from Oster, which signifies rising. The festival was to hail the rising of Nature from her winter sleep. Oster-fires were kindled in honor of the returning warmth, and Oster-eggs were exchanged; the egg being an ancient and very common symbol of fecundity, or germinating life. Teutonic converts to Christianity were allowed to keep up their old festival, but they were

taught to do it honor of the rising of Jesus, instead of the rising of Nature. Easter-fires are still kindled, and Easter-eggs, variously ornamented, are still exchanged in several Catholic countries. Almost all ancient nations had a great festival in the spring. The Jewish Passover occurred at that season. Converts from all nations were well satisfied to keep up their old holiday and accept its new significance.

Religious ceremonies in honor of departed ancestors were universal in the ancient world. Beside the prayers and offerings at tombs by private families, the Romans annually set apart a day for religious ceremonies in memory of all their deceased ancestors. This custom was perpetuated by the Catholic Church under the name of All Soul's day. The day kept by Romans in honor of their departed heroes and benefactors was transferred to the honor of the Christian martyrs under the name of All Saint's day.

Mortals, finding themselves surrounded by solemn mysteries, feeling the need of constant protection, and unable to comprehend the Infinite Being from whom existence is derived, have always manifested a strong tendency to bring God nearer to themselves by means of intermediate spiritual agents. Almost every ancient nation had some Mother Goddess, whose favor they sought to propitiate by prayers and offerings. As Osiris and Isis were believed to take especial care of Egypt, so other countries had each some spiritual protector especially devoted to its interests. It was the same with cities; each was presided over by some deity, as Athens was by Pallas. Trades and individuals had each a tutelary deity, on whose care they especially relied, as the Emperor Constantine did on the God of the Sun. To us these ideas have become mere poetic imagery, mere playthings of the fancy; but it was quite otherwise with our brethren of the ancient world. They verily believed that Naiads did take care of the rivers, and Oreads of the mountains; that Neptune did regulate the waves and storms of the ocean; that Apollo did inspire poets and orators; that Bacchus did fill the grapes with exhilarating juice; that Pan did watch over shepherds and their flocks. To propitiate these numerous Guardian Spirits they placed their images and altars in temples and houses, vineyards and fields, and sought to secure their favor by sacrifices, oblations, and prayers. Gratitude for benefits received was expressed by offerings suited to the occasions. Warriors who had conquered in battle dedicated to Pallas or Bellona spears and shields made of brass or gold. Those who escaped from shipwreck placed in the temple of Neptune oars and models of ships made of wood,

ivory, or gold. Beautiful drinking vessels were dedicated to Bacchus, as thank-offerings for productive vine-yards. Successful poets and orators adorned the temples of Apollo and the Muses with crowns and harps of ivory inlaid with gold. Individuals commemorated the birth of children, or recovery from sickness, or escape from danger, by offerings to their tutelary deities, more or less costly according to their wealth, such as garlands, cups of gold or silver, sculptured images, embroidered mantles, and other rich garments. Every five years the people of Athens expressed their gratitude to Pallas for protecting their city by carrying to her temple, in grand procession, a white robe embroidered all over with gold. Pictures were often hung in the temples representing some scene or event which excited peculiar thankfulness to the gods. When people changed their employments or modes of life, it was customary to dedicate implements or articles of furniture to some appropriate deity. When beautiful women grew old, they placed their mirrors in the temple of Venus. Shepherds dedicated to Pan the pipes with which they had been accustomed to call their flocks, and fishermen offered their nets to the Nereids. The particular occasion which induced the offering was sometimes inscribed on the article; and where that was not convenient, the story was written on a tablet and hung up with it. The pillars and walls of the temples were covered with these votive tablets.

When Christianity superseded the old religions, the ancient ideas and forms took new names. By a gradual process of substitution, the saints of the Catholic Church glided into the place of the old guardian deities. Nations that had been accustomed to worship the Goddess of Nature as a Mother Goddess easily transferred their offerings and prayers to the Virgin Mary, their Spiritual Mother. Every country had its own tutelary Saint, as Saint George of England, Saint Denis of France, Saint James of Spain, and Saint Patrick of Ireland. Each city also had its chosen protector, as Saint Genevieve of Paris, Saint Mark of Venice, and Saint Ambrose of Milan. Every class and trade was under the care of some Saint. Saint Nicholas, whose name has been shortened to Santa Claus, took care of children and of the helpless generally; Saint Martha, of cooks and housekeepers; Saint Eloy, of goldsmiths and workers in metals; Saint Crispin, of shoemakers; Saint Blaise, of wool-combers; Saint Jerome, of scholars and learned men; Saint Ursula, of schools and teachers; Saint Magdalen, of frail and penitent women; and Saint Martin, of penitent drunkards. Families and individuals were also under special guardian

ship. The Medici family were under the protection of Saint Cosmo and Saint Damian. Children in Catholic countries generally receive the name of the Saint on whose Festival-Day they are born; and that Saint is ever after honored by them as their especial protector through life.—*Atlantic Monthly for October.*

WHEN any one spoke ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him: "Is there not," said he, "a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ATTITUDE IN TIME OF PRAYER.

The reading of the late essays in regard to rising in time of public prayer, in Nos. 34 and 36 of the *Intelligencer*, afforded me much satisfaction and encouragement. Although the writers did not view the subject precisely alike, the tenor of both articles furnished sufficient evidence to my mind that they were written in the spirit of Christian charity and brotherly condescension.

If Friends who feel a lively interest in this subject are favored to express their views in a similar spirit, there is reason to believe that we may eventually arrive at a conclusion that will be satisfactory to the body at large.

As public prayer that proceeds from right authority is one of the most solemn duties that can claim the attention of a religious assembly, it is truly desirable that a unity of action be observed by all our members during the time of supplication, either by rising, or remaining sitting in a bowed, humble frame of mind becoming the occasion.

As for myself, I can go with my friends either way, although I have long felt that I should prefer the latter form if Friends were unitedly prepared for it, but not otherwise.

Much may be said upon this subject, and the nature of the case requires that we should move in it with the care and deliberation becoming a religious body professing as we do, in order that the cause of Truth may not suffer loss.

D. E. GEROW.

Fairfield Co., Conn., 11th mo. 13, 1871.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—I have long felt that until the fathers and mothers are better men and better women, our schools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any improvement that could be brought to bear on the *mothers* more especially, would effect a greater amount of good than anything that has yet been done.—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I find the time has arrived, which I had mentally set aside to be employed in offering thee a salutation of love, and in what state does it find me? Am I abiding so near the Master as that there can go through me any of that stream of love whereby thou canst be refreshed? Do I know that access to the heavenly treasury, in which I can put forth my hand, and from thence minister to thy necessities? In answer to these inquiries, the language is: I am poor—very poor—but I am able to trust in the continued goodness and mercy of my heavenly Father, who is leading me in a way which His own wisdom chooseth—not a way which my creaturely feelings would cast up; but, inasmuch as I find in it the revealings of love and light, I would not turn aside therefrom—nay, verily *I would not*—but flesh is weak, and under a renewed sense thereof, under a renewed sense of frailty, the constant petition is, that the Father's own right hand may be underneath, and His arm round about to keep from all evil. And thou art included in this petition—yes, my dear friend, when I have been permitted to mingle with thee, under the exercises of thy present engagement, I have found my spirit seeking on thy behalf for the extension of Divine counsel—that *all thy steps*, in this arduous undertaking, may indeed be ordered by the Lord—then will thy service not only cause the return of peace into thy own bosom, but also tend to heal the breaches and restore the waste places. May the heavenly blessing rest upon thy labors. I write not thus, as doubting the presence with you, of the Divine Counsellor. No; for I have felt a comfortable assurance that best help was near, and revealed for your guidance day by day.

Surely Truth needs no apology, and yet we often find its advocates, those who believe themselves called to the work of the ministry, apologizing for asking the attention of the people. My experience is that instead of such apologies opening the door for the declaration of Gospel Truths, they very greatly tend to check the Gospel current, proving even as a stone, which ripples the pure stream. However out of time human wisdom may judge an offering to be, if it be in the life, it will reach the witness in the minds of the hearers, and will need no apology. I often feel the desire that all who are thus engaged may simply keep to the openings of Truth, without any effort to amplify beyond

such expression as may be clearly called for. Then the words spoken, whether many or few, would be savory, and tend to the strength of the meeting.

We have many evidences of human frailty, but I have faith that if there is an earnest desire to perform faithfully the allotted service in the church militant, light will be shed upon the path in such measure as to ensure safety.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 25, 1871.

THE TYRANNY OF FASHION.—There is something inexplicable in the constraint exerted by the subtle yet powerful influence of fashion. Whether we recognize it or not, this potent tyrant comes into our houses, selects and arranges our furniture, presides at our entertainments, dresses our children, assists in our plans for their education, and often, at great inconvenience to us and against our better judgment, enters into nearly every department of our household economy.

Though our reason may be convinced of the inappropriateness of certain customs to our ability or our means, yet we submit to them, and bind ourselves with grievous burdens, lest it be said of us that we do not as other men. While denouncing unmeaning observances as calculated to give an artificial character to social life, yet through fear of being singular we aid in their continuance, thus throwing the weight of our example in favor of what we disapprove.

Many a father sacrifices his strength of body on the shrine of Moloch, that his family may live like his neighbors, many of whom are under a similar bondage. Many a mother lengthens out a wearisome day in unprofitable stitching for the little child, unconscious that she is sowing the seeds of vanity in the innocent heart by the unnecessary work bestowed upon its garment. Many a hostess deprives herself of the exercise of hospitality, rather than encounter the demands which a false mode of entertainment exacts. Others often are so wearied in elaborate preparations for the expected guest, that the over-taxed mind fails to realize in the visit the good designed to result from social intercourse. These are a few of the many instances that might be

adduced in proof of the arbitrary requirements of a corrupt public sentiment.

It is time that this subject was claiming serious consideration. The increase of wealth among us has introduced habits foreign to the simplicity of our profession, and the injunction to let our moderation be known unto all men is in danger of being overlooked. When we regard the extravagance in dress and living which now prevails in our land, and recall the many recent breaches of public and private trusts to meet these inordinate demands, we may well ask whether we should, even in a limited degree, lend our influence to perpetuate evils which are not only detrimental to the individual but to the community and nation.

As professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and as members of a religious Society one of whose leading testimonies is to simplicity, it is especially important that we run not with the multitude to do evil, but that even "in eating and drinking, and in putting on of apparel," we suffer not the tyranny of fashion and irrational customs so to blind our better judgment as to hinder us from seeing and doing that which is right.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM OF PHILADELPHIA.

The gatherings of this Association have been resumed for the season. Friends, and those professing with us, are cordially welcomed to these meetings. They are held as heretofore, on Third-day evening of each week, at half past seven o'clock, in the Library Room in Race Street Meeting-house; entrance from Fifteenth St. J. M. E.
Eleventh month, 1871.

NOTICE—We are informed that the two teachers wanted for the Indians by New York Friends, have been supplied.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 11th mo. 26. Octorara, Md., 3 P.M.
- 12th mo. 3. Reading, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ “ Medford, N. J., 3 P.M.
- “ “ Stroudsburg, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ “ Mt. Vernon, N. Y., 10½ A.M.
- “ 17. Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ “ Upper Dublin, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ “ Buffalo, N. Y., 2½ P.M.
- “ 31. West Nottingham, Md., 3 P.M.

MARRIED.

MEADE—HOLLINGSWORTH.—On Third-day, the 4th of Fourth month, 1871, at the residence of the bride's parents, near Highland, Iowa, under the care of Wapsonooe Monthly Meeting, Aaron W. Meade and Rachel A. Hollingsworth, both of Highland, Iowa.

MUNDAY—HOGUE.—On Third-day, the 10th of Tenth month, 1871, at the residence of the bride's

parents near Highland, Iowa, under the care of Wapsonoe Monthly Meeting, Samuel H. Munday and Mary Amelia Hogue, both of Highland, Iowa.

VICKERS—MEAD.—On the 25th of Tenth month, 1871, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's parents, and by the approbation of Plainfield Monthly Meeting, Leander Vickers to Cornelia M., daughter of Joseph and Phebe G. Mead; all of Belmont Co., Ohio.

DIED.

GREGG.—On the 24th of Tenth month, 1871, at the residence of her son in-law Thomas E. Hogue, near Highland, Iowa, Phebe, wife of Elijah Gregg, in the 69th year of her age; an elder of Highland Particular and Wapsonoe Monthly Meeting. During an illness of long duration, she was seldom heard to murmur, and thus has passed to a higher life one beloved by a large circle of friends, leaving to survivors an example of patience and resignation.

KINDLEY.—On the 13th of Eleventh month, 1869, Daniel Kindley, aged 72 years; a member of Westfield Monthly Meeting, Preble Co., Ohio.

SHOEMAKER.—On the 20th of Tenth month, 1871, of diphtheria, Susie E., daughter of Abram and Mary K. Shoemaker, and granddaughter of Daniel Kindley, aged 4 years.

OTOE AGENCY.

We make the following extracts from a letter from Albert Green, Agent of the Otoe Indians, dated 10th mo. 27th, 1871:

"It is with grateful satisfaction that I learn of the measure recommended by the Indian Committee, and adopted by the Aid Association of our Yearly Meeting, appointing a central committee, and organizing to arouse a more wide spread interest in the Indians.

"Have we not reason to believe that hitherto the burden has rested, perhaps even heavily, on a few; while throughout the Society are many who would have contributed willingly to the cause, had they been sufficiently awakened to the importance of so doing.

"Although the next appearance of cold weather will not find the Indians of this tribe in as suffering and forlorn a condition as last winter did, yet still there will be much nakedness and destitution.

"Clothing for the old and infirm, as well as for the women and children, will be needed, in quantities even as great as were received last year; and donations of sanitary stores, and other comforts for the sick, will be needed in the same proportion.

"The present season has thus far proved unusually malarious, and, despite our efforts to save them, many have died.

"During next month nearly the entire tribe will start on a buffalo hunt, and will probably remain absent until after Christmas. Many of them regard it as the last hunt that they will take, and all feel that to go is absolutely a necessity, since the almost entire failure of their wheat crop has greatly shortened their means of subsistence. We shall proba-

bly succeed in retaining many of our school children, by making arrangements for them to reside or board with a few families that may possibly not go; and by furnishing them with a daily lunch at the Agency.

"It is not our policy to encourage or pamper idle Indians by conferring the same notice and benefits on them that we bestow upon the industrious; and in various ways they are made to feel, that if they would rise in the world they must cultivate habits of industry.

"If the Aid Association should feel disposed to furnish a few stoves—say half a dozen—to as many poor families, whose dwellings are nearly completed, they would meet a most pressing want, and at the same time give substantial encouragement to industrious parties.

"The men's clothing received last winter over and above what was required for the old and infirm, was bestowed on those who cut saw-logs, or did other work, and many of our laziest men wielded their axes for the sake of coats and pants."

AN ABSTRACT OF THE EXERCISES OF INDIANA YEARLY MEETING (MEN'S).

On First-day three Meetings for Worship were held, all of which were largely attended and acknowledged to be favored seasons. Many testimonies were borne to the all-sufficiency of our Father's grace to enlighten us, and lead us aright in all things. Many of the beautiful and simple truths of the gospel were livingly opened to the people, and all invited to come to the Fountain of Life, that they might drink for themselves freely the pure water of life. We were reminded that this Fountain consisted not in the external form, but in the living streams opened in us by the Spirit of Christ, and through the influences of this Divine Spirit, if we are obedient to it, we become pure and perfect in our natures, even as our Father is in His.

On Second-day morning after a time of silent waiting, we were reminded that if we desired the cloud of the Lord's glory to fill our spiritual temple, we must attend promptly to individual duty, lest by unfaithfulness we might obstruct the way of others. And, also, that all should wait the moving of the Spirit of the Lord, who would instruct us how to do His will and service. The promise was revived, "that if any lacked wisdom, let him ask of God," who is the Fountain of life, from whence cometh all wisdom, and that when we come under the influence of that Spirit of Life, we would know but one fold and one Shepherd. We were advised to remember the language of Jesus, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me."

By the reading of minutes for several Friends from other Yearly Meetings, we have received the consoling evidence that our Father is still caring for us, by sending His messengers among us. We were reminded of the beauty of our order in this respect, that when any felt required to visit their brethren, they lay their prospect before their friends at home, and receiving their unity and encouragement, it would tend to strengthen them and others among whom they visited. A welcome was also extended to those who were present without minutes.

The reading of the Epistles of other Yearly Meetings called out much counsel and advice. They evinced to us that our brethren in distant parts were still concerned to support our various testimonies, and that we should feel strengthened in the knowledge that we are not laboring alone in the work.

The great evils of intemperance were vividly portrayed, and we were reminded that our duty in regard to this subject should extend beyond the limits of our own Society, unto the tempted and fallen wherever we might find them. We were also cautioned in regard to the use of tobacco, and brought to consider how much better it would be if the many broad acres now occupied in its culture, were given to raising food for the poor. The desire was expressed that we might in endeavoring to suppress these evils, remember that their foundation rested on the uncontrolled appetite, and that we could overcome this by coming under the government of Christ. The declaration of the blessed Jesus was brought to our remembrance, "Of myself I can do nothing," and that we must seek to be clothed with the Holy Spirit, and our labors would be blessed. A Friend related how in early life he had stood upon the brink of destruction, but that by the mercy of God, he had been spared. He advised us to remember that our resolutions to be effectual, must be founded upon strength from above. The injunction of the Holy Master was here revived, "What I say unto one, I say unto all, watch."

As we entered upon the consideration of the state of Society, as brought before us by the Queries and answers, we were desired to seek for strength and right qualification, which would be found by coming to our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. We were reminded that He is the Vine and we are the branches, and that as we realized this abiding in Him, we would know a dwelling in harmony. The answers to the Queries called forth much counsel. We were advised to examine carefully the foundation of worship, remembering that it depended not on the time nor place, the simplicity of our form, nor the adornments of the house, but upon the condition of

the heart. That we should not worship only in the meeting-house, but in every act of our lives, continually dwelling in that state of mind, the Apostle called those in his days to, that of prayer without ceasing. We were reminded that the early Christians met in the "upper room," and in the Catacombs of Rome, or wherever they could worship undisturbed; and that many of the adornments of the present houses of worship originated from worshipping in the vacated temples of idolatry; and also that God has not changed, that He met with them then in their simplicity, and will still be with us, if we seek to gather in His life and power. We were tenderly advised to remember those who from their situation in life, cannot always attend our mid-week meetings; and to extend our sympathy towards them, when we are gathered on these occasions. We could thus sit with them in their lonely places, and put a hand to their burdens, that they may be encouraged and helped on their way. We were tenderly exhorted to dwell in and increase the love that now seems to pervade our Society, love being not only the fulfilment of the law, but the highest condition in which man can dwell. For "God is love," and they that dwell in love, dwell in Him, and He in them. And this love would be practical and living, being manifested in all our deeds, life and conversation. We were reminded that if we would increase this love, we must enter into sympathy with those who are in suffering, and oppressed, and thus would we realize self to be crucified. Plainness of speech, deportment and apparel, were feelingly alluded to, and we were told that if clothed by the pure Spirit of God, it would lead us into simplicity, and call us away from that which is changeable and fleeting, to that which is useful and durable. We were beautifully reminded that the plain "thee" and "thou" were the language of the home circle and the language of love. In regard to moderation and temperance a concern was felt that this should be carried out in our eating, manner of living, and the various things used in our every-day life. We were advised to remember that we should not confine our goodness to ourselves, but that when our own garments were clean, we might endeavor to bring others likewise into the same condition, as ability was afforded, so that through our lives and conversation others might be brought to a knowledge of the Truth, and to sympathize one with another, that the hands of all might be strengthened. Friends were reminded that it was far better to draw the children and youth into support of our testimonies by showing the beauty of them in our daily life and character, rather than by the use of

coercive measures.

We were cautioned to beware of the inroads of the priesthood who are seeking to engraft a clause upon the Constitution of our country, for the restriction of religious liberty, and advised that we should keep alive a living testimony to the rights of conscience. An exercise was felt that when one transgressed our order, that each individual member might feel the responsibility resting upon him, to see that such an one was restored in the Truth.

A number of Friends from other Yearly Meetings have been acceptably with us, encouraging us by their presence and counsel, and by their labors of love in silent sympathy as well as in the ministry. Through the several sittings we feel that we have been blessed with our Divine Father's presence.

REPORT OF THE INDIAN COMMITTEE OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

To Baltimore Yearly Meeting :

The Standing Committee on Indian concerns report : That they have, during the past year, labored to the best of their ability to promote the welfare of those Indians who are especially under the care of this Yearly Meeting, and also, in conjunction with the other Yearly Meetings of Friends, for the general benefit of the whole of the Superintendency.

At a meeting of the committee held 11th month 3d, 1870, an interesting letter was received from Samuel M. Janney, requesting Friends to forward clothing for the aged and infirm Indians, which was responded to, and the subject was laid before Friends in their different neighborhoods, which met with a hearty approval, and a number of boxes of clothing and other things needed by them, were forwarded to the agent, to be disposed of for those Indians, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company kindly offering to take the goods free of charge as far as their lines extended.

A delegation of the Executive Committee was sent to Philadelphia to meet a committee of the six Yearly Meetings, to be held 12th month 19th, 1870. Several subjects of interest for the welfare of the Indians were presented to the committee, and after due consideration, it was agreed to appoint an Executive Committee, representing the six Yearly Meetings, to whose watchful care the important matters should be referred, and who should be prepared to attend to any duties that may require them at Washington, in furthering this deeply interesting and benevolent concern.

In pursuance of this appointment, a part of our committee met with some of the gen-

eral committee at Washington, 1st month 10th, 1871, and had an interview with the President, the Secretary of the Interior, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, all together, at the Executive Mansion, and after hearing our petition read, the President said he would use his influence to have our wishes attended to, and that our administration of the Superintendency met his entire approval.

The resignation of our esteemed friend, Samuel M. Janney, as Superintendent, being presented by him, a portion of the committee were appointed to attend a meeting at Philadelphia, at which his resignation was accepted. A letter received from Barclay White was read, expressing his willingness that his name should be offered to the committee as Samuel's successor. On due consideration it was approved, and a committee was appointed to convey that information to Washington for the approval of the Indian Department.

A letter was received from the Seneca Nation of Indians, State of New York, informing us that "the Seneca nation in council now assembled, do most respectfully request, that our old true Friends, the Quakers, watch and see that no legislation be had at Washington, that will take from us our territory, or prejudice our rights, and they are requested to protect our interest as far as it may be in their power;" this was attended to, and their anxiety relieved. And they were informed that it afforded our people, the Friends, great pleasure to render any aid in our power to protect the Seneca Indians in their just rights, and to promote their advancement in habits of industry, civilization and enlightenment.

An interesting report was received from Jacob M. Troth, Agent for the Pawnees, the care of which tribe has been assigned more particularly to Baltimore Yearly Meeting. From this report we learn that the agent has received from Friends, clothing, medicines, fruit and delicacies for the sick, amounting to about two thousand dollars in value, besides money, so that it appears the good work of feeding, clothing, and civilizing the Indians, is progressing satisfactorily in this agency, and we are greatly encouraged to continue our efforts in the same direction, with the hope that they will eventually be crowned with complete success.

On the 4th of 9th month last year, the Indians returned from their summer hunt, which was successful, and their conduct while away was orderly ; immediately after their return they commenced gathering their abundant crops of corn, beans, pumpkins, and some potatoes, which they had planted in the spring, for the first time. In this labor

the squaws were materially aided by the men. The planting, cultivating, and gathering their crops are done in the most thorough manner, and the crops are remarkably good. In addition to the cultivation of crops, they gave considerable attention to securing hay and corn stalks, to feed their ponies on in the spring, after they should return from the winter's hunt. This evidence of provident forecast in these Indians is a very encouraging mark of their advance in civilization, and gives ground to hope that a comparatively few years more of careful instruction and encouragement will enable them to do for themselves, or in the expressive Indian language, "to walk alone."

There have been seventy pupils in the Industrial School at the Pawnee Agency, which appears to be in a flourishing condition, and doing much good. Of last year's pupils, five have been married, and are now living in houses provided by the appropriation obtained from Congress, and their success in housekeeping is quite encouraging, and their application to business compares favorably with others.

Two of the largest and most promising of the young men were killed by the Sioux in the early part of 6th month last. This was felt to be a great affliction, as the two youths who were thus horribly massacred, commanded the love and respect of the entire community at the Agency.

The agent adds—Our school has been very successful the past year, and reflects great credit upon all the employees without a single exception. They are all deeply interested in the cause in which they are engaged, and seem to be untiring in their labors.

The entire family at the school have been bountifully supplied with a variety of vegetables by the labor of their pupils, and in addition to what have been used, there are enough on hand to last until another crop can be raised.

All the out door work incident to a school of this kind is performed by the same boys, and several male pupils are detailed for indoor work.

Out of the share allotted to the Pawnees of the thirty thousand dollars, obtained last session of Congress, for the aid of the Indians in the Northern Superintendency, a school building has been erected, with a dwelling in the rear; the school room is capable of accommodating sixty pupils comfortably, and there is now a day school of fifty scholars in successful operation, taught by Phoebe H. Sutton, a Friend from Brooklyn, New York. The progress of the pupils has been rapid, and the attendance good.

In view of the whole subject, we think

there is much to encourage the Friends in the labor they are performing, and the sacrifices they are making for the benefit of the Indians. The dark cloud that so ominously extended over them for so many years, apparently threatening the early extermination of their whole race, has happily disappeared, and in its stead are the united efforts of the different religious associations and political communities as with one hand and one heart, laboring for the Indian's protection, civilization and enlightenment.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

Baltimore, Md., 10th mo. 30th.

BEAR RIVER VALLEY.

A member of the corps ("M. D.") known as "*The Hayden U. S. Geological Surveyors*," has recently published several articles embodying graphic accounts of their perigrinations, from which the following, bearing date "Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory, October 4th, 1871," is extracted as possessing peculiar interest. This extract may possibly be followed by others, should they be thought worth the space they will occupy in the *Intelligencer*.

J. M. E.

"We had driven about five miles, when our road turned abruptly to the left into a cañon, through which we could look out upon the beautiful valley of Bear river, which here, after running north, bends around the point of a range of mountains, and turning upon itself, flows in a southwesterly direction. The cañon is formed principally of basaltic rocks, which, on the left, rise several hundred feet. Near the road their crust was broken, and we discovered several small caves, into which we crept, but having no candles, we could not venture far into the largest, which was of the same character as that found by us near Dry Creek, last June. To our right was a high, rocky point, around which the river swept through a narrow, precipitous channel, which was overhung by graceful trees and vines, their leaves bearing the varied autumn tints, and, until approached closely, hiding the river completely. As we drove through the cañon, over a hard, smooth pavement of this basalt, we could imagine ourselves crossing over a tunnel, and the hollow tones grew quite audible as our horses galloped over the exposed layers.

"Traveling over this splendid road for several miles, we came in sight of the settlements on Bear river, near Soda Springs. Nearing the river bank, we found quite a town; camped about noon upon Soda Spring Creek (which empties into Bear river), so that we might spend one day in examining these natural curiosities. Near our camp was one of

these springs, where, from a small opening in the bank of the creek, flowed pure soda-water, strongly charged with carbonic acid gas. The surrounding soil was of a ferruginous character, and the deposit of soda in and around the spring was stained of a bright red color. Making some syrup with bottled lime juice, we spent some time at the spring, where, from our natural fountain, we dipped the water and drank it to our heart's content. Elevating the dipper, we poured the water into the syrup, and drank it foaming and sparkling, as good, if not better, than any we ever drank at home. Walking down the river bank for about half a mile, we found another spring of a weak solution of soda, but so strongly charged with carbonic acid gas that it bubbled and boiled, throwing the water at least a foot in height. This fountain was in a beautifully rounded basin of soda deposit, the white salt and iron deposit making a pretty natural receptacle about one foot in diameter and perfectly symmetrical. Near by were several fissures in the earth where the carbonic acid gas alone escaped forcibly, while the ground surrounding these openings was quite warm. The first-mentioned spring where we enjoyed the water was ice cold, while the one we have just mentioned averaged 96 degrees, and was only pleasant as a bath.

"All around, covering at least two square miles, could be seen mounds formed by the deposit from old springs which had ceased flowing, and, in places from twenty to thirty feet square, were entirely covered with this deposit in layers nearly twenty feet in thickness. About a mile from camp and to the southeast we discovered a strong spring gushing out near the foot of a mountain. Here was such a saturated solution of lime and soda that, as soon as the carbonic acid gases escaped and the water (which can hardly be called such) ceased to be agitated, the two salts in combination settled upon and encrusted the grass, and, in fact, everything within reach. Sticks, leaves and grass were enveloped and cemented together so that large masses could be broken off, and, as each retained its new shape, the specimens were perfect. They looked like masses of vegetation petrified in the act of growing, so well did they retain their shape, and we found it quite difficult to pack the specimens we took back to camp, on account of their being exceedingly fragile and brittle. It was a curious sight, as the surface of the ground sparkled in the sunlight, making that particular area appear as if visited by a permanent hoar frost, and as the spring flows on the encrustations gradually spreading, until, at present, they cover nearly an acre. The water of

this spring is of no use, as yet, but as the neighborhood becomes settled it may prove of value. Returning to camp, we enjoyed a supper of roasted wild goose, and started early the next morning down the valley."

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

Five out of six of us have to earn our bread by manual labor, and will have to earn it so to the end of the chapter. Five out of six English children in past generations were in consequence apprenticed to some trade or calling by which that necessary feat could be surely accomplished. They learnt in their catechisms and Bibles that they were not beasts of the field, but moral and responsible beings. They were taught that there was an immortal part of them, the future of which depended upon their conduct while they remained on earth. The first condition of a worthy life was to be able to *live honestly*; and in the farm or at the forge, at the cobbler's bench or in the carpenter's yard, they learnt to stand on their own feet, to do good and valuable and careful work for which society would thank and pay them. Thenceforward they could support themselves and those belonging to them without meanness, without cringing, without demoralizing obligation to others, and laid in rugged *self dependence* the only foundation for a firm and upright character. The old English education system was the apprentice system.

The conditions on which we have our being on this planet remain unchanged. Intelligent work is as much a necessity as ever, and the proportion of us who must set our hands to it is not reduced. Labor is the inevitable lot of the majority, and the best education is that which will make their labor most productive. The knowledge which a man can *use* is the only real knowledge, the only knowledge which has life and growth in it, and converts itself into practical power. General knowledge means general ignorance, and an ignorance, unfortunately, which is unconscious of itself. Young fellows so educated have gained nothing towards the wholesome gratifying of their ambitions, while they have gained considerable discontent at the inequalities of what is called fortune. They are without means of self-help, without seriousness, and without stability. They believe easily that the world is out of joint because they, with their little bits of talents, miss the instant recognition which they think their right.

A consciousness of moral responsibility, a sense of the obligation of truth, and honesty, and purity, lie at the bottom of all right action. Without it, knowledge is useless; with it, everything will fall into its place. [In re-

ligious teaching, we are not so much to hammer on the detail of facts, as to inculcate faith and the true *principle of action*.] The doing right alone teaches the value or the meaning of right; the doing it willingly, if the will is happily constituted; the doing it unwillingly, or under compulsion, if persuasion fails to convince. In this last clause lies the most important duty of parents and teachers.

Freedom is to be found perfectly only in the service of God. "Intellectual emancipation," says Goethe, "if it does not give us at the same time control over ourselves, is mischievous." In personal morality, liberty is self-restraint, and self-indulgence is slavery.

By the street of "By-and-by" one arrives at the house of Never.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Oh! blessed privilege to die—

With Thee, O Lord, to sleep;
To lay life's heavy burden down,
And Sabbath rest to keep.

We scarcely dare to mourn for those,
Translated to the sky;
Who fall with "all their armor on,"
And thus triumphant die.

To those, the King of Terror seems
A messenger of light;
Come when he may, at noontide hour,
Or with the shades of night.

And thus unto our sainted friend,
He came with words of love;
And whispered low, "The Master calls
Unto the courts above.

"O faithful servant! for His sake
Thou'st watched, since early morn,
The lambs committed to thy care—
His cross hath meekly borne.

"While others in His vineyard toiled,
Thy lot, His flocks to guide;
With crook in hand to go before,
And guard on every side.

"The Holy Shepherd's voice, thou strove
With earnest care to heed;
And, in His footsteps following close,
Thou sought thy charge to lead.

"To 'pastures green,' where softly flow
The 'waters still' and pure
Where from the heat thy coverts find,
And rest at eve secure.

"For His dear sake, thou led them on,
Watch-keeping night and day—
Through desert paths, through mazy wilds,
Nor fainted by the way.

"Now, leave the tending of thy flocks,
O shepherd highly blest;
Thy work is done—come, enter thou,
Upon thy heavenly rest."

Baltimore, Md.

A. R. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Another day of mingled joy and grief,
To swell the record of the past has flown;
The gathering twilight brings a glad relief,
A soul-entrancing sweetness, all its own.

Here 'neath the welcome shadow let me rest,
And sweet communion with my spirit hold;
While darkness draws a veil o'er Nature's breast,
And silence reigns unbroken o'er the world:—

Unbroken—save where yonder leafy spray
O'erhangs the margin of the sleepless stream;
The nightingale pours forth its varied lay:—
Or through the woods the startled night bird's scream.

In peaceful hamlets, hushed the busy hum;
The cheerful homes their sturdy inmates hold;
The lowing herds from distant pastures come;
The bleating flocks now seek the welcome fold.

From latticed windows, struggling thro' the gloom,
In flick'ring streams, the ruddy firelight glows;
And merry laughter, issuing from the room,
In soft and gentle ripples toward me flows.

See where yon hill, in gloomy grandeur, rears
Its wood-crowned summit to the eastern skies;
The silver crescent of the moon appears,
And bathed in beauty all the landscape lies.

Beneath the solemn covering of the night,
My thoughts revert to the departed day;
Say, is the record brought me pure and bright?
Of good or evil, what report have they?

Of feebly-made resolves—more feebly kept,
Or earnest zeal and warfare for the right?
The pliant conscience—has it basely slept,
Or ruled its promptings by the inward light?

Have envy, anger, malice, hatred, stained
The precious moments of the fleeting day?
Or love towards God and all His works remained
To lead my falt'ring footsteps in the way?

The daily record let me thus review,
And ask of God to grant my spirit power
The coming day the contest to renew,
With hope of victory ere its closing hour.

For in this season of communion sweet,
The soul seems nearer to its Maker drawn;
And, strengthened by His presence, waits to greet,
With holier purpose, the returning morn.

R. T.

DAMASCUS AND "THE RUINS OF BAALBEK.

It is never well to expect too much of a place of which one has only read, and I found this out anew on going through the streets of Damascus, the oldest city in the world. My anticipations were altogether too rosy. I thought everything oriental and peculiar would be on a grander scale than in any other city that I had visited; that I could meet the old and the new in more happy harmony than anywhere else. But, to my surprise, the new had pushed out the old, and it was only by ascending the roofs of houses and crowding between the walls of adjacent buildings, that I could meet with ancient inscriptions and other vestiges of antiquity. I had a ride around the remain-

ing portions of the thick old walls, and these gave me a better idea of the former grandeur and strength of Damascus than anything else. The gate of the "street called Straight" may be the very same one through which Paul entered, for it certainly looks old enough, and a portion of the contiguous wall is dilapidated; but the street itself, though still remarkably straight for the East, is quite modern in appearance, and is about the best bazaar I have met with anywhere. For silk stuffs and silverware, Damascus has no equal in the Eastern countries, and for the remarkable contrast between luxuriant vegetation and a leafless desert surrounding a city, there is nowhere an approach to it. I shall never forget the desolate road on skirting the snow-banks of Hermon, and then descending into a country whose black basaltic rocks seemed to have been scattered by some cyclopean army, and finally reaching a vast plain of unrelieved aridity and sterility—a desert in the most unqualified sense—and then seeing far off in the distance a single green spot in the horizon, which after five hours' steady travelling, I found to be green and fragrant, and most welcome Damascus. It is the Abana and Pharpar, that give existence and beauty to this city, just as the Nile gives to Egypt all its life. Let those two rivers stop flowing, and Damascus would be as dead in fortnight as Pompeii. The murmur of mountains falls constantly on your ears, and in Demetri's hotel, where my windows were darkened by jasmine and other fragrant parasites, the music of cheerful streams in the court was the last sound on my ears at night and the first in the morning.

To go from Damascus to Baalbek, and thence to Beirut, requires five days of hard horseback work, if one prefers to see the country and the source of the Abana, instead of shortening the tour by making use of the direct stage line to Beirut. The ruins of Baalbek stand among the very grandest of all the remains of Grecian architecture. The style hardly belongs to the very purest, they say, when measured by the critical eye of the professional architect, but in splendor and dimensions they are without a rival. I could hardly believe the books and my own eyes as I sat outside the ancient moat of the Great Temple, and looked upon single stones, forming part of the original substructure, which were sixty-three feet long and thirteen feet broad, and had been raised over twenty feet. Who can tell their weight? This temple was dedicated to Baal or Jupiter, and belongs to the Corinthian style; the columns—fifty four in all—are seventy-five feet high, and over their capitals rises an entablature fourteen feet more. The Temple of the Sun,

or Apollo, is pretty complete, and is still the most perfect remains of art in Syria. I could see where the altar used to stand, and count the niches where the statues of the gods had been placed, and here we Christians had come to see the ruinous perfection. The great portal is still entire, but the massive keystone of the lintel has fallen two feet from its original position and hangs by only a slender hold, just as it has done ever since the earthquake of 1729. I could not stand under the threatening mass without a shudder. This keystone is of many tons' weight, and on its under side is sculptured a great eagle, with a caduceus in his talons and garlands streaming from his beak.

These ruins lie within a small compass, and the longer one dwells upon them, the more bewildered he becomes by their splendor. I climbed to the very top of some of the highest walls, groped through the subterranean halls, looked out from broken arches into the snowy and ever fresh ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, between which lies the great valley of Cælo-Syria; stopped here and there to examine some beautiful fragments that obstructed the pathway and were half overgrown by nettles, and did not wonder that a righteous God had allowed all this splendor of marble and granite to fall—the most of it—into a confused mass by earthquake and war, because it was the seat of an idolatry as blind and corrupt as that of Memphis, Babylon, or Nineveh. Some traveler had appropriately marked in charcoal, just where the great idolatrous altar had stood in the temple of the sun, the words, of which the chaos of ruin supplied the comment: "The idols He shall utterly abolish." That night we pitched our tent within the enclosure of the Great Temple, with the mighty ruins all around us. No sound of idolatrous orgies broke upon the ear; nothing but the innocent brawl of jackals in search of food, and the occasional neighing of our jaded horses. The moon was in the full, and shone brightly over the little world of departed glory. We again explored some of the main points of interest, and in the night quite too late for comfortable and undisturbed rest, we sought repose on our narrow camp-beds.—*Dr. Hurst, in "The Methodist."*

SYSTEMATIZING MENTAL LABOR.

As a marvellous instance of what one man may achieve by doing systematically and thoroughly whatever he undertakes, we can not do better than consider the life of Alexander von Humboldt. There was no part of the world he had not visited, and he had been nowhere without acquiring the most exact

knowledge of the whole country, its geology, its animal life, its botany, all its physical characteristics, as well as the language, habits, customs, laws, religion, and history of its people. He led this life till he was ninety years of age, and even then no fact, in any part of the world, that had any bearing on scientific truth escaped his notice. His mind was a museum, where all the knowledge that had been brought into the world was placed in order, carefully guarded, and always ready for use. We are not wrong in attributing the boundless learning and prodigious memory of this great man to his habit of systematizing his mental labor, and to his power of self-concentration; and to his belief in the wisdom of God—*Scientific American*.

THE MICHIGAN SUFFERERS.

The following letter will give some greatly desired information concerning the sufferers by the Michigan fires:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
MADISON, WIS., Nov. 8, 1871. }

Geo. H. Stuart, Esq., Philadelphia:

My Dear Sir,—Please extend to the ladies of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, the sincere thanks of my sorely-afflicted fellow citizens, for the boxes of clothing mentioned in yours of the 4th inst. The liberal contributions from the generous people of the United States have been so great, that we shall have an abundance of clothing for all the sufferers by fire. I have so announced to the people.

We shall have them all housed within a month, with a stove, bedding, ordinary household utensils, and food enough for the winter. We shall furnish them with necessary tools, a plough, wagon, team, when necessary, to give them a fair start in life on their farms.

The contributions have been most liberal in money and supplies of all kinds. The money contributions now amount to about \$190,000, which, with what the State will give, will enable us to do all I have mentioned. Mankind is all right when trouble comes. Womankind is better. My heart is so full of gratitude to all who have contributed to relieve the people in the burned district, that I cannot find words to give it expression. Could you have seen them as I did, with nothing, and know as I now know, that they are not to suffer from hunger or cold during the fast approaching winter, you would appreciate my feelings.

Very truly yours,

LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

ONE cannot learn everything; the objects of knowledge have multiplied beyond the powers of the strongest mind to keep pace with them all.—*Froude*.

ITEMS.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN of Twelfth month 12th will not be visible in the Western Hemisphere. The line of totality commences in the Indian Ocean, on the coast of Hindostan, near Bombay, and thence passes east in a great circle over Sumatra, Java, New Guinea, through the islands of the Pacific and terminates on the Equator in mid ocean. To speak more accurately, the central eclipse begins in longitude 61 degrees east of Greenwich and in latitude 16 degrees north, and ends generally in longitude 178 degrees west of Greenwich and latitude zero. The sun and moon will be in apparent conjunction for three hours and twenty three minutes, although the period of actual total obscurity at any one point of the earth's surface will be but a few minutes.

ENCKE'S COMET.—The spectrum of Encke's Comet was recently observed and measured at the Cambridge (Mass.) Observatory. The spectrum, it is reported, consists of three bright lines and a faint continuous spectrum, fainter than the continuous spectrum of the great nebula in Orion, as seen by the same spectroscopist. From these observations, it is argued that Encke's Comet is a gaseous body, emitting and not merely reflecting light.

THE SERFS—The Russian government has recently published interesting statistics in reference to the emancipation of the serfs. The emancipation ukase was issued on Second month 19, 1861, and at that time in Russia and Europe there were 103,158 land owners, who employed 9,797,163 serfs as agricultural laborers on their estates, besides 900,971 household servants held in the same condition of bondage. Including women, the total number of serfs was upwards of 22,000,000. The 103,158 landowners possessed about 60,000,000 acres of land, of which about 20,000,000 were occupied by the serfs for their cottages and gardens. By the emancipation ukase the land thus occupied by the serfs was to become their property after the payment of its value by instalments. In ten years after the promulgation of the decree of emancipation, 6,474,613 serfs have become absolute proprietors of 12,881,113 acres of land. Another period of ten years, it is calculated, must elapse before all the serfs are emancipated. The popular notion that emancipation has ruined the nobles and enriched the serfs, it is argued, is entirely fallacious. The nobles still possess the greater portion of the land, each one still retaining on an average 384 acres, while the peasant owns only two acres. In the less populous parts of Russia the land lies uncultivated in consequence of the want of laborers; but this state of affairs, it is contended, is to be attributed to the conduct of the nobles, who, before the emancipation, were in the habit of sending the most intelligent serfs to the towns to learn trades, and then claim a large share of their considerable earnings. In this way the number of hands on the estates was reduced.—*Public Ledger*.

A Convention of the Governors of the New England and Northwestern States will be held at Detroit, on 11th mo. 27th, for the purpose of promoting the construction of a continuous water and steam navigation route from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean. It is proposed to excavate a ship canal around the Falls of Niagara, and the route then proceeds by way of Lake Ontario, the river St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain and the Hudson river, to the harbor of New York. Congress is to be petitioned to make appropriations for this work, and to regulate the rates of toll and transportation.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Strattan, Richmond, Ind.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE GREAT WANT IN A TRUE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

The present aim in systems of education is to study books; to store the minds of the young with the recorded thoughts of the wise, learned and good who have preceded us.

This is all right in its place. But we must keep in mind there is a great amount of unwritten knowledge. This the present system cannot reach. Besides, the young have muscles as well as minds, which, particularly in this day of imperative practical duties, possess equal claims to careful education and training.

Of the capability of the muscles for education, we have multiplied evidences. When a girl first commences to knit, how slow and studied is every movement of the fingers, the whole mind being engrossed with the deliberate placing of the needles, and the slow adjustment of the yarn in every stitch, one after another, and often with the mother's instruction superadded; and, when it is finished, it is but a poor specimen of knitting after all. But during this slow process, the muscles are being educated. By means of the sympathetic nerves, the same movements of the muscles, successively repeated in the same order, through the wise economy of the physical constitution, so trains them, that

each movement suggests the next one, so that, in a little time, the process is carried on without further thought than a watchful consciousness to detect when the natural movement suggested by the nerve is not responded to by the muscle—that is, is not made. This break in the natural process at once arrests attention. A readjustment ensues, and the work proceeds again seemingly without thought.

The same education of the muscles is witnessed in making a pen from a quill, writing with a pen, and, indeed, in every process requiring a repetition of movements in the same order. At first, every motion must be engrossingly regarded and directed. But during this process, the muscles are educated and trained to the movement, so that in a little time the operation can be continued while the mind of the operator may be engaged in improving thought and reflection. What a wise and benevolent provision do we here find in our constitution!

Moreover, when the muscles become completely trained to any succession of movements, a pleasureable sensation accompanies the engagement which calls these movements into requisition, even after the lapse of a long period. I have known instances of persons who had been brought up on a farm, and accustomed in early life to the use of a scythe and flail, who, on visiting a farm after many years' city residence, at the season when

threshing and mowing were in progress, have taken those instruments, and used them efficiently with a zest and delight, from the pleasureable sensation of awakened muscular activities that had long lain dormant.

The muscles, like the mind, are more easily educated when young. They are then more pliable, teachable, and retentive. In processes requiring delicacy of touch or movement, early training of the muscles is of the highest importance. Unless the muscles are trained, as they can be, to execute, either directly or indirectly, the most delicate and perfect conceptions of the mind, the human machine is not in harmony—it is not properly balanced. But this defect is not the fault of the original constitution. It is the result of the disproportioned regard to the education and training of the mind and muscles.

There is no substitute for this muscular training. It matters not how much the mind may know, how highly it may be educated—it is a locked up treasure, in every department, until the muscles are trained to give it active value by executing properly whatever the mind dictates. Even speaking and writing—articulation and penmanship—to both of which important processes far too little attention is given, require muscular training. And if this is done early in life, and persistently adhered to for a few years, the enunciation being clear and distinct, and the letters well formed, both these valuable and indispensable needs of pleasant and improving social intercourse may be conducted as readily, and more pleasureably, than in the present too general indistinct and hurried articulation and illegible writing.

As before remarked, there is no substitute for muscular training. Some years ago, great perfection was attained in Paris in forming *papier mache* representations of the human body, with all its muscles, nerves, organs, and viscera. Every portion, with the most minute precision, was so arranged that it could be taken apart, piece by piece, or dissected, and then readjusted, so that every part of the human body, internal and external, and its connection with other parts, could be readily seen, and deliberately studied.

This attainment was regarded with great interest and favor by many benevolent persons, under the belief that it would relieve students of medicine from what was regarded as a hardening influence of dissecting a dead subject, by furnishing all needed information without it. Some students of surgery were accordingly educated by using a *papier mache* representation, instead of a real "subject." When these students came to put their surgical knowledge into practice, however, by using the knife and other instruments,

they found that their muscles not having been trained to the requisite delicacy and steadiness of movement, it was like butchering the patient—a rough, irregular, and unsuccessful attempt—causing much suffering which a proper training of the muscles might have avoided.

In order for success, the muscles must be simultaneously trained with the mind—must be taught to *do*, as well as the mind to *know*,—it being the *practical* part that is of the greatest service to our fellow-creatures.

The general plan of our institutions of learning is imported. Colleges and universities were formerly conducted by priests and clergymen. The principal aim of the colleges of Europe was to educate the students for one of the three "learned professions," divinity, medicine, and law. School learning, or literary instruction, was regarded as thrown away upon mechanics, farmers, laborers, and even upon merchants, further than to understand geography and business accounts. In the time of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, it is said, a large proportion of the "nobility" could not read or write.

Times now are happily altered. We see their mistake, and in measure correct it. We have learned to appreciate the superiority of intelligent over unskilled labor in every department of industry, and to understand the greatly predominating relative importance of the products of industrial pursuits, to society, and to the country, over those of the "three learned professions," and to see that this relation is becoming more and more marked in favor of industrial pursuits.

To the Society of Friends, this consideration presents itself with peculiar significance and interest. In such education as it is their concern to impart to their children, which must include a knowledge of the laws of health, and of the importance of obeying them, the three learned professions may very generally be dispensed with. Instead of a preparation for these, the education of the muscles, and a knowledge of the use of tools, must be substituted as adapted to the present practical condition of society, and must be acquired simultaneously with the literary and scientific attainments, and superiority and skill in them should be rewarded by similar evidences of approbation.

Two marked and sorrowful results arise from the present mode of pushing the intellectual development in college, to the neglect of training the muscles to some designed end, and learning to use tools with a purpose while young.

Very few college graduates, comparatively, ever engage in mechanical or other producing industrial pursuits. The reason is evident,

from controlling principles in human nature, which we will do well adequately to regard. From constitutional influences which tend to self-reliance and progress, and are therefore good, it is unfavorably mortifying to a young person, after having obtained an eminence or an advanced position, to be compelled to come down or go back again. Hence, after a college graduate has obtained his diploma for success and distinction in his collegiate performances, if he enters upon mechanical or manufacturing pursuits, he has to go back and commence at the very A B C of the business, and, with all his college acquirements, have the mortification of being surpassed and thrown into the shade by young and illiterate fellow workers, who had happily acquired experience and training in using tools. This humiliation the college graduate can rarely undergo. Nor ought he to be subjected to it. It is not favorable to him. His manliness and self-reliance suffer, and all this from no fault of his, but from the neglect of those who had the direction of his education. If he had had his muscles trained, and learned the general use of tools simultaneously with his literary and scientific studies, a very brief special training would have enabled him to take a respectable and remunerative position in a manufacturing establishment, or other industrial engagement.

The second sad result from the present mode of collegiate studies, is the great number of graduates that become intemperate. This, also, is a result naturally to be looked for, from the combination of circumstances brought to bear upon them. I was lately informed, that a person who had carefully traced the lives of the graduates of some college after they had gone out into the world, ascertained that one-half of them died drunkards! What a sorrowful termination of a life, from which, no doubt, much was hoped during the sacrifices that were made in order to get the college course completed! And the thought is rendered sadder, when we reflect, that the course pursued towards the student, from want of proper care to adapt his education to his wants and circumstances, tended to produce the result of filling a drunkard's grave, instead of fulfilling the bright hopes that had been entertained of him! It is a sorrowful picture, but it is one, though less frequently, occurring with the children of Friends, because hitherto, few of them, comparatively, have been sent to college, which should be looked at, carefully examined, and the practical lesson which it plainly teaches treasured up thoughtfully.

Let me state a not uncommon case. A bright youth of a family is selected to have

a college education. His home education is directed to this end. His brothers do all the domestic duties, and he is kept at his books. Father, mother, sisters, all cheerfully make the necessary sacrifices, which are often severe, in order that this favorite of the family may pass successfully and respectably through the college course and receive his diploma, when they suppose their labors and sacrifices for him will terminate, and he will be able, by his learning, not only to do for himself, but perhaps return to them a part of what they had through many long years advanced.

Now, with all his learning and his diploma, he is among the most helpless of human beings. The "learned professions" are all fully supplied. That last resort, a vacant school, does not open to him. He has no means of converting the knowledge which he has acquired with so much expense and labor, into the needful food and clothing for himself, much less to make any return to his family, for their kindness and sacrifices on his account. If he only had a knowledge of the use of tools, he could do something. But this knowledge he has not. This practical part of his education was, unhappily, neglected. There is nothing he can do for a livelihood. He is forced into idleness, is disheartened, seeks associates probably like himself, wants excitement, takes to drinking, and dies of intemperance, the natural result of the mistaken system of distorted education.

Many men of wealth who have not had that practical knowledge of human nature that would have shown them the necessity of bestowing upon their sons, with their scholastic education, a means of usefully and pleasantly employing their activities, (rendered more necessary by what such education awakens,) have had similarly to deplore the premature loss of beloved and promising sons! The son bears the shame, the suffering, and the blame; but if we regard things rightly, the primary fault, though kindly intended, no doubt, and from want of true knowledge, rests with the parent in the one-sided and deformed education bestowed upon his son, and the failure to place him in the way of some congenial and useful activities.

(To be continued.)

GULIELMA WILSON.

A memorial of Centre Monthly Meeting, concerning our deceased Friend Gulielma Wilson, approved by Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

The subject of this memoir was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, on the 8th day of the Twelfth month, 1794.

Her parents, Job and Hannah Packer, were members of the religious Society of Friends, of which she had a birthright. They

removed to Clinton Co., Pennsylvania, when she was three years of age. Early in life she was deprived, by death, of the Christian care of a concerned mother, but she realized that the Divine Master was ever near to direct her goings. She was often heard to speak of the gracious dealings of her Heavenly Father towards her when quite young, so that she was enabled to experience the love of God to be shed abroad in her heart. Being remotely situated from Friends, she grew up amongst a different class of people. In the eighteenth year of her age she entered into marriage with our late Friend, Robert Wilson, with whom she lived about forty-three years. They settled in Clearfield Co., Pennsylvania, when it was quite a wilderness. Living from amongst Friends, the Society of her choice, she was not left comfortless. As she was willing to ask her Heavenly Father for strength to do her duty to her family and fellow-creatures, she sweetly realized the promise given, "ask, and ye shall receive."

In the year 1825 she removed with her family to Centre Co., within the limits of this meeting, where she passed the remainder of her life. She felt a deep interest in the promotion and advancement of our Society, and was a diligent attender of meetings when health would permit. Her seat was seldom vacant. She was ever ready to encourage the weary traveller Zionward, evincing a great concern for the youth. Though greatly in the cross she felt called to speak in public, but as she was willing to yield obedience, it brought peace to her own mind. In due time her gift was acknowledged, and she was recommended as a Minister. She bore a faithful testimony to the principles of our Society, and was an example worthy of imitation, often expressing thankfulness to her Heavenly Father in supporting her under many trials. She was of a delicate constitution, but of an industrious turn, and to use the proverb, "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." She was always cheerful, and her heart and house were ever open to her friends. Being unable to attend meeting for several years before her death, she desired Friends to come and sit with her and her family, which request was granted. These seasons she greatly appreciated, and how strong were her religious feelings in silent worship may be discovered from some lines penned by her, which are as follows: "Oh, Lord, in silence have I sought Thee; in silence have I found Thee; in silence have I worshipped Thee; in silence hast Thou shown me Thy wonderful works." She continued to grow weaker as her years increased, and was afflicted with a disease of a chronic nature, so that her suffering was great, but she was often heard to say,

"Why is it that I am so long continued! Oh, how I desire to be released! I want no more of this world's goods!" She expressed love to all her fellow-creatures, saying, "I love them all!" While she had strength to speak she gave good advice and counsel to her children.

She quietly breathed her last as one falling into a sweet sleep, on the 16th of Third month, 1870, in the 76th year of her age. By her request a solemn meeting was held at her own house, after which her remains were interred in Friends' burial-ground at Centre.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

The Queen of Belgium has recently been summoned in a court of law by a Brussels "modiste" for 67,000 francs (\$13,400,) the alleged value of certain articles of dress supplied to Her Majesty, which sum the latter refuses to pay, on the ground of its being an exorbitant demand. The changes in the fashion, which one hears talked of so incessantly, and for which thousands of people are compelled to pay extravagant sums, there being no appeal from the absurd tyranny, are originated by these "*modistes*," not by any means as improvements on previous fashions, nor because they are more becoming, but because they provide an excuse for spending money and wasting time on the part of those who have no worthier occupation than to "study the fashion." Thus, no sooner has one style come into vogue, than it is mysteriously whispered that certain things are worn a little longer, or shorter, or fuller, or higher, or lower, of a lighter color, or of a darker, or they are worn square instead of round, or round instead of square, or braided, or flounced, or with tucks, or plain, or gored, or with a train, or without one, or with high heels, or no heels, or feathers instead of flowers, or with enormous paniers, on which any one could sit while the wearer is walking along the street—in short there is no end to the absurdities which are daily perpetrated under the name of "fashion;" yet this tyranny appears to be more firmly established than any kingdom or republic. No one seems to have the courage to resist it, on this side of the Atlantic at least; on the other, however, the Crown Princess of Prussia, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, following the excellent example of her mother, who has never yielded to the demands of fashion, has inaugurated a league of ladies, whose purpose is "to cultivate plainness and modesty of dress, with good taste, befitting materials, but no extravagance nor meretricious display." The idea was also taken up by a band of ladies at the late Social Science meeting in England, who agreed that the

true way to rescue society from the outrageous inventions and the ruinous expenditure which characterize the dress of the day, is to revolutionize the ideas and styles of the boudoir and the saloons, and introduce modesty and economy among themselves; and they seriously invite all good and honorable women to join them in this crusade against fashionable dressmakers. It is to be fervently hoped that all "good and honorable" women will respond to the call, and set an example which the vain and frivolous will feel themselves constrained to follow.

If any one expected that the fiery trial through which Paris has lately passed would have had the effect of reforming that city, he is doomed to disappointment. During the siege there were no fashions at all. Ladies wore their old dresses, or re made them into the plainest of the plain; and for a time they laid aside those absurd inventions of the Second Empire—the "chignon," the "panier" and "crinoline;" they were also obliged to give up the extravagance of wearing three new dresses every day, which was in vogue at Eugenie's Court. It was, indeed, dangerous for any woman to appear on the street in anything but mourning; if she had on finery of any kind she ran the risk of being hooted and pelted for rejoicing, or seeming to rejoice, in the sufferings of the city. But with the return of peace and the revival of business has come the influx of foreign visitors and the restoration of "fashion" to its former ascendancy. "Paris," says the correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, "has learned nothing, forgotten nothing; and she sends out to-day styles of attire as shameless in their immodesty, vanity, prodigality and defiance of true feminine grace as anything which scandalized the last years of the Empire. She avenges herself on the modest German women with a book of fashions which is calculated to ruin all moderate revenues, to put chastity and sobriety to scorn, and to drive even Queens into courts of law. Those prodigious trains, those senseless appendages, that huge sham mass of dead hair, which no longer so much as affects to be natural; the countless flounces and furbelows, scrolls and ruches, which are the negation and the death of drapery; the hats and bonnets which have ceased to be more than a ludicrous caprice; the piled-up *passementerie* and costly inartistic trimmings—all these, with high heels, breeding corns and bunions; black lead under the eyes, causing early blindness; and a *tout ensemble* which would make modest women blush, if *poudre de perles* allowed it—are what we get from Paris, where so little apparently has survived except the curse which every honest heart

prayed to see die."

This is strong language, but not stronger than the occasion calls for. It is high time that the tyranny of fashion, as ugly as it is contemptible, should cease, and that American wives, sisters and daughters should refuse to live any longer under the perpetually changing orders of impudent women who teach them to lay themselves out to advertise and allure rather than to please and adorn.—*Public Ledger*.

A TRIBUTE.

Henry Hull, a well known minister in the Society of Friends, has left this tribute to the beautiful character of his wife:

"When I recur to the time of our first acquaintance, and the formation of our union in the bands of marriage, I cannot but believe, that as the servant of Abraham was directed by the favor of Heaven when seeking a wife for Isaac, so the goodness of Isaac's God was evidenced to me; our union being formed under the serious consideration of the expediency of seeking a blessing, as our prospects of a settlement in the world were not flattering. * * *

"My dear Sarah entered cheerfully as a helpmate into the duties of a wife; cross occurrences sometimes assailed us, which affected her tender mind, but I do not remember that she ever murmured, if she did she was careful to conceal it from me. I often admired the turn she would give to these occurrences, and the pleasant way she had to keep me from being discouraged, always manifesting a willingness to continue the necessary exertions; saying, 'Let us not seek for great things: if we can live comfortably, and have it in our power to entertain travelling Friends'—privileges which she enjoyed in her father's house—'these are all the riches I crave; and to obtain so much I am willing to labor early and late in the management of my domestic concerns, and more particularly if it will be the means of leaving thee more at liberty to attend to thy religious engagements.' We were so situated that we often had the company of Friends, many of whom were poor, and if I observed any partiality in her behaviour at such times, it was in showing particular attention to these. I have sometimes pleasantly remarked this to her; when her reply would be, 'I know how to feel with these—the rich have many friends.' When travelling in the service of the ministry she was so far from holding me back, that she encouraged me to attend to religious duties, saying: 'If thou neglect thy religious duties, we may not prosper in the world; and however much I miss thee when from home, I

had rather thou shouldst go than stay. I often feel a sweet union with thee when thou art absent; and sometimes partake with thee not only in suffering, but in thy consolations also.'

"As a mother, she was prudent in the management and government of her children, habituating them early to industry, considering it not only necessary to enable them to provide for their subsistence, but also conducive to health; yet tenderly careful to watch over them, so as to contribute to their comfort; saying, 'Too much should not be required of children: I feel much for them in their tender years, and would rather over-exert myself than require too much of them.'

"As a friend she was firm; slow to believe a report to the disadvantage of any one; truly a peace-maker; much respected in the neighborhood where she was best known; and I believe every person who lived near her, and was acquainted with her, would join me in this testimony to her disposition to promote peace and good will."

PRAYER, SUBMISSION, AND FAITH.

BY EDWARD C. TOWNE.

It happened to me, during a severe drought of last year, to be at work one morning on a particularly parched spot of ground, when suddenly it came over me, as I drew my rake along where the surface was like hot ashes, that such hot dust might gradually appear in every field, and even under the abundant trees which more than half fill the landscape, until life should perish in all growing things, and all water should fail, and the dying creatures should pant helpless under the blazing sun. I gasped with involuntary horror at the picture which the drooping grass-blades had stimulated my imagination to draw; and on the very instant I thought, or saw almost, as if it were part of a vision opened to me, how every creature, to the full extent not merely of its knowledge or its faith, but of its imagination, would with one accord and with every energy of soul, or mind, or desire, or instinct, attempt to PRAY. I quickly scanned this thought of passionate petition, of prayer made natural and just by such necessity, and felt that I could readily accept whatever general grounds of prayer can be resolved into this natural necessity.

But at once I reflected—and still as if I saw it in a vision—into what frame of mind, after all, a well-grounded Christian must come, upon meeting such a calamity. If rooted and grounded in the divine love, and expectant always of perfect good to all, according to the power that worketh in us, he would certainly calm his first natural cries, and strive to rest in the conclusion that the

perfect Providence doeth all things well—not *just tolerably*, but WELL. And so I readily came to this view, that the more perfect prayer is that which silences petition, bringing to the altar no sacrifice but that of perfect submission.

Reaching this point, and still as if I beheld the shifting scenes of a vision, I next saw another step before me—that of the faith which no calamity surprises, and to which, in consequence, there arises no need to undertake a struggle of submission. So that the conclusion of the whole matter seemed to be this, that prayer, a bitter or a blessed necessity to the natural man, ceases to be the voice of petition, and becomes that of submission, as the soul learns the way of true access to God; and that the entirely spiritual man, conscious of the intimate nearness of the wisdom and holiness and love of God, has no special occasion even to lift up his heart, save as it ever rises in unceasing sacrifice of grateful adoration, knowing that God is already nearer the heart than it is to itself, and that no speech nor voice can possibly go forth from us before the Divine answer to our need has arrived.

These things I saw, with the order and detail here given, as I was continuing my work, and in less time than it would require to read over the preceding lines. It came upon me, of course, under the suggestion of circumstances, yet *like* a waking vision. I felt as if there were a "Thus saith the Lord" in it; though I knew well that for me to presume this would be unfit to the last degree. Then I recalled how, when I was a little boy, I once leaned my head against a window during a terrific thunder storm, and calmed my fears by thinking over, steadily and hard, that "Our Father" would do the best possible with me, and that I should not be hurt, even if I were killed; and how a thousand times since that I had followed the same course of struggle for perfect trust, until now my mind naturally rested in this threefold conviction: *first*, that prayer is fitting and necessary and good just so far as it is natural and true, whatever may be its object or its circumstances; *second*, that submission, as far as in us lieth, is more fitting, more necessary, and every way better than petition, and the prayer of submission, therefore, than the prayer of petition; and, *third*, that he liveth truest and best and nearest to God whose faith, deeply-rooted and strongly grown, anticipates, humbly and submissively, yet with strong serenity of watching and waiting—anticipates and removes all occasion for either petition or the *struggle* of submission.

EGYPTIAN MAXIMS.

Dr. J. P. Thompson, in his "Notes on Egyptology" in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, gives the following maxims from the ancient Egyptians:

"Do not take on airs.

"Do not maltreat an inferior; respect the aged.

"Do not save thy life at the expense of another's.

"Do not pervert the heart of thy comrade if it is pure.

"Do not make sport of those who are dependent upon thee.

"Do not maltreat a woman, whose strength is less than thine own. Let her find in thee a protector.

"If from a humble condition thou hast become powerful, and the first in the city for opulence, let not riches make thee proud, for the first author of these good things is God.

"If thou art intelligent, bring up thy son in the love of God. If he is courageous, active, and increases thy property, give him the better recompense. But if the son whom thou hast begotten is a fool, do not turn away thy heart from him, for he is thy son."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OTOE AGENCY.

Extracts from a letter received from Albert L. Green, dated Otoe Agency, 10th mo. 27th, 1871:

"I feel assured that we have only to make our wants known, and they will be considered; for our Yearly Meeting, through its Committee and Aid Associations, has already shown that it realizes the position which the Society of Friends has assumed.

Those among this tribe who have removed into houses are showing their taste by decorating their rooms with illustrated newspapers, and such pictures as they can obtain; and if some of our friends have anything of this kind on hand for contribution, our Indians will hold them acceptable.

I am anxious to obtain as many household conveniences and comforts, for those who have houses, as economy will admit of. Being already enabled to supply a few bedsteads, tables, and chairs, a few more are still needed, as are also about a dozen bed ticks.

As regards clothing, the quantity required for men's wear will not exceed that sent last year. The amount and variety needed by women and children may be determined with tolerable accuracy by referring to a statement of the number and condition of the old, middle-aged, and young of the tribe, which was transmitted to the Aid last winter."

Referring to the above extracts and to those

published last week, the Publication Committee desire to inform Friends interested in the improvement of our Indians, that the Central Committee has received subscriptions which have enabled it to authorize the Agent among the Otoes to supply a part of the wants referred to.

The Aid Society of Philadelphia is procuring warm clothing for the boys and men, and is actively at work on winter clothing for the school children and women among the Otoes.

The Societies at Wilmington and West Chester are working for the Nemaha Agency, and Societies in other places are preparing to aid. Considerable supplies of new and partly-worn clothing have also been received.

The interest in the subject appears to be on the increase; we hope it will spread still more widely, in view of the fact that the opportunities now extended to our Society may possibly not continue many years.

In addition to the above, we have been requested to state that blankets and comfortables are especially needed.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I feel poor, very poor, but yet I can humbly and gratefully acknowledge I am at seasons favored with the incomes of that soul-enriching goodness, whereby I am enabled to hold on my way. What would we be if this were withdrawn? What could we do if left to ourselves—to our own feeble efforts, unaided by Divine power? We are called to work out our own salvation, but not by the might or power of the natural mind. "Not by might nor by power, but by *My Spirit*, saith the Lord." Hence the need of centering to the *eternal, inspeaking Word*, the indwelling Spirit, that we may know a renewal of strength and ability to perform the work of our day. I feel renewedly the need for us to dwell deep, to know our attention singly fixed on this invincible Power, and may nothing, neither heights nor depths, things present nor to come, be able to divert us from a steady perseverance in the work of our day. What is thy trial? Has any new thing happened unto thee? If so, let thy confidence remain firm in that which is unchangeable. It has proven sufficient in former seasons of trial, and it will not now fail thee. Mind thy calling, and therein abide. Hold thou fast unto that whereunto thou hast attained, and let no man take thy crown. Let not the fear of

man rob thee of that peace which has graciously been given thee, in lieu of some of the world's pleasures which thou hast been called upon to resign.

How precious are the Gospel promises, as found in Scripture records. They come to us sometimes almost as though spoken by an outward voice. When the word of promise has been thus presented to me, entirely unsought for, I have been instructed and strengthened by laying aside what had been engaging my attention, and looking up text and context. It is interesting to observe the application of the promise at the time when first pronounced; and sometimes its application seems as direct to myself, and as new, as though heard for the first time.

The promises of the Most High are sure unto every dependent child, and none of us, I trust, are willing to be so rebellious as to place ourselves beyond the arena of His mercies. On the other hand, when we are submissive to His requirements and dependent on His guidance, we are often able to acknowledge, wonderfully marvellous are His workings.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 2, 1871.

INDIAN AID ASSOCIATIONS.—When, three years ago, the superintendence of certain Indian tribes was offered by the President to our Society, it was received as a sacred trust, and it has been cheerfully borne as affording an opportunity to prove that right moral influence and correct dealing would accomplish what fraud and injustice had failed to secure.

After the announcement that the offer had been accepted, the first thought was, can there be found any among us so touched with a feeling of sympathy for the red man that they will be made willing to leave the comforts of refined life, and submit to the privations of uncivilized surroundings, in the hope of arousing the sons of the forest to a higher state of moral elevation? But the query did not long remain unanswered. A sense of duty constrained noble hearted men and women to enter early into the work, and through their influence and example, aided by committees and associations in the different Yearly Meetings, a great change has already been effected in their condition. Though

the progress of a race so long sunk in degradation must necessarily be slow and subject to many drawbacks, yet that so much has been accomplished gives promise that with continued perseverance greater good may result.

If, instead of being driven like chaff before the wind of advancing civilization, until they have scarcely a place on which "to spread a blanket," the Indians can be taught to realize the advantage of having settled homes, can attain to a reasonable degree of comfortable living, and become imbued with a desire for moral and mental improvement, our efforts among them will not have been in vain.

The pioneers in this work labored faithfully and well. Some of them have fulfilled their mission, and been succeeded by others equally devoted to the cause, but in order that their labors may be effectual we who remain at home must do our part. To this end Indian Aid Associations have been formed to provide clothing and other necessities of life, which materially assist the agents and teachers in carrying on the work.

These Associations have heretofore been confined to only a few neighborhoods, but it is desirable that the attention of Friends generally be directed to the subject. It is a measure in which all have a common interest, and if an Association could be established within the limits of every Monthly Meeting, the outlay of money and labor which now rests heavily upon a few, would be shared by the many, and would, we believe, benefit all.

In order the better to systematize their efforts, the Aid Associations within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting have organized a Central Committee, as will appear from their circular published in the *Intelligencer* of Eleventh mo. 11th, in which they request that delegates be appointed by each Indian Aid to meet the Central Committee on the first Fourth-day of each month, at 11½ o'clock A. M., in the library-room of the meeting-house building, 15th and Race Sts., Philadelphia.

DIED.

STEWART.—At Woodbury, N. J., on the 18th of Seventh month, 1871, Elizabeth Stewart, in the 53d year of her age; a member with Friends.

BRADWAY.—At Woodbury, N. J., on the 26th

of Tenth month last, Beulah Bradway, in the 82d year of her age; a member of Burlington Monthly Meeting.

GRISCOM.—At his residence near Salem, N. J., on the 18th of Eleventh month, 1871, Charles W. Griscom, in the 54th year of his age; a member of Greenwich Monthly Meeting.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of Swarthmore College will be held at Race St. Meeting-house, Philadelphia, at 3 o'clock P.M., on Third-day, the 5th of 12th month, 1871.

A STATED MEETING of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held on Seventh day evening, the 2d inst., at 7½ o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St. WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

In addition to the account already published, we give from the Extracts just received the minute of the exercises of both men's and women's meetings.

At the opening of the meeting a living exercise was spread over the large gathering, that every member might be found filling his place in the Church, in harmony with the Body, and prepared, through obedience to the manifestations of Divine Life in the soul, for the performance of his part of the services there of, which are as essential to its health and vigor as are any of the organs of the physical system to the harmonious performances of all the functions of animal life. As well might the eye say to the ear, "I have no need of thee," or the hand say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," as that the Body of a religious organization should think to prosper without the aid of all its members, in their various allotments of service, all working in that beautiful order which is declared to be Heaven's first law, and must be in conformity to the will of the Great Head of the Church.

The reading of the answers to the Queries revealed the existence of many deficiencies still existing in different parts of our vineyard, which was the cause of deep exercise, and brought forth many living testimonies from concerned minds, particularly in the want of due regard to the first and greatest commandment, in the non-attendance of our religious meetings. For, if the love of our Heavenly Father was paramount to all earthly considerations, we would prize, above all things, these opportunities for communing with His Holy Spirit in company with our Friends and neighbors, whom, from the cementing influence of the love of God in the soul, we should be prepared to love "as ourselves," or "as becomes our Christian Profession," thus fulfilling the second commandment, and realizing in our own experience, the truth of the declaration, "that upon

these two commandments hang all the law and the Prophets."

We were affectionately cautioned to remember, that there was something *due* to those who neglect their meetings, in the way of encouragement, by seeking after them in the spirit of love, showing them that they are missed from our gatherings, and kindly saying to them, Come brother, come sister, let us go up together to the Mountain of the Lord, to the House of the God of Jacob, and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths, for His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are Peace. We were encouraged to manifest by our life between meetings, that we are under the gathering influence of that active principle of Divine Love which first gathered our meetings, and this living worship of God will continue to gather those who dwell under its holy influence. For, the true worship of our Heavenly Father, consists in *doing* His will. *Obedience* thereunto is *Life*, and *disobedience* is *Death*.

The necessity of preserving our religious organization being apparent, it was shown that this requires the attendance of our meetings for Discipline, particularly the Preparative and Monthly Meetings, and Friends were earnestly encouraged to greater faithfulness in this important matter.

Effective testimony was borne to the sufficiency of Divine Grace in the Soul—the free Gift of our Heavenly Father—for our Salvation from Sin, and the means of growth in the Truth and Spiritual advancement. Our highest enjoyment would then be, in experiencing a spirit devoted to God, striving to obtain His blessing, and, like the ancient Patriarch, saying, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," he would then find His blessing would more than counterbalance all the troubles of this world, and life would become a scene of joy and thanksgiving.

A strong testimony was borne to the hurtful effects of using tobacco by a Friend who was still suffering, as he believed, from its deleterious influence, although he had discontinued its use for over twenty-five years.

Although we recognize individual freedom in all such matters, and would by no means wish to interfere therewith, yet in a feeling which we believe to be prompted by Gospel Love, we would encourage all our members who are addicted to the practice, to examine the subject in the light of truth, and see if there is not a sacrifice of the animal appetite in this respect required of them.

The subject of Temperance was also regarded as having lost none of its important interest; we fully believe, that those who obey its laws in all things, will find a blessing

to attend this obedience, to them and their families, which will far overbalance any enjoyment that will arise from the violation of them.

Our righteous testimony against War, and in practical support of the eternal principles of Love and Peace, claimed the attention of the meeting. The successful termination of the Convention, by which a mode for an amicable settlement of the pending questions of difference between the United States and Great Britain, was agreed upon, to the satisfaction of the Governments and people of both countries, has imparted to the friends of humanity additional ground to hope that the same wise, peaceful, and Christian mode, which is in such beautiful harmony with the principles and testimonies of Friends, may be adopted, to settle all future difficulties and differences that may arise between nations. Hence it is desired that the concern should be kept alive, so that every right effort to secure permanent peaceful relations between all Governments should be continually and wisely made, and every renewed opportunity to advance the righteous cause of Peace be promptly embraced.

This advancement will not be effected by aiming at impracticable ideas, but by recognizing existing facts, and, under the influence of Divine Wisdom, endeavoring, by the unchanging principles and laws which govern the heart of Humanity, to shape and direct the course of events in such manner, that *Peace shall be evolved as a natural and harmonious result.* Then will Peace be permanent. Then will man hold sacred, not only the *life*, but the *rights, interests and happiness* of his fellow-man everywhere. Then in the figurative language of prophetic vision, "The Mountain of the Lord's House will be established in the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow into it," clothed with the garments of Justice. Love and Peace. WILLIAM WOOD, *Clerk.*

A minute of exercises was read and approved as follows:

We have experienced our annual gathering at this time to be a season of Divine favor. We have felt that access to the source from whence comes all our strength, has been granted us; and we have an abiding assurance, that as we continue watchful and prayerful, the same blessing will continue with us, whether we are mingling together, or, in the retirement of the closet, are endeavoring to gain strength for the performance of all our duties. As religion is an individual work, we have been again and again reminded that it is only in the retirement of the soul that we can be fitted for our place here, and for the never ending life that is to come.

The attendance of meetings, to those who live in this condition, becomes a precious privilege, because we are there enabled to realize the fulfilment of the Master's promise, to those who are assembled in his Name. Unless there is a desire to be freed from a worldly spirit, and to draw near to our Great Helper, we cannot expect our religious meetings in the middle of the week to prosper. We have to lament much coldness and apathy in the attendance of some of our meetings; and we know that there must be a want of living faith where such is the case. But we are encouraged to believe, that the deep fountains of the heart, of some, at this time have been stirred, and knowing that only the love and mercy of our Heavenly Father could so have moved our hearts, we are cheered with the hope that He is caring for us, and preparing laborers for His vineyard. We believe that there are precious young Friends among us, who under the guidance of the Spirit, are endeavoring to do whatever their hands may find to do. May these be kept in humility and faithfulness to duty. The attention of the young has been called to the value of simplicity in dress and manner, and the hurtful consequences of indulgence in fashion and frivolity feelingly portrayed. They have been urged to a higher condition, and to render obedience to the little monitions of duty, which, when yielded to, will bring all things into their right place. Our young Friends have also been exhorted to cultivate the mind and heart, and refrain from the sensational reading which is flooding the land, and which prevents the mind from dwelling on holier things.

The subject of the increase of intemperance in the land has claimed our serious attention, and we have been reminded that it is in our power to do much to discourage the use of intoxicating drinks, by refraining to offer the wine cup.

We are encouraged by the reports of the labors among the Indians, to hope that a better day is dawning for that oppressed race; and Friends have been called upon to be liberal in their assistance to clothe the destitute among them. The Aid Societies have been a great assistance heretofore, and it is hoped that Friends will not "weary in well doing," till these children of the Prairie may be "able to stand alone."

Finally, let us attend to the oft repeated counsel, "Mind the light." Be faithful in little things.

With a feeling that we can praise the Lord for His manifold mercies at this time, we part to meet again next year, if so permitted.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the meeting.
MARY G. MOORE, *Clerk.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A VISIT TO SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The problem before the thoughtful mind of the present day, is that of education in its broadest and best sense.

None are more interested in its solution than the Society of Friends. We cannot live on the manna of yesterday; and although George Fox and his compeers were far before their age, and the Society they organized shared in their illumination, the same enlightenment has reached others, and the world has caught up to the advanced views promulgated by them. There are even indications that while many are intent only upon the "proper enforcement of *discipline*," and "preserving the *usages* of Society"—these being the mere husks in which originally were preserved the rich kernels of simplicity and purity of life—the great outside world is getting in advance of us in the precious privileges of advocating the largest liberty of thought, and of seeking Truth, however it may conflict with established ideas.

To keep our proper place in the progress of the ages, it is necessary that we should place within reach of the rising generation, means of procuring a substantial and thorough education. We may differ as to the exact method to be pursued—whether self-supporting labor should be an essential feature—whether the classics should be included or excluded,—but that we must *educate*, I trust all agree. No longer do we fear seeking knowledge, wherever it may lead. We are not, like the persecutors of Galileo, afraid to look through the telescope lest we may see something that will overturn a favorite belief.

Such were the thoughts suggested by a recent visit to Swarthmore. The writer, a graduate of one of the old colleges, and formerly a teacher, and therefore somewhat experienced in schools, visited the Institution unprejudiced for or against, to decide for himself as to its methods of instruction and its tendency to supply the want now felt for a suitable educational establishment. He spent twenty-four hours on the premises, attending recitations in Mathematics, French, German, History, and the English branches, and listening to a lecture and examination by the Professor of Natural History, and rarely has he witnessed more cheerful earnestness on behalf of both scholars and teachers, or more thoroughness of examination and recitation.

He had been formerly opposed to the joint education of the sexes, but the quiet and gentlemanly bearing of the boys and young men at the table, in the halls, and out of doors, in such portions of the building and grounds, and at such times as they were per-

mitted to be together, bore evidence to the refining influence of the other sex. In the recitation room and elsewhere, the visitor loses sight of the fact of there being both sexes present, in the close attention given to the exercises, and the smooth and harmonious working of the entire Institution.

It is evident that Principal, Superintendent, teachers and scholars, are conscious of the responsibility resting upon them, and are endeavoring to build up a work worthy of the Society and the times.

Of course there is much yet to be accomplished, great need of wisdom, prudence and patience; but as a long stride in the right direction, the results already attained must be highly gratifying to every reflecting visitor.

One word, in conclusion, as to the effect of Swarthmore upon private schools, apart from its great mission of furnishing first-class teachers. There can be no conflict. The tendency of such an institution is to cause a greatly increased interest in education, and many who are unable to pay the price of tuition at Swarthmore, will still be stimulated to send to good boarding-schools. Others prefer, at the same price, to have their children in smaller schools, and still others send to such to prepare for Swarthmore. In the great desire of the young for learning in these progressive days, no private school, properly conducted, will want for scholars. H.

Maryland.

THE LATE AURORA.

Red auroras, such as that which was visible here on the evening of November 9, have a peculiar interest to the man of science as well as to the ordinary spectator. This is due to the fact that their color differs in certain respects from any other red which we are in the habit of seeing. For example, a gentleman who is partially color-blind, and distinguishes ordinary red tints with difficulty, if at all, found the red light of the recent aurora plainly visible. But a more convincing proof of the singular character of the auroral red is furnished by the spectroscope.

Most persons are now aware that the purpose of spectroscopic observations is to ascertain the comparative refrangibility of the light furnished by luminous objects, and to learn by this means something with respect to their chemical constitution. If the light observed is all of one kind it will all be refracted to one place in the field of the spectroscope, and we shall see a single bright line, having the color appropriate to light of that degree of refrangibility. If the light is compound, the spectroscope will separate it into its elements, or will show, by a continuous band of prisma-

tic colors, that the luminous vibrations are prevented from fully developing themselves. This is the case with all light proceeding from solid and liquid bodies, and even with that emitted by gases subjected to a sufficient pressure. But in general an incandescent gas gives out light which appears in the spectroscopic in the form of bright lines, separated from each other by dark intervals. The auroral light, which is presumed to be due to the discharge of electricity through gases imperfectly known to us existing high above the ordinary atmosphere of the earth, appears accordingly, when examined by the spectroscopic, mainly as a set of bright lines, the most conspicuous of which is green, as is natural, since the eye perceives a greenish tint in all our usual auroras. Still, in some remarkable cases, arches of auroral light have been observed which give a continuous spectrum. Several phenomena of this kind have been recorded within the past few years at Harvard College Observatory. They are apparently to be accounted for by assuming the light to proceed from solid or liquid particles floating in a gaseous medium, or from a gas under pressure, and hence probably nearer the surface of the earth than that which is the source of ordinary auroral light.

Red light, as is known to all who have amused themselves by experiments with a prism, is less refrangible than green light. Hence we should expect that when the light of a red aurora is examined with a spectroscopic, lines would be seen beyond the usual green line towards what is called the red end of the spectrum. Some observers have indeed reported such lines as visible, but it is clear that they are not always to be seen when the red aurora appears. Nearly all the auroras which have shown red light during the past two years have been carefully examined with spectroscopes of various kinds, at Harvard College Observatory, with the singular result that while lines indicating light more refrangible than that of the usual green line are noticed whenever the quantity of light is sufficient to make them visible, no line indicating light of less refrangibility has ever been observed. In the recent aurora, for example, lines were seen in the violet, the blue and the green, (besides the ordinary green line) and these blue and green lines were seen most plainly in the light from the reddest portion of the aurora. Between these lines there was a certain amount of light which, curiously enough, still seemed red to the eye of the observer at the spectroscopic.

The conclusion seems necessary that what we call red light in an aurora is, in fact, often, if not always, made up of rays of the more

refrangible kinds. Some experiments tried by combining flames tinted with various chemical substances confirm this supposition, and have resulted in the production of a fair imitation of auroral red without the use of any originally red flame. As a mere speculation, it is perhaps also allowable to refer to recent conjectures as to the possible existence of what has been called another octave of colors, in which light beyond the violet end of the spectrum, produced by vibrations of double the rapidity of those which yield ordinary red light, may be supposed to appear to the eye in unison with that. It is conceivable that both forms of red may be visible to ordinary eyes under special conditions, and that red in the upper octave may impress an eye for which the pitch of ordinary red is too low, as we may say if we adopt the analogy of musical sounds.

Another fact of interest, and confirming a better established theory, was also noticed on November 9 at Harvard College Observatory. It is now generally admitted that electrical disturbances upon the earth are dependent to some extent upon the changes constantly going on in the gaseous envelope surrounding the sun. Since 1868 it has been possible for observers to examine the protuberances, as they are called, upon the border of the sun, which had previously been seen only at the time of a total eclipse. This is effected by means of the spectroscopic, used in a peculiar manner. On the forenoon of November 9, unusually extensive and sudden changes in the form of these protuberances were observed, indicating a degree of commotion in the solar atmosphere which might be expected to produce some striking terrestrial phenomena of the electrical kind. The aurora of the evening, we can hardly doubt, was part of one great series of events originating at the sun, and possibly extending to the remotest planet.

CAPE HORN.

Cape Horn Island is the southernmost extremity of Terra del Fuego, in south latitude 55 deg. 58 min. It is the southern termination of a group of rocky islands, surmounted with a dome-like hill out of which is a projection like a straight horn. But Schouten, the Dutch discoverer, is said to have named Cape Horn from *Hoorn*, in the Netherlands, his native place. The whole hill is a bare rock; indeed, how could anything, even the lowest forms of vegetable life, find root on a place smitten as this is by the waves? Only the lichens, stealing with seeming compassion over every form in nature doomed to barrenness, succeed in holding on to these rocks. The hill is about 800 feet high, its base environed by low, black rocks

with not a sign even of marine vegetation. One line of these rocks looks like a fort, the seeming gateway, higher than the rest of the wall, being composed of perpendicular fragments. All along the base of the rough hill, low, irregular piles, like a growth of thorns and brambles around a boulder in a field, constitute a fringe, as though nature felt that the place needed some appropriate decoration, and what could be more so than that which she has here given? For a long space toward the termination of the Cape, sharp rocks stand up in groups, and some apart, making a gradual ending of the scene, all in agreement with the wildness which marks the region. The sight of this spot, the landmark of our continent, can never fade from the memory of the beholder. Like many a remarkable object, it is of moderate size, its impressiveness being due, not to its bulk or height, but to its position. At first you are disappointed in not seeing at such a place something colossal; you would have it mountainous; at least you would have thought that it would be columnar. Nothing of this; you have the disappointment which you feel on seeing for the first time a distinguished man whom you find to be of low stature, whereas you would have had him of imposing appearance. But soon, however, you feel that you are at one of the ends of the earth. Here the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans begin, the great deep dividing itself into those two principal features of our globe. Anything monumental, anything statuesque, or even picturesque, here, you feel would be trifling. Like silence, more expressive at times than speech, the total absence of all display here is sublimity itself; you would not have it otherwise than an infinite solitude, unpretentious, without form, almost chaotic. Around this point it is as though there were a contest to which ocean each billow shall divide; here the winds and waters make incessant war; the sea always roars and the fulness thereof. The rocks which finally terminate the Cape stand apart, as you sometimes see corners of blocks of buildings where an extensive fire has raged, and the most of the walls have fallen in; but here and there a shoulder of a wall overhangs the ruins.

We stood together as we passed the last landmarks, and sang,

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

—*Dr. Nehemiah Adams, in the Congregationalist.*

A PROMISE should be given with caution and kept with care. It should be made with the heart and remembered by the head.

CHICAGO.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Men said at vespers, All is well!
In one wild night the city fell;
F-ll shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none;
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
The City of the West is dead!

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round the sea of fire:—
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And underneath the severing waves,
The world, full handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer sti'l
The new the dreary void shall fill,
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone!

Rise! stricken city!—from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as Thebes to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

WAITING THE CHANGE.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

I have no moan to make,
No bitter tears to shed;
No heart that for rebellious grief,
Will not be comforted.

There is no friend of mine
Laid in the earth to sleep,—
No grave, or green or heaped afresh,
By which I stand and weep.

Though some, whose presence once
Sweet comfort round me shed,
Here in the body walk no more
The way that I must tread:

Not they but what they wore
Went to the house of fear,—
They were the incorruptible,
They left corruption here.

The veil of flesh that hid,
Is softly drawn aside;
More clearly I behold them now
Than those who never died.

Who died! what means that word
Of men so much abhorred?
Caught up in clouds of heaven to be
Forever with the Lord!

* * * * *

To leave our shame and sin,
Our hunger and disgrace;
To come unto ourselves, to turn
And find our Father's face.

To run, to leap, to walk;—
To quit our beds of pain;
And live where the inhabitants
Are never sick again.

To sit no longer dumb,
Nor halt nor blind; to rise;
To praise the Healer with our tongue,
And see Him with our eyes.

To leave cold winter snows,
And burning summer heats;
And walk in soft white tender light,
About the golden streets.

Thank God for all my loved
That, out of pain and care,
Have safely reached the heavenly heights,
And stay to meet me there!

Not these I mourn, I know
Their joy by faith sublime—
But for myself, that still below
Must wait my appointed time.

THE ASYLUM AT DUSSELTAL, IN RHENISH PRUSSIA.

One evening in November, 1819, a young nobleman, whose heart God had touched with pity for neglected and orphan children, led three such little ones and their teacher from his own house, where he had sheltered them for several months, to a deserted building, formerly used as a convent. Bibles and hymn-books, food and fuel for the morrow were carried in the arms of this little company, which walked in procession through all the apartments, singing hymns of praise, and offering prayers of consecration. This was the beginning of an establishment which now contains a population of over four hundred and well-organized industrial schools for the teaching of almost every handicraft.

At the time when Count von der Recke began his work of faith and labor of love, Germany was suffering from the effects of the Napoleonic wars. Thousands upon thousands of orphan children were growing up amid the perils of vagabondage. The corruption which war leaves in its path had filled the land with destroyers more dreadful than the sword. Nearly ten thousand juvenile convicts shared the prisons with older criminals, and poverty was training thousands more for a career of wickedness. Great and pressing was the need, therefore, of the *Rettung-anstalt*, the "Redemption Establishment" founded by this good man.

The building above mentioned, situated at Overdyk, soon became too small, and in 1822

an old abbey, two miles distant, in the valley of the Dussel, was added to the institution by the liberality of a Christian lady and other near relatives of Lydia of Thyatira. Since then, various buildings and many acres of land have been added; the good hand of God has enlarged at once the work and the hearts of his servants, so that, although discouragements have been weighty and numerous, no worker has been cast down. Constant, unreserved trust has been the breath of life to those in charge. Neither the devouring flame, which at one time destroyed a large portion of the buildings, nor the engulfing flood, which at another ruined the ripe crops of the year, nor yet the running dry of the stream which supplied the treasury, was enough to shake their faith.

For nearly thirty years the Count superintended this institution, which had grown from the least of all seeds to a goodly tree. It then passed into the hands of a Board of Curators, who appointed a like spirit, Christian Friedrich Georgi, to the office of general director. Under him and succeeding managers, it developed grandly, and it is now one of the most flourishing charitable institutions of Europe.

We give from the account of John de Liefde the following condensed description of the establishment and its administration:

The small village—for such it now is—is bounded on three sides by a stone wall, and on the fourth by the river Dessel. Over the gate is the inscription, "I will look to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit." As one enters he sees before him, separated only by a large, well-shaded playground, a group of buildings, some of which are allotted to the different "families" of boys, some to teachers, while some are used for special training in various trades. The high building at the right contains a bookbindery, shoemaker and tailor shops, an infirmary, besides two or three "families." The inmates are invariably organized into companies of from twelve to twenty-five, who live an entirely separate family life, but mingle at school and at work or play. There is a "brother" or "sister" in charge of each family, or to whom the children look as to their own parents for attention of every sort.

The occupations of the children are varied; four hours a day are spent in school; four at labor, much of it in the open air; and for this purpose the kitchen and flower-gardens and the farm furnish facilities to both sexes. The girls' establishment is separated from the others, and they are instructed in such pursuits as they are best fitted to follow. One of the houses is set apart for the training of domestic servants,

where those girls who have reached the age at which the inmates usually leave the institution (about sixteen) may receive further specific instruction.

There is a resident pastor, who devotes his whole time to the wants of this field. Nearly one-third of his congregation are adults. The superintendence and conduct of the heavy farm-work and the diversity of instruction imparted require a stronger force of teachers than is needed in any ordinary reform school. The establishment is truly a "house of industry," where employments which directly concern man's material necessities are carefully taught. The manufacture of every article of dress and the production and preparation of food and shelter are provided for within its walls. The institution even trains its own teachers, a normal school having been added by Mr. Georgi, wherein candidates for a diploma have the double advantage of superior instruction and superior opportunities to combine practice and theory.

But Dusselthal is not a place of mere secular industries. It is, as this writer says, "a place of salvation. All its labors and privileges tend to one object, the redemption of lost children. To contribute to that object, the farmer tills the land, the tailor plies his needle, the printer works his press (for the *Menschenfreund* is printed and published there), and the pastor preaches his sermons."

The history of this institution has proved anew the wisdom of a higher order of charity than money-giving, though this may not be disparaged. To give one's self, one's time, thought, strength and sympathy, first wholly to the Lord, and then again to him in devotion to his work among the exposed and perishing, is more than any ordinary sacrifice. It is eminently the work of Jesus Christ.

The "brothers and sisters" in charge of the several families are accepted after two months' probation, live a plain, laborious life, blessed of God and seldom praised by the world; but who shall tell the reward of the faithful ones? — *Christian at Work.*

THE DOMESTICATED TOAD.

We shall finish this chapter on reptiles with a short account of a toad which lived more than thirty-six years in a hole beneath the doorstep of a French farm-house. How old it was when first noticed no one could say, but it had probably lived a long time before familiarity with the sight of man emboldened it to rest tranquilly on the doorstep, over which many persons were constantly passing. The step became, in reality, the reptile's hunting-ground, where, with little trouble, it might capture the ants which persisted in crossing and recrossing the step.

The toad, "hunting for its supper," became one of the regular sights of the neighborhood, and certainly the skilful manner in which the creature used its wonderfully formed tongue, left an impression upon all spectators that this toad was a most clever insect-hunter. Four particulars, especially, fixed the attention of the more thoughtful observers. It was soon evident that the toad was most skilful in judging distances; the tongue was never darted at an insect until it came within a certain range—this space was never miscalculated. The accuracy of the creature's aim was another matter for surprise. The insects were generally, if not always, in motion when the tongue was darted out against them; but the arrow never failed to hit. The singular rapidity with which the organ was shot forth excited equal wonder. Many curious watchers were unable to note every motion; only a few of the keener eyes could manage this. Yet this operation was a complex one. The tongue is doubled or folded up when in the mouth; there is therefore a twofold action required—an uncoiling of the weapon, and then the darting-out process. The withdrawing of the tongue, with the captured insect on its tip, was not less remarkable than the other operations. Notwithstanding the rapid motion, the fineness of the tongue tip, and the struggles of the prey, the captured victim was never dropped.

Now it is clear that, in all this hunting work, the toad intelligently employed two instruments in harmonious co-operation—the eye and the tongue. The one never failed the other. The rifle-shooter knows how much practice is required before eye and hand act perfectly together; our domesticated toad had gained this power over the combined action of two dissimilar organs.

The tameness of this toad was so remarkable, that we may justly call the animal "domesticated." It would remain quietly in one hand, and take its food from the other, provided a leaf were placed on the hand which held it. Without this precaution, the warmth of the human skin evidently annoyed the cold reptile. Few things seemed to please the animal more than placing it on a table in the evening when the lamp was lighted. It then, with the greatest confidence, would look round with its gleaming eyes, and when insects were placed on the table, snapped them up with a rapidity which seemed greater than in its day huntings.

In this way the animal lived for thirty-six years, in, or near the house, the pet of the village and the neighborhood. It might have lived for as many years more, had not a tame, but spiteful and jealous raven pecked out one of the toad's eyes. Then we saw how much

the proper use of its tongue depended on the sight. The toad could no longer measure distances accurately, or aim with certainty; it died in about a year after the injury, apparently from starvation.—*Menault.*

DIFFICULTY excites the mind to the dignity which sustains and finally conquers misfortune, and the ordeal refines while it chastens.

ITEMS.

THE INDIAN POLICY.—The proposal to appoint a Congressional committee to inquire into the practical operations of Grant's Indian policy, particularly in the case of the Apaches in Arizona, would give entire satisfaction if we could have any assurance that impartial men would be selected for service upon the committee. It is reported that the motion for the appointment will be made by two Congressmen from the Pacific coast, and these men will, of course, be chosen for the service. That they will decide adversely to the peace policy, and in accordance with the well known sentiments of the white men who live in the Indian country, will be taken for granted by all who comprehend that the ordinary Congressman is more eager for the good will of whites who have votes than for the gratitude of savages who are without the franchise. Of course the settlers have a right to representation upon such a committee, but if the peace policy and the peace people of the East are represented fairly.

The Arizonians claim that the peace plan is good enough in some cases, but that it will not answer for the Apaches. The assertion would be received with greater confidence if the people of the Territory had ever displayed a disposition to give it a fair trial. But any attempt of the Government to deal honestly and justly with the Indians must of necessity, be unsuccessful, while citizens commit murder and robbery, and every species of outrages upon the savages, and refuse to give them such redress as they should be able to obtain through the ordinary avenues of justice. The facts which have been presented and proved concerning the persecutions of the Apaches at the hands of the Arizonians are sufficient to convince any impartial man that the Indians have had enormous provocation for every crime they have committed.—*Evening Bulletin.*

REDUCED POSTAGE.—An important reduction in English postage went into operation on the 5th of Tenth mo. The half-ounce weight disappears from the postal scales, and the half-penny stamp comes into use for letters above an ounce weight. The letter postage will still be a penny, but the penny stamp will cover all letters not exceeding an ounce; while only an additional half-penny stamp will be required for letters above one ounce and under two. The following are the details of the new tariff: For a letter not exceeding one ounce, 1d.; exceeding one ounce, but not exceeding two ounces, 1½d.; exceeding two ounces, but not exceeding four ounces, 2d.; exceeding four ounces, but not exceeding six ounces, 2½d.; exceeding six ounces, but not exceeding eight ounces, 3d.; exceeding eight ounces, but not exceeding ten ounces, 3½d.; exceeding ten ounces, but not exceeding twelve ounces, 4s. This tariff is limited to twelve ounces, and letters above that weight will be charged at the rate of a penny an ounce. The English postal service is now the cheapest as well as the most efficient in the world.

THE FAMINE IN PERSIA.—The accounts of the famine in Persia are becoming terrible. At a public meeting recently held in London, it was stated that water, always the difficulty of Persia, owing to the almost total denudation of the country, had for nearly three years almost entirely failed; that the flocks and herds of the pastoral tribes, half the population, had perished; and that even in the cities the people were perishing by thousands. The Spectator adds:—

"Sir H. Rawlinson, perhaps the best living authority, called Persia 'a doomed land,' and evidently believed that a total desolation was settling over it; and Major-General Goldsmid narrated his personal experience. He had seen fearful struggles among the people for the doles of rice; had been in one village here eight hundred persons had died; had been followed for fifty miles by beggars in hope of getting one handful of rice a day. Even the Persian Minister; who formerly deprecated relief, could now only hope that Persia 'had not been singled out for the special wrath of the Almighty.'"

* * * * *

"To most of Sir Henry's audience at the Mansion House, on the contrary, the word 'Persia' calls up the idea of a grand oriental empire, full of semi-civilized people and of wealth, with a government despotic and oppressive perhaps, but energetic, efficient and full of resources—a government in all but probity not unlike that of India. In reality, the feeble, scattered and decaying population of weary voluptuaries, cowed peasants and savage herdsmen is ruled by perhaps the worst government, the one most inefficient for good, which ever afflicted mankind—by a clan of despotic satraps, who, because they are kinsmen of the royal house, are exempt even from the ordinary Asiatic check on misgovernment—assassination by an indignant monarch or an outraged mob. There will come no help from them, even if they could give any; and if Persia has really been struck, as now seems certain, by that most horrible of scourges, a calamitating famine, a famine increasing through three successive years, a famine like that of Orissa, or of Rajpootana, or the great famine of North India, a famine of forage as well as cereals—words will not suffice to describe the extent of a calamity which, if it lasts another year—and the time has passed for rain—may almost blot Persia out, or the nations finally paralyze her for resistance to the power always closing round her throat."

EMANCIPATION IN BRAZIL.—A circular, dated Ninth month 30th, 1871, has been transmitted by Manoel Francisco Correia, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Brazil to the representatives of that empire in foreign countries. This circular contains an official announcement of the Brazilian Emancipation Act, and says that this law declares that no person in Brazil is born a slave, and promotes the progressive emancipation of existing slaves. The law frees at once the slaves belonging to the State, those abandoned by their masters, and those owned by estates without known heirs. It is claimed that slavery was abolished in Brazil in accordance with the will of the entire nation, and that the opposition to the measure arose solely from a divergency of opinion in regard to the means proposed, there being a fear that this sudden interference with agricultural labor would shake the country to its very foundation. Emancipation has, however, been effected in Brazil without the least disturbance of domestic tranquillity throughout the Empire.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE GREAT WANT IN A TRUE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

(Continued from page 627.)

Employment is a great preservative of virtue. It is man's natural want. For his safety, it must be supplied. Let every youth possess knowledge of a trade of some kind. Of what kind, the parent or guardian, from his superior knowledge, is the best judge. In gaining any trade a youth learns a vast amount of unwritten knowledge, besides the inestimable benefit of having his muscles educated and trained to the use of tools. Let the aim first be *precision*; and this well established, then *rapidity*.

But here a practical question arises: Where shall children be placed to acquire this desirable knowledge? The "Trades Unions" crowd out apprentices in almost every branch of business, so that frequently the owner of an establishment is not permitted to place his own son as an apprentice to his business. The want must be supplied by "Industrial Schools," where different trades and employment will be taught simultaneously with literary and scientific knowledge, which is the present great need in a True System of Education. They will assist, too, in solving the "Labor Question," which has to be met. A revolution in industrial concerns is steadily and rapidly taking place.

Proper assistance or "help" on a farm, or in the family, is even now difficult to procure, and the difficulty is continually becoming greater. This must be the case, under the present state of things, and it is the part of a wise forecast to prepare to accommodate ourselves to the new order.

A community cannot be regarded as enlightened while it contains an ignorant and degraded class. Such a class is felt to be a mutual disadvantage. Hence, the benevolent object now is to educate, elevate, and enlighten the whole population. This is all right. We must not even desire to check the philanthropic movement, however much the present higher class in society may feel the inconvenience. All will ultimately be better for the change. But we must prepare to meet the change, by giving such direction to coming events as will force them to evolve harmonious and favorable results.

When all the females become housekeepers, and the males conduct business on their own accounts, whence are to be derived hired help and domestics? This is the state to which things are properly tending, and, with the diminution of foreign immigration which must take place, the tendency will be rapidly increased, and there must be a right way left for all to get along comfortably.

When this want shall happily be severely felt, it will lead or compel to its own supply. It will induce parents at the earliest practi-

cable period, to educate and train their children, of both sexes alike, (and what a blessing to them!) to all duties and labors in and about a house or family, of which their strength is capable. Every business or employment which necessarily has to be done for the comfort, convenience or health of a family, is highly respectable. Its performance is praiseworthy, and should be universally so regarded. The unfortunate circumstance that these duties hitherto have generally been assigned to hired and illiterate help, has caused the offices to be regarded as low and menial. But they are not so in their nature. They are needful, and therefore, noble and honorable. The sooner the false notion in regard to them is corrected, the better for us and our children, and for society at large.

In many a family of children at present, and for years past, how heavily the hours hang, just for want of some employment. Of this favor the "domestics" deprive them. Sufficient time to perform all the family duties and offices is thus worse than wasted. Such occupation, too, would be very promotive of health. How frequently are the domestics the healthiest portion of the family, rarely unable to perform their accustomed daily routine.

As soon as a child of either sex is strong enough to carry a plate, or a cup, to or from the table, it should be trusted and encouraged to do so. Let there be no fear of the child letting the article fall. Teach him or her to take hold of it rightly. Then there is no danger. This, of taking hold of a thing rightly, and keeping the right hold, is the first lesson to be taught, and a most important one for success and usefulness. The reason why anything "slips out of the hand" is simply because it was not properly held.

This education of the children will require patience and tact on the part of parents and others having them in charge, and a careful study of human nature, beginning with themselves. But it will eventually make their own lives easier, and those of their children happier, by all being preserved in harmony with well ordered domestic arrangements and economy, besides preparing the children for a useful sphere in society.

As remarked by Elizabeth P. Peabody, in *Friends' Intelligencer*, First mo. 14th, 1871, who has made the habits and instincts of children a special study: "There is within children a certain æsthetic sense, or love of beauty and order, which accepts and acts out the right thing when it is suggested to them—that is, if it is suggested, and not arbitrarily imposed: for arbitrary suggestion is opposed by a child inevitably, just in proportion to the force of the individual charac-

ter," which is a hint in the management and education of children well worthy of careful study. Every one can be pleasantly moved, if we can only find and touch the right spring. A key exists which patient research will discover, which will unlock every useful energy and impart to it the desired direction.

Children when quite small wish to do and delight to do, what they see others perform, and especially to "help" father or mother, older sister or brother, in their engagements. If this feeling is properly cultivated, it will develop and strengthen, and become a source of paramount enjoyment. Then every family would be an efficient kindergarten of the right kind, where the muscles and the mind are simultaneously trained and developed in early life, by a true and healthy natural process. This would be the best preparation and foundation for entering the "Industrial Schools" already alluded to, where, with the literary and scientific education, different trades and varieties of business occupations are taught to both sexes.

As before remarked, these "Industrial Schools" are the present great want in a true system of education. Let them not be called *Manual Labor Schools*. The name will injure them. It sounds so much like "hard labor," to which convicts are condemned, that many young persons would regard them as a kind of "juvenile workhouse." But call them "Industrial Schools." Industry is a virtue. It is noble and honorable, and destined to become more and more so, as society becomes gradually educated to discern its true interests, and the proper relation of things.

To Friends, as a religious organization, institutions of this kind would be attended with the happiest results. Besides the general benefit of each young person possessing elements of wealth in a knowledge of the means of performing intelligent labor, time would become systematized, and all the hours of the day wisely appropriated, according to the wants and needs of the human system, to useful and agreeable purposes,—literature, science, domestic duties, a practical knowledge of the laws of health, astronomy, industrial pursuits on which a livelihood depends, botany, chemistry, drawing, painting, and every pleasing occupation essential to their full development in harmony with their being and their surroundings,—they would find little time to appropriate to dress and light reading. Dress would largely lose its relative importance amidst such a multiplicity of higher enjoyments, and it would naturally have fewer hours appropriated to it in the systematic distribution of time. To a mind of elevated culture, objects of higher interest would be seen and preferred.

Also, in the practical examination and study of the different sciences, as chemistry, astronomy, optics, botany, they would find intellectual entertainment more enrapturing and elevated than can be imparted by any work of imagination, and experience the truth taught by science in the telegraph, daguerreotype, and many other instances, that modern reality is far in advance of ancient imagination, and that fact is now more wonderful than fiction.

It is believed, after thoughtful examination, that at an "Industrial School," under systematic arrangement, and judicious management, after getting fairly into harmonious working condition, every young person in the period from 7 to 19 years of age, could receive a good education, and learn a useful trade by which to earn a livelihood after leaving school, without any expense to the parent or guardian. The two years from 19 to 21 would suffice, with the preparation already obtained, to study a profession, or to perfect themselves in the special branch of business in which they propose to engage.

It would require at least 12 years for such an institution to pass through one cycle of changes, and have all its parts brought into harmonious working condition; and a still longer period for the attainment of that perfection of which it is capable in the distribution of time, and running the complicated machine, so as to secure the greatest benefit to the health, and the greatest profit from the industrial employment, which experience alone can suggest, before it could be expected to become self-sustaining; but with that management and tact which are entirely practicable, there will be a nearer and nearer approximation to this condition every year, and it is my abiding belief, the happy result will ultimately be attained. Be this as it may, a great benefit would arise from even an approach to it. This, however, would not meet the general want. It would interfere too largely and unfavorably with home comforts and influences. Few parents would be willing to have their children so long separated from them. But for orphans, and those children who are destitute of homes, such institutions, under wise and genial government, would be of incalculable benefit.

And, for a shorter period—the number of years ordinarily allowed at school—by the hands of the children, like those of the apostle, ministering to their own necessities, the expense of education could be greatly diminished, while the value of their acquirements, in the combined intellectual and physical education and training they had received, would be incomparably increased.

Every young person should, while gaining

an education, acquire the knowledge of a trade, or of some industrial employment, to fall back upon, if necessary, so as to gain an honest livelihood. Such acquirement would be a great safeguard, and a means of preservation from vice and crime of a value scarcely to be estimated. By statistics recently prepared by General Eaton, the present efficient Commissioner of Education at Washington, it is shown "that from 80 to 90 per cent. of the criminals in New England, *have never learned any trade, nor are they masters of any skilled labor.*"

The subject of Industrial Schools commends itself in every feature to the thoughtful consideration of all philanthropists. Such change in the system of education will necessarily be slow. But parents, and others similarly interested, should be impressed with its importance. Then a commencement can be made; and, being once properly commenced, although some privations and inconveniences will be experienced at first, these will gradually be overcome, and it will proceed with a greatly increasing ratio. Children will be healthier from the harmonious exercise and development of body and mind, neither of these being over-worked or under worked, so as to produce deformity, and thus mothers would be furnished with stronger constitutions, and a general improvement in the foundation of society be established.

The object of the present communication is to invite reflection upon the subject, believing it to be one of great practical importance at the present time.

Since writing the above, the *Baltimore American* came to hand, containing the enclosed article, which seems so in accordance with what my communication was designed to enforce, that I am induced to append it:

"THE GEORGIA SENATOR.—Hon. Thomas Manson Norwood, Senator elect from Georgia, is forty-one years old. He was born in Talbot Co., Georgia, and brought up in Monroe, and graduated at Emory college in the class of 1850. He studied law under Hon. James M. Smith, at Culloden, and was admitted to the bar at Forsyth in February, 1852. He immediately went to Savannah and entered upon the practice of his profession, where he has remained ever since. He was a member of the House of Representatives in the Georgia legislature in 1861-2; besides this, he never held any office, either before or since the war.

His father was possessed of an ample fortune, but believed it to be proper for everybody to learn some trade. Accordingly he had the subject of this notice, who was his youngest child, to learn the trade of a shoe and boot maker, which he did; and he made

the boots with his own hands which he wore when he went to college.

He is a thinker, a systematic student, whose mind is well stored with scientific, historic, and legal lore; is an able speaker and debater, and one of the best informed men of his age in Georgia."

THERE are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its "still small voice" amid rural leisure and placid contentment. But perhaps, the knowledge which causeth not to err is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction; and tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of Heaven to spring and take root in the human breast.

THE COMPARATIVE INFLUENCE OF CHARACTER AND DOCTRINE.

BY JOHN CAIRD.

Actions, in many ways, teach better than words, and even the most persuasive oral instruction is greatly vivified when supplemented by the silent teaching of the life.

Consider, for one thing, that actions are *more intelligible* than words. All verbal teaching partakes more or less of the necessary vagueness of language, and its intelligibility is dependent, in a great measure, on the degree of intellectual culture and ability in the mind of the hearer. Ideas, reflections, deductions, distinctions, when presented in words, are liable to misapprehension; their power is often modified or lost by the obscurity of the medium through which they are conveyed, and the impression produced by them is apt very speedily to vanish from the mind. Many minds are inaccessible to any formal teaching that is not of the most elementary character; and there are comparatively few to whom an illustration is not more intelligible than an argument.

But whatever the difficulty of understanding words, deeds are almost always intelligible. Let a man not merely speak but act the truth; let him reveal his soul in the inarticulate speech of an earnest, pure, and truthful life, and this will be a language which the profoundest must admire, while the simplest can appreciate. The most elaborate discourse on sanctification will prove tame and ineffective in comparison with the eloquence of a humble, holy walk with God. . . . Sermons and speeches may weary; they may be listened to with irksomeness, and remembered with effort; but living speech never tires; it makes no formal demand on

the attention, it goes forth in feelings and emanations that win their way insensibly into the secret depths of the soul. The medium of verbal instruction, moreover, is conventional, and it can be understood only where one special form of speech is vernacular; but the language of action and life is instinctive and universal. The living epistle needs no translation to be understood in every country and clime; a noble act of heroism or self-sacrifice speaks to the common heart of humanity. A humble, gentle, holy Christ-like life, preaches to the common ear all the world over. There is no speech nor language in which this voice is not heard, and its words go forth to the world's end.

Consider, again, that the language of the life is *more convincing* than the language of the lip. It is not ideal or theoretical, it is real and practical; and whilst theories and doctrines may be disputed, and only involve the learner in inextricable confusion, a single unmistakable fact, if you can appeal to it cuts the knot, and sets discussion at rest. . . . Men may dispute your theory of agriculture and explanation or discussion might only serve to confirm them in their error; but show them, rugged though be the soil and ungenial the climate, your fair and abundant crops, and objection is silenced. . . . The invaluable scientific discovery or project may be met by a thousand objections when first announced, but when it has bridged the ocean, or spread its network of intercommunication over the land, the most skeptical are forced to own their error. So, in the case before us, the ideal of the Christian life, with all its moral elevation and superiority to common motives and principles, may seem to many at best but a beautiful and pious fancy, too delicate and fine-spun for the rough usage of life; but apply to it the test of experiment—reduce the ideal to the actual—show in positive experience that it is possible to bring the loftiest spiritual motives into contact with the lowliest duties—and your conception of a religious life will be proved beyond dispute. Let not worldly selfishness take refuge in skepticism as to the possibility of a life so pure, so high-toned, so self-denied. Show that such a life is not only desirable but practicable—not merely that it ought to be but that it can be. Live down doubt. Let men feel, as they behold your earnest, sincere, unselfish life, that God, and truth, and duty, and Christ, and immortality, are not the mere themes of a preacher's discourse, but the real and practical principles and motives of man's working life. So doing you will silence the gausayer, and the spurious sagacity of the worldly-minded will be completely at fault.

Consider, finally, that the teaching of the life is available in many cases in which the teaching of the lip cannot, or ought not, to be attempted. There are many conceivable circumstances in which a man is disqualified from doing good to others by direct instruction or advice. Many, for instance, are incapable of expressing their sentiments clearly and forcibly in words, or are unwilling to peril questions so momentous as those of religion on their own feeble advocacy. Many, again, are unable to overcome a certain instinctive reserve on religious topics, a painful shrinking from the introduction in their intercourse with others of matters so awful and sacred; and though this is a disposition which may easily be indulged till it has become a false delicacy, a reprehensible remissness, or selfish timidity, yet it cannot be denied that it is often the deepest nature that are the calmest and quietest, and the profoundest emotions of the heart that shrink most from outward expression. It is true that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," but it is not less true that there are sometimes things we love and reverence so much that we cannot bear to speak of them. And even where no such disqualifications exist on the side of the instructor, there may be that in the temper of the objects of his religious zeal which would be repelled rather than benefited by formal admonition, or that in their position relatively to him which would render the attitude of the instructor or adviser presumptuous and unbecoming. There are few who can take in good part ghostly counsel or personal reproof. The utterer of unwelcome truth is not always discriminated from the slanderer who delights in it. The bearer of bad news becomes associated in our dislike with the message he brings; and our pride is wounded all the more by his strictures if the position of the censor lends no authority to his counsels, or positively detracts from their force.

But in all cases in which formal instruction or advice is precluded, how invaluable that other mode of access to the minds of men on which we are now insisting—the silent, unobtrusive, inoffensive, yet most potent and persuasive teaching of the life. The counsel you may not speak you may yet embody in action. To the faults and sins you cannot notice in words, you may hold up the mirror of a life bright with purity and goodness and grace. The mind which no force of rebuke could drive from sin, may yet be insensibly drawn from it by the attractive power of holiness ever acting in its presence. So that "they who obey not the word may without the word be won by your chaste conversation coupled with fear."

Is it, for instance, gross and degrading vice which it pains you to witness in another's life? Then evade not, through false delicacy, the duty of firm and earnest remonstrance. But if remonstrance be impossible, there is another and often more potent mode of exhortation; for there are times when the very look of purity is the keenest of all reproof. Even from the majestic serenity of material nature there are moments when the perturbed and polluted spirit will avert its troubled glance; and the bright, happy, innocent countenance of a little child, or its air of reverential awe and simplicity as it falters out its evening prayer at a mother's knee, has conveyed to the guilty heart a more overwhelming rebuke than human tongue could utter.

Or is it wayward harshness or sullenness of temper that is the prominent defect in one who is dear to you? Who knows not that words of reproof, however gently administered, would often but add fuel to the fire of such a spirit? But there is another and more excellent way of admonition, which will seldom, if ever, fail. Rebuke by love, reprove by gentleness, preach self-restraint by living it. Exhibit the softening power of Christ's grace, not by talking about it, but by acting in habitual subjection to it; by your sweet, gentle, Christ-like temper and bearing, by your return of kindness for harshness, by your calm forbearance and unruffled serenity amidst sore provocations and wrongs; and oftentimes you will find that the spirit whose false pride direct remonstrance would only serve to rouse, will own unconsciously the all subduing power of love.

Or is it not so much special faults and sins as a general indifference to religion, which it grieves you to witness in the character and conduct of a friend? . . . Here, too, where words may be spoken, or if spoken would be uttered in vain, another resource is open to you—preach by the life. Let your daily life be an unuttered yet perpetual pleading with man for God. Let the sacredness of God's slighted law be proclaimed by your uniform sacrifice of inclination to duty, by your repression of every unkind word, your scorn of every undue or base advantage, your stern and uncompromising resistance to the temptations of appetite and sense. Preach the preciousness of time by your husbanding of its rapid hours, and your crowding of its days with duties. Though Eternity with its fast approaching realities be a forbidden topic to the ear, constrain the unwilling mind to think of it by the spectacle of a life ordered with perpetual reference to hopes and destinies beyond the grave. Though no warning against an unspiritual, no exhortation to a

holy life, might be tolerated, let your own pure, earnest, unworldly character and bearing be to the careless soul a perpetual atmosphere of spirituality haunting and hovering round it. And, be assured, the moral influence of such a life cannot be lost. Like the seed which the wind wafts into hidden glades and forest depths, where no sower's hand could reach to scatter it, the subtle germ of Christ's truth will be borne on the secret atmosphere of a holy life, into hearts which no preacher's voice could penetrate. Where the tongue of men and of angels would fail, there is an eloquence in living goodness which will often prove persuasive. For it is an inoffensive, unpretending, unobtrusive eloquence; it is the eloquence of the soft sunshine when it expands the close-shut leaves and blossoms—a rude hand would but tear and crush them; it is the eloquence of the summer heat when it basks upon the thick-ribbed ice—blows would but break it; but beneath that softest, gentlest, yet most potent influence, the hard, impenetrable masses melt away.—*Christian Register.*

NEMAHA AGENCY.

The following letter to a Friend of this city from Thomas Lightfoot, at Nohart, gives an interesting account of the effect of the sanitary measures adopted at the Nemaha Agency:

* * * * The first year our wants here were many and very pressing,—hunger and nakedness abounded among the tribes; but since the change in the trading house, their money has been spent to better advantage. There are now no hungry people with nothing to eat, though they often have not much more than enough. The Aid Societies have ministered to their wants in the way of clothing, and the Sanitary Fund has met a very urgent need in supplying the sick, and those recovering from illness, with suitable nourishment, and in procuring some little comforts for the worn-out aged people. We have also given the school children a lunch at noon, which, if it consisted of only two crackers, was a matter of importance. For this fund we especially desire to render our thanks, and earnestly hope it may be continued while we remain here. From the money sent by the Aid Societies and by individuals the first year, we often bought food for the hungry, as well as for the sick; also blankets for bedding, shoes, medicines, and other things, as the most urgent needs came to our notice; but during the past ten months, owing to the change in the store, the better health, and generally improved condition of the tribes, we have not been obliged to do so much.

We hope the present general good health

may continue, but there are always some needing a little tea, bread, dried fruit, or rice, or a bit of meat to make a "sup" of soup.

The supply of shoes furnished for the orphan boys, at the breaking up of the season, we considered as a sanitary measure. We had some very nice dried apples sent us in the Chester county box, which we stewed ourselves, and bought sugar to sweeten them; we give out sugar sparingly,—only enough to use with tea and rice, except to those who are very sick. We desire to economise, and do the best we can with that which is entrusted to us. It would be difficult for you to estimate the good this fund has done, or the comfort and satisfaction we have had in dispensing it.

We should like to know if the account of the expenditure is satisfactory, and whether we shall continue in the same manner.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The brotherhood of men, their close association and dependence on each other, becomes the more important as their common freedom is asserted. If my neighbor and I are both brought out from a state of ward and tutelage, then, more than ever, am I my brother's keeper, and he is mine.

In cutting loose from old restraints, there is a time when all is adrift. There is a transition state between servitude and well developed freedom, when men have lost their former supports and have not learned to go alone. Something like this is now the condition of the religious world. Set free from ecclesiastical bondage, men are experimenting with their liberty in all directions. Some are wanton in it, and of freedom make occasion for license. A multitude are seeking and probing, some this way, some that, for firm standing ground. Every variety of theory, in religion, in social and political affairs, finds advocates. There is a kind of chaos, and in what quarter the morning will dawn men cannot agree.

That the morning will dawn gloriously, that from the confusion a higher beauty and order will come forth, we firmly believe. We look that men should see God in a clearer light than they have seen him; that though hierarchies and theologies pass away, a consciousness of sonship should take possession of the race, such as it has not felt hitherto; that nobler conceptions and better ways of living should prevail. This is our hope and our expectation.

But what we now urge is the greater responsibility which is thrown upon every man by the disappearance of old props and barriers. Truth is no less important, because error is no longer threatened with fire and

sword and eternal perdition. And the maintenance of the truth is thrown back from church authorities upon every man who has convictions of his own. Infidel books are no longer forbidden by law, nor are men of sceptical opinions made social outcasts. But Christian truth is just as important as it ever was. More than ever is the call imperative upon every Christian believer to bear witness to the faith that is in him, by word and by life. Men have grown cautious about saying that beliefs different from their own lead to damnation, but it is none the less true that some beliefs tend to strengthen and ennoble character, and others to lower it. We no longer say that a man whose faith in God and immortality is shaken is thereby shut out from mercy; but allow all the alleviations which the most candid humanity could, consistently with good sense, admit of.—*Adam Smith.*

WHEREFORE should we mock the Deity with supplications, when we insult Him by murmuring under His decrees? or how, while our prayers have in every word admitted the vanity and nothingness of the things of time, in comparison to those of eternity, should we hope to deceive the Searcher of hearts by permitting the world and worldly passions to reassume the reins even immediately after a solemn address to Heaven!—*Scott.*

SPENDING HALF AN HOUR ALONE.

A pious and venerable father had a vain and profligate son; often had he reasoned and expostulated with him, mingling tenderness and tears with remonstrance; but all was ineffectual. Bad company and vicious habits rendered the unhappy youth deaf to instructions. At last a fatal disorder seized his aged parent, who, calling his son to him, entreated him with his dying breath that he would grant him one small favor, the promise of which would be a great comfort. It was this—that his son would retire to his chamber half an hour every day for some months after his decease. He prescribed no particular subject to employ his thoughts, but left that to himself.

A request so simple and easy, urged by parental affection from the couch of death, was not to be denied. The youth pledged his honor for the fulfilment of his promise; and when he became an orphan, punctually performed it. At first, he was not disposed to improve the minutes of solitude, but in time various reflections arose in his mind; the world was withdrawn; his conscience awoke; it reproved him for having slighted a parent who had done so much for his welfare; it renewed the impression of his dying scene; it

gradually pointed him to a supreme Cause, a future judgment, and a solemn eternity. Retirement, under the operation of Divine grace, effected what advice could not do, and a real and permanent change took place. He quitted his companions and reformed his conduct; virtue and piety filled up the rest of his days, and stamped sincerity on his repentance.—*The Friend.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Our dear and valued friend has been removed to a state where all is brightness, and has exchanged the discouragements and depressions attendant on this present life for eternal and ineffable joy. No, I did *not* think thou "wast unduly grieved" at the prospect of parting from such a close friend, with whom thou had been so long united in Christian fellowship; but perhaps I did not so fully enter into thy state as I should have done; not from any *want* of sympathy, but for weeks, almost months, the glory of the celestial above the terrestrial has so prevailed in my thoughts, that the constant feeling has been: "Oh! what will it be to be there!" I am aware this feeling is only a condition of the mind, which may be succeeded by a different one; indeed, I think it will,—for it has often been my allotment to sit in the shadow. I know the deep anguish of bereavement, and perhaps I feel more for others than I manifest; but, when our earthly sources of consolation have failed, Oh! the bliss of knowing there is One who is strength in weakness and a shelter in every trial. "He maketh a way where there was no way." "He setteth the solitary in families," giveth them near and dear friends, who are to them "as life answering unto life," and so fills their hearts with a grateful sense of his many blessings that, for a time, while the bridegroom tarries, they "rejoice in all things and in all things give thanks." A choice spirit has indeed departed, and I cannot but sorrow that I shall see his face no more. No more may we be informed by his cultivated mind, and improved and instructed by his conscientious example. How fast the loved and the valued are taken from us. As "friend after friend departs," may that grace, which is sufficient for us, so cover our spirits, that we may feel resigned to walk the wine press *alone*, if it be our portion, *without these earthly companionships*, trusting that we shall after a time be re-united in a state where changes never come. I yesterday visited the spot where were laid

the five forms that once composed our household. It is kept in nice order, which is a great satisfaction. My feelings were chastened, but not saddened, by the evidence that "such is the end of earth." It made me feel what a sacred thing is *life*, and what great care is required to move rightly among the various human temperaments and conditions, so that when it comes our turn "to surrender up our individual being," no condemnation may await us for duties unfulfilled. Though we may not do this to our present satisfaction, yet, if such is our constant effort, I trust it will be accepted. U. has just brought in some apricot, peach, plum and pear buds, which we have dissected, and it is wonderful to see the perfectly-formed fruit in miniature, thus hidden safely away from the frosts of winter under innumerable coverings. One week ago, it was so small that it could not be seen without a microscope. In this short space of time the development has been so rapid, that the eye unaided can now detect not only the fruit but the little stone within. How I wish H. had some of them to exhibit to her class to-day. If the future man or woman exists as a germ in the little child, and who can doubt it, what encouragement is offered to throw around it those influences which may develop it in accordance with the design of the great Author of all.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 9, 1871.

DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH SPEECH.—No day is in all respects the exact counterpart of its predecessor. Though similar in duties and general characteristics, yet varied combinations of the same circumstances produce new results, and give to each day an identity and a language peculiar to itself, so that to act well our part requires at all times the vigilant exercise of our powers. Were it otherwise, the responsibility of living would be greatly lessened, and we might move on in the daily routine with almost mechanical accuracy.

But this is not the case, and man is constituted by the Infinite Father to meet the changes to which he is subject. Hope and disappointment alternate in his experience. The lesson of to-day is seldom exactly adapted to the need of the morrow, and to secure the greatest good to himself and others from this constantly varying scene, he must be ever on the watch to use his powers in accordance with his best judgment.

"There is a spirit in man" which regulates his actions and renders him an accountable being. If this spirit is directed by the Divine Spirit, he will be enabled to resist temptation and receive ability to do that which is right. The inspiration of the Almighty giveth unto all men an understanding and the power to refuse the evil and choose the good, and the more this power is exercised the stronger it becomes. If weak in purpose and irresolute in execution, we are the prey of adverse influences, and lose the peace and reward which result from persistent effort. Or if through mental inertia or any other cause, we are careless of our obligation to use our time and talents for the good of others, we may become almost useless, "not from want of capacity, but from want of application."

It has been said that there is enough unused ability in the world to make it far better than it is, and this thought should stimulate us to be faithful and wise stewards of the gifts entrusted to our keeping. If much has been committed unto us much will be required, but if little has been given we are equally accountable for the use and improvement of the little. Well is it for us, as day succeeds day, if in the review of our opportunities for good, we feel no condemnation for talents buried or misused, but in rendering the daily account can adopt the language: "Thy pound hath gained ten pounds."

A NEW BOOK FOR FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.—"Primary Lessons for First-day Schools. Part 1st." A little book of eight lessons, in pamphlet form—12 cents per copy. It is principally intended as a help to teachers of primary classes, being mainly suggestive. For sale at this office.

New editions of Biblical History, by A. A. T., and Talks with the Children, parts 1st and 2d, by J. J., are also for sale.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarter will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 12th mo. 15th, at 4 o'clock, at Race St. meeting house. WM. EYRE, Clerk.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, 13th inst., at 8 o'clock, in the Library Room, Race street. J. M. ELLIS, Clerk.

THE INDIANS.

The Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room, on Sixth-day afternoon next, 15th inst., at 3 o'clock. JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE REPRESENTATIVE COMMITTEE, RELATING TO PEACE BETWEEN NATIONS.

At a meeting of the "Representative Committee" of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, held at Gunpowder, Ninth Month 10th, 1871, a correspondence had with the meeting for Sufferings of Indiana Yearly Meeting, upon the subject of preparing a Memorial to Congress in favor of their endeavoring to provide a mode of settling National Differences by Arbitration was read. After much interesting exercise, a committee was appointed to wait upon the President, with an address upon the subject, and request him to bring the matter to the attention of Congress in his Annual Message, or otherwise.

At a meeting of the Representative Committee held at their Meeting House on Lombard street, Tenth Month 28th, 1871, the Sub-Committee made the following report, which was satisfactory to this meeting, viz: In accordance with our instructions, we drew up the following address, and some of our number went to Washington on the 27th instant, and had an interview with the President, in which we laid before him the concern of Friends, by reading the address. We feel it due to him to state that we were kindly received, and that he gave us a respectful hearing, informing us that he had received a similar one from persons in Iowa. We were accompanied by a delegation from the Representative Committees of Indiana and Genesee Yearly Meetings, who presented an address upon the same subject:

To Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States.

RESPECTED FRIEND—The Society which we represent, are, as we have ever been, deeply impressed with the importance, to the Human Family, of the Mission of our Blessed Pattern, the pre eminent Son of God; especially when he commands his followers to go beyond the love which extends to our friends only, and includes even our enemies; and also to return good for evil, thereby laying a permanent foundation for peace among men.

The successful termination of the Convention in Washington City, which thou wast instrumental in procuring, by which the pending questions of difference between the United States and Great Britain were amicably settled by the "Treaty of Washington" to the satisfaction of the Governments and people of both countries; thus giving the joyous promise of peace and fraternity, where the horrors of discord and war were so imminent, has imparted to the friends of humanity additional grounds to hope that the same wise, peaceful and Christian mode, by which this

happy issue was consummated, may be adopted to settle all difficulties which may in future arise between nations.

Under a feeling of deep and anxious solicitude to avert the terrible calamity which war ever inflicts, we have thought it right at this time to address thee, the chosen head of this highly favored Government under which the people of this nation enjoy so many privileges, the origin of which we believe may be traced to a conformity upon the part of their predecessors, both in public and in private life, to the same blessed teachings before alluded to, and verifying the ancient declaration, that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

We bring this momentous subject to thy consideration, and suggest the propriety of thy laying it before Congress, at its next session—either in thy annual Message, or in a special communication to that body; and also that measures be taken by this Government, to propose to the Governments of other Nations, to unite in referring all their difficulties and differences to *Arbitration*, or to a High Court of Nations for peaceful and amicable settlement, so that "Nation shall not lift up sword against Nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

In view of the existing political condition both of this country and abroad, the present time appears eminently propitious for the consideration of such a measure, and that it would with much propriety be inaugurated by the American Government, acknowledged to be one of the most powerful, prosperous and enlightened nations of the earth. Our extensive domain, and the general uprightness and tolerance of our laws, has made our country an asylum for many from other lands, and we now earnestly desire that all may advance to the still greater and more wide spread blessing of permanent Peace between the Nations, to the saving of vast numbers of lives, and an amount of misery and of treasure which cannot be computed.

We humbly trust that the accomplishment of so great and good a work would secure the favor and the blessing of that merciful and good Father, who cares for his dependent children everywhere.

On behalf of the Representative Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends held on Lombard street.

[Copy.]
WILLIAM WOOD,
SAMUEL TOWNSEND,
THOMAS H. MATTHEWS,
DARLINGTON HOOPES.
BALTIMORE, MD., Tenth Month 25th, 1871

WHAT after all is the end of most wars? Nothing but this: that a number of elderly gentlemen meet together, in an official room,

and sitting round a table covered with green cloth, quietly arrange all that might just as well have been arranged before the war began.—*A. Helps.*

ADDRESS

Read at the last Annual Meeting of Race Street First day School.

In presenting again to the notice of our friends the working of the First-day school system, we feel that we are indulging in a more than thrice told tale, and realize fully, that the repetition may become in a degree tiresome; but the importance of the cause, and the urgent necessity for awakening a more general interest in the movement, must plead our excuse, if excuse be needed.

In times like the present, when so much is being done by all denominations toward creating a more general interest in the various matters of church belief and church government, and affording to the young opportunities for participating in the exercises, it becomes a matter of grave importance that we should adopt such measures as shall secure to our own Society the cordial sympathy, if not the active working support of all our membership.

In the early rise of the Society, and for a great many years afterward, Friends were a body of earnest, convinced and spiritually-minded people, giving a due amount of personal attention to the religious instruction of their children and those under their care. While this was the case the necessity of our modern First-day school was unfelt, but in the ever-active present there are seductive influences at work which were then unknown. There is less of a barrier and distinctive difference between Friends and other denominations, than formerly, owing to modifications on both sides, and the lapse from the simple manners and informal religion of one, to the more pretentious modes of living and worship of the other, is so easy and gradual that almost insensibly we have grown weaker in numbers, and perhaps, also, less vigilant in matters once deemed essential.

As a means of regaining in some degree the ground lost, and to guard against future defections in the rising generation First-day schools were instituted in our Society about ten years ago. Their work was for some years very unobtrusive and little known, but as their value as a means of religious culture and refinement became more generally appreciated, they have been greatly extended in numbers and influence, until now a large number of our particular meetings have schools in active and successful operation.

It is a matter of great regret and embarrassment to those engaged in the work, that

there should be so many, who really value the testimonies of Friends, who are lukewarm and indifferent as to the success of the movement, if not actively opposed to it. After several years of labor carefully bestowed we are prepared to assert the practical value of these schools, and feel that we should be doing less than our duty if we failed to extend an earnest invitation to Friends of all ages to join us in the endeavor to retain the material which must of necessity form the future body of the Society, if it preserves its individuality at all.

We have received new strength and encouragement from the active interest manifested by some of our older Friends, not connected with any of the classes, and their contributions to the exercises of the school have been of the most interesting and valuable character. Prominently among these, may be named the relevant exhibitions of the Stereorama by our friend Dr. J. Gibbons Hunt, and a very instructive talk with the scholars by our friend Wm. Canby Biddle, illustrating by photographs the manners and customs of the Eastern nations among whom he has lately spent considerable time.

At the close of the school in the 6th Month, our annual pic-nic, held at Rockland in the East Park, furnished us with a delightful evidence of the kindly, social feeling which had gradually been generated between the members of the different classes and schools.

The feasibility of forming an adult class, supplying a link intermediate between the older of our regular classes and the reading association of Friends, has been considered by our teachers. We feel satisfied that it would prove a valuable adjunct to the school, and that there is abundant material for its formation already waiting.

Those whose interest and sympathy have been with the work, have no doubt whatever as to the positive value of the teachings received at these schools. We have not only had evidences that serious thoughts and circumspect conduct have resulted, but also that we have in several instances retained members whom we would otherwise have lost, while examples are not wanting of members not previously interested in the Society, who have since become active workers with us.

At the opening of the school for last session—10th Month 2d, 1870—we numbered 42 pupils, and after a term of 31 weeks of more than usual interest and success we closed with a register of 77 names, showing conclusively that our influence is extending. At our opening for the present session, we find the indications favorable for a still larger school, and have received offers of aid from a number of those whose assistance has been

heretofore withheld. Certainly if anything were needed to satisfy us of the value of these schools, it would be found in an attendance during the regular exercises of the classes, and noting the character of the teaching, and the interest and general order of the pupils. We would cordially invite our friends who have not heretofore been interested with us to give us the encouragement of their presence in prosecuting a labor which we feel should be near to every interested Friend. We ask simply that you come free from any previous bias, and judge of our schools as you judge of other movements—by the results.

On behalf of Com. of Race-St F. D. S.

REBECCA B. COMLY, }
ANNIE CALEY, } Committee.
NATH. E. JANNEY, }

From "Little Things of Nature."

CHEMISTRY.

BY L. H. GRINDON.

Hitherto we have given our attention almost exclusively to the objects and phenomena of living nature; we will now look for a little while at the marvellous discoveries of chemistry, that magnificent science which unfolds the laws and composition of the inorganic and inanimate portion of the world. Chemistry, in its wonderful disclosures, and the experiments by which we are made familiarly acquainted with its principles, approaches so nearly to "magic," that had some of the more curious knowledge of today been possessed by the philosophers of the middle ages, they would assuredly have been dealt with as sorcerers. In an enlightened age, men, if they cannot follow the quick steps of those who lead, still admire their powers and achievements; in a dark age, the speed and insight are attributed to some supernatural and perhaps unholy aid, and the true and beautiful become objects of hatred and persecution; just as in all ages, in regard to theology and all the highest truths connected with man's eternal welfare, that which a man sunk in sensualities of necessity cannot see the fulness and radiance of, seems to him, contrariwise, only black and unprofitable error. It is possible to freeze water in a red-hot crucible, letting the lump of ice fall out upon the table while the vessel in which it was formed still glows with the action of the fire; it is possible to produce upon a parlor-table light that shall seem brilliant as a fragment of sunbeam; it is possible, yea, and very easy, to prepare a powder that on being shaken out of the glass tube in which it is preserved, takes fire, atom by atom, simply by coming in contact with the air! One of the simplest and pret-

tiest experiments for winter evening amusement by the fireside is the setting lumps of a certain metal in a blaze by merely touching them with a drop of cold water! Had these things, we repeat, been exhibited when men who had science and thought enough to discover the wonders of nature were impeached of communication with the powers of darkness, what would have been the result and their fate! Many have suffered imprisonment and stripes for the promulgation of truths and discoveries not so wonderful. Let us be thankful that the Divine wisdom withholds the knowledge of such things till mankind is able to receive it reverently, neither suspecting the origin nor buffeting the instrument, and is able moreover to apply it to high practical uses, at once inviting the imagination to further inquiry, and supplying new proof of the Benevolence that everywhere guides and overrules.

This Benevolence shows itself in inorganic nature under two principal forms, viz., the composition of substances, and their action and reaction upon one another. The presence of every primary element can instantaneously be detected; and if it be a poisonous substance that we are dealing with, we know pretty well how to neutralize the baneful operation it would exert. Although when we look at nature in the mass, the materials of which it is composed seem infinitely diversified, and, practically, no doubt are so, yet on analyzing them, we find that the absolutely different elements do not exceed seventy. It is much the same with the composition of the world as with that of language. There are scores, yea, hundreds of thousands of different words in constant utterance by mankind in their various countries. English alone has tens of thousands of words in it; yet how few are the letters of the alphabet that are required for their construction! By varied intermixture of the twenty-six letters which form our first lesson at school, all that is needful for daily talk is produced—all that is needful to express the highest and loveliest sentiments, the most recondite propositions, the most brilliant insights of poetry. First, these little letters are combined into syllables; the syllables are united in twos and threes; they are variously arranged, multiplied and repeated, and an inexhaustible vocabulary is the result. It is precisely the same with the composition of the objects of nature. The seventy primitive elements correspond to the twenty six alphabetical sounds and characters. Some, like *g* and *z*, occur comparatively seldom; other elements, like *a* and *e*, are incessantly in demand.

The first result of the mixture of these elements is found in water, lime, salt, soda,

&c. When these are blended, entirely new compounds result; and the blending of these again, gives the infinitely diversified materials the analysis of which introduces the chemist to the mysteries of his fascinating science. The bodies of all animals, trees, plants, and flowers are similarly compounded of a few of the primitive elements, by successive processes of combination, the new compounds often presenting few or no traces of the qualities which marked their atoms before being united. Man is well called the "noblest work of God." Aristotle defined him as the "imitative animal;" other philosophers have called him the "cultivating," the "bargain-making," the "cooking" animal; the chemist describes him as an elaborate compound of carbon, nitrogen, water, lime, and phosphorus, with a little iron, &c., super-added; and reduced to the ultimate analysis, in truth, his material body is nothing besides, since the blood, the muscles, the bones, the nails, and the hair, are only so many exquisite mixtures, prepared by the agency of Life direct from Him in whom we move and have our being, and moulded by the fingers of infinite wisdom into shapes of absolute perfection, and of incomparable adaptedness to the noble purposes for which they are designed. Similarly, the lovely and fragrant rose is composed of no more than carbon and water, some ammonia, and perhaps a little iron; and, when disintegrated in the chemist's laboratory, can be presented as a few grains and drops of colorless relic.

How wonderful the guiding and controlling power that, out of dull and inanimate materials such as these, can weave shapes so transcendantly beautiful, filling them with energy to perform their comely uses, and, when those uses have been fulfilled, and they die, causing other things to rise from their ashes! For it is not only a fact that the objects of nature are made out of a few elements—they are positively made out of identically the same particles, taking turn with one another. There is no reason to suppose that a single atom of matter has been added to material nature since it pleased the Creator to dispose it in its present form; it is certain that not a single atom has passed out of existence; in other words, the bulk and weight of our planet and its enveloping atmosphere are precisely the same to-day that they were thousands of years ago, when things "began," whatever the date of that beginning; and yet during those multitudinous years, countless millions of plants and animals have run their little race of life, have died, decomposed, and returned to the dust. Where has the material come from? It has been simply the *old* material. Every atom has done duty

over and over again; to-day entering into the composition of a tree or flower, next year into that of an animal; after that, perhaps wandering in the air for awhile; by-and-by re-appropriated into the fabric of a plant or bird; in fact, enduring like a piece of money, unaltered in itself, but passing incessantly from place to place: "to-day—resuming the metaphor of the coin—a widow's mite, tomorrow part of the heaped-up treasures of a Cæsar. Our very breath is of this nature. The atmosphere we inhale is not of original English birth, nor does it abide permanently in England. Part of it has been sifted through the branches of the cedars of Lebanon; part of it has been moistened with the spray of the unpastured sea, a thousand leagues from where we stand; when we have done with it, by degrees it will move away, on the wings of the wind, to supply nutriment to people of whom we know nothing but that they live, and to many a blossom "born to blush unseen." In its history it is an image, viewless, but faithful as if wrought in perfect marble, of the whole economy of material nature, vicissitudes, wanderings and transformations, all included. No portion is ever lost; and though the whole never comes again intact, we have it renewed without ceasing.

Let us now cite a few examples of the operation of the Divine Benevolence with respect to the power given to man to detect the various elements of nature. Every substance is discoverable by some "test," which usually neutralizes it, or rather, which by uniting with it, forms a new compound. The whole fabric of chemistry rests upon this wonderful principle, as one of its corner-stones. Thus, if the least fragment of copper be dissolved in acid, and the fluid be then diluted with water until no trace of color remains, so potent, nevertheless, is the affinity of *ammonia* for the copper, that a single drop of the latter fluid will immediately reveal the presence of the metal, by uniting with it, and forming a new substance of the loveliest violet color. Similarly, if a morsel of lead be dissolved in acid, and the acid be then diluted with water, a single drop of a solution of *iodide of potassium* will turn the whole to a brilliant crocus-yellow. The presence of iron, after the same manner, is discovered by the least drop of tincture of galls, which blackens it upon contact; that of silver by a little solution of common salt, which causes flakes of imitative snow to make their appearance; that of mercury again with iodide of potassium, which turns the fluid containing it to a beautiful red. Every one of these tests is *reciprocal*; that is to say, we discover the presence of galls by administering a little solution of

iron ; and of ammonia by introducing a little copper. The test for zinc is remarkably curious. A drop of ammonia causes a white cloud in the watered solution of the metal, but in a few moments, if we shake it, the cloud dissolves, and the fluid becomes clear and limpid as before! The value of these simple facts to the science of chemistry can not possibly be over-estimated. Every substance, in the hands of the magician of the laboratory, is a new Spear of Ithuriel, extorting confession on the instant of the character of that which is touched with it ; and as no two results of "testing" in different directions are absolutely alike, the chemist is provided with an infallible clue to all the realities of the composition of things. How grand and inexhaustible does the Divine Wisdom appear, when we discover the humblest and commonest substances in nature to be connected by ties of affinity which a little child may bring to light ; which are yet so mysterious as to captivate the philosopher, at the same moment that they provide him with his initial keys of knowledge. By means of these "tests," we can detect all kinds of mineral poisons. No deadly substance can lie so deeply concealed as to evade answer when called. Hence the difficulty, now a-days, of administering poison without discovery. Though months may have elapsed after the commission of a murder by mineral poison, the traces may be found ; some "test" will declare what has been done, and what kind of poison has been employed. Along with this there is another great fact to be considered. The "tests" which prove the presence of the poison often possess the power, if used in time, of neutralizing its effect. This is the case with oxalic acid, a deadly poison not unfrequently given by mistake of ignorant people for Epsom salts. A small quantity of lime water being added, the acid and the earth combine, a white powdery substance is formed in a moment, and this, being insoluble, is perfectly harmless. So with the burning and corrosive fluid called sulphuric acid, one of the most important of known substances, alike for the purposes of chemistry and for those of many of the useful arts. If a drop be spilled upon the table or upon the fingers, the instant that a similar drop of any solution of the earth called baryta is added to it, the burning property is neutralized, and we have a milk-white product incapable of doing harm.

No man need complain of the existence in this world of so many hurtful and deadly things, when he reflects how ready and certain are the antidotes. Wherever there is an evil, there is always for the intelligent mind some compensating good. No winter is so cold but its asperities are outbalanced by the sweets

of summer. While the nettle is preparing the sharp sap that makes its sting so virulent, the dock is preparing another sap that shall assuage the pain. In chemistry we see more perhaps of this grand principle than in any other department of natural knowledge, since the effects are here at once instantaneous, varied almost without end, and impossible to be misconceived. It brings palpably before us, over again, the fewness and the universality of the principles of the Divine government ; all phenomena resulting in manifestations of bountiful care for the happiness and health of man, and all the phenomena of the natural world, being no other than the economic laws of the moral world played forth in pictures and representations. See, again, how beautifully the union of chemical elements, when placed in juxtaposition, becomes subservient to the highest purposes of human sympathy, in connection with invisible writing! When the remnant of English troops, left after the disasters at Cabool, some fifteen years ago, were shut up in a fort, surrounded and vigilantly watched by their enemies, they managed nevertheless to send brief letters to their nearest friends. These letters to appearance were only blank pieces of paper. But they were covered with words traced with rice-water instead of ink, every word becoming visible in bright blue when the paper was washed over with iodine! This wonderful substance, iodine, has the property of turning starch blue or violet color ; and as rice contains a considerable quantity of starch, an invisible ink prepared from it assumes that hue when touched with iodine, though previously quite colorless. Eventualities, such as the imprisonment adverted to, are quite as much a part of the system of nature as the most ordinary occurrences, and all are anticipated in these simple and beautiful laws.

The nourishment of our bodies consists in a series of chemical actions. Some portion of our food goes to the formation of flesh and blood ; another portion contributes to the substance and solidity of the bones ; a third portion is *fuel*. In this latter contrivance we have a most striking illustration of the simplicity and perfection of the Divine ordinances. There is no life without warmth, and warmth comes of the combination of certain elements, a process incessant in the human body, and consisting in no more than the chemical union of "oxygen" and "carbon"—the latter the chief constituent of fat, and the former inhaled continuously as part of the air. Every time we breathe we quicken the burning of the "flame of life," which is thus maintained quite unconsciously. When we "hold our breath," we thereby slacken the supply of oxygen ; and when we cease to

take food, we reduce the supply of carbon, each being equally requisite with the other to maintain the cheerful glow that we call our animal heat. Thus is one of the most agreeable sensations of life a simple result of chemical action, the materials broken up into atoms so minute as to be invisible to the most powerful microscope, but all obeying the great behest that all things shall work together for the comfort of the world and of mankind, and thus for the glory of Him who hath created them "for His pleasure."

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

A LITTLE SERMON IN RHYME.

"No ancient Greek ever thought of learning a foreign language. Why should he? . . . It takes time before people conceive the idea that it is possible to express one's self in any but one's own language. The Poles called their neighbors, the Germans, *Nicmie, niemy*, meaning dumb; just as the Greeks called the Barbarians *Aglossoi*, or speechless. The name which the Germans gave to their neighbors the Celts . . . means a person who talks indistinctly."—MAX. MULLER'S *Lectures on Language*.

It tells in a learned volume,
How in the days of old,
Men saw not the wondrous meaning
Which human tongues unfold:
Each deemed that *his* language only
Of sense or wisdom told.

And so, between all the nations,
A barrier upgrew
Of pride and haughty scornfulness,
Too mighty to break through;
And many a weary year it took
The mischief to undo.

But reading, I thought, how often
The same thing happens atill,
Each has a language of his own
For heart, and mind, and will;
And truly to read the meaning
Takes rarest love and skill.

In ways and tones so different
The same thing may be said,
That when it is not said our way,
Too often we're misled—
Ah! what we condemn so loudly,
We may have wrongly read.

And then we grow unbrotherly,
And whilst all one at heart,
From ignorance of each other's "tongues,"
We coldly stand apart;
Nor dream that at one end we aim,
And from one point we start.

But why all these sad confusions?
They surely need not be—
We know that to every language
There is one golden key
To unlock each door of mystery,
And set the meaning free.

Love is the great Interpreter,
Here is the gift so rare;
But only the true and trusting
To own her key may dare;
It must be treasured reverently,
And used with patient care.

Things dark and unintelligible
It will make clear and plain,
And glimpses of wondrous beauty
'T will often let us gain;
Though never to its perfect use
Shall any here attain.

Oh, how we shall wonder, brothers,
At all our blindness here—
At our doubts of one another,
Our strange distrust and fear;
When face to face at last we stand,
And, as we are, appear,

Where the discords are forgotten
Which here to earth belong,
And when love shall reign triumphant
Within the glorious throng,
Where we all shall learn *one* language,
All join in *one* new song.

—VEGA, in *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*.

OH! THE LONGING FOR THE RAIN-DROPS.

Oh! the sense of desolation;
Oh! the sadness of the people;
Oh! the longing for the rain-drops
To replenish wells and streamlets.

All the land is filled with smoke, now,
Smoke of many timbers burning,
Burning villages and hamlet,
Cities burning all around us,
Yielding up their garnered treasures,
Powerless to stay the burning,
No cool drops to cool the flames with.

Only listen to the moaning,
Moaning of the men and women,
Moaning of the little children,
Moaning for the bright cool rain-drops.

Hear the very cattle lowing,
Lowing on the farms and hillside,
Lowing in the streets and stable,
Lowing for the juicy verdure
Made by sunshine and the rain-drops.

When the sun has slowly settled,
Far away in the distant west,
And the crimson clouds have darkened,
Darkened into shadowy night,
How the red blaze lights the tree-tops,
Making all the forests brilliant,
Making many weird strange shadows
Of the swaying, leafless branches.

Oh! the red flames leaping upward;
Oh! the crash of falling timbers;
Oh! the hearts that throb with sorrow
As the strong wind and relentless,
Sends the flames towards cozy homesteads,
Nestled in among the orchards,
And in just the briefest moments
All is ruin, all is blackness.

Oh! the many heads now homeless!
Oh! the many filled with anguish!

October, 1871.

ARMADA.

—Michigan Farmer.

THE savage knows little of the keen anguish to which the cultured mind and sensitive heart are liable, and the more debased the moral character, the more benumbed are the stings of conscience, which give to the pure-minded such exquisite pain.

RITUALISM.

The use or disuse of these colored vestments (by the Ritualists) is often treated by both sides as if it were the turning question between a true and a false Church ; the signs to one party of the only Catholic worship, to the other of "the workshops of Satan." We venture to say that, with the exception of one aspect, on which we will dwell presently, there is not in the whole course of ecclesiastical usage a ceremonial practice more absolutely void of all theological significance. Look at the origin of these vestments. Both their supporters and their opponents regard them as sacerdotal garments, symbolical of we know not what mysterious meanings. Even Milton spoke of them as borrowed from the Flamen's vestry and Aaron's wardrobe. What is the actual case ? They have not the slightest tincture of Flamen or priest in their whole descent. They are the dresses of the Syrian peasant or the Roman gentleman, retained by the clergy when they had been left off by the rest of society ; just as the bishops long preserved the last relics of the flowing wigs of the time of Charles II. ; as the Blue coat boys recall the common dress of children under Edward VI. ; as Quakers maintain the sober costume of the Commonwealth ; as a clergyman's bands, which have been regarded as symbolical of the Cloven Tongues, of the two Testaments, of the two Tables of the Law, are but the remains of the turn-down collars of the time of James I. Their very names bear witness to the fact that there was originally no outward distinction whatever between clergy and laity. They thus strike, if they have any historical significance at all, at the root of the vast hierarchical system, of which they are now made the badges and ornaments. The "alb" is but the white shirt or tunic, still kept up in the white dress of the Pope, which used to be worn by every peasant next his skin, and in southern countries was often his only garment. A variety of it introduced by the Emperors Commodus and Heliogabalus with long sleeves, was, from the country whence they brought it, called the Dalmatica. The "pall" is the pallium, the woolen cloak, generally the mark of philosophers, wrapped round the shirt like a plaid or shawl. The overcoat, in the days of the Roman Empire as in ours, was constantly changing its fashion and its name ; and the slang designations by which it was known have been perpetuated in the ecclesiastical vocabulary and are now used with bated breath, as if speaking of things too sacred to be mentioned. One such overcoat was the *cape* or *cope*, also called *pluviale*, the "water-proof." Another was the *chasuble*, or *casula*, "the little house," as the Roman laborer

called the smock frock in which he shut himself up when out at work in bad weather. Another was the *caracalla* or *caraca*, or *casaca*, "the cassock" brought by the Emperor, who derived his own surname from it when he introduced it from France. The "surplice" is the barbarous garment, the "over fur" (*superpellicium*), only used in the North, where it was drawn over the skins of beasts in which our German and Celtic ancestors were clothed. It was the common garb—"the white coat" (*cotta candens*)—worn by the regular clergy not only in church, but in ordinary life. In the oldest Roman mosaic, that in the church of Sta. Pudenciana, of the fourth century, the apostles are represented in the common, classical costume of the age. No thought had entered the mind of the Church, even at that time, of investing even the most sacred personages with any other than ordinary dresses.—Dean Stanley.

"Let there be some one to set a tuft of mignonette by every sick man's pillow, and plant a fuchsia in every workingman's yard, and place a geranium in every sewing-girl's window, and twine a cypress about every poor man's grave, and, above all, may there come upon us the blessing of Him whose footsteps the mosses mark, and whose breath is the redolence of flowers. Between these leaves I press thee, O Lily of the Valley."—*From Out of Doors.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.
 REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.
 ELEVENTH MONTH.

	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	7 days.	5 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	1 "	3 "
Snow, includ'g very slight falls	2 "	2 "
Cloudy, without storms	3	8
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	17 "	12 "
	30 "	30 "
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 11th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	46.25 deg.	41.00 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	67.00 "	66.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	32.00 "	22.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	2.10 in.	4.29 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year.....	972	1491
Average of the mean temperature of 11th month for the past eighty two years....		43.37
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1849).....		50.50 deg.
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1793, 1827, 1842),		38.00 ,,

AUTUMN TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three fall months of 1870.....	58.95	“
Mean do do do 1871.....	54.22	“
Average of the fall temperatures for the past eighty two years.....	54.78	“
Highest fall mean occurring during that entire period, LAST YEAR	58.95	“
Lowest do do (1827).....	49.33	“

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1870.	1871.
Totals for the first eleven months of each year, .	42.18 inch.	45.02 inch.

It will be seen the mean temperature of the month under review has not only fallen *five and a quarter degrees below* that of last year, but considerably below the *average* for the past *eighty two years*. The entire *autumn mean* is also slightly below the average for the same period. Returning to the Eleventh month of the present year, neither "*Peirce's Record*" nor our own diary show anything as low, until we go back as far as 1843, when the same mean was recorded.

Nor has this latitude been alone in its experiences of cold weather. In the *East, Boston, Lewistown, Brunswick* and other places have felt its effects, while in *Omaha* the trains have been snow-bound. At *Denver*, one snow-storm of *eight inches* was followed in a day or two by another of *six inches, &c., &c.*

It may also be well to add, that on the 29th the Erie Canal was closed with ice. J. M. ELLIS.
Philadelphia, 12th mo. 2d, 1871.

I FIRMLY believe that war, or the sending thousands of our fellow creatures to cut one another to bits, often for what they have no concern in, nor understand, will one day be reckoned far more absurd than if people were to settle an argument over the dinner table with their knives!—a logic, indeed, which was once fashionable in some places during the "good old times."—*Leigh Hunt.*

ITEMS.

THE King of Siam has abolished slavery in the Kingdom of Siam from and after January 1st, 1872; slaves then in being will be manumitted from the produce of a tax laid upon the slave proprietors from the present time. A good commencement has also been made in the laying out of new roads and the erection or building of new bridges of a substantial nature, whereby the development of the varied resources of the Kingdom of Siam will be much furthered.

TREES AND RAIN.—In Italy the clearing of the Apennines is believed to have seriously altered the climate of the Po Valley, and now the African sirocco, never known to the armies of ancient Rome, breathes its hot, blighting breath over the right bank of that river in the territory of Parma. The similar removal of the pine forests near Ravenna, about twenty miles long, induced this same desolating wind, which continued until the wood had been allowed to grow again. There is no doubt that in France the removal of the old forests of the Vosges sensibly deteriorated the climate on the plains of Alsace; and it is a historic fact that the ancient destruction of the forests of the Cevennes, under the reign of Augustus, left the large and rich tracts near the mouth of the Rhone exposed to the steady violence of the *mistral* (or north-west

wind,) before which the area of olive culture has retreated many leagues, the orange is confined to a few sheltered points on the coast, and fruit trees can hardly be reared in places where they were famously prolific. The curtailment of the rainfall is a well known consequence of the disappearance of forests; and in Egypt, where during the French occupation in 1798, not a drop of rain fell for sixteen months, and from time immemorial, the country has been a rainless bed of sand, Mehemed Ali, by planting his millions of fig and orange trees, has since seen his country blessed with an annual rainfall of several inches.

A PROJECTED CANAL to connect the Black Sea with the Caspian is at present attracting great attention at St. Petersburg. The project has for many years been the subject of discussion among Russian engineers, but has hitherto been considered impracticable. Recently, however, Captain Blum, of the Russian topographical engineers, having made extensive explorations, has presented a report to the Government, enthusiastically favoring the construction of this important commercial and strategical work. All the necessary measurements and calculations have been made, and the canal is located in the valley of Manitch, supposed by geologists to have formerly united the two seas. The projected route of this canal, which passes through several lakes and runs for fifty miles alongside the river Don, is four hundred and fifty miles long, and the work, it is calculated, will cost fifty five million dollars, and take six years for its completion.

READING IN RAILWAY CARS.—Most, if not all, who read on railroads, are sensible of weight and weariness about the eyes. This sensation is accounted for on high medical authority by the fact that the exact distance between the eyes and the paper cannot be maintained. The concussions and oscillations of the train disturb the powers of vision, and any variation, however slight, is met by an effort at accommodation on the part of the eyes. The constant exercise of so delicate an organ of course produces fatigue, and if the practice of railroad reading is persisted in must result in permanent injury. Added to this difficulty is bad or shifting light. The safe and prudent mode is to read little if any. The deliberate finishing of volumes in railway cars is highly detrimental.

THE OLDEST POSTAGE-STAMPS.—The idea of post-paid or stamped paper originated early in the reign of Louis XIV., with M. de Valayer, who in 1653 established a private penny-post, placing boxes at the corners of streets for the reception of letters wrapped up in envelopes, which were franked by bands or slips of paper tied around them with the inscription, "Postpaid the — day of —, 1653 or 1654." These slips were sold for a sou tape, and could be procured at the palace, at the turn-tables of convents, and from the porters of colleges. When Louis XIV. used to quit his habitual residence, the personages of his suite were accustomed to procure these labels intended to be placed around letters destined for Paris. M. de Valayer had also caused to be printed certain forms of *billets*, or notes, applicable to the ordinary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks which were to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might complete the writer's object. One of these *billets*, filled up by Pelisson, and sent to Mademoiselle Scudery, is still preserved in Paris, and is one of the oldest of penny-post letters extant, and is a curious example of a prepaying envelope.—*Harper's Magazine.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

*Friends' Discipline, when rightly regarded, and
 the comprehensive injunction of George Fox,
 "Mind the Light," are one and the same rule,
 not two.*

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

Friends are charged with the inconsistency
 of having two rules to walk by. I am con-
 cerned to endeavor to present my views upon
 the subject, and to show that this is not the
 case. When rightly regarded, they both blend
 into one.

The testimonies of Truth, as professed by
 the Society of Friends, are the natural out-
 growth from the Divine Life in the soul.
 They are the harmonious development of the
 good seed planted by the Great Husbandman
 in every heart, into its distinct branches, and
 varied fruits of Truth, Justice, Love, Charity,
 Purity and Holiness, and all the blessed at-
 tributes, through a manifestation of which in
 ourselves we come to know God. This growth
 or development is gradual, both in the indi-
 vidual and in religious organizations. Like
 the breaking of day, the light dawns increas-
 ingly upon the human soul. "The path of
 the just is as a shining Light, that shineth
 more and more unto the perfect day." The
 blessed Jesus declared: "When the Spirit of
 Truth is come, He will *guide* you into all
 Truth." It will not enable us to see all Truth
 at once. The Light would be too painfully

great. But it will unfold it gradually. "It
 will *guide* into all Truth."

And this gradual unfolding of the Light
 corresponds with the experience of the faith-
 ful servants of God, in all ages of the world.
 "Those who are faithful in the little, are
 made rulers over more."

This Spirit of Truth, or Spirit of God in
 man, which is both wisdom and power, light
 and strength, imparts to every soul ability to
 see, and power to do, the whole mind and will
 of God concerning such soul. This is the
 great fundamental doctrine of Friends. And
 it must, from its very nature, be an all-suffi-
 cient guide and help. Nothing more would
 seem to be needed.

The inquiry then arises, What place has
 Friends' Discipline? If the Discipline is a
 distinct and separate rule from this spiritual
 Guide, then we are required to "serve two
 masters," which we have high authority for
 saying "no man can do."

But this is not the case. The true Disci-
 pline of the Society of Friends, like their pre-
 cious principles and testimonies, is the out-
 growth from this same seed of Divine Life,
 and must fully and necessarily harmonize
 therewith. Unless it has its root in this Life,
 it is without power, and dead.

The Book of Discipline, in itself, possesses
 no power. Unlike the Light, it may point
 out a way, but it imparts no ability to walk
 in it. The Light, on the other hand, is al-

ways accompanied with power, and does both. And it is so with every outgrowth from this root of Divine Life.

But, in addition to this Guide—the Spirit of Truth—we are blessed with the practical experience of those who have been, and are, under its teachings. This practical experience is of great value. But, as continual additions are being made to this experience, its amount is not constant. It must, in a living body like the Society of Friends, be continually increasing. The Book of Discipline contains a record, on the points considered, of the highest convictions and experiences of the Society at the time the record was made, of the practical requirements of these eternal principles in the varied incidents of life. While the Discipline continues to be the record of the highest convictions and experiences of the Society, as it ought to be, the two rules are beautifully and harmoniously blended into one.

But a live Society, like an individual, must be continually advancing. The experience of those who have preceded us, together with our own, raises each generation, if faithful, higher than the former one. So far as experience is the test of age, each generation is *older* than the one that preceded it. "Wisdom is the gray hair to man." We must look *forward*, not *back*, for the highest type of humanity, and for the greatest capabilities of our beloved Society. To look back, except so far as to retain, and profit by, those experiences which are adapted to present needs, is as fatal now, as the Scriptures tell us it was to Lot's wife.

With this advancement under the "guide" of the Spirit, and the increase of enlightened experience, Society, as aggregated individuals, comes to apprehend more elevated duties, and see an extended field of the requirements of Truth, Justice and Love. Also, surrounding circumstances may so vary, as to cause what may appear right, and wholly expedient at one time, to be improper and entirely inexpedient at another, and *vice versa*.

But during all this progress in Society, in accordance with the promise to "*guide* into all Truth," the Book of Discipline remains stationary. The Society *outgrows* its Book of Discipline. In one instance, a Book of Discipline has not had the benefit of a general revision for over 40 years. In this long period, many of its provisions are naturally outgrown, by the increased light and experience of its living members. Just at this point lie the practical difficulty and danger, which it is so desirable should be removed.

Some honestly concerned Friends, who are justly beloved, have such veneration for the past, and for the "worthies who have gone

before us," that they feel both an objection to making any alteration in the present Book of Discipline, and an imperative obligation to enforce all its existing provisions. Such members do not regard with favor any proposition for a general revision of what our fathers did.

Others again, equally beloved, and equally concerned for the advancement of Truth, and who have high regard for the present and future of the Society, and an abiding trust in the sufficiency of the Spirit of Truth, if its dictates are humbly and faithfully obeyed, "*to guide into all Truth*," and preserve us therein, view as an inconsistency the effort to support what has been outgrown—a thing of the past, and dead. Such a provision of Discipline may have been right and proper, in a former stage of Society development, and no doubt it was, like the laws of Moses were to the Jews. But the Spirit of Truth now shows to us, as it did to them, an advanced state. "It hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thy enemy. But I [the Spirit of Truth] say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." What an advance from the time of Moses! And there is no standing still spiritually. We must advance or decline. If we are a living body, as we certainly are, we must grow, and provision must be made for growth. If such provision is not made, we seem called upon to serve two masters. Young people see the inconsistency. They also observe the confusion it sometimes creates in our Meetings for Discipline. It is with the hope of harmonizing the practical working of the two views by bringing them into one, that this communication is written.

Now, if we come rightly to understand the relation of the Book of Discipline to the Society of Friends, we must recognize the Society as it really is—a *living* body, spiritually, and hence a growing, increasing, developing body. For where there is life there must always be growth in some parts. The Book of Discipline, then, must be adapted to this natural growth and development of the body. Otherwise, there must be an oppression to the tender part that is striving to burst forth.

This adaptation of the Book of Discipline to the natural growth and expansion which must attend all healthy, living bodies, can be secured by its frequent and periodical revisal, say once in ten or fifteen years. Then it would be continually the production of those who are most immediately concerned in its administration. They would understand its provisions better, and show their com-

compatibility with the principles of Truth which we profess.

Let us not be afraid to trust our members, even those who are young in years, with a frequent examination of our principles and testimonies, and of the ground upon which these rest; or with a voice in forming the Discipline which we expect them to observe and administer. Truth has nothing to fear from the strictest scrutiny. Indeed, its love-ness becomes more apparent, the closer it is examined. And one of the good effects of a frequent revision of the Discipline, when, in that freedom and confidence which love and truth give, its different provisions could be examined in the Light, and the reasons for them explained, would be to bring all the members to be more familiar with these provisions, and to see their beauty and loveliness. For they must be lovely and beautiful, if they are in harmony with Truth, Justice and Love.

The Book of Discipline, thus coming frequently, and at stated times, under consideration for revision, no growth or expansion would be likely to be so rapid, as to cause much suffering or loss before an opportunity of relief would arrive; and the certain prospect of such opportunity would aid greatly in bearing patiently such as might exist.

Principles never change. They are eternal—"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." But the apprehended practical requirements of these principles, which are the objects of Discipline, *do change*. They advance and develop with increased light and experience. Witness the unchangeable Principle of Justice, in the gradual development of its practical requirements to our beloved Society in regard to slavery. In the year 1754, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends issued an Address to its members, from which the following is extracted:

"DEAR FRIENDS:—It hath been frequently the concern of our Yearly Meeting to testify their uneasiness and disunity with the importation and purchasing of negroes and other slaves, and to direct the overseers of the several meetings to advise and deal with such of our members as engage therein. And it hath likewise been the concern of many eighty Friends, to press those who bear our name to guard, as much as possible, against being in any respect concerned in promoting the bondage of such unhappy people; and we have now thought proper again, earnestly to exhort all to avoid, in any manner, encouraging that practice of making slaves of our fellow-creatures. * * * * *

"And we likewise recommend to all our members who have slaves, to be careful to come up in the performance of their duty

towards them. * * * * *

"And, dear Friends, you who by inheritance have slaves born in your families, we beseech you, to consider them as souls committed to your trust, whom the Lord will require at your hand. And let it be your constant care to watch over them for good, and so train them up, that if you should come to behold their unhappy condition in the same light that many worthy men, who are now at rest, have done, and many of your brethren now do, and should think it your duty to set them free, they may be the more capable of making proper use of their liberty."

What a pure and deep travail of concern these dear Friends labored under upon the subject! How our hearts sympathize with them in reading their address. Yet, they could then only "testify" against the "importation and purchasing of negroes!" Slavery was still recognized and tolerated in the Society. What a happy advance in the testimonies of the Society since that day, in a more pure, elevated and expanded idea of the practical requirements of Justice! Such advance and growth are interesting evidences of Life. Our Society has been, and is, a living body. It must continue to expand and develop, and its interest, welfare and harmony will be greatly promoted by practically recognizing this fact, and making provision therefor.

A parallel to the concern on the subject of slavery may be traced in the gradual development of the testimony of the Society in relation to spiritous liquors and temperance. This has not yet reached its full practical requirement, but every movement is towards a more advanced, expanded and refined condition of Society, that will hold all its tastes in strict subordination to the principle of true temperance.

The true Discipline of Friends, as previously intimated, must be in harmony with the teachings of the Spirit, or the manifestations of the Light of Truth. And, being in this harmony, they must admit of being shown to be so, to every intelligent mind. This gives a needed qualification for administering the Discipline. To undertake gravely to treat with an "offender," for merely a violation of the letter of the Book of Discipline, without being able to show what principle of truth or right has been violated, is an empty mockery. Young persons of discernment see it to be such. And, seeing the importance that is attached to these evident non-essentials, they are led more or less to regard our important and most valuable principles and testimonies in the same light.

For myself, while any provision remains in the Book of Discipline, I feel it to be my duty

to observe it, if I can do so conscientiously, and to encourage others to do likewise, in return for the many comforts and privileges enjoyed by the right of membership. But I could not enforce it upon others, or require its observance of them, or regard them as "offenders" if they fail to observe it. In these respects, leave all free; but encourage every one to live up faithfully, day by day, to the highest convictions of right and duty that are revealed to their watchful consciousness. Then all will be well for them and for Society. Any observed departure from these principles will be a legitimate object of concerned labor in Gospel love; and such labor will meet the witness for God in their own hearts, and prove to be a comfort and a strength to both.

Religion must be free, and it must recognize individual freedom in others. Its healthy actions and restraints must all be voluntary. Anything compulsory, whether in form, ceremony, or whatever else, strips it of all its genuineness and loveliness.

In the editorial on "Attitude in Time of Prayer," in *Friends' Intelligencer* of this morning, the subject is placed on the true ground in the implied remark, that anything of secondary importance may safely be left to individual feeling. This is true Friends' doctrine. And it accords with a maxim that is quoted, if I mistake not, with approbation by William Penn: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

Sandy Spring, Md., 11th mo. 18th, 1871.

A Memorial of Fairfax Monthly Meeting, concerning our deceased Friend, NATHAN WALKER.

When death has removed any of our friends from amongst us, we naturally love to dwell on those qualities which endeared them to us, and if these have been such as tend to elevate or improve the survivors, a short memorial of their lives is often of benefit. Acting under this belief, this Monthly Meeting deems it proper to propose a short memorial of our deceased Friend, Nathan Walker.

He was born on the 12th day of the 12th month, 1802. His parents, Edward and Mary Walker, were members of Hopewell Monthly Meeting, Frederick Co., Virginia, where he was raised. Having received a guarded education, under the care of pious and exemplary parents, his mind became deeply impressed with the advantages that may be, and generally are, reaped from that care which our religious Society extends to its members in the tender season of youth, when the mind is so fitted to receive lasting impressions. Hence he was solicitous to pre-

serve and enforce, but always in the spirit of love, that most excellent form of discipline which our worthy predecessors were favored to adopt and hand down to us for our guidance. On the 14th of the First month, 1836, he was united in marriage with Jane, the daughter of Jacob and Ruth Rees, and not long thereafter removed to Waterford, within the verge of this Meeting, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits. In early life he was diligent and attentive to business, but always found time to attend all our religious meetings, fully realizing the truth of the Divine declaration, that "man shall not live by bread alone," but that he also needs the supporting grace of God to fit him for the proper discharge of his daily duties. An advocate at all times for that simplicity which is so becoming in the Christian character, he endeavored by his example to give force to his precepts, and was always plain in his dress, address and manner of living; thus, when later in life his health became too much impaired to attend to business, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was not dependent on others, and the pleasure of extending a liberal hospitality to many.

In the year 1854 he was appointed to the station of an Elder by this Monthly Meeting. In the discharge of the delicate and important duties frequently devolving on persons occupying that station, he was always solicitous to perform his duty. He failed not to extend the word of caution or of encouragement when needed, but always showed he was influenced by his love of Truth in so doing. For many years previous to his death he was afflicted with a painful disease, which continually reminded him of the uncertain tenure of life, but the pains of which he bore with true Christian patience, until his spirit became more and more clothed with that canopy of love which ever marks the perfect Christian. Hence an increased desire for the welfare of others arose in his mind, and he was often led to speak a few words of encouragement to his friends when gathered together for the solemn purpose of Divine worship. These communications were generally short but acceptable and to the purpose. On Fifth-day, the 16th of the First month last, he was attacked with pneumonia, which, complicated with a tubular condition of the lungs and his old disease of the heart, caused him an unusual amount of oppression, but sustained, as we believe him to have been, by the Divine hand, he was enabled to bear it all in much patience and meekness, until the 29th of the month, when he quietly passed away, surrounded by his family and many friends. On the 31st his remains were interred in Friends' Burying-ground, at Fair-

fax, accompanied by a large number of Friends and others.

A Memorial of Fairfax Monthly Meeting, concerning our deceased Friend, LOUISA STEER.

When the good and faithful are called from work to rewards, we believe it right to keep some little record of their lives, for the encouragement of those who may follow after them.

Our dear Friend, Louisa Steer, was the daughter of David and Mary Brown, of Frederick Co., Va. She was born on the 16th of Fourth month, 1800.

Her parents were not members of the religious Society of Friends, but her training was in that direction, and early in life she became convinced that true peace is to be found only in a denial of self, and taking up the Cross and following a meek and lowly Saviour. In the 22d year of her age she requested, and was received a member of Hope-well Monthly Meeting, and the same year was united in marriage with Wm. B. Steer, and became a member of Fairfax Monthly Meeting. Their house might almost be said to be an asylum for the afflicted. Many homeless and destitute ones sought and found a refuge there. Their necessities were relieved and their wants ministered unto tenderly, remembering the words of our Divine Teacher, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

She was a diligent attender of meetings, and an earnest worker in all that she thought would promote the cause of truth and righteousness on earth, pleasant and instructive in conversation, and always careful to let no utterance pass her lips calculated to injure or hurt the feelings of another; truly love and humility marked her character.

She travelled extensively in the ministry. Near the close of her life she visited in Gospel love all the Yearly, and many of the Subordinate meetings of Friends, with whom we are united. When a duty presented, with singleness of purpose she gave herself to it until it was accomplished; indeed to do the will of her Father seemed to be her meat and her drink.

Her last illness was short and severe, which she bore with Christian fortitude, and was released on the 23d of Fourth month, 1870; aged 70 years.

LATE FLOWERS.

I was walking in my little garden. Everything wore the brown tint and general appearance of decay which bespeaks late autumn. A thought struck me. I will collect

one of each flower, great or small, which remains. I did so, adding here and there a scarlet seed-ball, from which the flower had long since fallen off, a white snow-drop, a stalk of bearded grass, a sprig of box or evergreen, and a twig on whose scanty leaves, yet remaining, the early frost (that peculiarly American painter) had imprinted its brilliant colors. And now I looked, and behold, I had a beautiful bouquet in my hand, and I came in and set it on my table, and all admired it for its rich and varied colors. Thus, when thou art surveying the garden of thy life and everything wears the appearance of dreariness and desolation, go and pluck one of each still blooming flower, forget not the stalks on which the flowers of love and joy once bloomed, and long ago fell away, for they are memorials of past blessings; forget not the sad but significant touches of decay begun and coming death, for they are symbols of future immortality; forget nothing that the merciful Father has left thee of joy or hope, and thou shalt find that there is much left to be contented in and cheerful for—much to lift up thy heart in devout gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and to carry forward thy thoughts to that spring-time of immortality, whose flowers no autumn shall touch with decay, and no wintry storms shall entomb beneath the snow.

OMAHA AGENCY.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

I send herewith a letter from Dr. Painter, U. S. Indian Agent for the Omaha tribe, the principal portion of which I will be glad to see in your paper. J. W. P.

OMAHA AGENCY, 10 mo. 15th, 1871.

My dear friend J. W. P.—In attempting to comply with thy request conveyed in the letter of our mutual friend B. S., asking me to give a brief account of the affairs of the Indians under my charge at this time as compared with the condition of things on my first arrival at the Agency, nearly 2½ years ago, I feel it to be a work of some delicacy, and will necessitate a review of some facts with which most Friends are already somewhat familiar; so I hope to be excused in my effort to comply with thy wishes, if my recital should prove somewhat tedious in its details. To my surprise I found the Omaha Indians generally clear of vicious practices, such as thieving, drunkenness, and those low vices to which a sensual people are in most cases sorrowfully addicted. In an industrial relation I could say but little in their praise: the men generally took things very coolly, assigning most of the drudgery to those who, in refined society, mostly claim immunity from the severest toil,—namely, the women.

To these were allotted the task of cultivating the crops, which consisted principally of corn, and of carrying supplies of fuel on their shoulders sometimes for miles, after having cut and prepared the wearisome load with their own hands. To them was also assigned the labor of dressing, tanning and preparing the robes and skins for sale or use, and of striking their tents, packing the ponies, &c., when about to remove to another location. If the men condescended to go into the field to assist in tilling the crop, they would take a large bush with them, and, having planted the end in the ground, they would work leisurely at such corn hills as happened to be in the shade of the bush. This statement applies to the plebeian part of the tribe; the chiefs, as a class, scorned labor of all kinds. The same might be said of most of the male dignitaries amongst them. The young men amused themselves with a kind of game at throwing darts at a small ring as it rolled along the ground; others might be seen in small squads engaged in playing cards. This was their practice on First days as well as at other times—indeed, I could discover little or no difference in respect to days, so far as working or sports were concerned. The men generally dressed in blankets or buffalo robes, with cloth leggings and moccasins, their long black hair streaming in the wind, and on gala days having their faces painted with bright colors, and a profusion of trinkets generally dangling from large slits cut in their ears. Twice a year it was their custom to go on the hunt, from which they would generally return in about two months, reeking with grease and all begrimed with dirt. Before starting on the winter hunt, it was their practice to send the women into the cornfield to gather the crop. This was done by packing the ears of corn on either side of their ponies, and conveying them to their lodges, where the husks were stripped back, and after being braided together, were slung over high poles to dry. Afterwards the corn was packed away in caves dug in the ground. This may give a little idea of their mode of farming, working proclivities, &c. As it respected mental culture, a mission school had been established amongst them some years before my coming here. This was on the industrial plan, and supported partly by an annual appropriation of \$3,750 of the Indians' annuity money, and the balance of about \$6,000 per annum, was made up by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of New York, under the auspices of which organization the school was conducted. In the official report of the Superintendent of this school for the year 1868, it is stated that the average attendance

has been about 48 or 50. "We commenced one year with 59 and closed it with 42. I have no doubt the number of scholars might have been kept up, if the police had been required to bring back the runaways." The benefits of this school, costing from \$6,000 to \$7,000 per annum, were confined principally to a small portion of the tribe living in a village near the school. The other children were in a deplorable state of ignorance. At the time I speak of, farming operations were generally conducted on the community plan. Large fields were cultivated for the benefit and the common interest of the Indians. None had a special right to any portion of the soil. The allotment of a portion of land to each family in their own individual rights had not then been made. They had only general rights in a tribal capacity. With the allotment of their lands in severalty commenced the first gleam of individual enterprise. The listless Indian was animated with a hope hitherto unknown to him; he saw plainly that by personal exertion he could obtain a desirable object to which he had never before aspired—a home and its surroundings, fixed and permanent, that he could call his own. He began to realize what it would be to sit under his own vine and fig tree. Industry and hope became elements of his life. The bow was soon cast aside to give place to the woodman's axe; and instead of the crack of the deadly rifle, might now be heard among the lofty trees of the forest the echo of the woodchopper's burnished steel, or the smack of the thong as the patient ox teams were urged along by Indian drivers towards the saw mill, where the logs for their houses were to be deposited.

Soon the prairie was dotted over with piles of lumber, ready to be framed into neat cottages for the future homes of the red men. The young men lent a willing hand in the construction of these cottages, and now a number of them are occupied as cheerful and comfortable homes. Instead of storing their corn away under the ground, where much of it was unfit for use in the spring, nearly every Indian has now a good corn house, built with his own hands, and set up some distance from the ground so as to secure his crop from dampness or injury. In this respect it is acknowledged by white farmers in the neighborhood that they are in advance of many of the new settlers. This year, notwithstanding a season of great drought, the Indians will have some thousands of bushels of corn for sale. During the past season, many of the Indians commenced opening farms on their respective allotments of land, which are now secured to them by title papers issued under the sanction of the Secretary of the

Interior. Each Indian breaks up 10 acres of the prairie with a strong team of oxen. These fields are to be sown with wheat next spring, the climate here not admitting of the culture of fall wheat. This year the Indians raised about 1600 bushels of wheat for their own use, whereas two years ago they had to purchase nearly or quite all the flour that was used by the tribe. As respects the subject of education, the Indians expressed their dissatisfaction with the system as it existed, soon after my arrival here, and wished the benefits of instruction more generally diffused throughout the tribe by withdrawing their funds from the control of the Board of Missions, and establishing day schools in lieu of the industrial school as it had been conducted. This arrangement was approved by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the Indian funds appropriated to the support of three day schools, now in successful operation and attended by more than 100 Indian children, who manifest great interest and most commendable progress in learning. To the credit of the Indian Department at Washington, I may say that the schools have been supported for about a year past by funds appropriated from a sum set apart by Congress "for schools not otherwise provided for." This has been of great service to the Indians in their present straightened resources, in respect to means to go on with the work of civilization and improvement.

* * * *

Believe me truly thy friend,
E. PAINTER, *U. S. Indian Agent.*

THE CRITERIA OF PROGRESS.

A serious person, when he is informed that any particular country is making strides in civilization, will ask two questions. First, personally: Are the individual citizens growing more pure in their private habits? Are they true and just in their dealings? Is their intelligence, if they are becoming intelligent, directed towards learning and doing what is right? or, are they looking only for more extended pleasures, and for the means of obtaining them? Are they making progress in what old-fashioned people used to call the fear of God? or, are their personal selves and the indulgence of their own inclinations the end and aim of their existence? That is one question; the other is its counterpart. Each nation has a certain portion of the earth's surface allotted to it, from which the means of its support are being wrung. Are the proceeds of labor distributed justly, according to the work which each individual has done? or, does one plough and another reap in virtue of superior strength, superior cleverness, or cunning?—*J. A. Froude.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

There is a blessed reality in that faith which enables us to seek unto an *omnipresent* God. Let our concern be to abide so near this supporting power, that in all times of trial we can resort thereunto and know it to be a sure defence. The promise is: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Thus we are not only encouraged, but instructed in the necessity of keeping under this Divine influence, in order that in the hour of extremity, when we cry out for help, He who is our sure helper will hear and answer. Thou hast been passing through some deep exercises in the course of thy visit, but thou hast been replenished day by day, so that thy acknowledgment has been, there has been nothing lacking. I believe this will ever be the experience of those whose dependence for renewings is upon Him who hath commissioned them to go forth.

I have great comfort in believing that, however humble the instrument, the Great Head of the Church will bless the labor, if it be performed under the sanctifying influence of Christian love—a love which seeks another's welfare even as our own, and desires that all may come up into that condition wherein can be known a communion high and holy, yet intimate with Him, who, though He inhabiteth eternity, yet dwelleth with the lowly—the poor in spirit—the pure in heart. It is said: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"It is a sad world if we only regard the woful things in it, and a sinful race if we know only the bad; but thanks to our Father in heaven, *all* is not bad nor sinful, nor sad, even here. For one I have no complaint, and have no desire to terminate earthly existence. This world has yet a very pleasant face to me, and I know that a better one will follow. Twice I have been deprived of all my property: in the late fire at Chicago I lost over \$20,000, and I feel that I am poor and too old to expect to regain the property destroyed; but I expect to pay my debts, support my dear family, and enjoy life in so doing. What more can a man have? External things can only promote our enjoyment—happiness must come from within or not at all."

By the example of Jesus we are taught that we are never to go aside either to *meet* or to *miss* our cross.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 16, 1871.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES—THESE NOT TO BE DISREGARDED.—We have been interested in observing how the thinkers of other religious Societies are turning their attention toward the Society of Friends, and bringing some of our ancient worthies before the view of the present public. We believe a close review of the events connected with the early history of the Society of Friends, must result measureably in an acquaintance with the great Principle which is acknowledged as its foundation stone; and in tracing effects to their cause those thus engaged must in some degree recognize the sure guidance of the Divine Light, and the sufficiency of the immediate manifestation of heavenly power and love to sustain in the hour of adversity.

We note with interest the impression made upon such minds by the conscientious firmness of our "Early Friends" when subjected to severe persecutions, even though the conscientious scruples for which they suffered were not shared, and it may be, not fully sympathized with by the reviewer.

A work by Richard S. Ferguson, Barrister at Law, has been recently published in London, Eng. The title is, "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends." It contains "A series of biographical sketches of early members of the Society of Friends in those counties."

The preface says, "Some readers may be surprised that the author, who is not a member of the Society of Friends, should have selected such a subject. It was in part accidental. He was searching for books illustrative of Cumberland and Westmoreland manners and customs, when he hit upon extracts from the journal of Thomas Story. This induced inquiries which have ended in the production of this volume, the purpose whereof is explained at the end of the biographical accounts. The appendix will be found to contain a record of the sufferings of the early Friends in these counties, for the taunchness of their advocacy of civil and

religious liberty, and for their opposition to all ecclesiastical claims."

The writer further says, "The voluminous literature of the Society of Friends is but little known; and yet it presents a perfect mine of information as to the manners and customs of England. Had Lord Macaulay been acquainted with it, we feel certain he would have much modified the character he gives of George Fox in his History. For instance, strange as it may appear to us, it was usual, in the times of the Commonwealth, for the parish church to be used, out of the regular service hours, by ministers of all sorts of denominations; and the priests were ready enough, in many cases, to hold discussions there with preachers not of their own persuasion. Thus, the proceedings of Fox and his disciples in 'steeple houses,' were far from being as outrageous then as they would now be considered."

"In these papers, it has been no part of the writer's plan to discuss the distinguishing religious principles of the early Friends; but rather to note remarkable historical facts and features of the times connected with the two counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and relating to the early Friends, and the struggle they had to maintain for many years against heavy fines and long imprisonments, in defence of that large measure of religious freedom that we all now inherit as a *purchased* possession. An early Friend, John Scott of Brownrigg, near Coldbeck, great grandfather of a gentleman well known in Carlisle, placed over the door of Brownrigg Hall, (built by him in 1694) the following verse, still distinct and legible, which illustrates the most distinguishing doctrine of the Society of Friends:

"Grace brings salvation by an inward Light,
Works reformation in a pious sight:
Then listen well unto Christ's voice within,
And tender that which keeps us out of sin."

We quote thus largely from the book before us, hoping our young people may be stimulated to reperuse some of the writings of our early Friends. Perhaps many of them know but little of the sufferings through which in part has been purchased "the large measure of religious freedom we now enjoy."

We do not desire to incite to an unprofitable

review of the past, neither to create a dependence upon what has been done and suffered by our forefathers in nobly adhering to their convictions of right and duty, but we desire a remembrance may be preserved of the many interesting and touching events connected with the early days of our people. Perhaps such remembrance will cause feelings of sympathy and gratitude—sympathy for the wrongs perpetrated upon those faithful Christians, and gratitude for our exemption from such sufferings.

As the work we allude to may not be within the reach of many of our readers, we shall probably from time to time extract some of the events therein recorded.

MARRIED.

LIVEZEY—CHILDS.—On the 16th of the Eleventh month, at the residence of the bride's parents, under the care of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting, T. Elwood Livezey to Mary E., daughter of James and Mary E. Childs.

DIED.

HAYWARD.—At her residence in Baltimore city, on the 10th of Fourth month last, Elizabeth Hayward, in the 76th year of her age; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting. Few that have passed from among us have been better known than this our beloved Friend, she having resided in this city the most of her life, where she left many friends to lament her. After a long life of active usefulness, in which her chief desire seemed to be to do good, and during which she manifested a remarkably cheerful disposition, almost constantly looking on the bright side of things, her mental powers yielded to disease of so severe a character, that it soon terminated in death. She has gone from among us; but as it is said "the memory of the just is blessed," she will long be remembered by those who knew her but to love her.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 12th mo. 17th. Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P.M.
- “ Buffalo, N. Y., 2½ P.M.
- “ Upper Dublin, Pa., 3 P.M.
- 31st, West Nottingham, Md., 3 P.M.
- 1st mo. 7th, Frankford, Pa., 3 P.M.

ALTERATION OF MEETINGS.

Easton Monthly Meeting (New York Y. M.) is now held at Easton in even months, and North Easton odd months, at same time as heretofore.

Forest Preparative Meeting, a branch of Little Falls Monthly Meeting, now convenes at 10 o'clock A. M. all the year.

Little Falls Select Preparative Meeting is held Second-day preceding the Monthly Meeting preceding the Quarter, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Little Britain and all the Meetings composing it, begin at 10 o'clock all the year, except Eastland, which is held at 10 o'clock in summer and 11 o'clock in winter.

The hour for gathering at Mt. Holly, N. J., has been changed to 10½ o'clock.

Mount Preparative Meeting (a branch of Mount Holly Monthly Meeting) has been discontinued, and the mid-week meetings suspended during the winter.

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association, will be held in Monthly Meeting room of Friends' meeting house, Race Street, on Seventh-day evening, the 16th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NEMAHA AGENCY.

Extracts from a letter from Thomas Lightfoot, Agent for the Iowa, Sac and Fox tribes of Indians:

In answer to thy inquiries as to the general condition and improvement of the Indians under our care, we may reply, that whilst we often meet with discouragements, and feel, for a moment, that for one step forward there is also one backward, yet, comparing their state to-day with that in which we found them more than two years ago, we can take courage and feel that there is everything to hope; but time, labor, money, and above all faith, are required for the work.

We have always felt and believed that the great work that has fallen, or been given into the hands of Friends, is to solve the problem of the possibility of civilizing the American Indians, not merely the task of ministering to their temporary necessities. We all know that much money and very much earnest labor have been spent on this people. Devoted missionaries have gone among them, who have endured great privations, and labored faithfully to "Christianize," or induce them to subscribe to certain doctrines and confessions of faith: still but few converts were made; and we believe that the soap and water, and bread and butter dispensation must go first, and that the preaching and teaching of the doctrines of Christianity must be accompanied with practical illustrations of charity, mercy, and love. On these principles Friends are endeavoring to act, and we trust, if all are faithful, we shall prove that this people are capable of real advancement.

There certainly has been a great change in their outward appearance since we came. We found them in the blanket and leggings, covered with paint and dirt, few of them ever washing either their skin or clothing; their shirts were ornamented with expensive ribbons, and worn until they went to pieces,—soap they had no money to buy. Now the men are mostly clothed in coats and pants sent by Friends, paint is seldom seen, and as to cleanliness, thanks to the washtubs, soap, &c., furnished from the sanitary fund, they look about as well as their white working neighbors.

Morally we think there has been improve-

ment. The first few months of our stay here, intemperance, horse-racing, gambling, and ill treatment of their women, were the order of the day, and things in general did indeed look discouraging; but as we were enabled, by the generosity of Friends, to go among them not only with words of good-will and interest in their well-being, but with tangible proofs of the same, in the shape of clothes for their children, food for the sick, and many comforts besides, they gradually listened and yielded to influence, mostly perhaps at first from motives of self-interest, knowing, that to get farms, they must try to please us; but we trust there has been some real, permanent growth and development of good, and that many really recognize and enjoy a better way of life.

There are, and perhaps always will be, occasional instances of drinking, but now for two months we have not known of a single case among the Iowas. A horse-race we have not seen or heard of this summer; card-playing is not carried on openly as it used to be, though for them, as with the whites, the game has great fascinations; they find it hard to give it up, and tell us: "We do not play for money, but only to pass the time." The abuse of their women was made the subject of council talk, and it is now considered disgraceful for a man to strike his wife; only one instance has come to our notice for a year. The wife came to complain; the man was greatly mortified when spoken to about it, and promised it should not occur again. There is, however, nothing done in such cases more than to make them feel that such conduct is wrong and unmanly.

Sometimes the circumstances are somewhat amusing. For instance, a Sac chief threatened to whip his wife; she in return said if he did she would go directly and inform the Agent; he desisted, but told her "these Quakers would not be there always—he would wait until they were gone." Then she came down to tell that, bringing with her a woman to interpret for her. The men appear to take pride in telling us that their women do not work so hard as formerly, though they are yet very willing to have them help about tending corn. Very few of the women chopped in the woods last winter, and none followed the plough this season.

The changes spoken of apply more particularly to the Iowas, the Sacs being located further from the Agency, and exposed to the evil influences of two neighboring villages, and having no school for their children, do not make so much improvement; but they have farmed more this year than last, and many of them are wearing civilized dress, which they have procured for themselves at

the trading house. They are a quiet peaceable little tribe of eighty, but the men are exceedingly indolent, and, unlike the Iowas, show little desire to change their habits or live in houses,—at least are not willing to appropriate any part of their annuity, which is three times as large as that of the Iowas, for that purpose; but we think if they could dispose of some of their land, and use the proceeds to build houses and open a school, they would soon make a change for the better. They are by no means a bad kind of Indians, neither are they dull; their children having never been starved, are pleasant and bright-looking, and we exceedingly regret they should have no better opportunities.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 27.

The fear has been more than once expressed, that in the various labors of love in which Friends and others are engaged, having for their object the alleviation of suffering in some form or other, the claims of the freedmen may be too much lost sight of.

The idea is also prevalent that they have reached that period in their history wherein they need little or no assistance. This is an error. In many localities they are especially exposed to imposition and fraud, and we know of no better protection against these than *education*. Even if our aspirations for them reach no higher than *self protection*—if we ignore the more ennobling traits of character induced and encouraged by education, we deem that alone of sufficient importance to warrant the continuance of our efforts in that direction.

In confirmation of the views entertained by some of us as to the *necessity* of sustaining schools amongst the freedmen, as well as their own appreciation thereof, in addition to the opinions of those in constant intercourse with this still oppressed race, the following extracts from letters recently received are here appended.

Jennie Spear, so favorably known as one of our teachers during previous seasons, writes from Fairfax Court House, Va.:

"Once again I come with our appeal for the colored people, feeling assured that you still feel an interest in their welfare. I suppose you are aware there is a system of *free schools* established in Virginia, but generally the salaries are too small to induce a good teacher to risk her health and pay expenses. The trustees are not generally anxious to keep up the *colored schools*, as the funds are otherwise appropriated.

"Last winter the school here was kept but two months and then dropped. Many of the

leading colored men have appealed to me to take the school, but as I could not board at home, it being two miles distant, and as board is so extravagantly high in the village, I cannot consent to do it without help from the Friends. Having had experience, I feel confident of raising the school to its former flourishing condition, though I may sacrifice some home comforts by not keeping our own neighborhood school—yet I am willing to do it.

“I do not know how this will be received; you may feel that your labors have ceased in this direction, but I assure you I shall try to make it a real benefit to the school if you can aid it. If your Society can give ten dollars per month, I think the public fund will be twenty-five per month more, though it may run short; I am willing to risk the balance. The people are anxious the school shall be opened as soon as possible, so please let me hear from you soon.” * * * *

Our faithful friend Chalkley Gillingham writes from Woodlawn, and informs us that the school at that place, and at Gum Springs, were both large last winter, having each upwards of sixty scholars on the roll. They were both re-opened the first of the Tenth month, with the same teachers, to be continued seven months—all expenses, except for books, being provided out of the public fund. Those unable to pay for books are to be furnished free. He encouragingly remarks: “The seeds you have sown here have grown to be a large tree,” and informs that one of the trustees being desirous of having another school established in that county where there are a number of colored children out of the reach of any school, had stated, if our association would furnish ten dollars per month, that provision would be made from the public fund for the balance,—that fund being insufficient for its establishment without such aid.

Being in the constant receipt of appeals similar to the above, the few Friends now acting on behalf of the association have ventured to make an appropriation of fifty dollars to the school proposed by C. G., to be located near Accatink, which is equivalent to ten dollars per month for five months—also monthly payments to seven schools near Manassas for a period of five months—to continue the Charleston, S. C., schools, under the supervision of Cornelia Hancock, as heretofore, and to respond to the appeal of Jennie Spear, by an appropriation of ten dollars per month for five months.

With the limited amount of funds on hand, and the small expectations for the future, these appropriations involve quite as much responsibility as is at all prudent. Since this

action on our parts, our faithful co-laborer George C. Round writes us from Manassas: “We have six out of the seven schools in operation, and shall open the seventh after the holidays; and most of them have been going on for a month. All of the teachers are colored except one, and a colored man has been engaged to teach the seventh when opened. Charles German, one of these teachers, is one of the first scholars who commenced going to your school here.”

In some localities our educational labors in behalf of the freedmen have been appreciated, as evidenced by the following, which has been officially forwarded to us:

“Resolved, That the Board of Trustees of Manassas township hereby return their thanks to the Friends' Society of Philadelphia for their liberal aid extended to the colored schools of this township, especially in view of the embarrassments and difficulties under which we labor in putting the new school system in operation.

“Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, attested by the Chairman and Clerk, be forwarded to said Society.”

Before passing from these extracts, the writer would call attention to two points they illustrate—the continued self-sacrifice of our teachers, and the utility of our schools—another instance being furnished of a pupil having risen to the position of a teacher.

Although our appeals for pecuniary aid have not been responded to as fully as we could have wished, we are occasionally the recipients of a cheerful greeting, which is encouraging. The last of that character is from a friend in New York, who writes:

“I hereby transmit a mite in aid of perpetuation of freedmen schools. It is a good work, and I hope may be kept up until it bears fruit plentifully in colored teachers. The religious organization of Friends is so inexpensive compared with others, that they always have something to spare without impoverishment. So hammer away at them for oil to keep the freedmen's school lamp trimmed and burning.”

Permit us to close with this hearty response to the above, which may also be accepted as a cordial invitation to many more whom we would fain have “go and do likewise.” “The Lord loves a cheerful giver.” J. M. E.

Philadelphia, 12th mo. 8th, 1871.

INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE IN KENTUCKY.

In the annual reports for 1867 and 1869 accounts were given of the establishment of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Kentucky University, at Lexington, in 1866. It has now been in successful operation nearly five years, and we notice with interest the

increasing prosperity of this, the *first* college organized under the act of Congress appropriating lands for the endowment of Industrial Colleges.

The library of the University contains 10,000 volumes. Whole number of students during the year, 819; of these, 300 were in the Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Students are permitted to receive instruction, without extra charge, in any of the classes of the College of Arts, enabling them to study Latin, Greek, &c., and to obtain a thorough classical as well as scientific education.

The number of students in attendance at the Agricultural and Mechanical College last session was 300; whole number enrolled in the University, 772. They were from thirty-three States and countries.

The success of this institution is mainly due to the indefatigable exertions of the regent, J. B. Bowman. In reviewing his annual reports we notice the steady development of his plans for continued improvement. Devoting his life, fortune, and energies to the cause of education, it is not surprising that this young institution has made so rapid advancement, and that it now ranks among the very first of its class in the country. The corps of professors numbers more than thirty, many of them distinguished and experienced educators.

The agricultural department.—The college farm is located on the beautiful estate of Ashland, the homestead of Henry Clay, purchased for the purposes of education by Mr. Bowman, the founder and regent of the University.

Practical instruction in agriculture is given in two departments, the compensated and uncompensated, choice of which is left to the student. The labor on the farm, in the garden, and in the mechanical shops is almost entirely performed by the students, where they are required to work two hours daily without pay, except those wishing to pay a portion of the expenses of their education by their labor, who are paid five to ten cents per hour during the first year, and ten to twenty cents during the second and third years, according to the labor performed. Many of the students pay a large part of the expense of their education in this way. The labor is performed under the direction of superintendents skilled in their business. By adopting the club system of boarding, students have reduced their entire annual expenses to about \$100 each.

A series of experiments has been made in the manufacture of sorghum sirup from sorghum grown upon the farm, by which a superior article has been obtained, worth \$1 per

gallon. Ten acres of broom-corn have been planted, from which three hundred dozen brooms have been made, and twenty acres will be planted next season. Additional experiments on the farm will soon be instituted, which, it is hoped, will develop principles of importance both to the student and the agricultural interests of the country. The gardens, orchards, vineyards, and greenhouse plants have been cultivated with much success, and the products sold in the city market, where the college has a permanent stall. Forty cows have been purchased for carrying on the dairy business, from which it is intended to supply the milk for the University boarding-houses and the people of Lexington. Although the farm has not been so profitable as the horticultural department, both have succeeded to the satisfaction of the managers, and ultimate success, as experience matures, is considered certain.

Horticultural department.—This department embraces the ornamental and experimental grounds at Ashland and Woodlands, including gardens, orchards, vineyards, nurseries, propagating houses, greenhouses, and arboreta. Students laboring in this department are under the supervision of a skillful superintendent, who is competent to give them thorough instruction in horticulture and landscape gardening; and they have ample facilities for the practical application of the principles of botany and vegetable physiology, and for a thorough knowledge of the art of grafting, budding, and planting, and the general care and culture of all kinds of trees, shrubs, and flowers.

The mechanical department.—The mechanical department has been organized under the name of the "Ashland Mechanical Works," by the erection of fine large buildings for shops of various kinds, which have been fitted up with the most approved machinery for the manufacture of all kinds of agricultural and mechanical implements, including reapers and mowers, wagons, plows, and cultivators. And in the wood-shops, iron-shops, paint-shops, and shoe-shops, skilled artisans are employed, who, under the general supervision of an experienced superintendent, give practical instruction to a large number of young men in the various mechanic arts. With these liberal and unusual advantages young men have an opportunity of learning a good trade, either at the anvil, the lathe, the bench, or with the brush, while at the same time defraying a large portion of the expenses of their education. In the last published catalogue it is shown that several were paid upwards of \$100 each; in some few cases, from \$250 to \$300. These young men received honorable notice, and were rewarded with the

first honors. These results prove the advantages of such institutions to industrious and deserving young mechanics ambitious to obtain a practical education. A good beginning has been made in this department. During the year a commodious barn worth \$2,100 and a cottage worth \$1,000 have been built; fourteen houses, dormitories, and club buildings thoroughly repaired; seventy-two rooms painted, white-washed, and prepared for occupation; three thousand six hundred and forty-two feet of plank fence built; agricultural implements, barns, and greenhouses repaired; additions made to propagating houses; the small tools for the machine shop and blacksmith shop made, besides much other important work necessary to be done on the farm and buildings. Twenty-two two-horse wagons have been manufactured; sixty-four two horse plows; forty-three one horse plows; sixty cultivators; fifty patent trucks; twenty-two mowers painted and repaired; thirty-five senior combined Climax machines; five harrows, and much other useful machinery; and one hundred and thirty-five mowers have been painted and set up.—*From the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1870, just issued.*

HE is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood.

From the Philada. Evening Bulletin.

REFLECTIONS

Upon the first snow storm.

BY ANNIE E. BAKER.

The sun smiled only yesterday,
On the bright green lawn. Twin roses hung
On a slender stem of the hardy bush
That to the old wall still had clung,
The last of their race, a lovely pair,
They sweetened the breath of the noonday air;
But in the night, when no stars shone,
When the wintry wind began to moan,
They kissed, and died, and the wind rushed on,
And told no tale of the beauties gone.

To day the snow-flakes drift and fall,
And the wind wails loud, like a soul in pain;
The grass is white as the head of a saint,
And the year is growing old again.
A down the street the dead leaves fly;
Ah! do they dream of their homes on high
From whence they fell? They are brown and dry,
And speed away with the whistling wind,
That hurries them on like a deadly foe.
Whither, ah! whither do they go?
Beautiful, tender leaves were they,
When they waved their palms to the wind's soft
kiss,

On the high tree-tops! With a lover's sigh
He wooed them off in the summer hours;
But when their beauty began to fade,
He chased them down with a ruder breath;
In the dusty street their bed was made
Beneath the tread of unconscious feet,
And now he hurries them on to death,
With his bitter, cold, unfeeling breath.

Drift softly down upon their graves,
And make them a shroud of thy fleece, oh, snow!
Rest lightly over this nature's death,
And cover from view what is sad below.
For it is not death, that so doth seem;
It is sleep, that will waken and smile again.
The rose-bush roots will lie and dream,
And the bare oaks slumber upon the plain;
But Spring will waken to bloom once more,
And the world be fair as it was before.

There is no death! Though the snow of years
May have fallen oft on our loved ones' graves,
They are living still, and we fondly trust
They are happier far in the world above,
Where the days come not that are sad and drear,
And the bloom fades not from year to year.
Say! had'st thou in that clime thy birth,
Pure snow? more fair than aught on earth!
And is thy ministry sublime,
Though voiceless as the sands of time?

"As the minds of people are settled in a steady concern not to hold or possess anything but what may be held consistently with the wisdom which is from above, they consider what they possess as the gift of God, and are inwardly exercised that in all parts of their conduct they may act agreeable to the nature of the peaceable government of Christ." "Great wealth is frequently attended with power, which nothing but divine love can qualify the mind to use rightly; and as to the humility and uprightness of our children after us, how great is the uncertainty. If in acquiring wealth, we take hold of the wisdom which is from beneath, and depart from the leadings of Truth, and example our children herein, we have great cause to apprehend that wealth may be a snare to them, and prove an injury to others over whom their wealth may give them power."—*John Woolman.*

TEMPERANCE IN FRANCE.

The temperance cause has the prospect of a new and important impulse from a quite unexpected source.

The French would be the last people, we might suppose, to favor or even understand the temperance movement. Any attempt, on purely moral grounds, to win their favor for it, would be a certain "fizzle." They would shrug their shoulders after the politest national manner, and drink to your health more deeply than ever. But they are a scientific nation, and the people have profound respect for the verdicts of their savans. It is, therefore, a hopeful sign of the times that the scientific men of the country have addressed themselves to the subject with real and practical earnestness. They are not content, like similar men in other countries, with deciding the question of the good or ill effects of intoxicating drinks, but, deciding this, they have actually adopted, on a large scale, means

of giving effect to their decision. They have thus actually "gone into" the temperance reform.

The famous French Academy of Medicine has discussed the subject in repeated reports by leading members. The result is that it has vested in a committee power to issue in its name a "warning" to the country. The document is an exhibit of the disastrous physical effects of intemperance, startling enough, it is said. Half a million copies are to be scattered over the republic; and probably its circulation will reach millions before the agitation is over. In the present saddened temper of the French, and their need of economical reforms, it is to be hoped that this notable appeal will have considerable effect. It may prepare the way for other temperance operations—perhaps for such as have kept up the reform in England and America. For the present, it is indisputably the best measure for Frenchmen. Not only is wine-drinking excessive among them, but travellers can hardly have failed to observe that for some years stronger drinks have been coming into fearful use. The French brandy is a disastrous evil in the towns as well as the cities. Absinthe is extensively used, and it is, perhaps, the most destructive kind of distilled liquor in the world.

During the miserable reign of the late Emperor, every kind of luxury and demoralization has surged over the land. The late war showed that the nation is in actual and appalling decadence. No nation can thus decay without some profound physical cause of the evil. Moral causes may be primary in the process, but physical ones are always proximate—moral causes reaching the result only through physical ones. The Academy of Medicine begins aright its highest work for the country. The moral argument, "moral suasion," will probably follow in due time.—*The Methodist.*

INDISCRIMINATE ALMSGIVING.—It has been lately shown, in a very able pamphlet by Dr. Hawkesley, that the amount annually given away in charity in London is more than £5,000,000; scarcely any part of this sum rewards the frugal and the industrious; by far the largest portion of it, by being bestowed upon the improvident, exerts a direct tendency to increase and perpetuate poverty.—*Prof. Fawcett, "Pauperism, its Causes and Remedies."*

CHILDREN'S GAMES, AN ILLUSTRATION OF SURVIVAL IN CULTURE.

It would be seldom reasonable to call the children's games of modern Europe superstitions, though many of them are survivals,

and indeed remarkable ones. If the games of children and of grown-up people be examined with an eye to ethnological lessons to be gained from them, one of the first things that strikes us is how many of them are only sportive imitations of the serious business of life. As children in modern civilized times play at dining and driving horses, and going to church, so a main amusement of savage children is to imitate the occupations which they will carry on in earnest a few years later, and thus their games are in fact their lessons. The Esquimaux children's sports are shooting with a tiny bow and arrow at a mark, and building little snow huts, which they light up with scraps of lamp-wick begged from their mothers. Miniature boomerangs and spears are among the toys of Australian children; and even as the fathers keep up the extremely primitive custom of getting themselves wives by carrying them off by violence from other tribes, so playing at such "bride lifting" has been noticed as one of the regular games of the little native boys and girls. Now it is quite a usual thing in the world for a game to outlive the serious practice of which it is an imitation. The bow and arrow is a conspicuous instance. Ancient and wide-spread in savage culture, we trace this instrument through barbaric and classic life, and onward to a high mediæval level. But now, when we look on at an archery meeting, or go by country lanes at the seasons when toy bows and arrows are "in" among the children, we see, reduced to a mere sportive survival, the ancient weapon which among a few savage tribes still keeps its deadly place in the hunt and the battle. The cross-bow, a comparatively late and local improvement on the long-bow, has disappeared yet more utterly from practical use; but as a toy it is in full European service, and likely to remain so. For antiquity and wide diffusion in the world, through savage up to classic and mediæval times, the sling ranks with the bow and arrow. Perhaps as serious a use of the sling as can now be pointed out within the limits of civilization is among the herdsmen of Spanish America, who sling so cleverly that the saying is they can hit a beast on either horn and turn him which way they will. But the use of the rude old weapon is especially kept up by boys at play, who are here again the representatives of remotely ancient culture.

As games thus keep up the record of primitive warlike arts, so they reproduce, in what are at once sports and little children's lessons, early stages in the history of childlike tribes of mankind. English children delighting in the imitations of cries of animals, and so forth, and New Zealanders playing their favorite game of imitating in chorus the saw

hissing, the adze chipping, the musket roaring, and the other instruments, making their proper noises, are alike showing at its source the imitative elements so important in the formation of language. When we look into the early development of the art of counting, and see the evidence of tribe after tribe having obtained numerals through the primitive stage of counting on their fingers, we find a certain ethnological interest in the games which reach this earliest numeration. The New Zealand game of "ti" is described as played by counting on the fingers, a number being called by one player, and he having instantly to touch the proper finger; while in the Simoan game one player holds out so many fingers, and his opponent must do the same instantly or lose a point. These may be native Polynesian games, or they may be our own children's games borrowed. In the English nursery the child learns to say how many fingers the nurse shows, and the appointed formula of the game is "Buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?" The game of one holding up fingers and the other holding up fingers to match, is mentioned in Strutt. We may see small school-boys in the lanes playing the guessing-game, where one gets on another's back and holds up fingers, the other must guess how many. It is interesting to notice the wide distribution and long permanence of these trifles in history, when we read the following passage from Petronius Arbitrator, written in the time of Nero: "Trimalchio, not to seem moved by the loss, kissed the boy and bade him get up on his back. Without delay the boy climbed on horseback on him, and slapped him on the shoulder with his hand, laughing and calling out, 'Bucca, bucca, quot sunt hic?'"

The simple counting-games played with the fingers must not be confounded with the addition game, where each player throws out a hand, and the sum of all the fingers shown has to be called, the successful caller scoring a point; practically each calls the total before he sees his adversary's hand, so that the skill lies especially in shrewd guessing. This game affords endless amusement to China, where it is called "tsoeymoey," and to Southern Europe, where it is known in Italian as *morra*, and in French as *mourre*. So peculiar a game would hardly have been invented twice over in Europe or Asia, but it is hard to guess whether the Chinese learnt it from the West, or whether it belongs to the remarkable list of clever inventions which Europe has borrowed from China. The ancient Egyptians, as their sculptures show, used to play at some kind of finger-game, and the Romans had their finger-flashing, *micare digitis*, at which butchers used to gam-

ble with their customers for bits of meat. It is not clear whether these were *morra* or some other games.

When Scotch lads, playing at the game of "tappie-tousie," take one another by the forelock, and say, "Will ye be my man?" they know nothing of the old symbolic manner of receiving a bondman which they are keeping up in survival. The wooden drill for making fire by friction, which so many rude or ancient races are known to have used as their common household instrument, and which lasts on among the modern Hindoos as the time-honored sacred means of lighting the pure sacrificial flame, has been found surviving in Switzerland as a toy among the children, who made fire with it in sport, much as Esquimaux would have done in earnest. In Gothland it is on record that the ancient sacrifice of the wild boar has actually been carried on into modern times in sportive imitation by lads in masquerading clothes, with their faces blackened and painted, while the victim was personated by a boy rolled up in furs and placed upon a seat, with a tuft of pointed straws in his mouth to imitate the bristles of the boar."—*Tylor's Primitive Culture*.

THE greatest curse that can be entailed on mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace, all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions, or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over the world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war; every principle of Christianity is trampled upon.—*Sydney Smith*.

ANECDOTE OF AN INDIAN.

A Christian Mohegan Indian who in former days lived in Connecticut, relates a circumstance connected with his early life as follows: "A certain man was going from Norwich to New London with a loaded team; on attempting to ascend the hill where Indian lives, he found his team could not draw his load; he came to Indian and got him to help him up with his oxen. After he had got up, he asked Indian what there was to pay. Indian told him to do as much for somebody else. Some time afterwards, Indian wanted a canoe; he went up Shetucket river, found a tree, and made him one. When he got it done, he could not get it to the river. Accordingly he went to a man and offered him all the money he had, if he would go and draw it to the river for him. The man said he would go. After getting it to the river, Indian offered to pay him. 'No,' said the man, 'don't you recollect so long ago helping a man up

the hill by your house.' 'Yes.' 'Well I am the man; there, take your canoe, and go home.' So I find it after many days."

DON'T BE TOO CERTAIN.

Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say. They will feel no security in trusting your word. Never make a positive statement, without you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, remove them by examination, before speaking confidently. *Don't be too certain.*

"John, where's the hammer?"

"It is in the corn-house."

"No, it is not there. I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is. I saw it there not half an hour ago."

"If you saw it there, it must be there, of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn house, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand.

"Oh, it was the axe I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"But you said positively that you *did* see it, not that you *thought* you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and, by-and-by, you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. *Don't be too certain!*—*Exchange.*

ITEMS.

The best farm in England is kept by a woman who took the first prize, recently offered by the Royal Agricultural Society. It is a farm of four hundred acres, devoted to pasture, grain and stock. The soil was originally poor, but had been much improved by skillful treatment. Only four horses were kept; yet such has been the admirable system of management that they were sufficient for the cultivation necessary for seventy acres of wheat, the same of barley and turnips, besides some oats and beans. The produce sold during the year realized \$15,895.—*Delaware County Republican.*

The bridge now in process of erection across the Mississippi at St. Louis is one of the wonders of the age. It is to be a tubular, cast steel, arch bridge, supported by the abutments and two piers: the latter are 515 feet apart, and 497 feet each from its nearest abutment, making three spans of about 500 feet each. Its greatest span is the same as that of the Keilenberg Bridge over the Leck, an arm of the Rhine in Holland. Telford's suspension bridge across the Menai Straits has a span of 570 feet. The Victoria tubular iron bridge of Montreal exceeds this greatly in length, being 6,600 feet (1¼ miles) but it rests upon twenty four piers, and its spans are mainly only 275 feet. The suspension bridge at Niagara spans 821 feet, and is 245 feet

above the water. The East River bridge will span 1,600 feet, at a height midway of 130 feet.

REFORM OF INEBRIATES.—At the recent annual meeting of the American Association for the care of Inebriates, a resolution was passed to the effect that inebriety is a physical disease which in the majority of cases can only be combated by medical treatment, and that inebriate institutions are beneficial, inasmuch as they afford the means of hospital treatment and necessary restraint. It was also resolved that it is the duty of Legislatures as a measure of State economy to provide means for the erection and encouragement of hospitals for the detention and treatment of confirmed inebriates. It was announced that the reports from all the inebriate institutions are highly encouraging, and that the public sentiment on this subject is much more enlightened.

ALPINE TUNNELS.—It is stated that the Mont Cenis Tunnel is not the first work of that description through the Alps. The Marquis of Saluces, more than three hundred years ago, dug a tunnel through Monte Viso, at the foot of which the river Po has its source. It was built for the passage of a turnpike road, and at the present day forms the only direct communication between Embrun and Saluces. On the eastern side its mouth is 2,600 yards above the level of the sea, and 2,150 yards of the tunnel are cut through the solid rock in a straight line. The tunnel under Mont Cenis is about six times as long as that through Monte Viso, but taking into consideration the difference in engineering facilities at the two periods of construction, the earlier work was a much bolder enterprise. This tunnel was partly destroyed by the King of Sardinia, to obstruct the march of the Republican armies of France, but it was subsequently repaired and improved by Napoleon I.

THE SAINT GOTTHARD TUNNEL.—Recent advices from Frankfort state that the contract between Switzerland and a special co partnership of German banks and firms for the construction of the Mount Saint Gotthard tunnel, was signed on October 10th. The company is to raise \$20,400,000, and Switzerland and the other governments interested in the improvement will grant a subsidy of \$17,000,000. The risk of the undertaking is reported to be very heavy, since the work will be twice the length of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and at Andermatt, great difficulty is anticipated in passing under the beds of the rivers near the summit. The Saint Gotthard mountains are situated in the Lepontine Alps, between the Swiss cantons of Uri, Valais, Tessin and Grisons. The several peaks, all above the snow line, vary in height from 8,750 feet to 10,900 feet.

The Pass of St. Gotthard is one of the best and most frequented routes across the Alps. The excellent carriage road, completed in 1832, is kept in the best repair, and at the summit of the pass, 6,976 feet in height, is the hospice for the accommodation of travellers. Within a short space from the hospice the rivers Rhine, Rhone, Reuss and Tessin have their sources. On the north slope of the road is the famous "Devil's Bridge" across the Reuss. This bridge was the scene of several severe battles between the French and Russians in 1799. The road over the Stelvio Pass, in Austrian Tyrol, opened in 1824, is the highest carriage route in Europe, the summit being 9,100 feet above the level of the sea. The St. Gotthard Pass is the only one which is carried over the crest of the mountains, the others generally crossing by the beds of torrents. —*Public Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends."

THOMAS STORY.

BY R. S. FERGUSON, M. A.

Thomas Story, of Justus Town, near Carlisle, was as genuine a Cumberland worthy as ever lived. Our information is taken from his journal, a ponderous folio of nigh eight hundred pages, published in 1747,—a book which once fell, by accident, into the hands of the late Lord Brougham, and with which he was so charmed as to spend a whole Sunday, during the Lancaster Assizes, in its perusal. The greater part, however, of the book is taken up with long disquisitions on religious points, unsuited for our quotation; but we shall endeavor to select what will most interest our readers.

Thomas Story was born at Justice Town, in the Parish of Kirkclinton, probably between 1660 and 1670. His father owned property there, which Story afterwards purchased from the widow of one of his brothers, and which now belongs to Captain Irwin, of Calder Abbey. His elder brother was chaplain to the Earl of Carlisle, and incumbent of Kirkclinton; he appears to have been an army chaplain, in King William's army in Ireland; and was afterwards, in succession, Dean of Connor and Limerick. The journal gives us but little information about Story's education, except that he was at school at Carlisle, and was a playmate there with the third Earl of Carlisle, then a boy under the care of his

grandfather, the first Earl. Story was intended for the law; but, before he commenced to study for his profession, his father sent him to the "Fencing School, as a fashionable and manly accomplishment." He was afterwards placed to read law "under a counsellor in the country." This was Counsellor Gilpin, son of "Dr. Richard Gilpin, of Scaleby Castle, in Cumberland, a famous and learned physician, and also a superintendent among that people, (the Presbyterians.) in Oliver's days." The counsellor then resided in the country, apparently in the West of Cumberland, near Whitehaven, where he afterwards settled and became a justice of the peace. In 1687, Story and the counsellor came out of the country, and had chambers in the city of Carlisle. Carlisle at that time was held by a strong garrison in the interest of James II., commanded by officers who were mostly Papists and Irishmen. From other sources, we learn that the Corporation (a body then most completely under the control of James, who had just weeded out of it Sir Christopher Musgrave and Sir George Fletcher) made nine of these Papist and Irish officers honorary, or "mushroom," freemen of the city. The liberty of the citizens was a good deal curtailed by the military power. For instance, when John Scansfield,—a noted Quaker, though by many suspected to be a Jesuit, preached one Sunday, in 1688, in the Town Hall, musketeers were placed as sentinels at

the door, and many of the officers attended, —precautions in whose absence, the good citizens would have probably by force prevented either Quaker or Papist from giving tongue in that ancient place. In the same year, too, the military appear to have celebrated, with great orgies, the news that a Prince of Wales (the old Pretender) was born. They made a great bonfire in the market place, "where they drank wine, till, with that and the transport of the news, they were exceedingly distracted, throwing their hats into the fire at one health, their coats at the next, their waistcoats at a third, and so on to their shoes; and some of them threw in their shirts, and then ran about naked, like madmen." When the time of trial came, those enthusiastic warriors hardly rose equal to the occasion, for no sooner did they hear of the arrival of the Prince of Orange, than they stole away from Carlisle in the night, thus enabling Sir John Lowther and the Protestant gentry of the country to secure the town, and cut off the retreat of General Clavers, (Viscount Dundee,) who had just passed through Cumberland, to aid King James, with a force of about three thousand horse and foot, calling at Lowther on Sir John, on his way south.

Story himself, at the time, nearly got into a scrape; for he wrote an account of how the Revolution progressed at Carlisle, to his brother, then chaplain to the Dowager Countess of Carlisle, and with her at Castle Howard. The letter was intercepted, and fell into the hands of Lord Delamere, who commanded the partisans of the Prince of Orange in the North. Some of the sentiments in the letter gave offence, and Story got a hint, through his brother, that he was to be more careful in future. Story's mind was at this time beginning to turn towards the consideration of religious matters, and to develop that taste and ability for discussing them, of which we find so many traces in his journal. The earliest discussion he puts on record is one which took place at an Assize dinner, at an inn in Carlisle, where were present, besides Story, two ministers of the Church of England, and "a Popish gentleman, who moved a debate concerning transubstantiation." The two ministers were by no means anxious to enter on the subject; but Story took it up, and lectured the ministers soundly on their backwardness. It is impossible, within the limits of this notice, to give any account of the theological views which Story, in various arguments of great ability, advances. Mainly, they are those of the Society of Friends, to whom he shortly after this joined himself. He was ready, on all occasions, to have a religious discussion with any

opponent, and generally entered a full account of his argument in his journal, to which we must refer those who care for more than a few biographical notes about this remarkable man. Story, in alluding to worldly temptations which surrounded him, describes himself when a young man, thus:—

"The airs of youth were many and potent; strength, activity, and comeliness of person were not wanting, and had their share; nor were natural endowments of mind, or competent acquirements, afar off; and the glory, advancements, and preferments of the world, spread as nets in my view; and the friendship thereof beginning to address me with flattering courtship. I wore a sword, which I well understood, and had foil'd several masters of that science in the north and at London; and rode with firearms also, of which I knew the use; and yet I was not quarrelsome; for though I emulated, I was not envious."

He adds, that he was always determined to resent and punish an affront, or personal injury, when it was done "in contempt, or with design;" but goes on to tell us that he "never met with any, save once; and then I kept to my own maxims with success; and yet so as neither to wound nor be wounded." Hence, we fancy, he fought a duel with swords, and disarmed his opponent. An accident, by which the neck of his horse was broke, as he was riding one Sunday to some church in the country, appears to have occasioned his complete weaning from the world, and set him upon very serious consideration of religious questions. He withdrew from attending at church, but joined, as yet, no other sect.

"Outwardly, (he writes,) I put off my usual airs, my jovial actions and address, and laid aside my sword, which I had worn, not through design of injury, nor fear of any, but as a modish and manly ornament. I burnt also my instruments of music, and divested myself of the superfluous parts of my apparel, retaining only that which was necessary, or deemed decent."

At this time, Story had his extraordinary dreams, or rather visions, one of which he describes thus:—

"There appeared a city, near the gates whereof stood the fairest house therein, which was high and magnificent, into which a man of low stature seemed about to enter. He was habited as a post, or carrier of a Prince, bringing great and swift commands and news, with a trumpet in his right hand, transparent as fine polished crystal, and without wrinkle or wreath, and therewith he sounded towards the north with a strong, constant, equal, and inarticulate voice, and the breath of his mouth issuing through it was as a flame of fire,

in form of a two edged-sword. Having finished his sounding towards the north, he took the trumpet from his mouth, and held it in his right hand, with his arm stretched towards the east, and his face still towards the north, with his eyes intent towards heaven, his right ear turned upward, reclining towards the east, his mouth a little open, and his breath glowing therefrom as a lambent flame; and as one hearkening, with deep attention, for fresh orders from the King of Kings. But I looked unto himself alone; and, in the twinkling of an eye, he set the trumpet to his mouth again, with majesty and zeal, and, turning it toward the earth, the breath of his mouth therethrough was as a stream of fire and brimstone, which pierced the earth, drove it hither and thither, and melted the stones before him. The city was then alarmed, and pale death appeared on every face; the gay of this world were astonished, and the mighty thereof in war trembled in great amazement and fear, but knew not where to hide themselves."

This was in 1689-1690, when Story appears to have been deeply imbued with religious enthusiasm. He thought much upon religious matters; and the highly imaginative tone of his mind led him to see visions, and, occasionally, to be thrown into a sort of trance, in which "silence was commanded in him," and which generally terminated in his writing a long religious rhapsody, of high poetical merit, many of which are preserved in his journal. He did not, as we have before said, as yet join any sect; but he attended worship at St. Cuthbert's, as its service was not celebrated with "pomp, show, and noise as at the Cathedral." Religious doubts, however, at last threw his mind into such trouble and darkness, that he withdrew from attendance on any form of worship, in which state he remained until about the end of 1690, when he was seized with an inclination to inquire into the way and principles of the Society of Friends. The opportunity of doing so was offered him in May, 1691. He was staying at an inn in the west of Cumberland, kept by a Friend, by whom he was taken to a meeting at Broughton. The proceedings at this meeting affected Story so much as to attract universal notice. The Society welcomed him as a convert, and invited him to meet the "Ministering Friend" at the house of Widow Hall, in Broughton; and he afterwards dined with Richard Ribton, "an ancient and honorable Friend in the village."

Story returned to Carlisle, where the innkeeper invited him, and persuaded him, to go to a great meeting of Friends, about four miles from that city. At this meeting, disputes arose on the subject of the discipline

of the Society; and, as Story had not yet professed himself a Friend, he got a hint to withdraw. His indecision in the matter was terminated by his being requested to appear as a witness to the signature of some deeds which he had drawn (he had been practicing as a conveyancer in Carlisle) for a friend of his, one Thomas Tod. Rather than take an oath, Story examined well his feelings, and, as the result, avowed himself a Friend. Tod, who was much disgusted at the idea of losing his cause through any religious doubts on Story's part, threatened him with fine and imprisonment; but, his adversary yielding, he won his cause without requiring Story's testimony. This happened at the Assizes at Carlisle, in 1691, when the city was unusually full of people, and Story found himself an object of universal curiosity. Some came to stare at him; some bowed low unto him, to see if he would bow in return; others grinned and scoffed; and some, who dare not have done so before he professed the doctrines of the Society of Friends, insulted him. Story's position, his abilities and learning both as a lawyer and scholar, made his conversion remarkable; and it appears to have made much stir, both in the city and the county. It was, by some, proposed to have a general meeting of the clergy, to try and reconvert him,—a proposal which fell through, from the lukewarmness of the clergy, who rather shunned Story. It is, indeed, probable that, in both learning and polemics, he was more than a match for the local ministers, and that they knew it. Others, and among them his father, tried to get him to a tavern, to drink a hearty glass, with a view of raising his spirits into a more sociable temper; they got him there, and then proposed the King, which toast Story refused to drink, and the meeting broke up, all parting good friends, but rather having their spirits reduced to his level, than his raised to theirs. Dr. Gilpin tried argument, but failed, after which Story was let alone. His father even became reconciled to his son's conversion, by the thought that, as the Friends were an opulent people, and involved in many lawsuits about tithes, his son might do well as a lawyer among them. Story cut this hope short, by declining to practice, much to his father's disgust. The old gentleman then seems to have comforted himself with an erroneous idea that the Friends paid their ministers, and that his son would succeed in that line.

Story, within a very short time after joining the Society of Friends, commenced going the circuits of their meetings. His first journey was round Northumberland and Yorkshire, returning by the west of Cumberland, where he attended meetings at Cocker-

mouth, Broughton, Allonby, and Longnewton. About the end of 1692, he joined with John Boustead and Thomas Rudd, and went a tour round Scotland, where the party made the acquaintance of the Tolbooth at Edinburgh for creating a disturbance, by preaching, in the High Street. At Aberdeen, and at Elgin, they got into collision with the military authorities, and at the latter place were lodged in the guard-house. They went as far north as Inverness, where they addressed the Highlanders, and also several of the officers of the garrison, who were friendly, unlike the gentlemen of their cloth at Elgin and Aberdeen. At Hamilton, they were mobbed by Cameronians, who ill-used them much, pelting them with dirt, beating them, and making an attempt to duck Rudd in a well. In the following year, Story was appointed, with John Banks, of Brigham, to represent the Cumberland Friends, in the yearly meeting of the Society, in London. After his return, he came to a resolution to leave his father, who was still much vexed with his son's defection from the law. Rather, however, than part with him, the old gentleman was willing to make over all his property to him. Story declined this offer, and again went up to London; and, after a tour among the Friends in the West of England, settled there, in 1695, as a conveyancer. Through the interest of William Penn, whose warm friend he became, Story soon acquired a very large business, which he did not push so far as he might have done, for fear it should become a hindrance to him in the ministry. In London he continued to reside for some time, though he was frequently absent on long tours to attend meetings, visiting Ireland in company with William Penn, and also Scotland. While he was resident in London, Peter the Great visited England. Story, with another Friend, named Mollyson, called at the Czar's lodgings, in York Buildings, on pretence of inquiring about a cousin of Mollyson, who had been in Russia, in the Czar's service. They saw the Czar and Prince Menzicoff, (*sic*, in Story's journal,) and had a long discourse with him, through an interpreter, by whose means the Czar inquired, when he learnt his visitors were Friends, "Of what use can you be in any kingdom or Government, seeing you will not bear arms and fight?" At the conclusion of their interview, they presented Peter with two Latin copies of Barclay's "Apology for Quakerism," and declined some gold which he offered as payment. The Czar returned the visit by appearing suddenly with Menzicoff at a Friends' meeting in Gracechurch Street.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATED ABILITY.—The Earl of Derby presided on Wednesday at the opening of a new building added to the Manchester Grammar School, and made a most able speech on the relation of education to "getting on" in the world. He believed that the amount of aid given to clever lads, through exhibitions, bursaries, and so on, to perfect their education, would soon be so great that educated ability would become a cheap article in the market. The young men must face that, and not despise all but intellectual labor, or think that the world must, because they are educated, find them congenial employment. They must learn, as some foreign countries have learned, to make high culture compatible with very moderate means, and refinement exist without luxury. All this precisely corresponds with Mr. Forster's and Dr. Temple's idea, on which we have previously dwelt, that the great effort should be to raise a whole class, not merely individuals out of their class. Only three in a thousand of them profit by their elevation, and the severe competition for bursaries, etc., which winnows their numbers, is directly beneficial both to them and to the country. No education is too high for all plowmen. The danger is an education for a few plowmen so high that they can no longer consent to plow amidst a less educated class.—*Spectator*.

For Friends Intelligencer.

RISE IN TIME OF PUBLIC PRAYER.

This subject having again become a practical question in the Society of Friends, is worthy of a free and careful discussion. Like all other questions, it is better that it should be judged on its merits than by the rule of former practice. The line of argument drawn from the belief or manner of our predecessors, is calculated to bar further progress, and therefore, although it may be profitable to induce a wise caution, should itself be cautiously applied. That each generation should judge for itself what is true, expedient or becoming, is the doctrine of the "Inner Light" as opposed to tradition, by which all generations have been very much hampered in the inevitable progress of thought.

What, then, is the significance of the act—for it is only a sign—when a congregation rises to its feet, as one of its members engages in vocal prayer? No doubt it is intended to intimate a unity of spirit in the entreaty offered, and perhaps a reverent recognition of the Divine Presence thus openly invoked. As such, when sincere, it presents a becoming appearance of respect for God and sympathy with a fellow spirit, earnestly engaged in the most solemn and exalted of all human acts. But if unity of heart or faith be wanting,

only the sign of respect remains, and the question then arises whether this is of sufficient importance to require the change of attitude, while there is indifference or perhaps dissatisfaction with what is being uttered. If so, we ought at all times to arise when men appear to pray in our presence.

But again: granting some indication of our reverence for God, or sympathy with our brother, to be required by a good conscience, is rising to one's feet the only fit or allowable sign of such just regard? Is not bowing the head equally significant? or, if not equally, still sufficiently so? Kneeling affords a still stronger expression than rising, and some think this not more than the case requires. Why the person offering petitions for the whole should kneel, and those who are supposed to join in the request rise to their feet, is not easily explained. Or why either kneeling or standing should be regarded as the only fit attitude for the supplicant and those who respond, is not obvious. Jesus prayed audibly to His Father, both kneeling and standing, and doubtless often, when sitting with His friends, invoked the blessing of Him whom, although He revered, He yet feared not, but entreated as a gracious Parent who delights in free intercourse with His children—an intercourse expressed not in one, but many methods and forms, all of which should be left free for the loving heart to select for itself. Suppose the intercourse of parents and children were encumbered with such ceremonials as many think essential to religion! How much, both of the beauty and pleasure of life, would be removed! Why, then, as society advances ever toward a simpler and freer state, should we not vary our religious customs to suit the present taste or judgment of such as are engaged in seeking that communion by which the soul is purified and sustained?

There are special reasons why in social or public prayer the form chosen should be as simple as possible. When the heart is so infused with the spirit of prayer as to be qualified to utter itself audibly, and has made a commencement of its address to God, it seems unnatural that the intimate engagement should be interrupted by the inevitable confusion of an assembly rising to their feet. This cause has induced the writer generally to assume a standing position in order to avoid such interruption. Others may feel differently, and I see no rule so proper for the government of the Church in this particular, as well as all others, as that laid down by the apostle Paul in regard to the observance of days, "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind."

EDWARD RYDER.

Brewsters, N. Y., Dec. 10th, 1871.

THE *Church Journal* censures a writer for using "the free and easy, as well as irreverent, style of the day, in speaking of apostles and holy men of old. It is 'Matthew,' and 'John,' and 'Peter,' and the like; by which mode of designating persons it may not unreasonably be presumed that the writer thinks that he and others stand on a footing of equality, in this respect, at least, with those whom the Church names as 'saints.'" But "the Church" herein differs notably from the Scriptures. In the New Testament the term "saints" is applied to all believers, and is applied to men and women while living. "The Church" gives the title only to such as the Pope has designated as worthy of it, and to them only after death. Had our Lord said, "Thou art St. Peter," there would be more reason for requiring us to say so. As it is, we do not know by what charter "the Church," whether of Rome, or of England, assumes to determine the relative sanctity we shall ascribe to men who have left the earth, and appeared before the Judge of all.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INNER LIGHT.

("As natural as grass and flowers.")

On reading in the *Intelligencer*, some time ago, an article in which the Inner Light was said to be as natural as grass and flowers, some thoughts that had in earlier school-day life presented themselves, were called vividly to mind,—thoughts and convictions relative to what might be termed the Philosophy of Inspiration, and which convictions became strengthened with more mature reflection.

At that period when loving to search into the secret truths of nature, the structure of the ear, the formation of the eye, the peculiar natures of sound and light, also the adaptation of each to the other,—sound to the ear and the ear to sound, light to the eye and the eye to light,—claimed my attention, calling forth much of wonder and admiration. Without entering into details in relation to these, I will make a few general remarks with reference to the eye.

It is found, from the peculiar powers of the eye for collecting and refracting light, that all objects beheld are mirrored upon the inner back surface of its coating. The image is distinctly formed, as images formed upon the surface of a metallic mirror, and as in case of the metallic surface, it remains only while light reflected from the object falls upon the surface. Impressions of these images formed in rapid succession as they may be, are carried by means of nerves running from the back part of the eye, to that great convolution of nerves constituting the interior por-

tion of the mass of the brain, and they are traceable through this to the softer gray substance surrounding it. But of that mysterious connection by which the immaterial mind receives from this material organ, these impressions of images, and thus becomes cognizant of size, form, and color of objects, comparatively in distance, all remains unknown. Here is met the line that reads, thus far shalt thou go and no farther. Beyond this, all is veiled from the human understanding.

To those by nature sightless, into whose eyes light has never found its way, or owing to some imperfection in their structure, or in the complex nervous arrangement by which impressions are conveyed to that point where the mind may receive them, how strange, how incomprehensible must be the power of seeing! Their chief knowledge of surrounding objects being gained through the sense of feeling, how mysterious must be the nature of that faculty which enables others, in much less time and with less effort, to gain of objects, even at some distance, a more accurate idea of size and form than they are able to obtain on close approximation. Neither can they have any conception of the world of color, with all its pleasing variegated tints.

As with seeing and the other senses, impressions produced by hearing are traceable to that one point of mysterious connection where the mind receives them. Impressions of sounds, with all their varying notes and cadences, by which the feelings may be soothed to serenity or stirred to their utmost depths, are conveyed through an organ, equally delicate with the eye, and as complicated in structure. An organ through which, by means of speech, the thoughts and feelings of one individual may be conveyed to the mind of another, giving rise to all the joys of social converse. To those who have never heard, the power of hearing must be equally inconceivable, with that of seeing to those who have never seen.

The omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent Spirit, He that planted the ear and formed the eye, and also established the other several media, through which the mind becomes impressed with an understanding and knowledge of things pertaining to the material world, things wholly unlike itself in nature, and moreover by this means enables mind to hold communion with fellow mind,—shall He not possess the power directly to impress our spiritual understanding, our immortal natures, constituted as they are in His own image and likeness? Surely, it is not more mysterious, it is even less wonderful, that the mind should be thus immediately impressed by the all powerful and everywhere present Being, than

that it should receive impressions from natural things.

It is by such impressions that our path of duty is unfolded to the spiritual eye, and the language is sounded into the spiritual ear, "This is the way; walk in it." And this it is that constitutes the Inner Light, not only as natural as grass and flowers, but even less wonderful in its nature than the use of the various organs of the senses. But these impressions received from the Father must also be through a medium, and that medium is the Son or Jesus Christ that is within us except we be reprobates. And this Christ is the Divine Life, the quickening, vivifying power in our souls, through which the Father becomes revealed to us. No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal Him. To those who have not heard or recognized the language of this inspeaking voice, or learned to distinguish the unfoldings to the spiritual eye, the peculiar nature of these must be as inconceivable as seeing to the ever blind, or hearing to the always deaf. As sound cannot reach the dull, cold ear of death, or light act upon eyes no longer possessing a living sensibility to its influence, neither can those Divine impressions be received unless the soul be quickened with Divine life, unless the Christ be living there; and in order that His life-giving presence may be with us, we must obey His teachings and become purified, for in a defiled temple he will not dwell. Here in part lies the reason why this Inner Light and inspeaking voice are so little recognized and known: because through our transgressions Christ is crucified and slain, and our means of access to the Throne of Grace, or of holding communion with the Father of Mercies is cut off, until by His immediate power there has been a resurrection from death unto life. Here in part is found the cause, but in part only. By traditional teaching, many are led to believe the Great Supreme has ceased to reveal Himself to the rational immortal soul of man. Thus the attention is turned wholly from inward to outward sources as means of knowing His will, and His voice, even while present, is not recognized as His.

That we may not be led astray, we must come to distinguish the voice of the True Shepherd from that of the stranger,—the stranger of our own creaturely will and imaginings. That we may distinguish His voice, we must keep silence before Him,—a silence of all fleshly reasonings and desires; and come into the state that we may adopt the language, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth; not my will but thine be done."

The different members of the human family are variously gifted, and thus qualified

for varying duties. Amongst those divers endowments, some are gifted with the power of prophecy, and the discerning of spirits. Impressions made upon the spiritual ear, in language clear and distinct as those produced by the human voice through the external organ of hearing—communications of such things as the Father willeth should be known. So also the spiritual eye may be impressed with a vision of things in the future, past, or in the distance, or tending to illustrate some sacred truth or for wise purposes, the peculiar state and condition of one individual may be made manifest to the mind of another, by Him who is not only a God of love and sure mercies, but also an acting, designing Intelligence.

LILLIS BROWN.

12th mo. 7th, 1871.

FORGIVENESS.—“I once saw,” said an Abbott of Sinai, “three solitaries who had received the same injury. The first was troubled and indignant; but still, because he feared Divine justice, he held his peace. The second rejoiced on his own account at the evil treatment he had received, because he hoped to be compensated therefor, but was sorry for him who had committed the outrage. The third, thinking only of his neighbor’s sin, was so moved by it—for he truly loved him—that he wept freely. Thus may we see, in these three servants of God, the working of three different motives: in one, the fear of punishment; in another, the hope of reward; in the last, the unselfish tenderness of a perfect love.”

For Friends’ Intelligencer.

A PHENOMENON.

SANTEE AGENCY, 11th mo. 22d, 1871.

Thinking the enclosed might be of interest to the readers of the *Intelligencer*, I send it for that purpose. Winter has set in at least a month earlier than last year. We are completely snowed up at present, have had no mail for a week, and our river has been closed for nearly that length of time.

“This morning (22d) being very calm and clear, the ground covered with snow to the depth of fourteen inches, and the thermometer at 11 deg. below zero, we witnessed a most magnificent display of the phenomenon peculiar to northern latitudes, known by the name of Parhelia, mock-suns or sun-dogs. Just before the sun became visible above the horizon, a cone of light made its appearance over the coming luminary, with the base or broadest part next to the earth, while above the apex or point of the cone was a circular disc of light, apparently five or six feet in diameter. This central column was flanked on both sides by luminous columns, distant about

a half mile from the central one. This display continued with frequent changes in appearance as the sun rose, for more than two hours, when it attained its maximum of beauty. Then the central cone had entirely disappeared, and the flanking columns appeared to be cut off by a line horizontal with the sun, and assumed a form like a carpenter’s square, with the horizontal arms turned from the sun and the others tending towards the earth, except that these instead of being parallelograms were cones of light united at their bases; the two vertical cones were connected at their apexes or points by a narrow and faintly luminous semicircle, the crown of the arch approaching the earth, while above the sun and near the zenith appeared a prismatic bow reversed to the sun, and apparently 100 feet in diameter. This was evidently caused by minute particles of snow in the atmosphere; for though no cloud was visible there was a perceptible agitation going on in this bow, like the rolling of smoke or vapor on a calm morning. This remarkable appearance lasted for more than twenty minutes, and then gradually disappeared, though some of its forms could be faintly seen until nearly noon; the sky becoming more and more overcast with clouds until nightfall, threatening another storm upon the morrow; but it resulted only in a slight deposit of very light crystals of snow, which seemed to confirm the view that the phenomenon of the morning was owing to their presence. G. S. T.”

LOCAL INFORMATION, FURNISHED BY J. M. T.

BLUE RIVER QUARTERLY MEETING.

Blue River Quarterly Meeting was held Eleventh month 25th at Clear Creek, Illinois, and is composed of Blue River, Honey Creek, Benjaminville and Clear Creek Monthly Meetings. The first being nearly 300 miles distant, and the weather cold, no representatives were present, and only two from Honey Creek.

The meeting house is a neat frame building, 24 by 46 feet, well furnished and comfortable, and is situated in a beautiful grove.

The weather was cold and the ground covered with snow, but the house was nearly full; many young people were in attendance, who were orderly and attentive.

Testimonies were borne to the efficacy of that Light which was promised to all, and of the necessity of faithfulness. Two of the Yearly Meeting’s Committee, besides members of other Quarterly Meetings, were present. The attendance of these appeared to give satisfaction to Friends of this remote section, by whom this meeting is regarded almost like a Yearly Meeting (being held there but once in the year).

The hearts of many, perhaps all in that region, appeared tender and in a suitable condition to receive the Good Seed. Some seem to have nourished and cherished the good word of Life already, until they are prepared to invite the brethren to come into the Lord's vineyard, there to labor for Him who rewardeth liberally all who are faithful to the manifestations of His holy will.

May those who are fed to the fullness in the bosom of Society, remember these Friends in their scattered and isolated condition.

We are not worst at once. The course of evil Begins so slowly, and from such slight source, An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay; But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy— Ay, and religion too—may strive in vain To turn the headlong torrent.



FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I see much in thy present allotment to call forth the tenderest feelings and keep anxieties awake. I can see and feel too that there is much outside of thy own habitation to cause seriousness. But, my dear friend, why get into the cave and make that thy dwelling? When Elijah hid himself in the cave, the query was, "*What dost thou here, Elijah?*" It does not appear that this was an acceptable state. And even when the priests went down to the bottom of Jordan, it was not for them to *remain* there, but to bring up stones of memorial. Perhaps I have been as prone to get into a depressed state as most others, and still feel that *I* have as much to keep me there. Still with the hands sometimes hanging down and ready to give out by the way, our motto ought to be, "*Faint, yet pursuing.*" There are three kinds of trials: Those sent immediately by our Father, it may be deep afflictions even like the giving up of our own lives, yet there is a support under them from the supporting arm. But those brought upon us by others, how keen are they, and hard to bear; and the third, which we bring upon ourselves by our own unfaithfulness or deviations—sins of omission and commission. I have tasted all and found them all bitter. But we may live through and above them all, if our hearts are right in the sight of our Father, and again rejoice on the banks of deliverance.

What a blessed gift is the power to administer the word of sympathy to the sorrowing and afflicted. Some have it in large measure. It seems to be their peculiar mis-

sion, and the little word thus spoken, or the pressure of the hand given under the feeling of Christian sympathy, is truly often much more than the cup of cold water, which if given in the name of a disciple shall bring a disciple's reward. May we not understand by this, if the gift is exercised under the influence of divine Love, it shall receive the blessing of enlargement.

When we consider the great amount of suffering there is in the world, we can but regret when there is reason to believe that any who have this gift are unfaithful in its occupancy, and withhold the drop that might sweeten an otherwise bitter cup. Indeed, were we all faithful to our individual gifts in all their beautiful variety, we would surely be instrumental more largely than we are, in promoting the happiness and peace and best welfare of those around us. Our profession, if we were faithful to it, would lead us up to this high standard. I know there is a progression in the truth, but I more and more highly value the ancient landmarks, and I want us to adhere to them. Among these stands conspicuous the exhortation, "*Mind the Light.*" This is good through all time. It loses nothing of its value as time rolls on, and obedience to it yields as good fruit now as ever.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 23, 1871.

MARRIED.

BURLING—SCHUREMAN.—On Fifth-day, the 14th of Twelfth month, 1871, at the residence of the bride, New Rochelle, N. Y., under the care of Purchase Monthly Meeting, William Burling to Mattie E., only daughter of the late Joseph Schureman; all of the former place.

DIED.

LIPPINCOTT.—On the 12th inst., George E. Lippincott, a highly esteemed member and overseer of Green Street Monthly Meeting of Friends, in the 62d year of his age.

At the request of Race Street First-day School, Dr. J. Gibbons Hunt and Wm. Canby Biddle have kindly consented to exhibit views in eastern countries, &c., with remarks thereon by the latter Friend, on Fourth-day evening next, Twelfth month 27th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race St. meeting-house. All interested are invited.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NEMAHA AGENCY.

Extracts from a letter from Thos. Lightfoot, on the general improvement and condition of the Indians at the Nemaha Agency:—

* * * "Our school children the past year have been comfortably clothed by the different Aid Societies; and it has been re-

marked by visitors, that in neatness and cleanliness they compare well with those in the neighboring public schools. Two years ago a filthy, naked, painted, hungry, sore, half-sick little company presented themselves in our school-room. Their faces were stolid and vacant, and only four of them could understand a word of English. If those who have given and labored so generously and faithfully could look in now and see these poor little creatures transformed into bright, happy children, busily and understandingly engaged with book, slate, map and black-board, knowing nearly everything we say, and learning to talk, we think they would feel more than paid, and be glad to continue the good work a while longer. We well know that it is but little we could have done without help.

From the appropriation made by Congress one year ago, we have built, or finished rather, five houses, new roofed and repaired all the old ones, which were in a very dilapidated condition, dug one well, bought stoves and horses, of which an account with vouchers has been rendered to the Superintendent. We have remaining between seventy and eighty dollars, with which we propose to buy flooring, roofing, windows, doors, glass, nails, &c., to finish two log houses now partly built. Then all our funds will be used, and the people will not all be housed. Last winter we had four families in the house now occupied by the Industrial Home; these, and others, live at present in bark houses, but will have to go into the tents to winter; several would get out logs and build houses, if they could be furnished with material to finish them, and in the spring would open farms. This would be very gratifying,—we are so anxious while we are here, to see this wretched tent life done away with. A few hundred dollars expended in this way would do so much permanent good, that we could not feel clear without asking for it. If way does not open we will try to be satisfied and wait; but if Friends do decide to do this thing, and will inform us as soon as convenient, we will get to work at once. We have only one carpenter, and cannot get on very fast. The Indians themselves put up the logs, chink and plaster. I think the expense of each house will be about fifty dollars. A young man has just married one of our school girls, and we feel much interested in them and desirous to have them begin the world in the right way—break prairie, and have a home next spring.

We are particularly anxious about two other women; both were formerly mission girls, can talk English, read and write; one is a widow with four children; these we

earnestly recommend to the care of Friends; and there are several others on our minds if way opens for more.

The store established here last year, through the liberality of individual friends, has been a great success. The reduction in prices, and the exclusion of "Indian goods," such as beads, paint, &c., have added much to the comfort of the people, by enabling them to procure many household conveniences and appliances of civilized life hitherto unknown in their homes.

The Industrial Home, which received the encouragement and help of Philadelphia Friends, is doing well, and will, we think, confer much good not only upon the few children there cared for, but also upon others by the silent influence of example. Our Indians have, we are happy to say, worked more and to better advantage this year than ever before. Last winter they cut and sold ties to the railroad passing through their reserve; this helped them to eke out their slender annuities until the spring payment, and there was no suffering for want of food. Their crops were put in early last spring, and, with two or three exceptions, were well attended to; and through the season they labored diligently in securing hay for the cattle and horses for the coming winter.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Committee of Management in thus presenting to the Association their annual report as usual, commemorative as it were of the *thirty-sixth* year of its existence, will confine themselves principally to the statistical information, which it is their province to give, without indulging in much comment as to the importance of sustaining it.

Before passing, however, to these figures, it may be well to advert a little to the Library room, and the cases containing the books, the separate classification of the latter being such that the various tastes of visitors can be accommodated without interfering with each other. This is especially the case with the "*juvenile and abridged*," located as they are, our young borrowers can take their own time in making their selections without being incommoded by, or incommoding their elder friends.

The experiment of substituting sash doors in lieu of the ordinary wire screens, as first tried on a portion of the north side of the room, has proved so satisfactory in protecting the books from the dust, that it was concluded to continue the improvement so far as was deemed advisable at the time to appropriate funds for the purpose, in the hope that ere

long the whole of the books will be thus protected.

And as to the books themselves, we believe they may truly be designated as a "choice selection," with quite as few objectionable works as would probably be found in any other library with so large a number of volumes.

Of course, nothing really objectionable has been purposely introduced, and yet with all our care this may occasionally happen. Whenever this does occur, a standing invitation has always existed for any friend to call the attention of the committee to the fact.

Some idea as to how these have been appreciated, may be formed from the fact that during the year 4,186 books have been taken out on 1705 applications, being an increase in the circulation over that of last year of 875 volumes.

The room was closed, as usual, one month during the summer season, and two weeks at Yearly Meeting time.

During the past year we have pursued the same course that appears to have been taken by previous Committees of Management in the selection of books. Whilst our *scientific case* contains many valuable works of reference, in addition to a large number by the very best authors, treating on scientific subjects of almost every description. We have not felt at liberty to add very largely to this class, and especially to increase materially the number of "books of reference" only, these being of interest to but few, and but little used.

Possessed of no endowment, and obliged to husband the resources of the Association, we have believed that in the purchase of books the most judicious expenditure would be that of accommodating the tastes of the largest number of visitors possible, so far as might be done with good judgment as to the *character* of the selection, rather than the introduction of a few costly works.

The increase of the Library during the past year has been 189 volumes, comprising about 158 works, of which six volumes were donations, while the whole number of 7,377 volumes now catalogued is classified as follows, viz.:

Abridged and Juvenile,	1128
Scientific,	862
Religious,	1704
Voyages and Travels,	730
History and Biography,	1180
Miscellaneous,	1773
Total,	7377

From the Annual Report of the Librarian we learn that "during the past year nearly 400 persons have used the Library, mostly members of our Society, a majority of whom

are minors, more than one half of these being under fifteen years of age."

He also reports the new books as being "eagerly sought after and read with interest," adding his belief "that the institution is as much appreciated and as useful as at any former period, and that he is not aware that any books have been lost during the year."

Catalogues can be procured of the Librarian at 25 cents each. These catalogues are valuable for reference at home, and greatly aid visitors in the selection of their books.

It will be remembered that the Committee on Management, appointed in the year 1863, acting under the suggestions of the Association, established, with the assistance of other friends not especially connected with the Library, a literary association under the title of "Friends' Social Lyceum." From that time to the present, that Association has continued to meet one evening in each week for about six months in the year, and the results have been very gratifying. Its proceedings are regulated by a committee of this body acting in conjunction with a similar committee appointed by them; the Secretary of the Association furnishing an annual report of the exercises for record on our minutes.

These reports have been very satisfactory, and successive Committees of Management have been encouraged to continue their interest therein. In reference to these meetings, it has been truly said that "these social comminglings have brought Friends nearer together in feeling, and have had a tendency to beget a mutual interest between the elder and younger members of the Society that cannot but be advantageous to both."

* * * * *

In conclusion, it becomes the duty of the Committee to present the financial condition of the Library Association as per settlement of the Treasurer's account to this date, viz.:

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand at last settlement	\$ 54 03
Sundry subscriptions and donations	486 50
Discount received on several bills	4 94
Fines collected	15 45
	\$560 92

EXPENDITURES.

Cash paid for new books	\$208 11
Librarian's salary	130 00
Insurance on books	16 50
Commissions for collecting subscriptions	48 25
New cases	83 52
Incidental expenses, including cleaning room, printing and distributing annual reports, notices, &c., &c.	45 06
	\$531 44

Leaving a balance on hand of \$29 48
For our collector, Jonathan Pugh, who

will shortly call on Friends for their contributions, we again ask a continuance of their liberality towards the support of an institution, that is evidently productive of much good.

The Library is now open, as heretofore, on Fourth and Seventh-day evenings, for the accommodation of Friends generally, and on Seventh-day afternoon for the exclusive accommodation of females. Entrance from Fifteenth street.

Extract from the minutes.

JACOB M. ELLIS. *Clerk.*

Philadelphia, Tenth month 11th, 1871.

PAST AND PRESENT.

The clergy of London are setting the example of lecturing in their churches to the poorer classes upon social subjects. It has long been found and lamented that no amount of preaching upon religious topics will draw the bulk of the workingmen of England to church. A few preachers there are, like Spurgeon and Newman Hall, who can draw crowds of attentive and earnest listeners, but this is not the case with the vast majority of the clergy, and especially the clergy of the Established Church of England. Many zealous and enlightened men among the latter, like Archbishops Thomson and Taitt, Dean Stanley, Bishops Elliott and Wilberforce, and the Dean of Chester, are heartily encouraging the system of extending the range of the subjects usually dealt with in the pulpit, and lecturing in large interiors, like those of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey and St. James's Hall, gratuitously to all comers, on attractive topics. In this way the Dean of Westminster lately illustrated the history and topography of Palestine to great crowds. Following his example, Canon Gregory has been lecturing in St. Paul's on the present social condition of England as compared with what it was at the Revolution of 1688, and it must be confessed that it required some little courage to deal with this subject honestly, considering the present temper of the working classes, and their avowed hostility to the Church. But the reverend gentleman appears to have spared no pains to ascertain facts, and to set them forth plainly. They present no cause for congratulation. The following are among the prominent facts cited by Canon Gregory: In 1688, the population of England and Wales was between five and a quarter and five and a half millions, while it is now over twenty-one millions. At the former period the income of the people from all sources was reckoned at one hundred and seven and a half millions of pounds sterling (\$537,500,000,) while in 1867 it was reckoned at six

hundred and sixty-two millions (\$3,310,000,000.) It has, therefore, increased more than fifty per cent. more rapidly than the population; but the masses of the latter have not benefitted thereby proportionally. Thus, in 1867, there were 7500 persons, or one in every 2800, who possessed incomes of or exceeding \$25,000 a year; and of these one-third derived their income from some profession, trade or official position. In 1688, only 160 persons, or one in every 34,375, enjoyed an equal revenue; but not one of them derived it from a profession, trade or office. On the other hand, house rent, meat, and bread did not then command one-fourth of their present prices. Homespun clothing was universally worn by the working and the middle classes, and could be made at moderate cost. The making of it was the principal occupation of the women, who were thence called "spinsters." It is recorded that the carpenters engaged on the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral were paid two shillings and six pence a day, and the bricklayers and stone masons three shillings; the hodmen received eighteen pence a day, and the watchmen eight pence a night. But one shilling was then equal to two and six pence now, or two and a half times more, consequently a carpenter received 6s. 3d., or \$1.50 a day, and the others in like proportion. There is one class existing now which was not to be found in 1688, namely, persons of the upper and middle classes, whose incomes are on the level of those of mechanics. In 1867, there were 1,003,000 such persons, whose incomes were exempted from the income tax, because their earnings fell below \$500 a year. Canon Gregory went into a variety of other comparisons, but the result of his figures is, that the very rich have multiplied twelvefold between 1688 and 1867, for in the first of these years only one person in every 34,375 had an income equivalent to \$25,000 a year, whilst in the last there was one in every 2800 equally wealthy. The moderately rich have also considerably added to their numbers relatively, as one in 500 had incomes ranging from \$5000 to \$25,000 in 1867, while only one in 855 had an equal income in 1688. The proportion of persons possessing a moderate competency, of from \$1000 to \$5000 a year, was about equal; but the proportion of those enjoying incomes varying from 5000 to \$15,000 was completely changed, for while one person in 13 was in that position in 1688, only one in 20 was equally removed above want in 1867. These figures show that, of the annual increase of the national capital (which increase is estimated at \$750,000,000), the vast proportion adds only to the wealth of the few, and is not so distributed as to in-

crease the comforts of the many. In 1688, one-third of the population was not dependent upon hand labor, and was in a state of comparative comfort; while in 1867 only five millions out of twenty-one millions were equally well circumstanced. In 1688 four out of the five and a half millions of the population lived in villages and hamlets; whilst in 1867 more than thirteen out of the twenty one millions lived in places having a population of not less than 2000 each; more than one third had their homes in London and seventy one other large cities. The great evil of this is, that the rich live apart from the poor, with little or no intercourse except what relates to employment, taking no interest in each other, but rather feeling a bitter antagonism, the rich too often despising and trampling on the poor, and the poor too often hating and envying the rich, and forming schemes, like those of the Communists. This feeling is fast growing in intensity, and threatens untold dangers to the social fabric. But in 1688 the aristocracy and the landed gentry lived in the midst of their tenants and dependants, and were beloved and respected. They exercised considerable influence on account of their position, and because of their kindness to and sympathy with their poor neighbors, they helped to civilize them. And as the laborer had a rough sufficiency of the necessaries of life, personal intercourse with his wealthy neighbors was not humiliating, nor was it restricted by the pride of the latter as it unfortunately is now.—*Public Ledger.*

FUSS IS NOT WORK.—The fact that fuss is not work you may see illustrated almost any day, and almost anywhere. As you go along the street, you see two horses harnessed together before a car. One of them makes a great fuss, as if he had all the world behind him, and was in eager haste to get it just where he wants it to be. He dances and prances, jumps up and down, and springs into the collar with all his might, and then falls back from it because all does not give way to him. The other makes no fuss at all. He stops and starts at the signal, wastes no strength in violence, but puts his whole weight into the collar just when it is needed. The one makes the fuss, the other does the work.

THE FAMINE IN PERSIA.

Persia is an immense country of mountain, and desert, and prairie, unirrigated by man and insufficiently watered by nature; with comparatively few trees, and full of vast arid plains which with water would yield like Lincolnshire, but without it are about as culturable as the Place de la Concorde; the whole oc-

cupied by about two millions of a brave and intellectual, but idle and vicious race of artisans and cultivators, far below the Neapolitans, whom of all Europeans they most resemble, —Mohammedans penetrated at once with fatalism and with that dreadful Sufee infidelity which, recognizing alike God and good, holds that neither has any moral obligation; and with about two millions of pastoral nomads, socially on a level with the Bedouins, morally, we believe, below them. The feeble, scattered, and decaying population of weary voluptuaries, cowed peasants, and savage herdsmen is ruled by perhaps the worst government, the one most inefficient for good, which ever afflicted mankind,—by a *clan* of despotic satraps. If Persia has really been struck, as now seems certain, by that most horrible of scourges, a culminating famine, a famine increasing through three successive years, a famine like that of Orissa, or of Rajpootana, or the Great Famine of North India, a famine of forage as well as cereals, words will not suffice to describe the extent of a calamity which, if it lasts another year—and the time has passed for rain—may almost blot Persia out of the nations.

The Eelyaut or Bedouin tribes have been fighting for three years against continuous drought, until at last forage is unprocurable, and their stock has perished. They cannot march to more fertile pastures, for the drought has desolated the whole pastoral country, and if they wander beyond it they will be treated as enemies, even if there exist means to feed them beyond the frontier. Besides, their means of locomotion—that is, of travelling hundreds of miles through dried-up plains—must have failed them, and the only course visible to themselves will be to practise the resignation which in extreme moments never fails a Mohammedan, to live on less than will keep them alive, and await calmly either relief or death. They are doing this in known places, and what their fate must be in the encampments whence news never reaches Europe or even India, in the more arid plains and the dry valleys in the hills, it is ghastly even to conjecture. The conveyance of forage to the dying Bedouins is simply impossible, for the pack animals, marching through blighted provinces, would eat more than they could carry, and except beasts of burden there are no means of conveyance. There are no roads, no rivers, no railways, no canals, no means of transporting caravans of food. The "cities" might ray out supplies to certain limited distances; but, with one exception, a city in Persia is a collection of houses tenanted by people with less power to help than one of our large northern villages would

in extremity exhibit, with one year's store of grain at most, and no accumulated wealth whatever. Besides, the famine must have extended to the cities, and the worst stories of suffering come from them, from Teheran, and Tabreez, and Bushire, the last the richest and most accessible place in Persia. If the people in Bushire are dying daily; if in Ispahan, under the shadow of the Court, 12,000 are known to have perished; if in Kazeroon out of 10,000 people only 2,000 remain,—and all these statements can be surpassed from the official records of Orissa,—there is visibly no help to be hoped for from within Persia itself. The famine, moreover, is not at an end.—*Spectator.*

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—*Faber.*

THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night;
But I'm only a part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
So my treasure I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play;
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy, golden head:
Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chalice full,
How, why, and for what all strange things were—
She was only a child at school!
But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan
That even I should do all I can."

She helped a younger child along
When the road was rough to the feet,
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I will do likewise the best that I can."

Our best? Ah, children, the best of us
Must hide our faces away,
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
At our task at the close of the day!
But for strength from above ('tis the Master's plan)
We'll pray, and we'll do the best we can.

—*Selected.*

MIXING WITH STRANGERS.—The effect of mixing with new people, who have new ideas and new methods of thought, is very salutary. Always to see the same people, do the same things, feel the same way, produces a stagnant condition of the mind and heart that is very distressing to behold. There are thousands of invalids who might be greatly benefited by getting away from home, if only for a short time, to mix with strangers, and to be touched with the magnetism of the great world as it courses in its accustomed rounds. And there are mental and moral invalids who need the same change to get their mind and heart enlarged, and let in a little more of the great light of life. Outside influences are very valuable to those who at home have been well trained by healthful influences in early youth, so that they can avoid the snares and pitfalls into which those who go blindly often fall.

THE GATE OF BRITISH INDIA.

BY PROF. WM. WELLS.

Our veteran and honored statesman, Mr. Seward, in a short account of his famous journey around the world, alluded to Aden, the port of Southern Arabia, as the "Gate of British India."

Now to many it may seem strange that an Arabian port can with propriety receive this appellation; but it is in reality a very fitting one, and is becoming more so yearly, as the direct commerce between the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean is being increased by the facility offered in the Suez Canal. The nation that has made of the great East Indian peninsula an immense trading mart could scarcely pass by the seacoast of Southern Arabia without casting longing eyes on some one of its ports as an *entrepôt* for their Oriental trade. And the practical glance of English mariners soon fixed on Aden, near the entrance to the Red Sea, as the one which they coveted.

Most of the ports of this coast are termed "monsoon ports"—that is, they need to have two anchorages for the two monsoon seasons, or for the sudden change of wind during the prevalent summer or winter monsoon. The light Arabian vessels can change their positions in a few minutes, on the indications of a change of wind; but not so the heavy English traders. Before these can weigh anchor and move they may be overtaken by the hur-

ricane and driven ashore. But the port of Aden is composed of a deep bay, with a narrow entrance, and on its waters the largest vessels are safe from either monsoon or any sudden change of wind.

The English acquired it in 1839 by honorable purchase from the Sultan of Saheg; but this ruler had scarcely parted with this "pearl of his realm" before he repented the deed, and endeavored to recover it by force of arms. The English maintained their hold of it, however; and then, in order to hold a rod in terror over the treacherous Arab, declined to pay down the purchase money, and even to this day simply pay a high interest on it, and thus have ever ready a means of punishing bad faith by withholding payments, which are always most acceptable to these greedy chiefs.

Taught by this lesson, however, the English immediately began a system of fortifications toward the land side; and finally constructed an immense fortress across the Isthmus, that fully protects the point from any attack. This makes the English possessions an isolated territory, which the Arabs in their flowery speech call an "island in the land." Aden proper is reached by a long tunnel through solid rock, and when the gates to this are closed it is as safe from land attack as if it were in the ocean.

When the English took possession of Aden it was a mere heap of ruins of its former greatness; so much so that the officers pitched their tents there rather than occupy its miserable huts. It thus received the name of "Camp," which it retains to this day in English mouths; in contradistinction to the Point, or extremity of the peninsula. The greatest need of Aden is water, which can only be obtained by means of cisterns; and even this is a precarious dependence, for the tropical rains never fall in the coast lands and the winter rains often fail to appear. For the last three years there has been scarcely any rain. This fact necessitates the construction of great reservoirs, called cisterns; and the ruins of a series of these, built probably by the Turks, ages ago, were found by the English. These they greatly enlarged by walling up a series of rocky chasms, some twelve in number, one above the other; so that when the upper one was full it would flow over into those below, and thus produce a terrace of reservoirs. This stupendous work was so successful that last spring, after a drought of the three years, there was still water in the upper one.

This difficulty of procuring water induced the English to discourage immigration, for in case of siege a large population would be embarrassing and a source of weakness. But

the very fact that nothing is grown on the peninsula, and that even Aden proper is dependent for its supplies on the neighboring territory, induced a large immigration, notwithstanding every endeavor to prevent it. Those who bring to it supplies must find accommodations, and finally gain a resting-place, while the free institutions of the English have made it very popular with the Jews and the Pariahs, who there find protection against their Arabian persecutors. The result is an astonishing increase in numbers. The English found six hundred souls there, and these in the following year had increased to over 4,000. In 1858 there were 20,000; in 1867, 27,000; and now there is a population of about 30,000 all told. About one-fifth of these are Arabs; and then there is a large floating population of Arabs, who now seem to find their greatest pleasure in coming to Aden, although for many years they annoyed the English by the isolated or concerted attacks of the neighboring tribes.

But the English seem to have conquered all opposition by their arms, or by the purchase of neighboring coast territories, to keep it out of the hands of other Europeans; and their position in Southern Arabia is now unquestioned, so that they simply keep a small garrison for defence. They have acted wisely in not endeavoring to make conquests in the interior; for Arabia is not yet prepared for the policy of India, and would resist it most strenuously. But they are, nevertheless, working in by flank movements, and making commercial treaties with the neighboring sultans and chiefs, or paying them an annual tribute, according to the importance of their provinces for England. And these Arab chiefs are extremely sensitive to the yearly stipends, to which are added, when they choose to come to Aden, valuable presents and English hospitality. Thus the English are making moral conquests, which are completely destroying the former Moslem fanaticism of these tribes, and the change of sentiment is extremely marked.

This whole matter is treated of in a most intelligent and instructive manner by Maltzan, a German Orientalist, who is spending years in all these Eastern regions, and making their intimate acquaintance his life study. He especially notes the fact that the English humor the native Arabs almost to a fault, so that the most devout Moslem can make no other complaint against his rulers than that of being Christians. The Kadi of Aden is the arbiter of all petty differences between his own co-religionists and Jews and Christians, an amount of tolerance unheard of under Christian rulers, and one that calls forth no small measure of complaint from

Europeans, who throughout the Orient are in the habit of treating the natives with indignity, and then shielding themselves behind their consuls. A young English lord, who boxed a Moslem's ears, was made to pay a considerable fine for the pleasure—a circumstance that set the natives to singing pæans regarding English justice.

All this is evidently done in the desire to conciliate the Arabs, and reconcile them to the fact that an infidel nation is in possession of a portion of their sacred earth. That this is worldly wisdom is doubtless true, and the proof of it is found in the extraordinary growth of Aden. Even the neighboring Mocha is sinking before it, and the southern emporium of the coffee trade is being transferred to Aden. This inducement will bring to it crowds of Arabs, who will become more and more accustomed to European customs, and weaned away from their Moslem fanaticism.

Maltzan asserts that fifty years will see the English in quiet possession of all the southern portion of Arabia—not as conquerors, but as traders and travellers; and he also maintains that it is rich in treasures still undreamed of, that only need to be made accessible to European commerce to give them and their region where they are found a vast influence in the commercial world. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that Aden is so convenient a stopping place for all British vessels passing through the Suez Canal to the Red Sea and the Oriental waters, makes the port of growing significance and constitutes it the Gate of British India.—*The Independent*.

HOME TEACHING.

Of all the ideas of education that prevail in the community, there is none more general, or more pernicious, than that which limits education to the school room. Children learn indeed certain important things at school. But parents cannot be too often reminded of the truth that the great preponderance of the educational forces which act upon a child is to be found outside of the school room—in the street, the play-ground, the nursery, and the home circle. Even that part of a child's mental and moral growth which comes from the school room depends largely for its quality and amount upon the moulding influences received elsewhere. School is at best only an assistant; it can never be a substitute for home training. Parents are by necessity educators. They can no more divest themselves of the office than the sun in heaven can divest himself of his influence upon animal and vegetable life, or the moon can make her circuits without affecting the tides. From

the first smile of recognition that passes between the infant and its mother, down to the full companionship and communion of matured manhood and womanhood, a process of education is going on in the household circle, and the leading factor in this work is what the parent does and is. The words, the actions, the opinions, the example of the parent, whatever the parent is or does, or fails to be and to do, operate on the mind and manners, the words and actions of the child with a silent, persistent, pervasive influence, like that of light or heat or other of the great agencies of nature.—*S. S. Times*.

THE way is long, my children, long and rough;
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskilled save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath missed the discipline of noble hearts.

CAPITAL LOST AND GAINED.

In all the estimates of the damage done by the Chicago conflagration, it seems to be assumed that, however much insurance may distribute the burden, yet there has been an actual dead loss of the houses and property swept away by the fire, which is so many millions of property dropped out of existence, making the United States, on the whole, so many millions poorer. But it is an interesting question whether this view, self-evident as it would at first appear, is not after all, a mistaken one. Capital represents accumulated labor, and though the capital may at the moment be swept away, it is under circumstances that impart an extraordinary and otherwise impossible stimulus to labor. In other words, thousands of days' work will now be done that otherwise would not have been done at all. Men otherwise idle, and dollars otherwise idle, will now be not only finding remunerative employment for themselves, but daily adding to the aggregate wealth of the country. That the new Chicago will be a better built city than the old one, hardly admits a doubt; and if better built, it will be more valuable than the old one would have been if it had remained unburnt. The losses of individuals and corporations are undeniably and deplorably great. But so far as this particular disaster affects the national wealth, it is quite as likely, in the long run, to enhance as to diminish it. The New York capitalist who tears down a substantial two-story edifice of stone and iron, begins by destroying valuable property, yet does not deem that he is incurring either temporary or permanent loss by it. So the United States, deprived for a time of one of its choicest cities, can hardly be considered to have absolutely lost all the millions which have suddenly changed hands, or been con-

verted from fixed into floating capital and labor, by the Chicago fire,—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

A SUNDAY'S dinner is made the most sumptuous meal of the week in a great many households, and the guests retire from the table more like gorged anacondas than intellectual human beings, with the result that during the whole afternoon there is such an amount of mental, physical and religious sleepiness, if not actual stupidity, that no duties whatever are performed with alacrity, efficiency and acceptableness. The Sunday dinner made of a cup of hot tea, some bread and butter, with a slice of cold meat, and absolutely nothing else, would be wiser and better for all; it would give the servants more leisure, the appetite would be as completely satisfied half an hour afterwards, while body, brain and heart, would be in a fitting condition to perform the duties of the Sabbath with pleasure to ourselves, with greater efficiency to others, and doubtless with larger acceptance to Him toward whom all our service is due.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE WEATHER AT THE SANTEE INDIAN AGENCY.

From a letter recently received from our friend G. S. Truman, we learn that the month has been disagreeable and cold beyond the average of last year. He also furnishes the following items:

Mean temperature for the month	26 90
Greatest height attained (1st inst.)	66.00
Lowest point reached (29th)	16.00 below 0.
Rain and melted snow	2.65 inches
Depth of snow	14 "

And states, "The Missouri river was closed on the 18th so as to be crossed by foot passengers *the next day*. The ice is now fourteen inches thick. More snow fell on the 17th than is usual, and of course our roads are blocked up, and our mail facilities very seriously interfered with, which being the only means we now have of keeping ourselves posted in the affairs of the world, we feel very sensibly."

He also refers to two displays of the *Parhelion* or *Sun Dogs*, an account of the first of which will be found in another column. He thinks the last display exceeded the first in extent.

J. M. E.

Philadelphia, 12th mo. 18th, 1871.

KIND Christian love hath taught the lesson,
That they who merit most contempt and hate,
Do most deserve our pity.

I T E M S .

GEOLOGISTS have long taught that at least the west coast of Greenland is slowly sinking below the sea. This doctrine is confirmed by Dr. Brown, who recapitulates the principal points on which it rests.

The following are among the facts which he enumerates: Near the end of the last century a small, rocky island was observed to be entirely submerged at springtide high water, yet on it were the remains of a house, rising six feet above the ground; fifty years later the submergence had so far increased that the ruins alone were ever left above water. The foundations of an old storehouse, built on the island in 1776, are now dry only at low water. The remains of native houses are in one locality seen beneath the sea. In 1758 the Moravian Mission establishment was founded about two miles from Fiskernasset, but in fifty years they were obliged to move, at least once, the posts on which they rested their large *amiaks*, or seal skin boats. Some of the posts may yet be seen under the water. The dwellings of several Greenland families, who lived on Savage Point from 1721 to 1736, are now overflowed by every tide. In one locality, the ruins of old Greenland houses are to be seen at low water.

THE wasting away of sandstone and granite is largely attributed by Dr. Robert, of Paris, to the development of a minute lichen upon them. This plant is so destructive that it could and would wholly destroy the beautiful marble sculptures in the Park Versailles, unless measures were taken to check its attacks. The destructive influence of a moist climate upon rocks is conspicuously illustrated by the famous obelisk of Luxor, in Paris. Forty years ago it was brought from Egypt, where it had stood perfect and unchanged during forty centuries; yet it is now full of small cracks and completely bleached out.

DRAINAGE OF A GREAT CITY.—There are about 1,400 miles of sewers in London, 82 miles of which are intercepting sewers of "The Main Drainage." The area drained by the intercepting sewers is about one hundred square miles. The total amount of sewage and rain-fall which they will carry off is sixty three million cubic feet per day, or equal to a lake as large as Hyde Park four feet in depth. There have been consumed in their construction about 340 million bricks, and upwards of 90,000 cubic yards of concrete. The total engine-power employed is 2,380 nominal horse-power, but this will soon be increased by about 400 horse-power on the construction of the Pimlico pumping station. The cost of these works when completed will be a little over £4,000,000.—*Nature.*

A SPARK ARRESTER for locomotives has recently been invented in Massachusetts, and consists of a curved smoke stack, resembling a cornucopia, with the mouth directly backward. Near the enlargement of the upper curve a wire screen is placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, and another screen is placed over the mouth. Just below the first screen a perforated steam pipe is run horizontally through the smoke stack, and is connected with the boiler. As the sparks from the fire box pass through the stack they are moistened by a fine spray of steam issuing from the perforations, and drop to the ground through a tube inserted in the cornucopia between the two screens.

WOODEN pegs, made by the same machine as shoe pegs, are now largely used for fastening boxes, and manufacturers receive large orders from the West, for inch pegs for this purpose.

THE Czar of Russia has lately ordered that women shall be permitted to become druggists and chemists, and shall be eligible to fill the position of clerks and accountants.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*

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From "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends."

THOMAS STORY.

By R. S. FERGUSON, M. A.

(Concluded from page 676.)

In 1698, Story carried out an intention he had long had of visiting Pennsylvania. This project was much opposed by his father; but still Story persisted, and in September, 1698, he sailed from Gravesend in the good ship Providence, for London, William Penn himself being among the company that came to see Story off. After a stormy voyage of about three months, they arrived in Chesapeake Bay. At one of the first places he visited, he found a priest of the English Church who was paid according to the work he did,—a hogshead of tobacco for each sermon. As the unfortunate man was paralyzed, and could not preach, he had had no pay for some years. Story settled in Pennsylvania, and was appointed William Penn's deputy in the province, and also a member of the Council of State, Keeper of the Great Seal, Master of the Rolls, and one of the Commissioners of Property. He married, in 1706, Ann Shippen, the daughter of Edward Shippen, a member of the Society of Friends, who left England in 1675, and made a large fortune as a merchant in Philadelphia. He was Speaker of the House of Assembly, and also the first Mayor of that town,—an honor to which Story was afterwards elected, but which he declined. She died in 1711 or 1712.

Storie's journal contains many interesting accounts of society and manners in America, and of the dangers the settlers incurred from Indians, into which we have not room to go. In November, 1708-9, he paid a visit to Barbadoes, Antigua, Jamaica, and other of the Western Isles; and was captured by a French privateer, and carried to Port-au-pee, in Hispaniola, where Story availed himself of his knowledge of Latin to hold theological arguments with the Jesuit priests. He was afterwards taken by the privateer to Guadaloupe, and endured great sufferings on the voyage; but from that place he got a passage back to Antigua, and thence to Pennsylvania.

In 1714, he left Pennsylvania, and returned to England, visiting Barbadoes and Antigua *en route*. His first visit, after his return, was to William Penn, whom he found in almost a childish state, from the effects of an apoplectic fit. He then travelled northwards, attending meetings on his way, and finally arrived at Justice Town, where he found his father still alive, but quite blind. Story only stayed with his father for about ten days, and then set off again southwards. He visited Wigton on his way, where some persons of the name of Robinson, and also Job and Lot Pearson, Ranters, apparently apostate Quakers, interrupted the meetings. The wife of one of the Robinsons abused Story at the funeral of a Quaker's child, and was by him treated, not to his usual weapon, a theological

argument, but to the threat "of a ducking-stool, or a few good rods at the tail of a cart, as a common scold." Story went on to Whitehaven, to see his old friends, two of the Gilpins, sons of Dr. Richard Gilpin, one a councillor and justice of the peace, and the other a merchant. Continuing his journey, he came to Oxford, where he fell in for riots, in which the Presbyterian and Quaker meeting-houses were wrecked by a mob of the scholars and others, and some Quaker houses damaged. This mischief was a concomitant of the general election of 1715, done in revenge for a proposal made by "the Low party" at Oxford to burn the pictures of the Queen and Dr. Sacheverill. At this election the Quakers had voted with the Low or Whig party. From Oxford, Story went to London, and thence to Yarmouth, and there embarked for a tour through Holland, Friezland, and Germany, to visit the continental Friends, who were allied to a foreign religious society, whose members were called Menists. Returning to Yarmouth, he visited the Gurneys at Norwich. For several years, up to 1740 1741, story continued to travel round to the Quaker meetings in England, Ireland, and Scotland, though latterly he stayed a good deal at Justice Town, having purchased his father's property from the widow of elder brother. There he built a house, and planted a nursery of forest trees. "Oaks, elms, ashes, acer-majors, poplars of several kinds, firs, English walnuts, black walnuts, tulip trees, locust-trees, cedars of America, occidental planes, lindels, chesnuts, horse-chestnuts, diverse sorts of willows, beeches, hornbeans, scarlet oaks, &c., which I had raised from seeds and cuttings after their several kinds at that farm, to furnish that part of the country, in time, with timber, which is now scarce, and that I might be an example to others in that useful kind of improvement, which several since have begun to follow." Story's plantations remain at the present day, and one or more of the tulip-trees still flower annually. It has been suggested to the writer, by a member of the Society of Friends well acquainted with the fine woods at Castle Howard, that Story had a good deal to do with their planting. He had a playmate, in youth, of the Earl of Carlisle who built Castle Howard, and planted the woods; this acquaintance was renewed on Story's return from Pennsylvania; he frequently visited Castle Howard, informed the Earl of the boundless forests he had seen in America, and was doubtless, as a practical planter of trees, consulted by the Earl.

Towards the close of his life, Story had two paralytic strokes, which disabled him greatly. He died at Justice Town, in 1742, and

was buried in the Friends' burial ground, at Carlisle. The following account of him appeared in the *London Daily Advertiser*, on June 28th, 1743:—

"On Monday, the 21st of June, 1742, Died of Paralytick Disorder, at Carlisle, aged about eighty Mr. Thomas Story, an eminent Preacher among the Quakers; a man justly esteemed and lov'd, not only by that Society, but by many of others, not of the meanest rank, who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was truly a great and good man, whose principles led him to the performance of every moral and Christian Duty, and whose life and doctrines concurred in rendering him a fit example for Gospel Ministry, in Wisdom, Piety, and Humility. He had, without any profess'd application to Sciences, acquired a general Knowledge in Natural Philosophy, and most branches of the Mathematics, and had the most refined and extensive Ideas in the Metaphysics; but the inward and eternal happiness of Mankind was his favourite study. He was a Complete Gentleman, generous in his sentiments, affable in his behavior, free and communicative to people in all stations and circumstances. His time was chiefly devoted to the service of God, in discharging that public concern of Preaching the Gospel, which he esteemed his indispensable duty; of the good effect of whose extraordinary and faithful labours there are many living Witnesses. In short, if Temperance, Patience, Forgiving Injuries, Humility, Faith, and Charity are Characteristics of a Good Man and a Minister of Christ, he was one."

Story left funds for the publication of his journal, which is, in the main, a record of tours to attend meetings of the Society of Friends. The book is one which well repays perusal, though Story kept out of it much interesting matter that he might well have inserted. He was a proficient in natural science, and must in his travels have seen many curious things; yet he excludes from his journal all such, and also all the important public business he was concerned in. Of his own private affairs he says little; he never hints that he was married. Many odd facts are to be gleaned out of Story's journal, which illustrate the social life of the times in which he lived. For instance, it would appear that both Lord Carlisle and Lord Lonsdale, whom he used to visit, dined in the middle of the day, and had supper about the present dinner hour. The gaol system of the time is brought home to us very oddly, by an account of how the Governor of Carlisle Gaol, in 1707, allowed prisoners to go out to interrupt meetings of Friends,—a nuisance which the Governor of the city abated by the help of a corporal and a file of musketeers; and a curious picture is presented to us by a note,—that at one meeting, a doctor of divinity was rumored to be present, disguised in a blue coat. There were, in those days, penalties against attending meetings of dissenters, which Justice Appleby, of Kirklington, and his wife, are mentioned as on one occasion running the hazard of. An odd

expression that occurs in the journal is, "Threepenny curates," whom Story explains to be poor clergymen who "say prayers for the richer sort for threepence a-time, which is paid twopen in farthings and a dish of coffee." We have been told that the late Earl of Carlisle, in reply to a question sent him by letter, said he had read Story's journal, a copy of which is at Castle Howard, and that the dignified conversation recorded there, between Henry, Viscount Lonsdale, and Story, had much modified his sentiments regarding the Society of Friends, and their opposition to the payment of ecclesiastical demands.

Story was a man of high social position, both by birth and by learning. He was Greek scholar enough to put Dr. Bradford, Bishop of Carlisle, in a hole, by that prelate's own confession, over the Greek text of the New Testament. He visited, as we have mentioned, Lords Carlisle and Lowther at their seats; while Dean Tullie, of Carlisle, "Old Counsellor Aglionby," the Recorder of that city, and Richard Aglionby, the Registrar, are mentioned in the journal as his kind and old friends. With William Penn he was very intimate.

Story took an active part, after his return from America, in an agitation to get the Friends relieved from a form of affirmation to which they much objected. Indeed, he himself suffered an imprisonment of over a year for declining to make the obnoxious affirmation. In this agitation, the Earl of Carlisle helped him greatly, and, at a reception at his town house, in Dover Street, introduced Story to the Earl of Sunderland, with whom Story had a long conversation on the subject. He also visited the Duke of Somerset, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of Carlisle, to ask for their assistance, and was received by all most kindly. Of Dawes, Archbishop of York, Story writes:—"He had as much of the gentleman as Bishop in him, and the former seemed rather predominant." Story's efforts were at last successful.

Thomas Story was an intimate friend of James Logan, Secretary to William Penn, and Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania. Logan was a scholar and *savant* of a very high order, founder of the Loganian Library at Philadelphia, and author of several scientific papers and treatises, some of which, in Latin, were published at Leyden. Among others with whom Logan corresponded was Thomas Story, whose house in Philadelphia Logan entered after Story's return to England. Some of the letters are printed in "Logan's Life, by Armistead," and exhibit him in a very pleasant light, sending presents to Logan's

daughters, and doing such-like little friendly offices. In 1736, Chief Justice Logan delivered to the Grand Inquest, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, held for the city and county of Philadelphia, an elaborate charge, intended as a confutation of Hobbes, and based on the axiom, "That man was primarily, in his nature, formed for society;" a thesis from which Logan argued up to the necessity of penal laws and their administrative machinery. Of this charge, Logan sent a copy to Thomas Story, and, from Story's answer in reply, we glean that he held, on scientific points, opinions far in advance of his day, and abreast of those put forward by professors and philosophers now living, who would be astonished to think that, 1736, any one, much less a Quaker preacher, held such views. Story's theory was, that "the Creator of all things never made anything dead, in its first procedure from Him, but living;"—or, as he puts it, "that all inert matter was generally animated, consisting of innumerable animalculæ and farinæ before the worlds were made of it." Some papers which Story wrote upon this subject appear to be lost, and so his arguments in support of his proposition are unknown. They appear to have taken some such line of reasoning as this: all seeds of animals, (animalculæ,) and all seeds of vegetables, (farinæ,) exist in the bodies of their parents (animal or vegetable,) grow to perfection, and decay, returning to earth, from whence they were borrowed and used for a time, "so that there is a perpetual revolution of all things, but no proper annihilation of any, save only of germ, but not of substance." As, therefore, such never die, Story argues, they must have had life before God made the world of them, and that God endowed with life everything that He did create. This is not unlike a glimmering of Professor Huxley's theory of "protoplasm." In another epistle, Story intimates his belief in doctrines, at which even now, many people would be astonished, not to say shocked. He had been to Scarborough, and from a geological study of the cliffs there, he was confirmed in an opinion, "that the earth is of much older date, as to the beginning of it, than the time assigned in the Holy Scriptures, as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacities of human kind, as to six days' progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days, the time of the commencement and finishing of all those great works being undiscoverable by the mind of man, and hid in that short period, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'" And then the author goes on to set

forth "the further modifications of the terraqueous globe, and, I conjecture, very long after it had its being with the rest of the worlds." So far as this passage goes, Story might have been a pupil of Charles Lyell himself. From other passages, also, we find that he believed in a plurality of worlds. It is curious that, in his own journal, he hints at none of these opinions. They are hardly such as the Society of Friends would have then approved of. During the latter part of Story's life, he was attacked by some members of the Society, and very much harassed, at the Yearly Meetings in London. We have also seen in print, a letter, written after his death, assuring Friends that Story died in unity with the Society. May not his opinions have brought him into some discredit with the more Orthodox of the Society?

We have endeavored to give a slight sketch of one who is deserving, if ever man was, to be ranked among the highest and best of our Cumberland worthies. Thomas Story was no vulgar religious ranter; he was a man of good position, of great learning, and, at one time, a conveyancing counsel in large practice. He gave up all his prospects in life because he considered it his duty to embrace the tenets of the Society of Friends; and he spent the best part of his life in ministering in Friends' meetings, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in America, where he spent many years of his life, and on the Continent.

Story himself is an authority for spelling his native place as we have done,—Justice Town, and not Justus Town, as it is generally spelt now a days.

Two sermons by Thomas Story, preached by him at York, in 1738, on Salvation by Christ, and on Silent Waiting, Silent Teaching, and Silent Worship, have recently been printed and published, by Kitto, London, and Hudson Scott & Sons, Carlisle, from the original edition of 1738, which Story himself revised. In his journal, he thus alludes to these sermons:—

"I continued some time in these parts, and was again at the Quarterly Meeting at York, the business whereof was conducted in the peaceable wisdom of the Son of God; many great and important truths were delivered in the meetings, by several brethren, in the demonstration and authority of the Holy Spirit. Here a person took down some of my testimonies, in short-hand, as he had done before at some other times; this is seldom truly done, for though the form of the speech may be, by this means, and help of the memory of the writer, nearly preserved, yet the missing or altering of a word in some sentences, may greatly alter and wrong the sense; and it is certain, that no letters, words, or speech can represent the Divine virtue, power and energy, in which the doctrines of the truth are delivered, by those who are sent of God, for they speak with wisdom and authority, in, and from Him."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Familiarity with the customs of War blunts our perception of its evils, and prevents due examination.

Let us suppose that the custom of war was unknown, and that when some little difference arose between this and another nation, it should be proposed to settle it by a trial of which could do the other the greatest amount of injury, in the destruction of life and property. Would not such a proposition be deemed absurd in the extreme? Would it not be deemed in direct violation of Christianity, morality, and common sense? Now is this method of settling national differences by war the less at variance with Christianity, morality, and sound reason, because it has been long practiced, and millions of lives and property have been sacrificed in its prosecution? To this we say, No, at once. Are we not, then bound to look into the subject, and test it by the same principles and with the same scrutiny as if now, for the first time, such a destructive measure was proposed for the settlement of national differences?

Principles remain unchanged, however much and long violated. It is believed that all civilized nations have long since adopted the custom of preparing for war in time of peace; and does not the long and general prevalence of this custom too often prevent an impartial investigation of the subject? Far too seldom do people test the lawfulness and right of war by Christianity, morality, or reason; this is demonstrated by the continuance of the system, for it can no more be reconciled with these principles, than causes can be made to cease to produce their own effects. The greater the provision for war, the sooner it is liable to be brought on; while on the other hand, the more communities look into this subject, the sooner will they be prepared to prosecute the appropriate means for its prevention.

War or peace is no less a matter of choice with nations than with individuals; and if it be a wise and Christian course for individuals to settle their differences by peaceful measures, why not for nations? Indeed, is it not as much more so, as national violence and destruction exceed in magnitude individual violence and destruction? Now are there not those who feel compelled to acknowledge the truth of these declarations, who yet conclude that communities and nations, are not prepared for so great a change? This was the plea for "letting slavery alone" in these United States; but it was only for want of a better reason,—its continuance being the poorest of schools, to fit the slaves for freedom, or the masters for granting it. And

is this less liable to be the case, in regard to war? With these facts in open view, are we not admonished, that it is none too soon to endeavor to spread broadcast a testimony against all wars?

It would rejoice the writer of this, to see frequent essays, or extracts, published in the *Intelligencer*, calculated to awaken in the community an inquiry into the inconsistency and evils of war.

It is a subject of vast interest, deserving consideration, labor, and even sacrifice, if necessary, for its promotion. The importance and excellency of the testimony against war, demand of us that it be kept a living, earnest, practical one, and upon the maintenance of such a testimony, we may reasonably hope for a blessing.

D. IRISH.

Dutchess Co., N. Y., 12th mo., 1871.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude.

Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms; though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart?

Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

Oh, the grave, the grave! It buries every

error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none fond but regrets and tender recollections. Who can look upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we love, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy. There it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene.

The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble, fluttering, thrilling! oh, how thrilling! pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account of thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—never—return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.—

Washington Irving.

PRAYER IN EVERY DAY EXIGENCIES.

Let me here relate an incident which came to my knowledge some years ago, occurring in the life of a minister's wife who now dwells with the angels. She told it to me herself when I was a young housekeeper, and perplexed as both old and young housekeepers are apt to be, on account of domestics.

"You will have to apply where I did," said she, after learning of my trouble.

"Where was that?" I eagerly asked.

Said she, "I had been very seriously tried and annoyed for some time with poor help, and with the difficulty at last of obtaining any at all; and had been compelled to do without. This was seemingly impossible, for any length of time, with my large family, my frequent company, and the many calls upon my time and strength for parish work."

"One Friday evening I walked to the usual weekly prayer meeting alone from choice, and took the time as I went for making that subject one of special prayer. It was, at the moment, my greatest care; and I felt that I must, and that I could, cast it upon Him who careth for us. I was wholly occupied in this way till, as I came in sight of the church, my thoughts turned to the meeting, and I asked that my mind might be freed from this anxiety during the hour, and that I might enter into and enjoy its devotions."

She added, that, from the moment she took her usual seat, she had not one thought of her home cares, and felt herself rested and refreshed by the exercises of the meeting. At its close, as she stood near the door waiting for her husband to join her, a young girl hesitatingly approached her, and asked if she was the minister's wife. On being told she was, she said:

"Then perhaps you would help me about getting a place as I am a stranger."

A few questions led to a partial engagement, and the next day she commenced a service in the minister's family, which only ended with the death of my friend,—a service singularly faithful, whole-hearted and satisfactory.

Maggie was a Scotch girl, already a true Christian; and she afterward told to her mistress her side of that evening's experience. She had come from her country home to find in the city a household where her labor would have a money value, and had been staying at a friend's house till she feared her welcome was wearing, yet day after day disappointed in her search. Coming in again at the close of a weary walk again without success, she went to her room, and prayed

earnestly that *somehow* God would tell her what to do, and would help her. Soon she was called to supper, and while at the table heard the church bells, and was told on inquiry that it was prayer meeting night in several of the churches.

The thought struck her, that there was the place to look for a good family, and she went at once to the nearest church. Who can doubt that she was *directed* there?

Even in our lesser daily wants, when we can lovingly "cast our burdens on the Lord," the answering event seems almost a direct reward to our trusting faith.—*Christian Press*.

(Furnished by Indian Aid Association.)

THE INDIANS.

The following articles are taken from papers published in the far West. The first which is not of recent date, displays the bitter prejudice and dislike with which the Indians, and those who befriend them, are too often regarded. It is gratifying to observe that the last article, published lately, is written in a totally different spirit, and gives evidence that the faithful labors of our agents meet with some appreciation among their white, as well as their Indian neighbors.

"THE INDIAN TREATIES.—Secretary Cox in his letter to the President, asking the withdrawal of the Iowa and Sac and Fox treaty from the Senate, says that the chiefs of the tribes had protested against the treaty, as it did not allow them anything approaching a fair price for their lands. Had the Secretary informed himself of the truth, and then told it, he would have stated something to this effect: That the price agreed upon for the lands, under all the circumstances, was a very good one, and better than has ever been allowed in an Indian treaty; that the chiefs were satisfied with it, and anxious to sell out and remove to the Indian Territory, but that their agent forced them into signing a remonstrance, and deterred them from signing a statement contrary to that dictated by himself, by threatening to depose the chiefs and appoint others in their places, who would do as he commanded them. In brief, this encouragement has been refused to an enterprise of vast importance to this section of country; a large tract of fine land has been withheld from settlement and improvement; of a set people have been retained in our midst, who are a curse to the country and to themselves—all to satisfy the greed of a Quaker Indian Agent, whose sole interest in the Indians is a snug office and a handsome salary."

This unfavorable editorial is believed to be from the *White Cloud Kansas Chief*, but

as they are copied from extracts, we cannot give the date.

From an editorial in the *White Cloud Kansas Chief*, dated November 17, 1870:

THE QUAKER POLICY.—The papers had their jokes about the Quaker Indian agents. We had ours until some of them set us down as a deadly enemy to all Quakers. But we have survived that, and now must bear testimony to friend Lightfoot's administration of the affairs of the Sacs and Iowas. There has been a marked improvement in them during the past year. They spend far less time in loafing about town than formerly; there is not near so much whiskey drinking and drunkenness among them; they are no longer heard yelling and making night hideous; and they are much less filthy in their personal appearance. We believe that a number of their children have died of some contagious disease, but we think the general health of the tribe is improved. Many of them have discarded blankets, and dress after a more civilized fashion.

They are becoming more comfortably fixed about their houses, too. We notice that many of them are buying fine bedsteads, chairs, and tables. Within a few days past we have seen them purchasing and taking away cookstoves. During the past season they have purchased a considerable amount of plows, wagons, and improved agricultural machinery. They have become more industrious, and squander less of their annuity for bad or foolish purposes.

We do not believe it is within the bounds of human ingenuity to wean an Indian entirely from Indian ways; but we think that friend Lightfoot is doing all that can be done to improve their condition.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Truly grateful, my dear, kind friend, was thy message. I often feel alone. My nature is not one to win love; I bear a cold exterior, but my heart yearns for the sympathy and interest of the good and the true. I felt very sad yesterday under the consideration of how much I shall miss the words of wisdom and love that have fallen from the lips of one whose seat is now vacant. My feelings often crave the ministrations of the "anointed," but there is much that bids me rely only upon its Divine guidance. I well know that all the minister can do is to direct to this sure light, "the Star of the morning;"

still the struggling heart may gather strength, and take courage to be strong unto the end, from the inspired words that are sometimes uttered. My aspirations are for a life in harmony with the Divine teachings as impressed upon the tablet of my heart, and I am encouraged by thy words of sympathy and affection. Do not withhold them when they are felt to flow towards me or toward others. They are not thine own, therefore be a faithful steward of that with which thou art entrusted. I believe no manifestation of love from a devotional soul fails in its purpose. When I am the recipient, I know I am the better for it. I feel stronger to meet life's conflicts and its duties. Sympathy from a loving friend will never clog my spirit in its aspirations after *Truth*, nor lessen the desire that its glorious Light may guide me through this scene of probation.

How many beautiful lessons we may learn through the outward visible works of the great creative Hand. Even a blade of grass may instruct, and in the harmony of all things, we may recognize an Omniscient Power.

This home among the mountains is very pleasant. The views are beautiful. Mountains in the distance, and fertile valleys intervening, make a fine blending of color, and all, all speak grandly of God and of His Love.

Many pleasant people are boarding here. We mingle some little in companionship, but over my spirit the wave of loneliness surges, and I pass through many desolate seasons. Perhaps I need such seasons. They may be needful to develop a nobler being—one more in accord with the designs of Him to whom I owe so much. If it be so, may I be passive under a loving Father's guidance. I know that from early life He has led me along and directed my paths, and I could mostly discern the directing of His finger in all the important changes I have known; and though my path may have been rugged and my feet oftentimes weary, yet I thank my Father for all my experiences, whether sweet or bitter, and feel that it is indeed better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in man.

TRUTH.—I have sometimes observed on the beach, which I am in the habit of visiting, a solemn, unceasing undertone, quite distinct from the dashings of the separate successive waves; and so in certain minds I observe a deep undertone of truth, even when they express particular views which seem to me discordant or false.—*Dr. Channing, in "Blanco White's Life."*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 30, 1871.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.—The excellent advice contained in our book of Discipline, "That Friends carefully inspect the state of their affairs once in the year, and make their wills and settle their outward estates while in health," comes forcibly before us at the present time.

Were this judicious counsel followed, we should be preserved from any great pecuniary difficulties which harass the mind, often disqualify it for enjoyment or usefulness, and prevent our being at liberty to centre the thoughts upon those things that make for peace.

As the wise merchant at the close of each year narrowly inspects his temporal affairs, and takes account of stock to find out where he stands in a business point of view, so should we examine our individual record in the endeavor to cancel past errors, that we may be ready to meet new responsibilities. In the language of the poet:

" 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to Heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome
news."

If, after such converse, no condemnation clouds our feelings for opportunities wasted or duties unperformed, we may humbly rejoice in having done what we could. But if, in a review of the past, a fear possesses the mind that we have not done all that we might have done, let us, as far as we can, make atonement for our omissions and commissions, that "our sins may be blotted out, when the time of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."

While we are not aware that there have been any unusual events in our history as a people during the past year, we believe there are yet many who continue to be religiously concerned for the law and the testimonies, and sincerely desirous of promoting them in the way that seems unto them right. Though in some sections the feeling at times is, "by whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" yet as the exercised ones continue steadfastly in the faith, persistently doing their appointed

duties, the days shall come when "the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt."

The hearts of some have been quickened, and the spirit within them has been stirred to inquire what good thing they could do to inherit eternal life. To such we would say, be obedient in the little, and you shall become rulers over more.

Some, who a few months since moved among us usefully exercising the talents committed unto them, have been removed by death in the strength of ripened manhood. While full of energy and good works and the ardent effort to make the world the better for their living, they were taken from "the harvest-field of time;" and we, who remember the earnestness and ability with which they labored, sorrow that we shall see them no more.

"They need not be missed if others succeed them,
To reap down the fields which in spring have
been sown,
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by
the reapers,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

The present is a time of unusual solemnity. Many of our largest cities are being visited by a fearful epidemic, and the suddenness with which some have been removed from life, reminds us of the time spoken of by Jesus, when "two shall be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left." The vacant places in the homes and in Society of some of these, mutely appeal to us to "let our loins be girded about, and our lights burning, and we ourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."

MARRIED.

On Fifth-day the 16th of Eleventh month, 1871, at the residence of the bride's parents, Willistown, Chester County, Pa., with the approbation of Goshen Monthly Meeting, Elias Jones, son of Amos and Maggery Jones, to Sarah H., daughter of Thomas S. and Mary W. Cox.

DIED.

At the residence of her brother-in-law, Wm. C. Rogers, on the 27th of Eleventh month, 1871, Hannah Borton, daughter of Pemberton and Anna W. Borton, deceased, a member of Evesham Monthly Meeting, New Jersey, in the 20th year of her age.

In Willistown, at the residence of her brother, on 3d of Eleventh month, 1871, Hannah Hall, daughter of Sarah D. and the late Maris Hall, in the 30th year of her age. A member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of the "The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting," will be held in the Meeting House, Wilmington, Del., on 7th day morning, 1st month 20th, 1872, at 10 o'clock. Delegates and reports from the First-day schools, Bible classes, &c., are requested.

Essays on subjects kindred to the movement will be acceptable from any interesting Friend.

Jos. M. TRUMAN, JR.
EMMA WORREL,
Clerks.

The Executive Committee will meet on 6th day evening, 19th, also the Publication Committee of "Scattered Seeds."

DEBORAH COMLY, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

12 mo. 31.	West Nottingham, Md.,	3 P. M.
1 mo. 7, 1872,	Frankford, Pa.,	"
" "	Plymouth, Pa.,	"
" "	Evesham, N. J.	"

CORRECTION.—The account of the Blue River Quarterly Meeting in last number should have had the initials D. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

It is gratifying to know that the testimony so long borne by the Society of Friends against judicial oaths, is spreading in the community; and that formerly it was only the *Friend* who "affirmed" in a court of justice, it is now quite common for others to do so in preference to taking the "Oath." I met with an excellent essay on the subject sometimes since in the "*Independent*" and send it to you for insertion. Like other codes of prohibitory laws, our excellent discipline sometimes needs expounding and the reader will find in this essay the many reasons which may be urged against the "oath" and which confirm the express command of Jesus, "Swear not at all."

THE THEORY OF THE CIVIL OATH.

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D. D.

Dr. Webster defines an oath to be "a solemn affirmation or declaration made with an appeal to God for the truth of what is affirmed." To this he adds the following explanatory observations: "The appeal to God in an oath implies that the person imprecates his vengeance, and renounces his favor, if the declaration is false; or, if the declaration is a promise the person invokes the vengeance of God if he should fail to keep it." John Milton in his '*Christian Doctrine*,' says: "An oath is that whereby we call God to witness the truth of what we say, with a curse upon

ourselves, either implied or expressed, should it prove false."

Such a definition at once raises the question in every thoughtful mind whether any man can, without the greatest presumption, take an oath, and especially whether the state has any right to compel him to do so. If it be a mere *form*, having no mental reality, as is doubtless often the case, then it is an act of sacriligious trifling with God—indeed, a species of religious hypocrisy. Upon this supposition the man who professes to swear does not in reality swear at all. He simply goes through the form as prescribed by law.

If, however, the oath be mentally real, then the person who takes it asks God to curse him upon an hypothesis which is not only possible, but, considering the infirmities of human nature, more or less probable and in too many instances a fact. Where, then, is his authority for invoking the penal curse of God upon himself on any supposition—for asking God to become a judicial party to the case, armed with the thunderbolt of his wrath, and beseeching him to hurl it upon him in the event of his not being absolutely truthful? Where is the man who, in the character of a witness sworn to speak the truth, or in that of a public officer sworn to discharge the duties of his office to the best of his ability, can so guarantee to himself his own integrity as to justify him in imprecating upon himself the divine vengeance in the event of failure? It would seem to be much more sensible to ask God to forgive him, should he fail to speak the truth or keep his promise. If the oath be a mere form, then its not only an act of sacrilege, but has no power to dispose one to the utterance of truth. If it be mentally real, then it involves a very questionable presumption, while it makes a most unnatural prayer. In either aspect of the question the omission of the oath would seem to be better than the practice. Clearly the state has no right to compel one, by swearing, to imprecate the curse of God upon himself against his own consent. It would be an absurdity and an outrage to make an oath compulsory.

The ordinary plea for swearing men is that of *practical utility*. We are told that it increases the certainty that witnesses will speak the truth, and that public officers will faithfully perform their duties; and hence that, as a means to this end, it is both allowable and proper. This is a question of fact; and the fact is that we have for the result, in multitudes of cases, perjured witnesses, and in a much larger number of cases perjured officers of law. As a preventive of falsehood the civil oath is a failure; and it may well be doubted whether it has ever added any considerable influence in favor of truth. If

one has no fear of God before his eyes, swearing him that he will speak the truth or discharge his official duties is not likely to increase the certainty that he will do so. The oath is not a process of reformation, but an appeal to moral sentiments already existing; and, if these sentiments are not present, then the oath has no power to secure the utterance of truth. If, on the other hand, one be a man of habitual veracity, he will speak the truth, and discharge his official duties, whether sworn or not. Either then the oath is *useless*, and for this reason it may well be omitted; or it is *unnecessary*, and for this reason we should come to the same conclusion. Those who need to be sworn in order to make them truthful will not be made so thereby; and those who are already truthful do not need to be sworn. Sworn witnesses or sworn officers are not regarded as any more credible or reliable than those who simply affirm, but decline on conscientious grounds to take an oath.

The manner in which and the men by whom the civil oath is usually administered add very little, if anything, to the sanction and solemnity of truth. There is nothing in the usual form of swearing to impress the mind or awaken in it any special sense of responsibility to God. If it be anything but an empty and meaningless form, it is an immensely solemn thing; and yet the ordinary process of administration is so stereotyped, so much a mere matter of routine and usage, that probably not one person in a hundred has any increased sense of the presence of God, or the sanctions of truth as arising from his government and attributes. Those who administer the oath are not necessarily religious men; they may be, religiously considered very bad men; and the same may be true of those who take the oath. The mockery of the amazing solemnities involved in the theory of swearing men, if there be anything in it beyond the mere form, might startle one who thinks soberly upon the subject. The idea and the practice are so antagonistical, and the results are so little in accordance with the idea, that one may well hesitate as to the expediency of the oath at all. The farce of the form is in painful contrast with the assumed solemnity of the theory. It makes sacred things so commonplace, and handles them with such unthinking carelessness, that they really cease to be sacred. The administrator swears the witness or the officer with about as much solemnity as he would have in eating his breakfast or writing his name on a piece of paper; and the sworn is in about the same predicament, so far as the religious sanction is concerned. * * *

We believe, moreover, that the civil oath, so far as it makes any impression has a tendency to make a false impression on men's minds. It proceeds upon the supposition that one who is under oath is in some way the subject of an *increased* obligation to speak the truth beyond what he would have if he were not thus sworn. If this be not the idea, then there is no use in swearing anybody; and if it be the idea, then it is manifestly a false one, since no one can increase the obligation of veracity by any act on his own part. To imply a distinction in the obligation not to lie under ordinary circumstances, and not to lie under oath, is virtually to lower the general obligation of veracity, and so to impair the law of truth in the consciences of men as to educate them to swear falsely. We believe that the civil oath in this respect defeats its own end, by implying a false distinction; and that, on the whole, it rather demoralizes the sense of truth than promotes it. Those who are under special obligations to be truth-tellers only upon extra occasions are in danger of regarding themselves as licensed to lie at other times, and forming such habits of falsehood, from a diminished sense of obligation, as will impair their scruples about lying when under oath. The way to teach men to lie is to have two standards of truth—the one particularly solemn and used only occasionally, and the other not so solemn yet in constant use. Educate men under the latter as a sort of *lower* law, and they will come to think common lying comparatively a small offense, and thereby learn how to practice uncommon lying, so far as the religious sanctions of an oath have any power to bind them. The man most likely to speak the truth is just the man whose sense of the obligation of truth is not and cannot be increased by the oath. So also the person least credible under oath is the very one most addicted to lying at ordinary times. It is that character previously established, and not the one created by the swearing process, which determines this question of credibility.

For these reasons we think that it would be better for the state to dispense with the oath altogether, and require witnesses or officers of law simply to affirm, making false testimony a penal offense and official unfaithfulness a ground of impeachment. This is enough for the state, without attempting to administer a religious rite. Let it punish false testimony as a crime against the state, and impeach unfaithful officers; and it will wield the only motive which it can successfully wield in favor of truth. This we regard as legitimate and proper. It is just the sanction of truth which falls within the

province of the state. The fact that the state permits persons to affirm without being sworn is a virtual admission that they need not be sworn at all. The exceptional case provided for had better be the general rule. Society would not, in our judgment, lose anything by suspending a usage which answers no good end, and to which there are certainly very serious objections.

It is the opinion of some religious sects that the oath is expressly forbidden by the teaching of the New Testament; and this opinion we are inclined to regard as correct. Jesus said: "Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths. But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his foot-stool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." James says: "But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by Heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath; but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay, lest ye fall into condemnation." These seem to be very comprehensive as well as emphatic prohibitions of all forms of swearing, accompanied with the direction that we should confine ourselves to simple affirmation or negation. There are no passages in the New Testament which restrict their application, and make the civil oath an exception. The argument against swearing in private conversation is just as good against swearing under judicial forms. The practice is as useless in the one case as in the other; and the same objections are equally applicable in both.

Many of the Christian fathers understood the Saviour's words as condemning *all* oaths, without exception, Tertullian says: "I say nothing of perjury, since *swearing itself* is unlawful to Christians." Chrysostom says: "Do not say to me, I swear for a just purpose; it is no longer lawful for thee to swear, either justly or unjustly." This is the view of the Quakers—a sect of religionists who decline to be sworn, and than whom no class of men is better attested for truth and veracity. If Quakers need not be sworn, then why swear any one? If we swear any, then why not swear all? If the oath in the hands of the state be a lawful power to make more certain the utterance of truth, then why not use it in private life? What authority has the state to use it which the individual does not equally possess? There can be no pretense that the

state is required to impose the civil oath by any law of God; and, so far as we can see, it has no exclusive right to use it which would not be common to itself and all other parties. We object to the use altogether, believing it to be morally unlawful for any man to take an oath; and, hence, equally so for any earthly power to impose it.—*From the Independent.*

FERTILIZATION OF FLOWERS.

From a Recent Address

BY PROF. ASA GRAY.

That insects assist in fertilizing flowers has long been recognized. But most flowers appear to be independent of their aid, being hermaphrodite, their pistils or seed bearing organs being surrounded by numerous stamens, each anther bearing myriad grains of pollen, any one of which, if it drops on the stigma, may suffice to fertilize a seed.

Nature might seem to have provided against deficient fertility; (1) by hermaphrodite blossoms being the most plentiful; (2) by the stamens being much more numerous than the pistils, and the pollen being superabundant; (3) because in many cases—as in the fuchsia—the stigmas project beyond the anthers; (4) because the anthers are usually shut up with or placed in close proximity to the pistil. But on closer examination we find something anomalous. In the case of the arethusa, the pollen collected in the anther rests on the stigma as if on a shelf; but only the under side of this shelf is real stigma—has a sticky surface to which pollen can adhere. The aristolochia has a set of anthers grown fast to the back, instead of the front, of each stigma, and so inclosed in the calyx that even the wind cannot shake the pollen around to the part of the stigma available for fertilization. In the kalmia—the common wild laurel—the ten stamens are carried by the expanding corolla away from the pistil, and held back from it till the flower withers.

It is easy enough to say that these flowers are to be fertilized by insects; but why should such an elaborate device be necessary? Does nature so uselessly exemplify "how not to do it," preparing honey, and perfume, and lively colors in the flower to attract the insect, and preparing the insect with a bristly head, or legs, or body, to catch the pollen for distribution to the stigmas, if all that was necessary were to change a little the position of the stigmas or anthers, and, *presto*, it is all accomplished! These provisions are not for the insect's benefit alone. These colors, odors and sweets are primarily and directly useful to the plant that provides them. The flowers that are fertilized by the aid of the

wind, however, and there are many such, produce neither bright colored blossoms, nor fragrance nor honey. Now, are we to believe that Nature puts obstacles directly in the way, and then indirectly gets over them, blocking the wheels of a vehicle with one hand, and lifting it with the other, placing in hermaphrodite flowers the pollen tantalizingly near the stigma, ingeniously preventing the actual contact, and then calling in the aid of insects to solve the dilemma? This is incredible. But the answer to this riddle makes not only it, but many other anomalies, perfectly clear: and for its answer we must thank Mr. Darwin, although it seems to have been apprehended by Sprengel fifty years ago, but was afterwards ignored and forgotten.

The explanation is as simple as that of Columbus concerning the egg. The pollen was not intended to reach the stigma of the same flower; or, rather, was intended to reach not it, but some other flower. The object is to secure cross-breeding among individuals of the same species. The reason is that close-breeding results in infertility. Cross-breeding, not perhaps essential in one or two generations, is ultimately a necessity. In the case of the passion-flower, the pollen of any one flower will not fertilize the stigma of the same flower. In the *scrophularia* a pistil first makes its appearance above the lower lips of the corolla; the next day, or perhaps the day after, the stamens succeed in raising their anthers to this level: but by the time they get up the stigma is dry, is, in fact, withering, and cannot be fertilized by them. If fertilized at all, it must be by the pollen of another flower. Bees, butterflies, and other insects, receive the pollen on various parts of their bodies, heads or legs, curiously enough in such a way because of the positions of the anthers, or because of the latter breaking away from positions to which they were drawn as a bow is by a string, ready to fly back when loosened by the exertion of the insect in getting at the honey; and it appeared that these patches of pollen were definitely put on these insects thus, so that they should exactly reach the particular stigma specially adapted in shape and position to such a result, in some other flower. It was impossible, Professor Gray thought, for any person to observe these things, and not class them in his own mind, as only, in fact, he could describe them, as contrivances, apparatus, elegant pre arrangements in view of a specific end; that they were testimonies to the existence and providence of a Divine Ordainer, without whom we may well believe that not merely not a sparrow, not even a grain of pollen, falls to the ground unheeded. — *Christian Register*.

THE RELATION OF FORESTS TO RAIN-FALL.

Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, is represented as questioning the alleged effect of the clearing of forests in diminishing the amount of rain-fall. If he is rightly reported, he is of opinion that there is not sufficient evidence to establish the fact as claimed. No doubt it is difficult to make a demonstrative proof, for a demonstrative would require a series of exact observations upon the same tract of country under the successive conditions of the presence and absence of forests. We are, as yet, without such exact observations. Yet many scientific men have, after much investigation, pronounced the effect of forests upon rain supply as very perceptible. Mr. Marsh, in his valuable volume on *Man and Nature*, quotes Sir John Herschel as expressing the opinion that "the absence of vegetation in warm climates, and especially of trees, is unfavorable to rain. This is no doubt (he states) one of the reasons of the extreme aridity of Spain. The hatred of a Spaniard toward a tree is proverbial. Many districts in France have been materially injured by denudation, and, on the other hand, rain has become more frequent in Egypt since the more vigorous cultivation of the palm-tree." M. Blanqui, as cited by Mr. Marsh, gives the fact that "at Malta, rain has become so rare since the woods were cleared to make room for the growth of cotton, that at the time of his visit, in October, 1841, not a drop had fallen for three years." While giving full faith to these and other statements of eminent scientists, Mr. Marsh concludes that though "the arguments of the advocates of this doctrine are plausible, not to say convincing, their opinions are rather *à priori* conclusions from general meteorological laws than facts of observation, and it is remarkable that there is so little direct evidence upon the subject." It is to be hoped that the necessary evidence may be gathered.

The effect of the clearing away of forests in drying up springs, and rendering the temperature of a country more unequal, is indubitable. The entire question is one of great importance to the central region of our continent. We have seen the statement that the prairie States east of the Mississippi have, since the establishment of civilization, increased their area of forests. The effect of this increase, if any, on the amount of rain-fall, is not made known. There are, however, vast tracts of prairie in Illinois still bare of trees, and subject at times to terrible droughts. One sees in the State painful attempts to obtain enough tree-shelter for the protection of farm-houses. The streets stand as closely together as the stakes of a palisade; in much-

exposed places, it is with difficulty that they are kept alive. In the trans Mississippi region, the need of tree culture is, for many reasons, most urgent; it would seem to be a proper subject of legislation. With such magnificent opportunities for the experiment as we have, it will be easily possible for us to ascertain with accuracy the relation between forest growth and rain fall. On the plains of the West, trees must be cultivated for shelter and wood supply; we may, therefore, if we will, settle all the scientific questions that relate to forests.—*The Methodist*.

THE DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS.

While the first news of the northwestern fires in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan suggests the necessity of speedy relief to the homeless citizens, in greater need of succor than even the tens of thousands in Chicago, it also suggests forebodings of serious climatic changes. These changes are inevitable if, without replanting, forest after forest is swept away by the blows of the woodman's axe and by the wholesale destruction wrought by fire.

Any one passing the Alps into Northern Italy and proceeding as far south as Naples, or traveling from old Castile down to Cadiz and Malaga, or visiting Sicily and Greece and, still further to the east, Palestine and the Euphrates valley, cannot shut his eyes to the causes which have brought about the decline of Empires. Foremost among these causes has been the deliberate destruction of forests. In the south of France the disastrous consequences became so evident that the late imperial government submitted the question to the most searching inquiry, and the unanimous opinion given by scientific observers was that the climate of a country is subjected to a serious change the moment the mountains are shorn of their moisture-attracting forests. Suffering from prolonged droughts and destructive inundations, a country deprived of its woodlands finds its agricultural interests in constant danger, and sinks at last to a precarious state of dependency on the grain-production of other countries.

There is now but one opinion on the subject of the downfall of the nations of the Euphrates valley. The prolonged droughts enfeebled the physical, and therefore the moral, nature of inhabitants. When the Romans landed in Spain the country was inhabited by forty millions of comparatively prosperous people, the Iberians. The country was then well wooded, but during the Roman and subsequently during the Gothic and Arab occupati- the destruction of forests

was continued in the most merciless manner, and not a tree has been replanted to this day. From forty millions, the population during nineteen hundred years dwindled to nine millions at the commencement of the present century! In Castile, especially on the plains, the traveller may not see a tree during a whole day's journey. Hailstorms, droughts lasting, without a drop of rain, from April till October, or sudden and destructive inundations are the consequence. The same thing is observable in every land of Southern Europe where the conditions are similar.

We are a prosperous nation now. The entire failure of any crop throughout the land is unknown among us, yet it cannot be denied that scorching and prolonged droughts, especially outside the gulf-stream influences, are yearly more frequent. These northwestern fires are an illustration of this fact, having had their origin in this cause. The sensitive nature of our leading staple, cotton, should not be forgotten. A long season of dry weather after the plant is a foot from the ground will not do it much harm, but a continuation of rain and of occasional inundations may easily reduce a crop from five millions of bales to three millions. The longer we proceed indiscriminately to destroy forests, without replanting a single tree, the more capricious the climate becomes from Maine to the Rio Grande. On our Pacific coast, this year, the drought has been such that more than a quarter of the wheat crop is lost. Taking example, in their distress, from the Romans and the Moors of Spain, the farmers of that State purpose to obtain irrigation by aqueducts through the wheat regions. The destruction of forests in California and Oregon has been on a gigantic scale during these twenty years, and the consequences begin to be felt already.

Is it not time that a subject of such paramount importance should be discussed in Congress and in the legislative bodies of every State? Is it not time that some stringent laws should be enacted to compel the individuals and companies that are destroying our majestic American forests to repopulate the waste places with trees wherever agriculture does not claim the land? Legislative measures should be taken, too, with the co-operation of the Canadian authorities, as the people of the Dominion are forest-destroyers like ourselves.—*From the N. Y. Evening Post*.

TO THE possession of freedom it is not necessary that I be alike indifferent toward each of the two contraries; but on the contrary, the more I am inclined toward the one,

whether because I clearly know that in it there is the reason of truth and goodness, or because God thus internally disposes my thought, the more freely do I choose and embrace it; and assuredly divine grace and natural knowledge, very far from diminishing liberty, rather augment and fortify it. But the difference of which I am conscious when I am impelled to one side rather than to another, for want of a reason, is the lowest grade of liberty, and manifests defect or negation of knowledge rather than perfection of will; for if I always clearly knew what was true and good, I should never have any difficulty in determining what judgment I ought to come to and what choice I ought to make, and I should thus be entirely free without ever being indifferent.—*Descartes.*

WATCHING.

I woke at early dawn; a blithesome bird
Sang on a neighboring bough;
I chided his sweet song for waking me:
I must my burden now
Take up before the day—then my heart stirred
Looked up, and saw my Father watching me.

walked abroad at noontide, sorely grieved,
The way seemed long and rough,
I rested for a moment wearily;
The pause was just enough
To let me lift mine eyes—then I perceived,
As I looked up, my Father watching me.

I mingled with my brethren in the mart,
Yet shunned their busy strife;
Their voices loud, from which I could not flee,
Pressed on my inner life;
I, with a lonely hunger in my heart,
Looked up, and saw my Father watching me.

'Twas evening, and my work was at an end,
All but thought's spinning coil,
Which as a tangled web must ever be
My spirit's greater toil;
I, hardly knowing where these thoughts might
tend,
Looked up, and saw my Father watching me.

What! watching *ever*—from the early dawn,
Through the long noontide heat;
What! watching *still*—while the swift moments
flee,
With patience calm and sweet!
O, Guardian! ever near from morn to morn,
How can I fear when Thou art watching me.

Thine eye will see if I am like to fall,
My labors thou will know;
Methinks I never more alone can be,
If thou wilt have it so;
I will not seek for comfort, great or small,
Only to know that Thou art watching me.

Wake me at peep of day, O warbling bird!
Wake me sometimes at night!
That I my Friend's dear face may often see;
Stop me in day's full light,
That I may upward look, and speak a word
Unto my Father who is watching me!

—“*Lights through a Lattice,*” by J. E. A. Brown.

POLITENESS.

The word *polite*, taken from the Latin *polio*, to *polish*, means literally smooth and glossy, and was formerly used only in this sense. Newton speaks of “a *polite* surface,” meaning one agreeable to the sight and touch, from its evenness and polish. Although this meaning is now obsolete, its significance is but transferred from material objects to character. As formerly it deals only with *surfaces*; it does not penetrate beneath that which comes merely into contact with the sight and touch of others. It is true that it is the recognized fruit of kindness and benevolence, and that a heart attuned to others by good-will and generous emotions will find its natural expression, not only in kind actions, but also in those lesser acts of civility and courteousness, which are so pleasing that it is not strange that they are often counterfeited. And, although we are not to confound the fruit with the tree that bears it, or the polished surface with the firm substance which it covers; neither may we, on this account, despise the fruit because it is not the tree, or [scorn the glossy surface because it is not the substance. It is a common error to under value a polite bearing and courteous manners, because they thus form, as it were, the superstratum of character, and can be counterfeited with tolerable exactness. Some well-meaning persons actually repress their natural geniality, and cultivate a cold and forbidding manner, lest they should be thought guilty of weakness or artificiality. That such make a sad mistake is evident, when we look on the effects of their conduct. In the family, the workshop, the store or the office, they are alike either feared for their austerity, or disliked for their rudeness. Even truly benevolent actions when performed in an ungracious manner lose more than half their charm, and no expensive charity or material sacrifice will incite the gratitude it deserves, when unaccompanied by the cordial grasp, the sympathetic smile, the encouraging word of cheer that fall like sunshine upon the heart. The power of manner is so great that as a general thing it may be affirmed that we value more what our friends *feel* for us than what they *do* for us, and the former is only revealed through their outward demeanor.

Politeness is, however, more frequently violated through the lack of that good will that is its true source, than from any disdain of its superficiality. Especially in business relations, or where no special ties of friendship exist, it is too common to see even the ordinary rules of civility set at naught, and the indifference that is felt openly manifested in the rude stare, the contemptuous sneer, or

the petty acts of meanness that betray the selfishness within. Daily is this seen in the street and the store, in the car and the office. Instead of the hearty good-will that should reign and render cheerfully and gracefully those little acts of courtesy and good breeding that are so easily bestowed, and yet give so much pleasure, there is the gloomy frown, the disobliging manner, the curt reply, the selfish appropriation of little comforts, regardless of how much more they may be needed by others. As a mere matter of policy politeness is most valuable, but when it comes to be an index to the feelings beneath, it has a deep significance.

It is a mistake to suppose that all cultivation of a polite and courteous manner is but an imitation of true good-will and kindness. It is often the very best way of improving a disposition or strengthening a virtue, to put into constant exercise the outward acts of which they are the natural source. He who would increase his courage must face danger, though he tremble; he who would learn patience must cease murmuring; he who would be generous in heart must make sacrifices. So if we would acquire that geniality of feeling, and intrinsic kindness and good will which flowers out into pleasant demeanor and courteous bearing, let us begin by training ourselves to the amenities of life, that cost so little and are worth so much.

It is customary to say that politeness costs nothing. This is not strictly true; if it were, its value would be diminished. It costs constant guard over our tempers and moods, it costs an effort to subdue irritability and fretfulness, it costs care and thoughtfulness for the pleasure and comfort of others, and a willingness to make sacrifices of our own. But while these costs are trifling, compared with the happiness they confer on others, they also doubly enrich and improve ourselves. Every honest effort to do right elevates the character, and increases the happiness of him who makes it, and the more the effort has cost, the greater will be the recompense.

TOYS AS TEACHERS.

The primary use of toys to children is to keep them occupied. A mother thinks what her infant, even when only a few months old, requires to amuse him, and she selects a bright-colored bird, or a rattle, or something which it can feel, shake, and look at. An elder child complains of having nothing to do; and a toy or game is found, or a book of pictures or little stories, with which he may amuse himself. The great aim of all those who understand the bringing-up of children

is to keep them constantly engaged, and at the same time, though encouraging them to play as long as possible with one toy, yet to change and vary their occupations and amusements as soon as they show signs of mental fatigue or weariness. This constant employment is not only desirable for children, but is really essential for them; they must be doing something, and, as has been well remarked, even mischief is but misapplied energy. Toys are the natural instruments on which this energy and activity should be expended. It is the province of the toy-dealer to find objects for the exercise of their minds and fingers, just as much as for the baker to supply them with bread, or the shoemaker with shoes.

Children are essentially active in every sense, and toys cannot properly be called toys at all if they are merely capable of being looked at, and do no more than amuse the eye for a few moments. This fact will often account for the peculiar way in which children take fancies to their toys. Of course the glitter of a new thing, whatever it may be, lasts for some time; but it will be remarked how they generally return to some old plaything, long since bereft of its beauty, because they can do something with it. A broken doll, even with no legs and arms, may be dressed and handled as a baby; a horse without legs may be dragged about the floor, and so on; whereas a new picture book is soon put aside after the novelty of the illustrations is forgotten; and a very elaborate mechanical toy, too delicate even to be handled, is not cared for much after it has been exhibited a few times, and has ceased to be a novelty.

While carefully avoiding the mistake of making play a lesson, some few toys, if well selected, may impart a vast amount of instruction, and that without the child having to undergo any undue mental strain. It would, of course, be undesirable to give a little boy five or six years old a direct lesson on the principles of the bridge and the use of the keystone. Give him, however, a box of bricks capable of making a bridge with the centering, and show him how to put it together; he will puzzle over it for days, try every sort of arrangement, and unwittingly become gradually and practically acquainted with some important mechanical laws. Again, a little model of a steam engine made to work by gas or spirit, which may be bought for a few shillings, is a most attractive toy. Children will watch it for hours. They see the water poured in; they remark that it is made to boil, and soon has to be replenished; they notice the action of the valves, the piston, the crank, and all the parts. When they come to study

the theoretical laws of steam and machines, half the difficulty of their first lesson vanishes. Reading may be taught entirely by means of the various games and toys with letters and words which are in common use. These toys depend for their interest and attraction on the way they are put before children. With one teacher, they are little better than a dry spelling-book; whereas with another, the finding out of the different letters and the placing them together like a puzzle may interest a child for hours, during which the infant is learning to read and spell in the best possible manner, and in a way he is least likely to forget. The first four rules of arithmetic, again, may be taught almost entirely by means of cube bricks, and a great step made in the formidable multiplication table, before the child is wearied out with the monotonous repetition of what too often seems to him an endless and meaningless list of figures. Writing is the only subject which perhaps requires more direct lesson-work. Even here, however, the "printing" letters used to teach reading may be copied on a slate, their shape learned, and, what is of still greater importance, the power of holding and guiding a pencil imparted, before the copy book, pot-hook and hanger have made writing an unpleasant and tedious task.—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE BEATITUDES.—After reading Jeremy Taylor on the Beatitudes, Sir James Mackintosh wrote in his diary: "For a moment, O teacher blessed, I taste the unspeakable delight of feeling myself to be better. I feel, as in the days of my youth, that 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' which long habits of infirmity, and the low concerns of the world, have contributed to extinguish."

WE have seen a plain face really glorified by the love of God and man which shone through it.

ITEMS.

EFFECT OF COLD ON IRON AND STEEL.—For many years it has been almost an axiom among civil engineers that great cold tended to produce a brittle condition to iron and steel, and that by this hypothesis might be explained the alleged increase in the percentage of railway accidents by the breaking of tires and axles during the cold season as compared with the warm. A recent communication before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, by Mr. Brockbank, maintained the view just stated; but in the discussion which followed several eminent engineers entered their protest against it, and adduced facts which tend to an entirely opposite conclusion. According to Dr. Joule, numerous experiments by himself and others proved that, so far from iron and steel being weakened by cold, they are actually made positively stronger, resisting shocks and strains before which they yielded when brought to a higher temperature.

While not denying the fact of the greater frequency of fractures during the cold weather, Dr. Joule refers these to the increased hardness of the ground by freezing, by which the iron is subjected to a greater strain or shock than under ordinary circumstances.—*Harper's Magazine*

THE royal commissioners appointed five years ago to inquire into matters relating to coal in Great Britain have reported that coal can be worked at a depth of 4,000 feet; that under the most favorable systems of working the loss is about ten per cent., while in a very large number of instances the ordinary waste and loss amount to 40 per cent. They also conclude that "there is the highest probability of a large area of productive coal measures existing under the secondary rocks of the South of England. He shows that the thickness of these overlying rocks is not likely to exceed 1,000 or 1,200 feet, and considers that there is reason to infer that the underground coal basins may have a length of 150 miles, with a breadth of from two to eight miles. They also think there are grounds for believing in the existence of coal on the south side of the Mendips, and under adjacent parts of the Bristol Channel, but at a depth of not less than 1,500 or 2,000 feet. There is an available quantity of coal in the British Isles equal to 146,480 million of tons; and the *Academy* adds, in alarm, "This will last about 276 years."

THE influence of green light on the sensitive plant has recently been studied by M. Berte. In order to test the effect of green light on the sensitiveness of the Mimosa, he placed several plants under bell glasses of different colored glass, set in a warm green house. At the end of a few hours a difference was already apparent. Those subjected to green, yellow, or red light, had the petioles erect, and the leaflets expanded; the blue and the violet, on the other hand, had the petioles almost horizontal, and the leaflets hanging down. In a week those placed beneath blackened glass were already less sensitive: in twelve days they were dead or dying. From that time, the green ones were entirely insensitive, and in four days more were dead. At this time the plants under the other glasses were perfectly healthy and sensitive; but there was a great inequality of development among them. The white had made great progress; the red less; the yellow a little less still; the violet and the blue did not appear to have grown at all. After sixteen days the vigorous plants from the uncolored bell-glass were moved to the green. In eight days they had become less sensitive, in two more the sensitiveness had almost entirely disappeared, and in another week they were all dead. Green rays of light appear to have no greater influence on vegetation than complete absence of light; and M. Bert believes, adds the *Academy*, that the sensitive plant exhibits only the same phenomenon as all plants colored green, but to an excessive degree.

THE paper currency of Japan is made exclusively from the bark of a tree called *mitsuwata*, which is expressly reserved for this purpose. The bark of the kaja-tree, which resembles our common willow, is extensively employed for making the different peculiar kinds of paper and papier-mache, in the manufacture of which the Japanese excel. More than 260 varieties of paper are made in Japan, for book-making, letter-writing, drawing, the manufacture of umbrellas, fans, mats, handkerchiefs, hats, coats, lanterns, artificial flowers, and for sundry curious and special purposes.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends."

BY R. F. FERGUSON, M. A.

SAMUEL BOWNAS.

Samuel Bownas, of Great Strickland, was born in Westmoreland, within the compass of Great Strickland Monthly Meeting, in the year 1676. His father, a cordwainer, or shoemaker, who had suffered in the days of Charles II., both in person and property for his adhesion to the Society of Friends, died within a month after Samuel's birth, leaving his widow a subsistence of £4 10s. a year, and a dwelling house on which to support herself and two children. Samuel Bownas thus got little education, for he was taken from school when ten years old, and set to keep sheep. He could do little more than read the Scriptures in his mother tongue. At the age of thirteen, he was put to learn the trade of a blacksmith, with an uncle, who used him very unkindly; but he was afterwards bound apprentice to Samuel Parat, near Sedburgh, who provided his apprentice with both work and meat enough. Samuel, at this time, took but little heed of religious matters. He used to frequent meetings of the Society, but generally slept during them, and thus acquired little benefit, except that of being kept out of bad company. He also acquired the reputation of a wit in conversation. One "First Day," when Samuel was at meeting, "a young woman, named Ann Wilson, was there and preached. She was very zeal-

ous, and, fixing my eye upon her, she with a great zeal pointed her finger at me, uttering these words with much power, 'A traditional Quaker, thou comest to meeting as thou went from it the last time, and goes from it as thou came to it, but art no better for thy coming. What wilt thou do in the end?'" This address wrought a change in Bownas. The lessons which his mother had, in very early childhood, instilled into his mind, recurred to him, and also the recollection of seeing her "greeting" over Friends who had been carried off to Appleby Gaol. From a traditional Quaker, he became a zealous one, with a burning desire to speak at the meetings, which the suddenness of his conversion compelled him to restrain. He did, however, burst out, about four weeks after his conversion, with a short testimony or address to the meeting he was attending. This happened on Christmas Day, 1696, which fell on a Sunday. His apprenticeship had then about three years to run, and during the rest of it he, as he tells us, "said very little." When his apprenticeship was over, in his 21st year, he went a journey, with Isaac Alexander, through Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cumberland, and Scotland. They travelled on foot, and Bownas's mind became "darkened," so that he groaned aloud, which his companion misunderstood, thinking it was produced by excessive fatigue. On his return, Bownas' worldly wealth was reduced to three half-

penance; but he picked up some money by harvesting, and contrived to purchase a horse, on which he started, with Alexander, for the west of England. They did not get very far before Bownas "was shut up, and had no satisfaction at all in going farther with him." They parted, and Bownas wandered on by himself, in great distress of mind, preaching at various places, and receiving much kindness from older and eminent preachers. At times, he felt minded to abscond, sell his horse, get to some port in Ireland, and work as a blacksmith; at others, to make away with himself. Neither of these plans could he effect, for the Society, either suspecting his trouble, or from caution, always provided him with a guide from place to place. The kindness and advice of such Friends as Camm, Dickenson, Fearon, Boustead, and others, appears to have been of great use to him. In particular, they persuaded him to suppress a call he felt to go to London and proclaim a great mortality which was to fall upon the Friends as a punishment. Alexander had already declared this at Bristol, but the Elders of the Society there sent him home at once. Bownas took advice before he said anything about it, and was told to wait.

Bownas returned home, and, as his linen and woollen clothes were both in need of renewal, he returned to the smithey, and worked hard all the summer, until he saved some cash, preparatory to starting on another tour to the west of England. On this tour he was at some places taken for "a Cheat (viz., a Jesuit in disguise.)" At others, people would have it that he was a disrobed minister. He also got acquainted with a Friend who afterwards became his wife, whose name he nowhere informs us of. He proposed to the lady and her parents, but told them that he had a call first to visit America. To this they consented; but a wealthy uncle interfered, and insisted that no engagement should be entered into; that Bownas should, by writing, bind himself, but that the lady should not be bound at all. She, however, objected to this, and they parted without an engagement. Returning again to the north, Bownas went to mowing during the harvest. While in the north, he went to a meeting at Goose Green, between Kendal and Milnthorpe, where John Boustead and Peter Fearon attended. Out of this meeting grew a controversy between Bownas and the schoolmaster of Beathams, (this name is doubtful; it is illegible in the copy of Bownas's journal before us,) about Infant Baptism. A place and time were fixed for a public argument. The schoolmaster brought his parish priest to back him; while Bownas brought John Jopson, schoolmaster, of Kendal, to help him by

references to the Greek and Latin Testament, if necessary. The vehemence and hotness of the parson, an old man, "having a comely personage and fine white locks," broke up the meeting without any result, except that his schoolmaster became a Friend.

In August, 1701, Bownas and one Isaac Thompson went a journey into Scotland. At Dumfries, they met, in their inn, James Dickenson and some other Friends. After refreshment, Dickenson said, "Lads, I find a concern to go into the street; will you go with me!" Friends were seldom seen there; a crowd soon collected, who heard Dickenson preach with attention, though some were rude. Bownas proceeded by Hamilton, Glasgow (where the people were rude, but not so uncivil as in former days), Inverary, Aberdeen, Ury, Edinburgh, and Kelso, to Jedburgh, where he was treated to "Jeddart law." He was not hung first, and tried afterwards, but he was put into the Tolbooth for preaching, before he had begun to preach. Bownas hoped to preach from the Tolbooth windows, as two Westmoreland Friends, Isaac Thompson and Thomas Braithwaite, had done the week before. The provost, however, boarded the window grates up. Next day some powerful country gentleman interfered, and compelled the provost to release Bownas and his companion. This was on market-day, and Bownas preached from the Market Cross to about five thousand people,—the streets, and the house balconies and windows being crammed. The town officers, after he had concluded dragged him to the Tolbooth door. The guard-chamber was close by, and one of the sentinels, apparently an Englishman, if not a Westmoreland man, interfered, clubbed his musket, and insisted that Bownas should first be taken before the provost for examination. This the officers declined to do. Bownas got free, and preached from the Tolbooth steps. As Bownas retired to his inn, he was treated with great respect, a lane made for him, the people crying, "Well done! you have dung (beaten) them, sir." At his inn several gentlemen assembled, and much discourse took place about religion; finally, Bownas, at their request, related the story of his life, and how he came to be a preacher. From Jedburgh, he proceeded home, by Solport and Carlisle.

In October, 1701, Bownas went up to London to embark for America. He had, on account of the French war, to wait until March, 1702, before he could get a ship. He himself thought little of the danger of being captured by the French; but, on his arrival at Philadelphia, he heard that Thomas Story,

of Justice Town, had been taken by a French privateer, and carried into Martinique.

When Bownas arrived in America, he received a note from George Keith, the famous apostate Friend:—

“To the Preacher lately arrived from England.

“Sir,—I intend to give notice, after sermon, that you and myself are to dispute to-morrow, and would have you give notice thereof accordingly.”

Bownas's reply was as follows:—

“George Keith,—I have received thine; and think myself no way obliged to take any notice of one that hath been so very mutable in his pretensions to religion. Besides as thou hast long since been disowned, after due admonition given thee by our Yearly Meetings in London, for thy quarrelsome and irregular practices, thou art not worthy of my notice, being no more to me than a heathen man and a publican—Is the needful from

SAMUEL BOWNAS.”

Near Chester, in Maryland, Bownas visited a Society of communists, called Labadies, about one hundred in number, men, women, and children, who, in their practices, resemble some of the modern strange Societies which have sprung up in America. Bownas records that this Society was afterwards dispersed. Journeying on to Philadelphia, Bownas was taken ill with the ague, and laid up for many weeks. On recovering, he met George Keith at a dinner, where great attempts were made to entangle Bownas in his talk, which he skilfully avoided. Keith's friends next attended Bownas's meetings, took notes of his doctrines, and filed depositions charging him with defaming the Church of England. On these depositions, Bownas was committed for trial, and sent to gaol, as he refused to give bail. After some time, the Assizes were opened by Chief Justice Bridges and Justice Miller, with great pomp, preceded by trumpets and music. The grand jury ignored the bills against Bownas, and stuck to their decision, though much bullied and abused by Bridges, who sent Bownas back to gaol, threatening to send him to England chained to the deck of a man-of-war. On Bownas's return to prison, he was visited by Thomas Hicks, late Chief Justice of the province, who blamed Lord Cornbury, the Governor, for the illegality to which Bownas had been subjected, and bid him be of good cheer, for Lord Cornbury and Bridges dare not send him to England, nor could they get a jury to find a true bill.

Bownas was confined in a small log house; and, by the help of a Scotchman, Charles Williams, he learnt how to make shoes, and supported himself by that, earning fifteen shillings a-week. The Friends hardly liked this, for they wished to support him by contributions.

Bownas had a most remarkable visitor in

his captivity,—namely, an Indian King, whose words should surely shame all persecutors. He inquired if Bownas was a Christian, and hearing he was, asked if his keepers were Christians, and was astonished to hear that they were so too. In the course of a most remarkable conversation, the Indian inquired closely into the differences of religious opinions which had led to Bownas being a prisoner, and, on learning that they consisted of questions about the sprinkling of water at baptism, the celebration of the Lord's Supper, the illegality of war, and of uncovering before men, was astonished, observing that, “the Mang Manettay (or Indian God) look'd at the heart how it was devoted, and not at these childish things.”

In 1703, a second grand jury again ignored the bills against Bownas, and the Judge (Bridges was dead) ordered him to be set free on paying his fees. By proclamation, however, Bownas was discharged without that; and a sort of triumph was celebrated over his release, after nearly a year's confinement. Bownas now travelled from place to place. He writes, that in some places, during worship, and various classes assembling, fire arms were ranged against the meeting-house wall, in case of Indian attacks.

In 1706, Bownas returned to England, and found “his friend” waiting for him through six years' absence. They were soon married,—a great number of “publick Friends” being present on the occasion. He now settled at Lymington, among his wife's friends, and went into business as a maltster. After being there for three years, he got into hot water about tithes, and was pulled up before Justice Philips, who was rough and uncourteous, and Justice Harben, who was mild and easy, even offering to pay the arrears out of his own pocket. Bownas would not allow this; and was, at last, arrested and sent to gaol. After ten days' confinement, the parson, who claimed the tithes, which were thirteen years in arrear, procured his release, but instituted a suit in the Exchequer. A relation of Bownas, a large grazier, then came and borrowed ten pounds from Mrs. Bownas, and when he had got it, flung down the parson's receipt for his tithes, and informed her that he had compromised all demands for that sum, and that he would rather have paid it himself than seen Bownas and his wife ruined by the Exchequer suit. Bownas was extremely angry at this friendly trick, but could not help himself. He had a long correspondence with the parson, William Ray by name, on the legality of tithes. Ray put his case in a manner that is both kind and lawyer-like.

In 1717, Bownas visited Cornwall. In

1719, his wife died. The only thing that troubled her on her deathbed was, that she had been deceived about the parson's tithe.

Bownas now disposed of his business, and let his estate. He travelled to Cumberland, and visited meetings there. At Cockermouth, he fell in with the Ranters, Job Pearson and his brother, whom we have mentioned in our account of Thomas Story. The Pearsons found congenial employment in fighting in an alehouse, and so engaged themselves too much to come and interrupt Bownas. In 1722, he married, a second time, a widow named Nichols. They went to London together, and returned to Lymington in a coach.—the first and only mention we find of one in the books we have been consulting in writing these memoirs; on foot, or more commonly on horseback, was then the universal mode of travelling.

In 1726, Bownas paid a second visit to America, much to his wife's disliking. His son-in-law, Josiah Nickleson, went with him. There he remained for eighteen months. His voyage back was attended with great dangers. A hurricane dismantled the vessel, and swept overboard most of the stock of water and live provisions, reducing the crew to short commons. The last part of their voyage was very tedious; now they sighted the Lizard, now the Eddystone, looking in the distance like the mast of a ship; and each time were blown out to sea again. At last they got into Plymouth, and Bownas took horse and went to his own house.

There is little more to note in Bownas's life. His second wife died in 1746. He continued to travel, frequently, visiting Cumberland, and going to Ireland by Whitehaven or Workington, and attending meetings at Cockermouth, Pardsay, Whitehaven, Allonby, Broughton, Holme Cultram, Wigton, Moorhouse, Carlisle, Caldbeck, Penrith, and other places. He mentions that the three largest Quarterly Meetings of any in England were those of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire. This was in 1747. His journal ceases in 1749, and he died in 1753, prior to which his eyesight had failed, and his hands became shaky. He was aged seventy-seven.

He was a man of grave deportment; tall, comely, and manly in appearance; with a clear, strong, and distinct voice.

His journal was published in 1756.

KINDNESS.

“Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife

NICOLAS TURGENEFF.

PARIS, NOV. 24, 1871.

All abolitionists in America got to be acquainted with the name of Nicolas Turgeneff, who was the great apostle of the emancipation of the serfs in Russia. He died at the age of eighty-two years, only a few days ago, at Vert Bois, which was his country-house on the banks of the Seine, not far from Bougival. I have had the honor of knowing him for a number of years, and a better, more generous, and high minded man I have never known in any country. He had all the cultivation of a gentleman and all the enthusiasm of a reformer. He was born in the Government of Moscow, and at a very early age one of his legs was half crushed in the door of a carriage. This accident prevented him from entering the military service, as most young Russian nobleman did at that time. He was educated for the diplomatic service, and entered when he was hardly more than twenty into the Council of State, composed of the men who formed the high administration of Russia. He was only twenty-five years old when, as Councillor of State, he was attached to the staff of Baron von Stein, the great Prussian minister of 1814; for Russia and Prussia were then in alliance against Napoleon, and the ministers of both countries followed their army and their sovereign; the Russian minister had Prussian attachés, and the Prussian minister Russian attachés. Turgeneff never spoke but with the greatest admiration of Stein, who had adopted him more as a friend than as a diplomatic *adlatus*, and who, while they were traveling with the allied armies, opened to him all the secrets of the policy by which he had regenerated Prussia after Jena. The land question and the emancipation of the Prussian peasantry were favorite topics of conversation, and it was under Stein's teachings that Turgeneff first conceived the bold idea of emancipating the millions of his own compatriots who seemed then doomed to perpetual slavery.

Turgeneff left Paris for Vienna, where he remained during the famous Congress which gave laws to the whole of Europe, that have only lately been finally altered. From that time he was actively engaged in questions of administrative and social reforms in his own country. He was the friend of those noblemen who had hoped to find in the generous Alexander an ally for the reforms which they were meditating in the Empire. But the Emperor, afraid of the contagion of revolutionary ideas, showed little disposition to amend anything in his own dominions; and as the Empire was absolute, these noblemen

began to turn their minds to constitutional reforms as the only means of making social reforms. In this view Turgeneff never shared; was he convinced that in a state where there was nothing but the Emperor and the peasantry, with a nobility without political privileges and classified by the will of the Emperor himself, the Emperor must himself be the great reformer; the nobles were the slave masters, and he did not expect them to proclaim the emancipation of the peasants. In his opinion, the emancipation of the serfs was to be an imperial act, an act of absolute power; and the constitutional reforms must follow it, not precede it. This difference of opinion did not save him from the accusation of complicity with the gentlemen who, in 1825, were accused of high treason, and who are known in Russia under the name of the *Septembrists*. Fortunately, when the so called conspiracy of September was punished by the new Czar Nicolas, Turgeneff was quietly traveling in England, studying the manners and institutions of this cradle of constitutional government in Europe. He learned, if I remember right, at Edinburgh, that he had been condemned to death *in contumaciam*, and deprived of all his titles and functions, and that his estates were confiscated. His best friends, Orloff and Troubetskoi, were sent to the mines of Siberia. From that day he became a wanderer in Europe; he was an exile. He was for a time reduced from affluence almost to poverty; but the generosity of a brother saved him from misery. Alexander, his brother, had received his confiscated estates, and contrived, by ingenious devices, and not without risks, to transmit gradually to Nicolas the value of the property which had been taken from him. Being himself unmarried, a highly cultivated man, fond of society, of science, of literature, and taking no open part in politics, his journeys to Paris, and to all the capitals of Europe, made it easier for him to accomplish what he considered—and what certainly was—a sacred duty to his brother Nicolas.

During the long years of the reign of Nicholas, Turgeneff had no other consolations than those he found in his own family. He had married a daughter of the Marquise Viaris, who, while Napoleon was King of Italy, had been enrolled in the French army. The Viaris were an old Piedmontese family, and the Emperor was very fond of old names. After the fall of Napoleon, Viaris, who had for awhile been on the personal staff of the Emperor, lived at Geneva; and there Turgeneff made the acquaintance of his daughter, who was extremely beautiful. Their marriage was the happiest that can be imagined; and to his last day Turgeneff found a perpet-

ual comfort in the devotion of his wife and of his children. He wrote a long work, in three volumes, octavo, on his country, called "La Russie et les Russes," which is full of the most interesting information on a country still so little known even to Europeans; and a number of pamphlets at various times, which were always on some questions connected with the political or social development of Russia. The death of Nicolas (the Czar) began, however, a new era in his life. His son, the actual Emperor, became convinced of the necessity of a social reform; he forced the idea of the emancipation of the serfs on his own nobility, and carried this grand reform with an energy which will always leave him a great place in history. Turgeneff became, as it were, young again; he wrote article after article, pamphlet after pamphlet on this great question—on the terms which ought to be made with the serfs on the land question. He was very anxious that the peasants should become not merely free, but land owners, and he put forward various plans to this effect. His house so long deserted by the Russians, who even in Paris were under the eyes of the police of St. Petersburg, was now filled with the greatest names of the Imperial Court. The young journalists of Moscow, the new administrators of the Empire, came to see the man who was a sort of patriarch of liberalism.

The most interesting trait of Turgeneff's character was that he had all the ardor and enthusiasm of a reformer, and that at the same time he was essentially an administrator and a statesman. He planned reforms in the administration of justice in Russia, not in a vague fashion but entering into the most minute details. He was a political economist, he was not a revolutionist. He made a journey to Russia in 1857, and, after his long exile, he had the happiness to find a free country where he had only known slaves. The emperor received him, and he was treated with all the deference he deserved. He visited the only estate which he still possessed, and carried out his own views on it, gave some land to all the peasants, and settled with them the terms of their new tenure. The last year of his life was sadly troubled by the war between France and Prussia. After the Commune he returned to his country place, sacked by the Germans. I walked a few days before his death amidst the stumps of his trees; I saw the remains of the famous *abattis*; we dined together on the anniversary of his birthday. Father Gazarin, once Prince Gazarin, one of his dearest friends, had come from his convent; and he proposed the health of Nicolas Turgeneff. Alas! a few days afterwards he was dead. He fell asleep in

death. At midnight he was conversing with his family; at one, it was all over. I cannot better depict him than by saying that he had the simplicity of heart of a child, the tenderness of a woman, and the courage of a man. No mean idea could enter his mind; it was hermetically sealed to selfishness, to anything low and vulgar. He approached moral perfection as nearly as any man it has been given to me to know.—*The Nation*.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

WEST LIBERTY, IOWA, 12th mo. 21st, 1871.

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Intelligencer*, to hear how it fares with Friends of this western part of the heritage. There is great openness among the people, and a desire apparent to inquire after the principles of our Society. Our Quarterly Meeting (Prairie Grove) was held a little more than a week ago. The meeting was large for the time of year, and was a precious season, eminently blessed by the great Head of the Church. Many testimonies were borne to the all sufficiency of the principle of "Divine illumination," as the means of salvation.

Friends, remotely situated as we are, feel sensibly the loss sustained by being unable to mingle with the household of faith, in the annual gatherings peculiar to our people. On account of this, and similar privations, our young people are often, by their associations, alienated from the Society. Feeling this want, and finding a similar feeling to a great extent among Friends of Illinois, the subject of a *new Yearly Meeting* claimed the attention of our Quarterly Meeting,—this Yearly Meeting to be composed of Friends of Illinois and Iowa, to be held at some accessible point in Illinois and Iowa alternately. Clear Creek in Illinois, and West Liberty in Iowa, have been mentioned; and should such meeting be established, these will, in all probability, be the places where it will be held. Our meeting appointed a Committee to correspond on the subject, and report to the next Quarterly Meeting.

The question arises, What is the order of Society for setting up a new Yearly Meeting, and especially where it is to be composed of parts of *two* Yearly Meetings?

The proposed Yearly Meeting at the present time, would be composed of two Quarterly Meetings. These are quite large. The Yearly Meetings would be about twice the size of Ohio Yearly Meeting. J. H.

THE secret of success lies never in the amount of money, but in the relation of income to outgo.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

"The tendency of this age to absolute independence in religious belief is full of danger. There is an established guide, speaking with Divine authority, beyond whose decisions there should be no appeal. He who sets up in place of this his personal judgment, as his final test of truth, exchanges God's light for man's darkness."

Such is the feeling of very many good men. With some of them, the accepted guide is the church; with others it is their own form of theology; with others it is the Bible, held according to a particular view. But in this they agree, that God has set up an all sufficient standard of truth, and that he who thinks for himself outside of that standard launches on an ocean without compass or stars to steer by.

Now, that God has made a special and supernatural revelation of Himself to man, we unhesitatingly believe. But our belief goes further. We have faith in the fulfillment of Christ's promise of a Comforter who shall "*abide with you forever*." We believe that after Christ had ascended, the place of His daily companionship and personal teaching was fully taken by that Spirit, illuminating with His constant presence every true believer. "It is expedient for you," said our Lord, "that I go away, because if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you." What was that Comforter? Was its manifestation simply in the cloven tongues of flame, and in miraculous gifts? These were only the incidental and transient expressions of a presence that in itself was abiding. Through it the devout soul is brought into direct communication with God. Through it, Christ now is manifested to us as once He was through bodily form to His disciples. And the man who in humility and earnestness seeks the Lord, can no more miss of finding access to Him through this spiritual means, than any man who went to Jesus of Nazareth was denied approach to him.

It is the glory of the Christian revelation that it shows God as "not afar off," but always present in the heart of each one of His children. We are not left alone to any record of past revelations—we are not shut up to receive the Divine voice at second-hand through church or council. A higher freedom, a closer intercourse, is our privilege. From distressing doubt or forlorn uncertainty, the refuge is close at hand. We may look straight up to God Himself, and grasp His hand to lead us into the light.

The Christian conception of God, in short, is of a continually abiding presence. The record of special revelations of Him in the

past is indeed full of value. It was through Christ's life on earth that there was disclosed to man the possibility of this direct relation with his Maker. In the facts of that life, was given to us the pattern from which to form our conception of Deity. The story of these facts, the history of Christ's life and death, the teachings He gave either directly or through His disciples, all this is an inestimable treasure. But the whole of Christian revelation is not bound up in it. "*I am with you always,*" said Christ. We take these words as expressing a simple fact. And being always with His people, He must be always their teacher. His teachings can never contradict each other. But they may grow in clearness, and in fullness, with succeeding time.

When Jesus had ascended into heaven, was the Apostles' progress in Christian knowledge ended? Rather, it had just begun. We see how long a step it took upon the day of Pentecost. We see all through the New Testament history, how the disciples gradually rose to yet larger conceptions of the scope of the new religion,—how its spiritual character widened in their view, slowly throwing off the yoke of the ceremonial law; how its universality and independence of national lines was gradually seen and accepted. We see the partial fulfillment of the implied promise in Christ's words just before His death, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." Not then, but afterward, were the many things to be disclosed.

This indwelling of the Spirit, this direct influence of God upon the soul, moving its springs of action, and enlightening its understanding as well, could not have ended with the Apostolic age. It still remains as the greatest and most comforting fact that Christianity teaches. We should not be afraid to accept it in all its fullness. The Church of Rome does well in holding that the Spirit still guides the church into more distinct knowledge of the truth. But it materializes and corrupts the idea, by holding that the Divine enlightenment comes only through the channel of an assembled hierarchy, or their head. We should give the truth thus disguised a freer interpretation, and proclaim it fearlessly. We should believe, and we should feel,—feel with the deep consciousness with which we hold life's most precious truths—that in our perplexities we may find within our heart the direct and immediate guidance of God's own Spirit.

Now, men say, "If one begins to seek religious truth outside of the church's teachings"—or, "outside of the Bible"—"he has set aside the light which the Lord gave, and

is trusting to human strength, which is weakness." But, in truth, that depends on the spirit in which the man is seeking. If he is self-confident; if in his heart he wants to find, not the truth, whatever it be, but something that shall gratify his lower nature, then indeed he walks in darkness. But if in humility, and with pure desire, he seeks to find the best way, then we say, to that man will be given a heavenly guidance.

We reverence the teaching of the Bible. We value the testimony of the church. But neither church nor Bible contains the whole of God. "Behold the heaven, and heaven of heavens, cannot contain Thee!" Wider than the visible universe; with fullness that meets the million different needs of human life, and is not exhausted; with depths which no spoken word and no human thought can reach, dwells over us and about us and in us the Divine Being. The temple and altar whereby we are to seek Him are purity and truth and love. When our face is set toward those, it is set toward God.

If any man goes outside of the traditional teachings of Christianity because they bear hard on his lusts or his pride, and seeks for beliefs that may give easier room to his selfish desires, he indeed blows out a light to stumble in darkness. But if one is constrained by a sincere love of truth, or by any want of his spiritual nature, to examine the foundations of his religious belief, the light of God may guide his search from the very first. Such an honest and earnest seeker is not committing himself to the uncertainties of human reason. To him is present the aid of the Divine Spirit.

The doubt which at this time spreads so widely does not alarm us for the future. For while with it there mixes much of conceit, and wilful seeking of wrong, we believe that the greatest force in the turmoil is a sincere desire for better assurance of the truth. The unrest of men's minds springs chiefly from longing for clearer light, for convictions more firmly founded and more nourishing to the soul's best faculties. Such an effort of the world is no blind struggle which chance decides. The Spirit of God rests upon the chaos, and from it an Eden shall arise.—*Christian Union.*

You will find among your acquaintances that the best cultivated men are the least conceited; the pedantic are men of less understanding; when they get into a higher level there comes along with culture more and more of childlike simplicity.

—*Dr. McClinton.*

THE DUTY OF THE STRONG.

The *strength* that is spoken of in the passage where it said: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves," may, in general, be considered as *moral strength*. It includes the power of the understanding, of the moral feelings, and of position and circumstance in society. It is a strength by which men see with a larger vision, more comprehensively, and gain higher and clearer views of truth and duty. It is a strength which comes from vigor and clarity of moral perception as distinguished from superstition and moral timidity and ignorance. A man that is intellectual, and can perceive the truth, and has moral enfranchisement so that he is able to leave fairly and easily behind him the figments and superstitions that hold other men in thrall, is *strong*. The endowment of personal influence and sympathy; such an endowment as invests men around about us with wit and humor, or kindness and geniality of disposition; whatever power we have that sets us above our fellow men, mentally or dispositionally, is included in the term *strong*.

The general doctrine is, that *strength*, or, as we now say, *superior endowment*, is subject to the higher law of benevolence. There is no such thing as absolute liberty, though there is relative liberty. The higher we rise, however, the more nearly absolute are the forms of law which meet us. Men of eminent power are apt to regard themselves, and admiring people are apt to regard them, as set free from obligations to those of their fellow men who are far below them, as living in a higher sphere, where there is a greater liberty. They are regarded as being entitled to *give* law, rather than to *receive* it. There is a vague impression that men of great genius and breadth and culture have prerogatives which do not belong to common people. I think there is the same tendency to idolatry in regard to them which there used to be in regard to priests and kings and nobles. There is a tendency to that kind of hero-worship which was formerly bestowed upon those who were supposed to be ordained of God, and to be really higher than their fellow-men, as if society owed them more than others. Genius, eminence, now stands, in men's admiration, as once crowns did among the decorations of nobility. And if great men go wrong, there is an easy expiation in the popular mind. "Well," it is said, "we ought not to expect them to act like other men." If great men take advantage of their power and overturn the weak around about them, we are accustomed to excuse it, as if it

were not as bad for them to do it as for little men.

But Christianity teaches a far different doctrine. It takes up the inspiration of the natural affections of the household, and gives them a larger interpretation and sphere than that of the household. The care of the young which we see in mothers and nurses, tenderness of the weak, thoughtfulness for the sick, the repression of joy in the presence of sorrow, the holding in of thoughts and dispositions and purposes which might, if expressed, wound the feelings of friends, that whole generous self-denial which true love practices in the family—this the Lord Jesus Christ enjoins upon his followers in every sphere of life. We are to be toward all men just what an intelligent, loving, gentle mother is toward her children, who holds all her gifts subject to their welfare, and will not take her larger liberty except in the sphere of a true beneficence.

Some have supposed that this and kindred teachings in the New Testament bound men to withhold themselves from investigation; that a man must not think further than his age thinks; that he must not indulge in liberties which will vex men, lest he cause them to stumble—or rather, cause their *temper* to stumble.

There has been, sometimes, an attempt to bend the clear-eyed, the higher-minded, the leaders and developers of human life and society, to the caprices and prejudices of those behind them. But there is no such intent here.

I am commanded not to offend my fellow man in the sense of making him angry, or even of making him uncomfortable; but I am not to limit my flight, if I have wings, to the creeping of the moth or the worm that has but blunted wings or none at all. I am to make a distinction between things that simply vex and annoy, like prejudices and caprices, and things that take hold vitally upon conscience, upon the inward life, and so upon the character of my fellow men. I am set free from the restrictions of public sentiment in a certain measure; I have a right sometimes to do despite to it for the sake of a better public sentiment by-and-by; I have a right to go across customs and usages, even to the annoyance and alarm of my fellow-men, for the sake of bringing in better usages and higher customs.

Yet the rule of the New Testament is, that whatever we may have a right to think in the largeness of the intellection which God has given us, and whatever we may have a right to do, we are bound, before we use our liberty, not to think simply of our own interests and our own selves, not to take proud

counsel of our own self-wisdom, but to look upon, and to take into consideration, in making up our mind as to what our duty is, the effect that will be produced upon our fellow-men. We are inseparably joined to the communities in which we live, and we are bound to act in the fellowship which exists between our fellow-men and ourselves, according to the guiding principle of love and beneficence.—*H. W. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 6, 1872

THE YEAR 1872.—The declaration of Jesus that the poor we have always with us, and whensoever we will we may do them good still remains to be a truth. Though this was said of the class usually known as “the poor,” yet it may also be applied to those who, though rich in outward substance, often feel poor in inward treasure. Of these, too, it may be said they are always with us, and if we would forget our selfish regrets and longings, and be enough at leisure from ourselves to go out among them in a spirit of love,

“Walking as one to pleasant service led ;
Doing God's will as if it were our own,
Yet trusting not in *ours*, but in His strength alone,”
we might be instruments of good to many. Some are sitting, as it were, in solitary places, and need a word of tenderness and encouragement to cheer their drooping spirits and give fresh impulse to their doubting hearts. Others are sick and suffering, or disqualified by bodily ailments from pursuing their accustomed duties and employments, and though at times the “joy of faith” enables them to rise above all discouragements, at other seasons, a cloud is on their spirits and they long for some outward evidence that they are remembered by the Father. Then there are the aged ones, some of whom have nearly completed their term of active service; though “just and devout and waiting for the consolation of Israel,” yet their hearts often fail because of physical weakness, and a spoken or written word to some thus situated may open springs in a dry land.

These are a few of the duties which present to us with the opening of a new year. The special ones for which we will be held

accountable each individual must decide for himself, but upon the manner of their performance will rest our condemnation or approval. Among those of general application is the injunction that “we should remember the poor.”

The searching blasts of winter make an additional amount of fuel, clothing and bed covering necessary to our comfort. More abundant and substantial food is needed to keep up the animal system now than in milder weather, and there are many whose limited incomes will not admit of any increase of expenditure, and who require temporary relief. It is as much as they can do to sustain their families under ordinary circumstances, and they seem incapable of providing for exigencies. In our cities there is a large class who can get little work at this season of the year, and to whom the helping hand judiciously extended is of great benefit. Then there are the idle and the improvident, who live as they can during the warm season and in the winter they must be cared for by the benevolent and kept from suffering and starvation.

The little children of the poor are at all times claimants upon our time and bounty, and there is perhaps no more effectual way of acting upon the poorer classes than by influencing their children and instructing them in what will conduce to their self-reliance and advancement. Many of them “know the grief of man without its wisdom,” and are prematurely old with suffering. Could they be removed from their homes of penury and idleness, and in new surroundings taught economy and industry, they might become good and useful members of the community, and contribute greatly to the comfort of many families who need trained help. In our efforts to fill up our measure of usefulness in the present year acceptably to our heavenly Father when a weight of responsibility presses upon us, we may take courage in the belief

“That the dear Christ dwells not afar,
The king of some remoter star,
Listening at times with flattered ear,
To homage wrung from selfish fear,
But here amidst the poor and blind
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life He lives to-day.”

MARRIED.

DAVIS—EVERLY.—On Fourth-day, the 18th of Tenth month, 1871, at the residence of the bride, Moorestown, N. J., under the care of Chester Monthly Meeting, David Davis to Elizabeth A. Everly, both of Moorestown, N. J.

DIED.

LUKENS.—At his residence in Philadelphia, on the 6th of Ninth month, 1871, Amos L. Lukens, in the 67th year of his age; a member of Horsham Monthly Meeting.

WINDER.—At his residence in Richmond, Ind., on the 11th of Twelfth month, 1871, Joseph Winder, in the 74th year of his age; a member of White Water Monthly Meeting. He bore protracted illness with patience becoming a Christian, and we doubt not has entered the mansions of rest.

KIRK.—On First-day, Fifth month 6th, 1871, at the residence of her son-in-law, Samuel T. Valentine, Brooklyn, N. Y., Mary T. Kirk, aged 82 years; a member of Westbury Monthly Meeting.

BRADWAY.—Departed this life on the 19th of 12th month, of typhoid pneumonia, Lydia T. Bradway, in the 57th year of her age. If a life of unselfish devotion to humanity is a passport to happiness hereafter, this beloved friend, we may believe, has realized peace and rest in the life beyond.

It was her mission especially to comfort the sick and suffering, and wherever she was known this characteristic was marked.

There are many who will miss her kindly ministrations, and we may all remember with profit the lessons of such a life.

H. T. C.

TRUEBLOOD.—Died suddenly at his residence at Hitchcock's Station, Ind., on the 27th of 9th month, 1871, after a protracted suffering which he bore with patience and resignation, Warner M. Trueblood, in the 44th year of his age. A member of Blue River Quarterly and Monthly Meetings, and Highland's Creek particular Meeting. Thus has passed away a kind and indulgent husband, a careful and affectionate father and one who by his integrity and generosity won the love and esteem of many.

LIPPINCOTT.—On the 12th ult., after a brief illness, George E. Lippincott, in the 62d year of his age.

The subject of this obituary was a member of Green street Monthly Meeting for nearly 30 years, and for the past 10 years one of its overseers, which service he performed with Christian grace and charity.

George E. Lippincott exercised in a remarkable degree those Christian virtues which make a genial sunshine. His quiet, gentle nature, his heart warm with affection—charitable and forgiving—ready to excuse rather than to censure,—thoughtful and careful in his conversation,—these characteristics won for him the love of all with whom he associated.

In the circle of his family a sorrow is felt, which nothing can mitigate but the belief that he now enjoys his Heavenly reward. The example of his life should be prized as the most valuable legacy he could bequeath to those who survive him.

C. S. M.

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held on Seventh-day evening, the 6th inst., in the Monthly Meeting room of Friends' Meeting-house, at 15th and Race Sts.

WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

For the sufferers by fire at Chicago and the North-west, we have received since last report From Friends' of Little Britain Monthly

Meeting	\$149.00
" J. Sellers, Darby, Pa.	5 00
" R. B.	3.00
" E. B.	1.00

\$158 00

We have also received several bundles of clothing, which will be distributed as intended.

J. COMLY.

THE Executive Relief Committee appointed by the Mayor of this city to extend aid to the citizens of Chicago who suffered by fire on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of Tenth month last, have made their final report. As many of our subscribers contributed to this fund, and we presume all are interested, we have made an abstract from the extended report of the committee which is herewith presented:

The contributions, all of which have heretofore been publicly acknowledged in detail, sent through this committee have amounted to

Which sum is accounted for by the Treasurer as follows:	\$260,734 49
Draft from Chicago paid October 25th,	\$100,000 00
Paid out on checks for the relief of "Refugees,"	593 36
Paid for blankets for "Refugees,"	75 00
Paid out for stoves bought and shipped, by request (per telegraph) from Chicago authorities,	2,959 80
Paid out on checks for advertising lists of places where contributions would be received, as per order of Committee,	891 65
Balance deposited, to the credit of Chicago Relief and Aid Society, with Drexel & Co., by request of the Society, the account bearing 5 per cent. interest since Nov. 1st,	156,214 68
Total,	\$260,734 49

The committee incurred no expense except for the single item of advertising the lists of places selected for the reception of contributions. No person was paid any compensation for time or services; nothing was paid for office rent, or for printing, postage, telegraphing, freight or transportation; all these and many other services and small expenditures were contributed gratuitously by the committee, or by citizens and corporations, to the latter of whom the committee express their obligations. The stoves purchased here were bought and shipped at the express request by telegraph of the Chicago authori-

ties, and were furnished to the committee at a large discount from the market prices by Messrs. Charles Noble & Co., and Lebrandt, McDowell & Co. The money expended in aid of "Chicago refugees" was all devoted to payments for food, lodging, clothing and other necessaries for refugees who had reached this city in a state of destitution. In all their proceedings the committee have been under great obligations to the newspaper press of the city for the daily acknowledgment of the contributions received, and for their full reports of the daily proceedings, all of which was a great service and convenience both to contributors and the committee. But for this gratuitous service the committee would have been obliged to expend many thousands of dollars in advertising, or else a large amount of clerk hire, postage and stationery. To the various sub-committees acknowledgment is due for their prompt and effective aid, and also to William S. Mann for the daily use of his express wagons, free of charge, for the transportation of contributions of goods and supplies from the residences of contributors to the freight depots.

When the first intelligence of the Chicago conflagration reached Philadelphia, the statements received fell far short of the appalling magnitude of the disaster, as was subsequently ascertained. The fire swept over an area of 2124 acres, or about three and one-third square miles, of the city, and this by far the most valuable portion. It destroyed 17,450 buildings, and left 98,500 people without homes, and the greater part of them in the extremest condition of distress and destitution. During the fire, it is now known that more than 250 lives were lost. The committee recite these figures as matter of record, and add to them some of the details, showing the tremendous destruction of property. The latest inventory of the money losses by the conflagration present them as follows:

Losses on buildings destroyed, . . .	\$53,000,000
Losses on produce destroyed, . . .	5,262,500
Losses on manufactures destroyed . . .	13,255,000
Losses on other business property destroyed, . . .	65,455,000
Losses on personal and household effects destroyed, . . .	58,710,000
Losses on miscellaneous property destroyed, . . .	373,000
Total, . . .	\$193,055,500
Losses salvage, . . .	4,000,000
Reported money loss in property destroyed, . . .	192,055,500

The contributions entrusted to this committee for the Chicago sufferers have been forwarded to, or placed at the disposal of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, said Society having been appointed by the authorities of that city as the authorized custodians and

distributors of all contributions. The judicious, impartial, humane and effective modes of relief employed by this Society, have already been publicly reported by the committee after careful personal inspection by a sub-committee who visited Chicago for the purpose, October 26th and 27th. The contributions of the people of Philadelphia, your committee believe, are eminently well placed in the hands of that Society. The committee deem it well to add some further particulars concerning the Society's operations.

The number of families (averaging five persons each) receiving aid from the Society was as follows at each of the dates mentioned: November 11th, 12,765 families; November 18th, 14,137 families; November 25th, 15,122 families; December 23d, 9375 families. Each of these families receives at every distribution of provisions one week's supply (or rations), upon the following basis for a family of two adults and three children:

3 pounds of pork, at 5½ cents, . . .	16½
6 " of beef, at 5 cents, . . .	30
14 " of flour, at 3 cents, . . .	42
1¼ peck potatoes, at 20 cents, . . .	25
¼ pound of tea, at 80 cents, . . .	20
1½ pounds of sugar, at 11 cents, . . .	16½
1¼ pounds of rice, at 8 cents, or } . . .	12
3½ " of beans, at 3¼ cents, } . . .	
1¼ pounds of soap, at 7 cents, . . .	9
1½ " dried apples, at 8 cents, . . .	12
3 " fresh beef, at 5 cents, . . .	15

Total cost one week for one family, . . . \$1 98

Coal (bituminous) is supplied at \$4 50 per ton, delivered at the door, at the rate of a ton every three weeks for a family of five. This makes the cost of food and fuel \$3 10½ per week per family.

These particulars afford some idea of the care and economy of the Society in the expenditures of the moneys and supplies entrusted to it. In the matter of providing houses and shelter for the greater portion of the 98,500 houseless people whose necessities compelled them to appeal for aid, the Society exhibited similar business forethought and true economy. It had to look forward to the erection of eight thousand separate temporary houses, and while the price of lumber was rapidly rising and had in a few days after the fire run up to \$20 a thousand feet, the active agent of the Society, himself an experienced lumber merchant, made contracts for the whole amount required for the 8000 houses at an average of \$16 50 per thousand. The Society thus economized in this one business matter about \$140,000. Such traits of care, prudence and conscientious discharge of duty are visible in nearly all its transactions. Of the separate shelter houses for families of five persons, each costing \$110

each, (including mattress, bedding, cook stove and half ton of coal), the Society had erected 5941 to December 23. With respect to other articles of supplies than provisions and shelter as already mentioned, the Society had distributed to November 25th the following, viz.: 10,737 mattresses, 25,339 blankets, 4653 tons of coal, 9956 stoves, 22,581 pairs of shoes, 54,729 articles of men's clothing, 65,986 articles of women's clothing, and 44,937 articles of children's clothing. This was before the active demand for winter wear set in.

The relief furnished by the Society extends to nearly every want in life among their destitute poor. One thousand sewing machines have been furnished to the helpful women who were willing to work to support themselves—tools to meritorious workmen who had lost their own by the fire—employment for every one able to work—free transportation to those who had friends in other places—medicines, medical attendance and hospitals for the sick—and finally burial for the dead. It has furnished aid also to the charitable institutions—Orphan Asylums, "Homes," &c.,—whose buildings and means were swept away.

Such a vast work, it is easy to understand, requires vast means. The estimate of the Society for the six months from Oct. 9, 1871, to April 9, 1872, is as follows:

Food and fuel rations for 15,112 families,	
at 3 10½ per week,	\$1,220,799
8000 houses and furniture, at \$125,	1,000,000
Barracks and furniture for 2,000 families, at \$80,	160,000
Hospital and storehouses,	83 000
Stoves (additional)	75,000
Aid of Bureau of special relief,	250 000
Aid to charitable institutions,	25,000
Clothing, shoes, &c., for 15,122 families,	866,966
Expenses of all other kinds,	295,733
	<hr/>
Making a total of	\$3,976,489
Total contributions reported to November 25th,	\$3 418,188
	<hr/>
Yet to be provided for,	\$558,301

This deficit has been reduced \$156,214 68 by the deposit of the Philadelphia Committee.

Other Philadelphia Contributions.

The cash contributions of \$260,734 49 which have been collected through the agency of this committee, do not by any means represent the sum of the contributions by the people of Philadelphia to the people of Chicago. The committee have made industrious effort to get the particulars of other contributions sent direct or through other channels, but have only been partially successful.

The contributions of food, clothing, bedding, &c., sent from this city were also very liberal. The money value of them cannot now be ascertained, but they made one hundred and forty four tons of freight as sent over the Pennsylvania railroad.

The ascertained contributions from Philadelphia to Chicago, in money as already mentioned amount to \$362,877 38. The supplies forwarded in kind in the quantity mentioned and the unreported cash contributions are sufficient to swell the total to half a million of dollars at least.

This is a result which our benevolent people may contemplate with profound satisfaction—never was destitution greater than that our people were called upon to alleviate, and never has benevolence been more gratefully received or more carefully distributed. The words which most fittingly conclude this report concerning the Chicago Fund are found in the concluding paragraphs of a pamphlet recently published by the Chicago Relief and Aid Society.

"The time has not come, to a people so worn and disordered as our own, for appropriate acknowledgment of the wonderful gifts that have reached our city from all parts of the world. They were made to the people of Chicago, and the people in their own way and time, will prefer to perform this act of gratitude. But we may be permitted, as more immediate observers, to say that it is hardly probable that the immense necessity and usefulness of this aid will be ever thoroughly known. With it the terrors of a long winter to hungry, unsheltered thousands have given way to a reasonable degree of confidence and hope.

"The spectacle of all nations rushing to lift us from our deep desolation has made an impression upon our hearts which will long survive the rebuilding of our city. Our people are commanded by the confidence and the sympathy of all mankind to prove themselves equal to this emergency, and in a most tender manner are instructed anew that He who, for a purpose wiser than we can know, permitted this affliction, hath made of one blood all nations of men."

SUPPLEMENTAL REPORT.

The "Northwest" Fund.

After the organization of the Executive Relief Committee, the benevolent people of our city, feeling that the distress caused by the fires which devastated large but thinly populated areas in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, called for relief as well as that in Chicago, began to send in contributions for the relief of the suffering people of those States. The Committee were obliged

to take charge of these also. The gross amount of the Contributions for this fund has been \$32,698 28. The details have been already published in the newspapers.

No instructions were received from the contributors as to the division of these donations among the three States which suffered by the great fires. But the committee having been informed on good authority that the distressed families in the three States were distributed in about the following proportions, viz: One thousand families in Wisconsin, eight hundred families in Michigan and two hundred families in Minnesota—decided to send one tenth of the "Northwest Fund" to Minnesota and divide the remainder into two equal portions, one half to Michigan and one-half to Wisconsin. At the time of this decision it was supposed by the Committee that this fund would reach but not exceed \$30,000. Accordingly, \$27,000 were appropriated to Michigan and Wisconsin and \$3000 were appropriated to Minnesota.

The present state of the account, however, is as follows :

Total contributions to the Northwest Fund, as above stated	\$32,698 28
Draft forwarded Nov. 20th to the Governor of Michigan \$13,500	
Drafted forwarded Nov. 20th to the Governor of Wisconsin 13,500	
Draft forwarded Nov. 24th to the Governor of Minnesota 2,530 98	
Balance in the hands of the Treasurer, subject to the order of the Committee 3,167 30	
Total	\$32,698 28

Acknowledgments of the receipt of the drafts from the Governors of those States respectively are appended to this report.

There have been no charges of any kind against the account for the sufferers in the "Northwest."

ELOQUENCE, except in very rare cases, is only of its own day. It addresses the mind, the feelings, the passions, the interests of its own immediate audience. It grows out of the circumstances of the times; with the change of those circumstances it mostly loses its power and influence. Even pulpit eloquence—though it dwells on subjects of enduring importance, though its great truths are eternal, unvariable as Christianity itself—is hardly an exception. The Christianity of one age, of one social state, not only of one form of religious creed, but of one phase of religious interest and emotion, is not entirely and absolutely the Christianity of another, certainly not of all ages.—*Dean Milman.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Spring time and autumn, summer and winter, day and night, shall, in the Divine economy, always succeed each other. Have we confidence in this promise? I presume, my dear friend, most of us know seasons when the night is so lengthened out, that we are almost ready to believe the sun will not again rise to us, but we have never yet realized the fulfillment of such fear. Then let us trust, and not be afraid. We have recently had a sore trial, but the feeling, the presence of Heavenly good crowns all. What a blessing that we, in our weakness and poverty, have access to a Power that is able to sustain the soul, and that we are able to feel that His grace is sufficient for us. We know that our Father in His adorable goodness and mercy, gives us all that we need, and bears us up under all that is permitted to befall us. Though sorrow remaineth for the night, joy cometh in the morning. Then let not our faith fail, and let us keep so near each other, that in low seasons we may mutually extend the hand of help. I believe Infinite goodness designs we should be helpers to one another in this scene of probation and trial, and we will be able to fulfil this mission in proportion as we keep under the influence of Heavenly Love.

There is something very encouraging in the fact, that *the people* so freely respond to the invitation to come to a Quaker Meeting. I think it might shew us that our mission as a religious Association is not yet finished, and it should encourage us to be faithful to the feeling which reminds us of the testimony, "other sheep I have that are not of this fold." And if we are called to be instrumental in gathering these away from outward dependencies, and opening to their view the true place of feeding, let us be faithful to the call.

But, my friend, how important it is, that when mingling, either socially or religiously, with others, we watch diligently lest by word or deportment we bring a reproach upon our profession. Let us be faithful and true to everything we esteem right and holy, keep to our simple faith, and be not ashamed to confess Christ in His inward appearance, as our Saviour and Sanctifier.

I believe we may, through daily obedience to this sanctifying Power, attain a state

where the powers of darkness or man's unsubjected will can have no dominion over us; but my experience of late has been to pass through deep waters, I suppose because my stubborn will needs many humiliating dispensations, before it will yield to Divine control. I desire to win an inheritance in the bright hereafter, but I know this can only be known by a full submission to the secret operation of the Indwelling Word, which, like "a refiner's fire or as a fuller's soap," shall purify the sons of Levi.

AN OPEN POLAR SEA.

Dr. Petermann, the eminent German geographer, has just announced a very interesting discovery. It will be in the knowledge of most of our readers that, during the last two or three years, German, Swedish and American explorers have been engaged in a series of attempts to reach the North Pole of the earth; or, rather, it were perhaps more just to say that they have sought a less barren success, and that the ostensible purpose of their journeys has been to determine the true nature of those almost unknown regions which lie north of the eightieth parallel of latitude. Apart altogether from the interest attaching to the question whether the pole of the earth can be reached, there is much to encourage Arctic research. The flora and fauna of Arctic regions are well worthy of study; and even more interesting are the glacial phenomena presented amid that dismal domain. The student of the earth's magnetism cannot but look with interest to those regions towards which the magnetic needle seems to direct him. Within the Arctic regions also lie the poles of cold; there the winds complete their circuit; and there, if a modern theory be correct, lies the main-spring of the whole system of oceanic circulation. But lastly, material interests are involved in Arctic voyaging; since the whale fishery forms no unimportant branch of industry, and its success depends in large measure on the discovery of all the regions where the whales do chiefly congregate.

The discovery just announced by Dr. Petermann bears as closely on this question of the whale fishery as upon those problems respecting the Polar regions which had perplexed men of science.

Among the expeditions which had sailed during the spring of the present year, there was one, under the command of the German Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht, which had sought the almost unvisited seas lying between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. In

Norwegian sloop they penetrated into these seas; and now we have news of their com-

plete success in attaining a very high northerly latitude,—the highest, we believe, ever attained in that direction. In latitude 78° north they found open water, extending in longitude from 42° to 60° (east), and abounding in whales; and they believe that under favorable conditions this sea would afford an open way to the pole.

It is to be remarked in passing that one of our scientific contemporaries has been somewhat hasty, as we judge, in regarding this result—full of interest as it undoubtedly is—as "the discovery of the open Arctic sea, which has been so long searched for." The question whether there is an open sea extending to the pole of the earth itself is as far from solution as it ever was. It has long since been known that open water lies beyond the ice-bound seas which surround the northern shores of Siberia. It is to this open water, not actually seen, but as actually discovered as though it had been seen, by Wrangel and his fellow voyagers, that the name Polynia was first assigned. It has also been shown that there is open water to the north of portions of the American continent; while within the angle between North Greenland, and the prolongation of the western shore of Kennedy's Channel, open water "rolling with the swell of a boundless ocean," has been seen to extend "as far as the eye could reach" towards the north. It is also well known that close by the very region where Payer and Weyprecht found open water, our countryman Henry Hudson, sailing in one of the clumsy tubs called ships in the days of Queen Elizabeth, reached a far higher northerly latitude than the German voyagers. He did not, however, pursue the same course, since whereas they have penetrated between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, he sailed round the northwestern shores of the former island.

Sir Ed. Parry, in 1827, reached yet farther north, and although his voyage—on a due northerly course from Spitzbergen—was not a sea journey, but prosecuted by means of boats and sledges over the ice-covered sea, yet the manner in which his progress towards the pole was finally stopped shows clearly that the seas on which the ice-fields lay were both wide and deep. His party were already well advanced on their course over what they supposed to be a solid ice-field, extending perhaps to within but a short distance of the pole, or even beyond it. They were harassed by the difficulties and dangers which they had to encounter, and several of their number were rendered half blind by the glare of the snow-fields; but they still plodded steadily onwards, upheld by the hope of achieving that enterprise which so many had at-

tempted in vain. At length constant winds from the north began to try their spirit. It seemed as though the guardian genius of the Arctic regions had commissioned these winds to oppose the efforts of the intruders. The men pushed on, despite the winds, but their efforts were as the labors of Sisyphus; as fast as they journeyed northward the winds carried southward the whole of the ice-field on which they were voyaging. The ice field was not fixed, as they had supposed, but, vast as was its extent and thickness, it was floating on the Arctic seas. No surer evidence could have been given of the existence of open Arctic water farther north. When Parry led his men homewards there must have been open water all along the northern edge of the great ice field, and extending to a distance of at least two hundred miles towards the pole. Such an extent of water, at the very least, must have been left open by the mere southerly drift of the great ice field.

But the discovery just announced, although it affords no new evidence of importance respecting the open Polar Sea, is yet of great interest, in showing how the open water surrounding Northern Spitzbergen may be reached along a new course. The voyage past the northwesterly shore of Spitzbergen is full of dangers. It has been attempted again and again without success, while too often the result of such attempts has been not merely failure, but disaster. The route followed by Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht had been thought far less promising. It lies nearer to the Siberian pole of cold, and the seas, being narrower, seemed more likely to remain ice-bound, even at midsummer. Now that it has been successfully traversed, other voyagers will probably attempt it. The fact that the open sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla abounds with whales will no doubt induce many hardy whalers to explore the route, and possibly to voyage far to the north on the open sea in their search for these creatures. Certainly, if Arctic travellers can succeed in reaching this open water earlier in the year than those who have discovered it, they will not return without being able to tell us whether the sea really does extend far towards the North Pole. It requires only a glance at a good map of the Arctic seas (not the monstrosities on Mercator's Projection,) to see that in all probability the open water discovered by Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht communicates freely not only with the seas on which Hudson sailed, but also with the open water reached by Drs. Kane and Hayes through Kennedy's channel.

Should this be so, we may not only hope to hear before long that the North Pole has

been reached, but also that something has been learned respecting the deep seas to the north of Spitzbergen, and respecting the hitherto unvisited northern shores of the island (we suppose) of Greenland. It is even possible that a voyage along the course now discovered may supply the best means of ascertaining the configuration of the northern shores of that strange archipelago lying to the north of the American continent. Indeed it is difficult to say how otherwise those shores can ever be reached. All the attempts hitherto made by the seekers after a northwestern passage have failed in enabling the voyagers to find a course outside the North American Arctic archipelago; and, as our readers are doubtless aware, the problem of the Northwestern Passage was at length solved, not by sailing round this archipelago, but by penetrating through it to a spot subsequently reached by voyagers who had passed through Behring's Straits. It would be strange, indeed, but not altogether unexpected, if voyagers from the seas lying to the north of Spitzbergen should be able to reach Behring's Straits by an open-sea course. We say "not wholly unexpected," because the late Captain Lambert proposed to reach the North Pole—or to attempt to reach it—from the side of Behring's Straits; and since others have believed that the pole could be reached from the direction of Spitzbergen, we might infer, by combining the two theories, that an open-sea communication exists between Spitzbergen and Behring's Straits. Should this prove to be the case, the discovery would certainly not be the least interesting result of the successful voyage of Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht. Of course, the voyage between Spitzbergen and Behring's Straits would be far too dangerous for any save exploring expeditions; but it is a fact worthy of mention, that should such a voyage be possible, the journey from England to the Chinese seas by Spitzbergen and Behring's Straits would be far shorter, so far as mere distance is concerned, not only than the course thither round the Cape of Good Hope, but even than the Northwesterly Passage, the search for which has cost so many valuable lives.—*London Spectator.*

WAR is nothing less than a temporary repeal of the principles of virtue. It is a system out of which almost all the virtues are excluded, and in which nearly all the vices are included.—*Robert Hall.*

A NEAT, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates.

EXTRACT.

It was a common saying of Lilly's, "I should be perfectly happy if I could only have" such and such things. Most usually it was a certain style of hat or boot or dress or glove on which her heart was set, but which she knew was quite beyond her altered means.

"Now, I don't really think you would be perfectly happy, Lilly," Auntie used to say, "if you had just these things, and indeed all the fine things you can think of."

"I am sure, Auntie, if I had all the money I wished, I should be perfectly happy."

"You would be the first person, then. I will tell you why I think not. Happiness is something within and not without us. If our minds are in the right frame, very simple things will give us pleasure. An old woman in a street-car was taking home her bundle of clean clothes. The wind blew off the paper and blew dust on them, to the great distress of the poor washerwoman. The gift of three pins made her very happy indeed. She could secure the paper and keep out the dust. So you see if one has the right spirit, even so small a thing as three pins can make one happy. Very likely if the old woman had been fretting and scolding about the dirt, nobody would have given her the pins. I know she would have lost a great deal of happiness, and her manner and words would have jarred on the spirits of every one else in the car. Learn to pick up happiness, dear girls, as the little chicks do their food, a crumb at a time. It just depends upon how you look at things, whether they make you happy or not. That rain dripping over the russet autumn leaves on our old oak is very beautiful to me. The patter is as soothing as a flute to my ear. I love the beautiful autumn rain. But I can easily imagine how I could take a very different view of the subject, and may be impress my views on the rest of you," and Auntie glanced around with a smile.

"I suppose you mean if you were to adopt my view of it," said Sophy, with a good humored smile. She had fretted considerably over the state of the weather that morning, and her spirit had seemed catching.

"You are ready at making an application, I see. Now if you will just apply my teachings to practice as promptly, I know you will be the happiest company of little girls in town. If you learn to find happiness in little every-day matters about you, you will never be at loss for sources of enjoyment."

Doe all things like a man, not sneakingly;
Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.
George Herbert.

THE chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.
—*Dr. Johnson.*

ITEMS.

THE TAR AND GRAVEL ROOF.—Among the lessons of the Chicago conflagration is one that must forever condemn, in the judgment of all prudent men, the contrivance known as "tar and gravel roof." Nine tenths of all the flat roofs in this city were, and still are, covered with this highly combustible composition; and it is wholly to this fact that the destruction of the north division of the city must be ascribed. The conflagration was still two squares away from the river, among the lofty stone and brick buildings on Lake and Randolph streets, when the north division began to burn. Vast flakes of roofing paper, saturated with oil and coal tar, were taken by the high wind from the flaming roofs on the south side and carried to the equally combustible roofs on the north side. In this way the conflagration was carried across the river, which, had it not been for this, would in all probability have been the northern limit of the burnt district. Persons who saw these flaming fire-brands in their passage describe them as appearing like great sheets of flames passing through the air.

This flammable roofing must be utterly and entirely condemned. If necessary, its use in cities must be made a criminal offense by statute, as it assuredly is in every moral sense. The conflagration of Chicago must not again be invited by the spreading of paper saturated in petroleum upon the roofs of our houses. Our builders must cease to practice the arts of Parisian *petroleouses*.—*Chicago Times.*

CARBOLIC ACID IN SMALL POX.—The use of carbolic acid as a disinfectant and curative agent in small pox and other contagious diseases should be universally known. Dr. Burgess, of San Francisco, says, in the Boston Journal of Chemistry, "In the late fearful epidemic of small pox I have tested the disinfectant and prophylactic power of carbolic acid in a way that leaves no doubt in my mind of its superior merit. Indeed, during the latter part of the course of the epidemic, I trusted to it exclusively. In thirty six instances of its exclusive use, the disease spread in but one—and that was in a family of very filthy habits, where cleanliness and proper nursing were unattainable."

Carbolic acid in a fluid form is a cheap article. To disinfect an apartment, two or three teaspoonsful may be put in a small bucket of water, and scattered about with a whisk broom. Or the same or even smaller quantity may be placed in a dish and mixed with sand. The evaporation from this will disinfect the air. If the air should become too strongly charged the evaporation may be checked by covering the dish more or less, as required. This atmosphere containing carbolic acid is healthy, and soon becomes quite agreeable, especially when associated with its power as a destroyer of infection.

The bed clothes, blankets, &c., and clothes worn by persons having the disease or coming in contact with such, may be washed with soap now manufactured containing carbolic acid. Or, common soap may be used, with two or three teaspoonsful of carbolic acid, added to the suds. Thus may complete disinfection be produced in bed clothes or body clothes of patients subjected to small pox or any other infectious disease. (G. E.)

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

'TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.'

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Joseph S. Cohu, New York.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

"FRIENDS IN GREAT BRITAIN."

BY BENJ. HALLOWELL.

It is our privilege to draw practical instruction from the trials and sufferings of others, even when our hearts are tendered in near sympathy with the sufferers. The fact of the suffering is evidence of feeling, and hence of life; and, if only it is regarded in the light of that "wisdom which is from above, and is profitable to direct" in all things, a way of relief will be manifested, which will lead to a higher condition than had been previously known.

These reflections were awakened by reading the editorial in the *Intelligencer* of 10th mo. 28th, and the articles in the same number, headed respectively, "Hardshaw East," and "Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting," to which the editorial refers; and they have been recently revived by articles upon the same subject in the *British Friend* of last month (11th). The *British Friend* states "that the protracted agitation in this Monthly Meeting (Hardshaw East) has at length culminated in the disownment of one member and the resignation of twelve more." The original cause of the disunity was entirely in relation to doctrines, and is stated by the *British Friend* to have been "the denial of the the God-head of Christ, of His atoning, medi-

atorial offices—and of the Divine authority of the Scriptures."

The person who was disowned for holding and expressing these views, David Duncan, appears to have been a man of unblemished character, and to have lived a life of strict uprightness and integrity. In a solemn "protest" against his disownment, signed by over forty members of the Monthly Meeting that disowned him, and presented to that body, they state two of their objections to his disownment to be, "Because, seeing that the Society of Friends, instead of according the ordinary prominence to a creed, has ever held as its most cherished doctrine, the enlightening influence of the Spirit of God as the guide into all truth; and, believing that our late beloved Friend, accepted this truth, and endeavored to live up to the measure of light received, we therefore contend that, in disowning him, the Monthly Meeting separated from its fold, one of its most useful and estimable members." And

"Because, we believe that differences of opinion upon matters which are beyond the reach of human power to solve, must be allowed to remain open questions. Were this admitted, no harm could result from the calm discussion of religious subjects. On the contrary, much good:—whilst to attempt to stifle inquiry by the exercise of a merely artificial authority, as in the case of our deeply lamented Friend, is a discredit to the

cause of Truth, and a dishonor to the profession of religion."*

The readers of the *Intelligencer* will do well to give these two articles of the "protest" a careful and studied perusal, and endeavor to enter into sympathy with a Monthly Meeting of Friends, against the proceedings of which forty-four of its members thus solemnly protest, and in consequence of which proceedings, twelve others had previously resigned their rights! What comfort in social, religious worship, what power for good, can possibly exist in a meeting whose members are in such a divided and alienated condition? I feel near and tender sympathy with them all as brethren and sisters; both the members of the monthly meeting who issued a Testimony of Disownment, and those who protest against the proceeding. I have no doubt all are equally honest in their convictions of the duty required of them, and that they would all rejoice to have harmony and love restored amongst them on a basis which Truth would sanction.

To such restoration, the distress and suffering that must necessarily exist in such a state of alienation and estrangement, significantly point. How wise and comforting, if they take heed to these pointings! and what a blessing, if others imbibe the instruction which the lesson so impressively imparts!

If we examine the cause of this unhappy disturbance, we find it was an attempt to suppress inquiry; to fetter the mind and conscience, to enslave, by the authority of man, what God in His infinite wisdom, love and mercy, left free. Such attempt has ever been the bane of Christianity, and the fruitful source of persecutions, schisms and separations in religious organizations.

I repeat, in tenderness of feeling, as a historical fact, that the attempt to enslave the mind and bring it under human authority of whatsoever kind, or however established, being in its nature unjust, and out of the Divine harmony, like the personal slavery that existed in our own country, is withering and hurtful to the oppressor, and the oppressed. But the unfavorable influence is naturally most marked in the oppressor. He assumes the accusing spirit of judging a brother, and lording it over God's heritage, which induces spiritual decline and death, whereas, the oppressed, on the principle that "Truth when crushed to earth, will rise again," if they are only favored to abide in the spirit of humility and meekness, have nothing to fear. They will partake of the Beatitudes pronounced by the blessed Jesus.

But through the weakness of our nature, some, thus oppressed, being conscious they are wronged, will, under this feeling be more earnest and emphatic than they otherwise would be, in proclaiming their peculiar views, and maintaining what they believe to be their inherent rights and privileges, to their own spiritual hurt, and the injury of the cause of Truth. Such are some of the evils that naturally spring from an attempt to enslave the mind, and bring it into submission to human authority.

The cause and the unhappy influences of the disturbance being thus apparent, the remedy immediately suggests itself. This remedy is Toleration—Spiritual Freedom—Liberty of Conscience—the very principles our early Friends, and all advanced advocates of Truth in every age, contended and suffered for. No disadvantages can possibly arise from liberty of conscience—the right freely to think, and to express the highest thoughts and deepest convictions of the soul, at all comparable, in their hurtful effects, to those which have been witnessed from an attempt to enslave it, because it is a God-given right. Any apprehensions on this point, like those entertained in regard to according to the slaves their right to liberty, by setting them free, will never be realized. An act of justice can do no harm. When the principle is yielded, all contention in regard to it ceases. All is peace.

We need not be afraid of "doctrines." What is requisite is, a fuller and more perfect trust in the enlightening and protecting power of God, and in His unceasing watchful care over all His rational children. We may derive an instructive lesson on this point from the beasts and birds.* These in their wild or natural state, although there are many things in the fields or forests where they range, which would injure, or even kill them, if partaken of, are yet always shown by the good and universal Father, through what is called instinct, the food which will nourish, and that which will prove injurious to them; so that, while those animals of which man has the government, and to which he measures out and distributes their food, will frequently eat so as to cause injury or death, this is not the case in a state of nature, when left entirely to instinct, or the guidance of Deity. We are hence bound to infer, that if man were as attentive and obedient to the Divine will and teachings as the "fowls of the air," and the "beasts of the field," he would unquestionably be guided and cared for, with, at least, equal certainty and security. The atten-

*See the "Protest" in full, page 533 of the current volume of the *Intelligencer*.

*See *Intelligencer*, Vol. 26, No. 23, page 355-6.

tive, humble, dependent, and faithful soul, will always instinctively be shown the nature of anything that is presented to it, either outwardly or inwardly, whether in doctrines, by the imagination, or by the cogitation of the thoughts. If it is suitable and proper to nourish and strengthen the spiritual nature, the Good Being, always present, will, in His love and mercy, instantly make this manifest, telling it intelligibly in the language of impression, "partake of this, it will nourish thee;" whereas, if it is hurtful, He will say with equal clearness, "Let it alone; touch it not; it will be injurious to thee." If God is so immediately present, most wonderfully and bountifully providing for and protecting the insects, birds and beasts, how much more will he be present with, guide, protect, bless and sustain His humble, dependent, and obedient children. He is worthy of our fullest trust. Let us wisely trust Him, and know peace.

The effect of attaching paramount importance to "doctrines" and "beliefs," has always been, as it ever must be, to "divide in Jacob and scatter in Israel." What is now taking place in "Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting," is no new thing. It is but a repetition of what took place among the Friends of Ireland from the same cause towards the close of the last century, and the disastrous consequences continued active till late in the year 1803. This difficulty appears to have originated in different views being entertained in relation to the Scriptures, by the Elders of the Monthly Meeting of Carlow, producing ultimately an estrangement of feeling among the members generally; and a great number of disownments ensued of some of the most exemplary, enlightened, and worthy members, for different causes, among which was that of not rising in time of prayer. The reading of this deeply interesting "Narrative of Events,"* is very instructive and suggestive. Like causes produce like effects. What has been may be again. We can there see of what great benefit a little "toleration" would have been, towards prominent members of the Society, of spotless, exemplary lives, who fully and practically believed in the "grand fundamental doctrine of the Society"—"the Inward Principle of Light and Grace, which, if attended to, they believed to be sufficient to lead all in the way they should go,"—and yet, because they held different views of certain portions of Scripture, they became separated from the Society.

*See "A Narrative of Events that have lately taken place in Ireland, among the People called Quakers," published in London in 1804.

Now, we cannot believe at will. Belief is not a thing of *choice*, but of *evidence*. With sufficient evidence, belief is a matter of necessity. There is then, no *merit* in *belief*; no *démerit* in *disbelief*. The same evidence, on minds equally sincere and honest, will not necessarily bring them to the same conclusion. When a Judge was impeached before the United States Senate, during General Jackson's administration, Senator Tazewell of Virginia, and Senator Livingston of Louisiana, who were of the same political party; both had been Judges of Courts, and, (I think,) Governors of their respective States; both had written upon jurisprudence, and they would be supposed to possess minds as likely to be similarly influenced by the same evidence as possible. Yet, although both were under oath, they came to *exactly opposite conclusions*. One pronounced the Judge on trial, "Guilty;" the other, "Not guilty!"

This invites us to toleration in honest differences of opinion, where it rests solely on evidence. And hence, such a course is eminently essential in regard to *portions* of Scripture. It is a great, and very common error among the devoted advocates of the perfection of the present version of the Scriptures, that the rejection, or disbelief, of one portion, necessarily involves the rejection or discredit of the whole. The good and wise Newton, to whom the poet Cowper, also a devoted lover of the Scriptures, makes this apostrophe:

"Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God!
And in His Word [the Scriptures] sagacious!"

even Newton "clearly shows that the text 1. John v. 7.—"For there are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one," was foisted into the Scriptures about the fourth century, to favor the doctrine of the Trinity." He adds: "For a long time the faith subsisted without this text, and it is rather a danger to religion than an advantage, to make it now lean on a bruised reed. There cannot be a better service done to the Truth, than to purge it of things spurious." Yet, the rejection of this, and of some other portion of the Scriptures, which his researches and learning showed him were not in the original, did not, in the least degree, diminish his confidence in, and love and veneration for, the great truths contained in the Bible.

Now, these facts all point to the propriety and necessity of forbearance and toleration for differences of opinion and belief, under different degrees of experience and development in regard to *those portions* of a work written in "an unknown tongue" to most,

many hundred years ago, and of which we have, and necessarily can have, no other evidence than the authority of this book, and very especially, when its strongest advocates, and those best qualified to judge, admit it contains errors. And particularly when we reflect that the *facts would be just as they are*, let our *beliefs* in regard to them be what they may. Our beliefs would not affect the Truth, nor our relation to it. We have a practical work to do, for which we feel and know we are responsible. This work is, to place ourselves in harmony with God. To be obedient to the manifested will of the Creator and Sustainer of the Universe, for which purpose He graciously furnishes us with wisdom and power, light and strength. Here all is centered.

To what will this direct the mind of one who loves humanity, and particularly the Society of Friends, in which I include all its various "branches," or "divisions," who, while holding the same fundamental practical doctrine of the sufficiency of the enlightening influence of the Spirit of God to guide into all Truth, and the precious testimonies which are the outgrowth therefrom, are yet kept apart by unpractical "beliefs?" It points to the necessity of another test. It directs to a return to the practical test of qualification of membership with Friends, to the criteria given by the blessed Jesus Himself: "*By their fruits, ye shall know them.*" "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." The Apostle John bears testimony to the same point: Let no man deceive you; he that *doeth righteousness, is righteous.*"

What plain, practical tests are these! How wise, efficient, and sufficient! How easily applied! No danger of misunderstanding them.

Now, if the fruits of making "doctrines" and "beliefs" the tests, are, invariably, schisms, divisions, and alienation among friends and brethren, and the multiplied disownments of persons of great worth and spotless lives, as—witness the troubles referred to in Ireland, the deplorable separation in this country, and the present unended difficulty and suffering at Hardshaw East, in Great Britain—they always have been, and still are of that tree which cannot be good.

On the other hand, if the acts and deportment of a member of Friends' Society, are kind, good, true, lovely, and pure, such member "*doeth righteousness,*" and by the test, is "*righteous,*" and every way worthy of being continued a member.

This, from the nature of man, must necessarily be the true test. Here permit me, in order to be understood, although it may be

some repetition, briefly to state my convictions upon this point.

Man was created with many animal desires, appetites and propensities, all good in themselves, but tending to run into excess, and requiring that the garden of his heart should be diligently "dressed" and "kept." "God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul." This breath of life is the spirit of God, which is breathed into every rational creature. God could only breathe forth of his own nature. He breathed into man the spirit of truth, justice, love, kindness, mercy, purity, and holiness, and all His communicable attributes, which are in man *living powers* or *spirit forces*, to regulate and restrain all the animal appetites, desires, and propensities, and preserve them in the Divine harmony. We all know what truth, love, and justice are, and when we know these, we so far know God. For, (I speak it reverently) we can know God only by or through His attributes, in accordance with the Scripture truth, "What is to be known of God is manifest in man"—the "breath of life" that was and is breathed into him. Then the conscious existence in which all these blessed attributes, in infinite perfection, reside, and which the soul feels to be ever present with it, is God. The watchful and enlightened soul feels, not only that He is ever present, but that the welfare, safety, and peace of the soul depends on preserving a harmonious relation to Him; and this can only be secured by acting in perfect obedience to all His manifestations. These manifestations to the soul being wisdom and power, light and strength, are always accompanied by ability to perform or fulfil all their varied requirements. One who is thus obedient to the requirements of truth, justice, love and all the blessed attributes, is governed in every act by the attributes of Deity; he is led by the Spirit of God. He is a Son of God—"heir of God, and joint heir with Christ." Here is a righteous man. Here is true righteousness. Here is peace. Here is a true practical test,—that given by the blessed Jesus—the fruits. What more can we need?

Let us individually, by example and precept, urge to faithful, practical obedience to these blessed and pure principles, as the one thing essential to a holy life, and a child of God.

There is no way in which we can possibly fulfil the requirements of justice, but by the spirit of justice, or the requirements of love and truth, but by the spirit of love and truth. And these are the gift of God to every soul. They are the "grace of God which bringeth salvation"—a knowledge of

His will with power to obey it. "All have heard, but all have not obeyed."

This to my understanding is the true doctrine of practical Christianity, and the primitive and fundamental doctrine of Friends. Friends, without any regard to how or why, accept the simple fact of the "light within," the manifestation of the will of God to the soul, with power to obey it. In support of this truth, there is an abundance of Scriptural testimony. "It is shown unto thee, oh! man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." And these being requirements of a just God, power must be furnished to fulfil them. But we require no other evidence than our own experience furnishes. We know that if we diligently watch we shall see or hear, and if we *will we can obey*. Then are we saved from sin through obedience, for "sin is a transgression of the Law," and with the obedient soul there is no transgression.

How beautiful, how simple, how practical! Love God; love man—recognize the Father, hood of God, and the brotherhood of all men. Every one knows the duty he owes to a father, and to a brother; and then, he must observe faithfully, day by day, the varied filial and fraternal obligations which this recognition imposes, and these, God, in his love and mercy, will impart ability to perform. All is from Him, the alone source of good. He watches over us continually, with all the tenderness and care of a loving father. "He works in us, both to *will* and to *do* of His good pleasure." Our wills, as we are faithful and obedient, are merged into His will, till the abiding desire of the heart, in all things, is, "Thy will, O God! be done."

He calls upon, and assists us, to work up, day by day, to the highest convictions of right and duty which are revealed to our watchful consciousness. Then all is peace—all is brought into the Divine harmony. Our conscience cannot then condemn us, and hence "we have confidence towards God," and the soul is at rest. What more can God give, or we desire, than results from simple obedience to known duty—the voice of God manifested to the soul?

Here is a platform large enough and strong enough, not only for all the divisions into which the once united Society of Friends is unhappily separated, but for all peoples. That we may all profit by the lesson which the facts that have been stated so impressively teach, is the ardent aspiration of my heart.

Sandy Spring, Maryland, 12mo. 23, 1871.

Death cannot kill what never dies.—*Penn.*

From the Christian Register.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

A New Year's Address.

... We stand on the threshold of a New Year.

Living, but living an uncertain life, let the season utter its warnings. One thing is certain, that if you desire improvement in anything it will never come to you accidentally. It must begin in a distinct resolved purpose to make a change for the better; and this is a proper season to be devoted to consideration and to Christian resolutions. I call on you to give this day to a serious review of your life, of what you have been living for, and what you propose henceforth to live for. Give one day to this. And let it be this first day of the year; at least begin the year aright. Here you stand at the parting of the ways, some road you are to take, and as you stand here consider and know how it is that you intend to live. As you review the past, there are many positive evils which you know ought to be left behind. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enmities and strifes into this new year. Leave these behind, and let the dead Past bury its dead; leave them behind, and thank God that you are able to leave them.

The new year will bring its opportunities of usefulness. Consider whether you mean to meet them as a Christian man should, or whether you mean to avoid them. I do not say what you shall do, only do not go on blindfold; know for yourself whether you mean to meet or avoid the opportunities of usefulness which Providence puts in your way. You have temptations, known if to no other, at any rate to yourself. At least, this day look at them face to face, and know what they are, and know whether you mean to yield or not to yield to them. You have duties connecting you with kindred, and friends, and society. Give this day to a consideration of what they are. Is this requiring too much? How many men are there who pass for men of wisdom and prudence, who do not leave matters of profit or ambition to accident, who will not let the new year go by without knowing how their affairs stand with the world, but who do not, from one year's end to the other, make one serious and thorough examination into the merits of their lives. At least give this one day to a review of the past and to a consideration of the way in which you are willing to live for the future,—the way by which, living or dying, you are willing to abide.

At this parting of the ways there is one of them in which a Christian man should go. Are you prepared to say, that road which I

know a Christian should take I choose. I take it humbly, for I know my weakness; but I take it deliberately, meaning with God's help, to continue in it to the year's end. Are you prepared to say that? Is not that what we ought deliberately to say? Is not that religious purpose the one to which the year should bring us all? I prescribe no special rules of life; the one point on which I would fix attention is this: If you are ever to make any change for the better, that change must begin in some decided purpose of your own. You cannot expect God's help, except in aid of some such purpose. And because of its necessity, devote this day to a review of the past, and to Christian purposes for the future.

The new year is ushered in with mutual good wishes. Let the good wishes turn into acts; let no friendly ties, broken fast enough by death, be lightly broken by you. Let no hard thing be done even toward an enemy; let those around you be the happier, because you are in the midst of them; let the daily gifts of Heaven's mercy, which are yours, cherish a perpetual gratitude to Him, who giveth all; and not knowing what a day may bring forth, not knowing which of your rivals or your friends, which of those associated with you or dependent on you, which of the wretched whom you might relieve, or of the friendless whom you might benefit, may be taken away before the year's end, be careful that whatever works are required by justice, or mercy, or religion, be done while you are able to do them. Put them not off till their death or yours makes them impossible; and let the new year which comes in with rejoicings be hallowed by Christian fidelity.—*Ephraim Peabody.*

EXCERPTS.—Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig.

Adapt thyself to the things with which thy lot has been cast; and the men among whom thou hast received thy portion, love them, but do it truly.

It is peculiar to man to love even those who do wrong.

I do my duty; other things trouble me not; for they are either things without life, or things without reason, or things that have rambled and know not the way.

If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change; for I seek the truth, by which no man was ever injured. But he is injured who abides in his error and ignorance.

The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer.—*M. Antoninus.*

WOMAN'S TRUE WORK.

"All generations shall call me blessed."

A true woman's thought! for so far as a woman is sincere to the nature God has given her, her aspiration is not so much that the world should ring with her fame, or society quote her as a leader of fashion, but that she should bless, and be blessed in blessing. It is not that she should not wish for power, but that she should wish for a noble, not an ignoble power. It is not that she should not wish to queen it in this world, but that she should wish to queen it, not by ostentation of dress or life, nor by eclipsing others, but by manifestation of love, by nobility of gentle service, by unconscious revelation in her life and conscious maintenance in others by her influence, of all things true and pure, of stainless honor in life, of chivalrous aspiration in the soul. At home or in the wider sphere of social action her truest fame is this, that the world should call her *blessed*. The music of that thought sounds through every line of the Virgin's psalm.

And there is no sadder or uglier sight in this world than to see the women of a land grasping at the ignoble honor and rejecting the noble; leading the men, whom they should guide into high thought and active sacrifice, into petty slander of gossip in conversation, and into discussion of dangerous and unhealthy feeling; becoming, in this degradation of their directing power, the curse, and not the blessing, of social intercourse,—becoming what men in frivolous moments wish them to be, instead of making men what men should be; abdicating their true throne over the heart to grasp at the kingdom over fashion; ceasing to protest against impurity and unbelief, and giving them an underhand encouragement; turning away from their mission to bless, to exalt and to console, that they may struggle through a thousand meanesses into a higher position, and waste their divine energy to win precedence over a rival; expending all the force which their more excitable nature gives them, in false and sometimes base excitements day after day, with an awful blindness and a pitiable degradation; exhausting life in amusements which fritter away, or in amusements which debase, their character; possessing great wealth, and expending it only on self and show and shadows; content to be lapped in the folds of a silken and easy life, and not thinking, or thinking only to the amount of half a dozen charitable subscriptions,—a drop in the waters of their expenditure,—not thinking that, without "their closed sanctuary of luxurious peace," thousands of their sisters are weeping in the night for hunger and for

misery of heart, and men and children are being trampled down into the bloody dust of this city, the cry of whose agony and neglected lives goes up in wrath to the ears of God.

It seems unnecessary to say that this is but a one-sided representation. But it is one side, and a side necessary to dwell on. There is no fear of the other being forgotten.

That womanhood will not rise to the height of her true vocation, as the saving, exalting and blessing element in society, is sad and pitiable, beyond all human sadness and pity, to every one who loves and honors England.

This large conception of womanly duty, this which is the patriotism of the woman, was not absent from the Virgin's character. She rejoiced in being the means of her country's blessing. "He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy, as He spake to our fathers, to Abraham and his seed forever." It might be imagined that thoughts like these would be too universal for a simple Jewish maiden. But remember she was espoused to one in whose veins ran the blood of Abraham, whose fathers had been kings in Jerusalem. Joseph was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and in him she was linked to all the glorious past of her nation. From the hill-top, too, of Nazareth, she saw daily the peaks of Hermon, Tabor and Carmel, and the mist above the distant sea. So wide a prospect is scarcely seen in Palestine. And as the woman walked at eventide, the beauty and glory of her land must have grown deeply into her heart, till love of country was mingled with the life blood in her veins. And now, inspired with the thought of the blessedness coming on her nation, the whole past and future of her race, from the tents of the wandering patriarch to the church of the Messiah to come, lay before her patriotic eyes, as blessed at last through Him who should be born of her. The heart of the Virgin broke into a song of joy. She forgot her own honor in God who gave, she forgot herself in her country.

And this is that which we want in England,—women who will understand and feel what love of country means, and act upon it; who will lose thought of themselves and their finery and their pleasure in a passionate effort to heal the sorrow and to destroy the dishonor, dishonesty and vice of England; to realize that, as mothers, maidens, wives, and sisters, they have but to bid the men of this country to be true, brave, loving, just, honorable and wise, and they will become so, as they will become frivolous, base, unloving, ashamed of truth and righteousness, if women are so; to be not content to live only for their own circles, and to be self-sacrificing and ten-

der there, but to take upon their hearts the burden of the poor, the neglected and the sinful, for whom many of the most influential now exercise a dainty, distant pity, and no more. This is the woman's patriotism, and the first note of its mighty music—a music which might take into itself and harmonize the discords of English society—was struck more than eighteen hundred years ago in the song of the Virgin Mary.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Many of us can, no doubt, acknowledge that afflictions are often blessed to us. Were we to move on in an unceasing round of pleasure, or enjoy always the sunshine of prosperity, I fully believe we would be far less fitted for the varied duties of life, than subject as we now are to the vicissitudes of time and the seasons of storm as well as sunshine. The afflictions and privations that are sometimes our experience, surely have a tendency to break up our false rests, and wean us from a dependence upon fading pleasures or fleeting treasures. They also bring us closer to the Father, and awaken a desire for a more intimate knowledge of the good things He has in store for us; which treasures are dispensed according to His wisdom, and not according to our finite judgment. We know not the times nor the seasons. These the Father hath in His own keeping, and some of Zion's travellers can acknowledge, "Well, indeed, for us, that it is so."

How often, in looking back over past experiences, we can see *clearly* what then appeared to be "men as trees walking;" and in thus seeing, can acknowledge we were wisely cared for, even by One who saw the end from the beginning. Such retrospection should bring to us a renewal of trust, and an increased willingness to commit our ways unto the Lord.

Believing that many of your readers have been instructed and benefitted by the freshness of feeling contained in the selections from "Unpublished Letters," I am induced to offer some remarks made in a recent letter from a young Friend now separated, socially and religiously, from early influences and teachings, in which I think there is a measure of Truth, that if recognized, might be profitable to the Body:

"We think there must be more religious life apparent than when we were last at ———; I am glad of it. The world has

need of all the active and efficient workers in the cause of Truth.

"If Friends could comprehend that they have a work to do *outside* of themselves, and enter the field, they would be surprised at the vast extent of the mission that would open before them. They would find their views far in advance of the world in general, as well as their doctrines and precepts. The instruction given would rebound upon themselves, and a twofold good be done. I am confident that those who always remain within the prescribed limits of Friends' Society, locally and socially, cannot comprehend the high, clear, spiritual position they would occupy among other religious teachers. I often hear a preacher, one 'educated and trained' to that office, declare a truth as if just found, which I have heard and been familiar with all my life. Members of the Church, those of years (and one would think of reflection) literally allow their minister to think 'for them,' as well as to preach for them. Indeed, it seems to me they expect to have all done for them 'without them.' I think it would be a benefit to Friends and others, to be brought into contact; to make one think more 'for themselves,' and the other to think less of themselves, or, in other words, more livingly to demonstrate the Christian commandment, "Come unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 13, 1872.

THE CARE OF THE FLOCK.—It is often lamented that in large meetings of Friends, there seems to be no one whose special duty it is to welcome the stranger, and make him feel that he is indeed among Christian brethren. Is this in consequence of some radical defect in the organization of our Society?

Again, it is said that there is no one to do the work which the pastor performs in other Christian congregations, such as visiting the desolate, the afflicted, the erring, and the wandering; and extending a helping hand, a word of loving counsel or warning, in time, to weak brethren. True, many Friends do extend such care to those in whom they are particularly interested; but there are many in all our large meetings who are in danger of being overlooked when they sorely need the shelter of friends.

The wise preacher of ancient days tells us

that "A faithful friend is a strong defense." How great, then, is the defense of those who feel that they are surrounded by brethren who have a living and loving interest in their well-being.

There being no acknowledged pastor in a Friends' meeting, should not the whole body feel that upon them is laid the pastoral office? It is not well, surely, when a rumor of the transgression of law by another, reaches the ear of an earnest Friend, to turn coldly aside, and say, "It is no concern of mine." It is not Christ-like,

"When we refuse to be our brother's keeper
We're his Cain."

Why might not some portions of this duty be assigned to persons selected for this purpose.

DIED.

LAW.—In Chicago, of typhoid fever, Joseph I. son of William and Elizabeth I. Law aged, 13 years.

PANCOAST.—At Hancock's Bridge, on the 26th of Twelfth month, Susan, wife of Joseph Pancoast, in the seventieth year of her age. A member of Lower Greenwich Monthly Meeting, N. J.

CROMWELL.—At his residence, in the town of Norwich, Ont., after a short illness, on the 29th of 10th mo., 1871, Robert B. Cromwell, aged 60 years; he was a member of Pine St. Preparative and Norwich Monthly Meeting.

RUSSELL.—At the residence of his son, in Mendon, N. Y., on the 28th of 9th mo., 1871, from the effects of injuries received by a fall, Daniel Russell, in the 83d year of his age. He was a member of Mendon preparative Meeting at the time of its organization, and continued to reside within its limits until his death—identifying himself with its interests, and setting a good example by his diligence in the attendance of all our meetings.

WARNER.—On the 14th of 11th mo., 1871, of a disease which confined her to the house for some time, Elizabeth, wife of George Warner, aged 73 years. She was a member of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting, and occupied the station of Elder for a number of years with entire satisfaction to her friends, and has left an important place vacant in the meeting and her family circle. It may truly be said that she was a mother in Israel.

WILSON.—On the evening of the 19th ult., after a short but severe illness, at his home in Loudon Co., Va., Wm. Wilson, in the 77th year of his age.

This dear Friend was extensively known and universally beloved. Kind and genial in all the social relations of life, he was eminently calculated to make friends, and it seems meet that one who loved and knew him well, should offer this little tribute to his memory through the medium of our widely circulated paper, that with the sad announcement, his many friends may find consolation in learning that, notwithstanding his love for life and the pure enjoyments thereof, when stricken down by disease he manifested a peaceful resigna-

tion to the Divine will, expressing in his last words his readiness to obey the Master's call.

ROBERTS.—On the 24th of 12th mo., 1871, at Hartford, Burlington Co., N. J., Esther, wife of Stacy B. Roberts, and daughter of Josiah and Lydia Evans, aged nearly 52 years; an esteemed Overseer of Chester Monthly Meeting.

For some months she was afflicted with paralysis, losing the use of her left side, and having her mind partially dethroned for a time. Yet, in wisdom she was mercifully restored in increasing brightness in the Truth, and gave most excellent advice to her husband and children.

We have sweet and consoling evidence that she has done what was required of her, and now rests in a Heavenly home, with all those that have been purified, sanctified and redeemed.

MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.—At the annual Meeting held 12th month 18th, 1871, the following officers were elected:—President, Dr. B. Franklin Betts; Vice President, Elisha Foxg; Treasurer, James Gaskill; Secretary, Alfred Moore; Assistant, James H. Atkinson; Trustees, John Saunders, Samuel S. Ash, W. Hawkins; Visiting Committee, Joseph M. Truman, Jr., Samuel C. Henszey, Richard Moore, John M. Child, Thos. H. Speakman, Isaac F. Hopkins.

The Association meets on second day evening next, at 7½ o'clock, in the Central Building, Race Street Meeting House, and is open for the attendance of any one of either sex. John M. Child and James Gaskill are expected to read on the occasion.

“The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting,” will meet in Friend's meeting-house, Wilmington, Del., on Seventh-day next, the 20th inst., at 10 A.M.

Reports and the appointment of delegates from the different schools, &c., are requested, and the general attendance of Friends desired. Essays relating to the concern and its needs, will be acceptable.

Jos. M. TRUMAN, JR., } Clerks.
EMMA WORRELL, }

The Executive Committee will meet in the Lyceum room opposite the meeting-house at 7½ o'clock, and it is desirable to have a good attendance. The Publication Committee of “Scattered Seeds.” will meet at 7 o'clock.

DEBORAH COMLY, Clerk.

Cars for Wilmington leave on Sixth day afternoon from Broad and Prime Sts., Philada., at 4, 5, and 7 o'clock, and on Seventh day morning at 8.30 and 11 o'clock.

FREEDMAN'S ASSOCIATION

Will meet at 1516 Vine Street, Philadelphia, on 4th day evening, 1st month 17th, at 7½ o'clock. All interested are invited.

J. M. ELLIS, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will assemble on 6th day afternoon, 1st month 19th, at 4 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting House Central Building.

WM. EYRE, Clerk.

FRIENDS PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Executive Committee will meet on 6th day afternoon, 1st month 19th, at 3 o'clock. Full attendance desirable.

W. M. LEVICK, Clerk.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO FRIENDS' FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION from 5th month 1st to 12th month 30th, 1871.

From R. M. West Liberty; Iowa,	\$1.00
“ Samuel Marshall, Milwaukie,	25.00
“ Bayard P. Blachley,	10.00
“ D. D. Wright, New York,	20.00
“ Eliza Swayne, Xenia, Ohio.	7.50
“ Sarah Hoopes, West Chester,	5.00
“ Martha Dodgson, Darby,	10.00
“ Sarah W. Doughton, N. J.	5.00
“ Y. E. Chapman,	5.00
“ Sarah P. Chapman,	5.00
“ I. B., Philadelphia,	25.00
“ Eleanor Mather,	5.00
“ Friends at Mt. Holly,	9.00
“ City Contributions per S. K. Gilling-	
han,	106.00
	<hr/>
	\$238.50

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer.

Philadelphia, 12th Mo. 30, 1871.

From the Freedmen's Friend.

WORK OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION AT ATLANTA GEORGIA.

(From an Address by W. B. BROWN, at the Annual Meeting of the Association.)

Atlanta University has been existence for two years. It has some two hundred or more pupils. The State of Georgia appropriated \$8,000 to help on the work. Consequent upon that contribution from the State, ten men were appointed to go down and test the capability of the black man. The most of them were not merely Southerners with Southern ideas, but they were the leaders of the Democratic party in the South.

Governor Brown, the Chairman of the Committee, said: “We have come to test the capability of the negro. We do not believe he can go beyond the first rudiments of education. It is on this belief we have justified slavery.”

Said I: “It is fair. If you prove your theory correct, I pledge you, for one, to take your ground, North and South. If they are not men, let them take the animal's place, but if it shall turn out that they are as bright as white girls and boys, you shall abandon your theory.” To this he agreed.

The first day the examination was in the common English branches. The reading was simply superb. The recitations in grammar and arithmetic passed off finely. The Committee merely said: “Oh! we knew before that they could memorize; but bring on your students in languages.”

After listening to a young man who read in Cicero, one of the most prejudiced of the Committee said: “That —— nigger ought to have the vote. He is the most thoroughly educated man in the city of Atlanta.”

Some of them study fifteen and sixteen hours a day. They were told they must go

to bed at ten o'clock. They obeyed orders, but were up at four in the morning at their studies.

Then came on a class in geometry. The Professors gave out the principal problems in six or seven books. They were required to go to the black board, and state the problem. They went through with the demonstrations with astonishing correctness. One young lady was perplexed at one point, because Prof. Blanchard, in order to throw her off her guard, asked sharply: "What do you do that for?" She stopped in confusion for a minute, but, as she afterwards related, said "O Lord! help me to see this," and then went through the problem with perfect clearness. The examinations in algebra were equally successful.

On the last day the building was crowded. The people flocked in till there was no room for them.

I stated the conditions upon which this trial was made, and the conclusion to which every one must have come.

After my address, Governor Brown arose, and stated, in the most manly and magnanimous way, that he had surrendered his prejudices. It was a complete and unqualified surrender.

As I turned thence, and went into my room, I thought of these people for whom God has done so much—helping them to rise into the new civilization for which they have been waiting and suffering, oh! so long.

W. B. BROWN.

When, O when, shall we learn that loyalty to Christ is tested far more by the strength of our sympathy with truth than by the intensity of our hatred of error! Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate intolerance, oppression, injustice, hate Pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them, with a deep, living god like hatred. But do not hate *men* in intellectual error. To hate a man for his errors is as unwise as to hate one who, in casting up an account, has made an error against himself.—*Robertson.*

"As a nation we are intolerant of rest. If we have a brilliant man, we insist upon his always shining. We want our rose bushes to bloom all the year round; we would have our trees all bearing fruit, and our suns always shining. We kill three fourths of our truly great men in the prime of life by expecting and exacting too much of them, and then call the legitimate result of our forcing system a dispensation of Providence. Like the earth, minds must lie fallow at times. Perpetual crops will exhaust any soil and perpetual excitement will wear out any mind or body."

From the "National Standard."

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

The appearance of the "seer and yellow leaf" of this season of the year is the signal for those annual gatherings known as Agricultural Fairs, common to the rural portion of the country. The primary object of these gatherings is unquestionably a good one. It is very desirable that the farmer, whose labors necessarily much restrict his sphere of observation and intercourse even with those of his own pursuit,—who knows but little, often, of the methods and appliances that are in use for the same ends, among his immediate neighbors—should have such occasions for practical instruction in respect to his calling; for the cultivation of a due sense of its dignity; a social and fraternal spirit toward those of the same employment. And so far as such occasions subserve these results, they are worthy of all praise. So far as they tend to make farmers more intelligent in respect to the soil they till—more skillful in making it bring forth the desired products—in the rearing of cattle—or whatever pertains to the work to which their lives are given—no one can doubt that they promote an excellent purpose.

But it needs little acquaintance with Agricultural Fairs, as they are generally conducted, at present, to see that if such were the original design with which they were instituted, they have manifestly degenerated,—that the objects above indicated are frequently overshadowed by those of a much less worthy character.

Indeed, it is becoming a matter for serious consideration, whether the evil influences that are, in most cases, the concomitants of these occasions, do not more than counterbalance their good results.

These remarks apply especially to the custom of making horse-racing, and coarse, if not brutalizing, entertainments, a part, and often the principal part, of their attraction. A well trained horse—a horse which is docile and reliable in harness—which cannot be easily frightened—which a child could drive—or one that exhibits great strength, and capacity of endurance—would certainly be a valuable possession; and the successful competitor in regard to this species of horse-flesh would well deserve an honorable recognition; but I am free to confess that I have never been able to see any practical service commensurate with the usual expenditure upon such animals, in the simple fact that one horse can run a mile in a few seconds less than another.

Moreover, there can be but little doubt that the general effect of horse-racing is demoralizing. It is, in most instances, attend-

ed with obvious cruelty. We have read and heard of instances this season, as is common every year, when this has been conspicuously revolting.

It is not those animals of superior speed and spirit alone that are put to these tests; but those also whose stiff-jointed, spavined, and aged appearance, and general indications of hard service, would seem to exempt them from such inflictions. It is not uncommon to see these poor, worn out creatures, to which I have just referred, under the lash of some unfeeling, and often drunken driver, urged around the course at such times, until, in their tremulous and breathless condition, they are ready to fall to the ground, for the rude entertainment of the spectators. Such scenes, which are not unusual at our Agricultural Fairs, suggest a field for Mr. Bergh, and his humane co-workers.

Another objection to these spectacles, particularly in connection with what assumes to have, in the main, so good an object,—apart from that of cruelty—and their tendency to harden the sensibilities, and vitiate the taste of those who witness them, is their palpable influence in stimulating the practice of betting. Wherever there is horse racing, the vice of betting is sure to be its accompaniment, with all the bad consequences that it induces.

There is no necessary connection between our Agricultural Fairs and these associations, or the low and boorish pastimes which are often permitted to constitute so important a part of their programme. They are open to criticism still further in various other particulars. It is now not uncommon for some wealthy proprietor, who knows little or nothing from personal experience in respect to farming—who happens to own some superior cattle, which he has purchased from some distant place,—or who has raised a crop of an extra character with hired labor—to carry off the premium,—while the more meritorious results of the labors of one in humble circumstances are unnoticed.

If these exhibitions are intended to faithfully represent the actual skill of those engaged in farming, and the products of those sections in which they occur, then it is evident that these things should be regulated according to some more equitable principle. It should be the aim of those who have them in charge, to make their silent influence, at least, inculcate lessons of justice, honor, and virtue.

Although mainly intended for the promotion of material interests, they should, so far as they may, serve to quicken the intelligence, elevate the morals and taste, rather than otherwise. It is no wonder that, in the des-

titution of amusement, peculiar to the life of farmers, they should flock to these gatherings, and welcome whatsoever may be offered to them as relief from the customary tedium of their existence. Let those amusements, then, which are provided or encouraged, at such times, be educational and refining. Let there be instructive addresses upon themes which have a direct bearing on the interests of the farmer,—and some of us who live in the country will have a more exalted estimate of the benefits derived from Agricultural Fairs.

D. H. CLARK.

Northumberland, Pa.

A GERMAN TRUST-SONG.

Just as God leads me I would go ;
I would not ask to choose my way ;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray ;
So, as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content,
I rest me calmly in His hands ;
That which He has decreed and sent—
That which His will for me commands—
I would that He should all fulfill,
That I should do His gracious will,
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads I all resign,
I trust me to my Father's will ;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill ;
That which His love ordained as right,
Before He brought me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering true ;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on Him undo ?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, onward I go,
Oft amid thorns and briars keen ;
God does not yet His guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true He leads me still.

Dislike of religion sometimes means dislike of the definitions which have been given to it. When people are willing to admit that religion is infinitely above and beyond the mere definition which this one or that one may insist upon, they will see that much which seems irreverent, is only the spirit of honest protest against some sectarian dogma.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him and go beyond his ken on their perilous mission.—*Buchen.*

WAITING FOR THE KNELL.

It is a common, though probably not strictly correct opinion, that in ancient times death was regarded with a greater feeling of awe than is now the case. But the conditions of our own era are, in most respects, so changed that a parallel can hardly be instituted. Fifty years ago the people in British India, for instance, long after the death of a prominent personage had taken place in England, would have still been discussing the first rumors of his illness. Now, daily and hourly bulletins are flashed over the world, and Calcutta or Quebec is little behind London in the knowledge of all that is going on in and near that city. There is something stupendous in the thought that the hearts of a whole world thus vibrate in unison. It is a vast achievement in science which makes this universal connection seem not a miracle, but a daily occurrence, which "overcomes us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder."

But, while the electric telegraph and kindred triumphs of science elevate our conceptions of the possibilities of human intellect and discovery, there is one event at which the pride of mind is rebuked. No man by "taking thought" can add one day to the length of his standing in life; or, as the English version of the Bible expresses it, "one cubit to his stature." When the last summons comes, none may resist or delay it. Prince and peasant, lofty and humble, all are alike powerless to postpone the "inevitable hour."

It is not because the distinguished, from whatever cause or accident they are distinguished, are less liable than other men to the death common to all, that their decease excites so wide a sympathy. They are "representative men" in this very respect, whatever they may lack in other respects; that they present, in the circumstances of life and of death, the same conditions as other men. And so the great truth of man's mortality is brought home to all men, when one whose name is known in all the world ceases to be known among the living. And here eminently is proved the truth of the poetic line, "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." We feel the certainty that on some day hushed voices will describe all that remains of us in the one little, awful word, "dead!" We unconsciously beg a favorable verdict for ourselves, by speaking, and thinking, too, all the good that should be spoken of one who is at the point to die, and when the bolt is sped and all is over, men naturally dwell on what was "pleasant and lovely" in the ended life. Frailties and weaknesses, if not, indeed, forgotten, are no longer mentioned. The

dead fellow creature is out of the arena of human competition and jealousies, and the living will not dispute with the sorrowing affection of the bereaved, concerning what flowers, or how many shall be strown upon the grave. The living forbear to invite harsh criticism on themselves when their race is run by unkind remarks upon another of the "great family" who has but preceded them in the end that is appointed for all.

The reader will, of course, infer the origin and prompting of these remarks. The youthful follies of the Prince of Wales have for several years been the subject of comment, more or less just in the Empire to the throne of which his birth made him heir. Yet a few days ago, when he was at the edge of the grave, his better traits only were remembered. The tone of detraction was heard no more, and natural human sympathy was tendered to the mother, who is an example to all women in her domestic relations, and to the wife and the children, who, royal though they are, have the keen feeling of suffering common to all mortals.—*Public Ledger*.

AMERICAN WOMEN NOT LOVERS OF NATURE.

There is reason for questioning whether women in this country are not gradually becoming disqualified for much enjoyment of nature. We have spent some months in a neighborhood so famed for its landscape beauty that it was, at the time, visited by hundreds of strangers. Notwithstanding the fact that there were the most inviting groves, ravines and mountains on all sides, far and near, that the temperature was generally agreeably cool, and the walks in several directions not at all difficult, it was rare to see women on foot a mile away from the houses at which they were staying; rare to meet them out of doors at all, dressed otherwise than as for church or a shopping expedition in Broadway. In their driving and sailing, it was obviously the social opportunity, not the scenery, that was sought. A flower in the grass, a bunch of ash keys, a birch trunk, the bark of which suggested the making of a house ornament, the most commonplace objects thus associated with indoor life, would at once take, and completely withhold attention from the finest view. To have been once upon a certain road, or to a certain point, was a reason for not going there again. We have seen also, recently, seven car loads of people wait at Suspension Bridge, the greater part all the time in their seats, for half an hour of a fine autumn afternoon, but two of the whole number, and these men, taking the trouble to step the length of the train ahead, where, instead of the gloom of the station-house, there was a view that would

repay a voyage across the Atlantic. To be sure, the greater number had been over the road, and had seen it before, from the car-windows, as they passed the bridge. Not one in a hundred of the women who can command a carriage in the Central Park has ever been in the Ramble; not one in a thousand has cared to walk in it twice. This lack of interest in nature is not often found in Europe except among the lowest peasantry. The vulgarest English women make at least an effort to appear superior to it, and they cannot do this without benefiting their children. At places of resort in Great Britain and Germany which may be compared with that we have referred to, go where we would, within a good half-day's walk, we have always found scores of women and girls, many of them showing by their attitude and occupation that they were not only really enjoying but studying nature with earnestness and deliberation. If there is such a defect, and it is growing upon us, how is it to be accounted for? We are inclined to think that the too exclusively indoor life, with intervals of church, lecture-room, and street, to which the better part of our women have been hitherto led, tends to disqualify them for observing truly, and consequently for enjoying the beauty of nature on a large scale. With constant training of his faculties, no artist feels that he can appreciate or fully enjoy a landscape the first time or the first hour that he looks upon it.—*The Nation*.

ADHESIVE DOMESTICS.

How to get and keep a good domestic is a question that none of the admirable treatises on domestic matters quite explain. The general idea seems to be that the difficulty lies in getting such a rare person; and they quote the immortal recipe of good Mrs. Glass for making hare soup, "first catch the hare." But the keeping is quite as hard as the getting; for it often happens that when Madame has drawn a first rate prize from that most uncertain of lotteries, the intelligence office, and congratulates herself upon her good fortune, and is just about asking her friends to rejoice with her and be glad, Bridget begs to inform her that the place does not suit at all, and that she shall leave at the end of the month, if not forthwith.

Good domestics are so often deficient in adhesiveness that many housekeepers are tired of trying for a "first-rate article," and endeavor to be content with inferior servants who stay. But it often happens that even these want to quit as soon as they are well broken in and able to be of real service. The quality of adhesiveness is something domestics seem

to know very little about, and are exceedingly deficient in. Is the defect natural or the result of unfavorable circumstances? Is adhesiveness a cultivatable quality, like attention and honesty? A friend of ours, whose domestic experiences have been particularly fortunate, thinks that adhesiveness can be educated, and a good girl can be taught to stay as easily as to broil a steak. She says:—

"I believe that luck in the matter of servants is like luck in the matter of bread. I find that with good flour, and a proper quantity of good yeast well mixed, and then properly raised, and thoroughly kneaded, and baked at just the right time in an oven of just the right temperature, I always have good luck with my loaves. And so with domestics. Luck means selection and treatment. Get a girl with good sense and a good disposition, and treat her well, and you will have no difficulty. I kept my Sarah nine years, and should have kept her as long as she lived if she had not got married. She was green enough at the first, and the little she knew was mostly wrong, and had to be unlearned. But she had some sense, and was willing to learn and do. Before she came into the house I charged the family to treat her pleasantly and politely, and when she arrived I greeted her with a smile, showed all the interest I could in the poor thing, who had nobody to look out for her and care for her, thinking what one of my girls would come to if thrown out among strangers and obliged to earn a living; and who knows but they all may come to that? We treated Sarah just as though she was made of the same flesh and blood as other human beings, with the feelings of a woman, and a woman's tender and sometimes foolish heart under her calico dress. When she made good bread, or got up a very nice dinner, or did anything fairly, I made it a point to commend her work. We did what we could to make her labor light and her life pleasant, and to make her feel that we were her best friends, that her interests were ours, and that our home was hers; and in a very little while she brightened up, took a new interest and pride in her work, and did wonderfully well. The girls I have had did not know much; but I never had a domestic who could not tell the difference between selfishness and kindness, as well as that between ice and warm water. And if we look down on a girl as an inferior being simply because she serves us, caring only for the work we can wring out of the poor creature's hands, we must not expect her to put heart into her service, or stay longer than the fit is on her; but if we treat her in a kind, hearty way, as we should want a daughter cared for under the same circumstances, ten to one she

will put her whole soul into her service and stick like sealing-wax."

This is a view of the subject that certainly deserves consideration. We have all faith in the principle, and are glad to chronicle a single instance of its successful application. Perhaps our housekeeping friends will find on trial that kindness will develop the quality of adhesiveness in their servants, and many other good qualities also.—*Golden Age*.

SMALL POX.

At this time when small pox is prevailing to a considerable extent in many portions of the country, it is important to understand the most reliable preventive as well as curative measures in its management. Small pox is propagated by specific contagion or miasm, and by direct inoculation of the virus or lymph which accumulates in the pustules. The miasma of small pox is multiplied by heat, moisture and foul air. Thus a small quantity of the malaria in a hot, damp, and filthy house, will increase so rapidly that the entire building will soon become a magazine of poison. The poison cannot readily develop itself in a pure and dry atmosphere, hence, the first and most important preventive means of this loathsome disease is to remove all filth and moisture from dwellings. The second preventive measure consists in keeping the functions of the body active. This can be accomplished by avoiding excesses, by baths, a regular diet, and strict attention to cleanliness in every respect. Third, by vaccination when properly performed. The best lymph to be used for vaccinating is that which is prepared in Germany and imported in quills. It should be introduced by slightly scarifying the arm or calf of the leg, (not sufficiently to draw blood) and applying the lymph, allowing it to remain until it is entirely dry. If the first application does not take effect it should be repeated every two or three days. In order to have vaccination certainly protective against small pox it must produce the following constitutional symptoms:—light pain in the head; aching of the muscles; chilly sensations, and some fever, together with the development of a well defined pustule, which will appear first, as a small blister, then fill with grayish lymph, will dry and become of a mahogany color, and, upon scaling off, will leave a pit. Inflammation may appear around the pustule, but as that occurs frequently as the result of the scarifying, it is not a positive indication that the vaccine disease has been perfectly developed. If the vaccination has been perfect the system is as much protected as it can be, and observations prove that it is a preventive of small pox in ninety three

cases out of one hundred, and in the remainder it modifies it. The treatment of small pox should always be entrusted to a skillful physician, and under judicious management it is by no means a fatal malady.—*American Protestant*.

THE EYE OF AN EAGLE.

The eyes of all birds have a peculiarity of structure which enables them to see near and distant objects equally well, and this wonderful power is carried to the greatest perfection in the bird of prey. When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that enormous elevation will perceive its unsuspecting prey and pounce upon it with unerring certainty, and when we see the same bird scrutinizing with almost microscopic nicety an object close at hand, we shall at once perceive that he possesses a power of accommodating his sight to distance in a manner to which our eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable.

If we take a printed page, we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness; but if we move the page to a distance of forty inches, or bring it within a distance of five inches, we shall find it impossible to read it at all. A scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus except by the aid of spectacles. But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases; he has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. Of course the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance which God has supplied for his accommodation; he employs it instinctively, and because he cannot help it. The ball of his eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, called sclerotic bones; they form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When he looks at a distant object, this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter; and when he looks at a very near object, the little bones press together, and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to everybody; a person with very round eyes is near sighted, and only sees clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance; the eagle, by the mere will, can make his eyes round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

PRECAUTIONS IN VISITING INFECTED ROOMS.

When the great philanthropist, Howard, was asked what precautions he used to preserve himself from infection in the prisons, hospitals and dungeons which he visited, he responded with his pen as follows :

"I here answer, once for all, that, next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, *temperance and cleanliness* are my preservatives.

"Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of duty, I visit the most noxious cells, and while thus employed *I fear no evil.*

"I never enter a hospital or prison before breakfast ; and

"In an offensive room, I seldom draw my breath deeply."

No better precautions than these need be given. The answer of Howard should be indelibly impressed on every memory.

MORE LIFE'

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Not weary of Thy world
So beautiful, O Father, in Thy love,
Thy world, that, glory-lighted from above,
Lies in Thy hand imperaled :

Not asking rest from toil ;—
Sweet toil that draws us nearer to Thy side ;
Ever to tend Thy planting satisfied,
Though in ungenial soil :

Not to be freed from care,
That lifts us out of self's lone hollowness ;
Since unto Thy dear feet we all may press,
And leave our burdens there :

But O for tire-less strength !
A life untainted by the curse of sin,
That spreads no vile contagion from within ;—
Found without spot at length.

For power and stronger will,
To pour out love from the heart's inmost
springs ;
A constant freshness for all needy things ;
In blessing, blessed still !

O to be free, heart free
From all that checks the right endeavor here !
To drop the weariness,—the pain,—the fear,—
To know death cannot be !

More life, the life of heaven !
A perfect liberty to do Thy will :
Receiving all from Thee, and giving still,
Freely as thou hast given !

A loving heart and pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him, "He never brought a frown of unhappiness across his threshold."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.
TWELTH MONTH.

	1870.	1871.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	4 days.	5 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	0 "	4 "
Snow, includ'g very slight falls	7 "	7 "
Cloudy, without storms	8 "	5 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	12 "	10 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS,
ETC.

	1870.	1871.
Mean temperature of 12th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	35.51 deg.	30.85 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	55.00 "	45.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	11.00 "	2.50 "
RAIN during the month, do.	1.88 in.	2.25 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 5 current weeks for each year.....	1300	2596
Average of the mean temperature of 12th month for the past <i>eighty two</i> years....		32.60 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1848).....		45.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1832),		25.00 "

COMPARISON OF DEATHS.

The number of interments in the city for the year 1871, compared with several previous years, was as follows :

1871,	16,993
1870,	16,750
1869,	14,786
1868,	14,693
1867,	13,933
Total interments in 1871,	16,693
Total interments in 1870,	16,750
Increase over 1870,	243

SMALLPOX.

The following table shows the number of deaths from small pox during each month of the year 1871 :

First month,	3
Second "	1
Third "	2
Fourth "	—
Fifth "	2
Sixth "	—
Seventh "	5
Eighth "	16
Ninth "	18
Tenth "	236
Eleventh "	502
Twelfth "	1094
Total,	1879

RAIN.

	1870.	1871.
Total quantity for the first six months of each year,	25.43 inch.	21.32 inch.
Total quantity for the last six months of each year,	18.63 "	25.95 "
	44.06 "	47.27 "

Although the above exhibit shows a temperature for the month of about one and three quarters degrees below the average for the past eighty two years, we have had some unusually cold weather for so early in the season; not, however, confined to this locality.

On the night of the 9th excessively cold weather commenced here (for the season), and by 10 o'clock P. M., the Delaware was completely closed opposite the city. On the 6th it was with difficulty the ferryboats kept a channel open and made their trips. The Schuylkill was also completely closed, and at South street the boys were crossing on the ice. Along the shore above the dam a few venturesome persons were to be seen on skates. At Manayunk the ice was from three to four inches thick. At Chicago on the 5th the thermometer was ten degrees below zero, and the same at Osceola, in our own State.

On the eleventh of the month we clipped the following:

"Ice.—The ice in the Delaware, especially along the Jersey shore, is heavier than has been known for many years at this season. Yet the boats are not much interfered with."

"The thermometer at Paris is reported to be five degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. This is an unprecedentedly low temperature for any part of France."

On the 21st we had intensely cold weather here again, said by many to be unprecedented for many years (for the season). In the thickly populated portion of the city thermometers indicated from 2 to 8 degrees above zero, depending on locations; while in West Philadelphia and Chestnut Hill, the mercury descended to 3 or 4 degrees below zero. At daylight the Delaware was a complete sheet of ice, which was of considerable thickness. All the vessels at the wharves were completely frozen in, and the Camden ferryboats only succeeded in crossing after several hours' hard labor in cutting a passage. The snow that fell on the 19th made good sleighing both in and out of the city, continuing good until the morning of the 23d, the rains of which soon spoiled it. This cold snap visited many other sections of country. At Chicago, on the 21st, the mercury was reported to be 12 to 14 degrees below zero.

Having noticed the following statement traveling the rounds, viz.—

"There are five months in this year having five Sundays each, a thing which does not occur oftener than once in fifty years"—

We were induced to look for a corroboration of the first portion of the statement, and find the months to have been the First, Fourth, Seventh Tenth and Twelfth.

To return to the weather. Since the commencement of the rain of the 23d, we have not had a clear day—if we except the 24th, the afternoon of which was clear—indeed have scarcely seen the sun, it having rained six days out of the nine—four of them all or nearly all day, more or less.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, 1st mo. 1st, 1872.

Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
From all our toys and baubles. His rough call
Unlooses all our favorite ties on earth;
And well if they are such as may be answered
In yonder world where all is judged of truly.

To the possession of freedom it is not necessary that I be alike indifferent toward each of the contraries; but on the contrary, the more I am inclined toward the one, whether because I clearly know that in it there is the reason of truth and goodness, or because God thus internally disposes my thought, the more freely do I choose and embrace it; and assuredly divine grace and natural knowledge very far from diminishing liberty, rather augment and fortify it. But the difference of which I am conscious when I am impelled to one side rather than to another, for want of a reason, is the lowest grade of liberty, and manifests defect or negation of knowledge rather than perfection of will; for if I always clearly knew what was true and good, I should never have any difficulty in determining what judgment I ought to come to, and what choice I ought to make, and I should thus be entirely free without ever being indifferent.—*Descartes.*

ITEMS.

GRACE ANNA LEWIS, a member of our Academy of Natural Sciences, has published her observations of beautiful symmetrical figures, produced by birds' feathers. Freshly cut penfeathers are cut into fine shreds and rubbed in a drop of water upon a microscopic slide. When the slide is placed under a microscope, a great multitude of exquisite forms suddenly start into view, somewhat resembling snow crystals.

In the treaty concluded last year between Spain and the South American Republic of Uruguay, a clause was introduced (mainly through the influence of Senor Marcuato, a member of the Cortes at Madrid), providing for reference to Arbitration any difference that may hereafter arise between the two countries, in connection with the treaty.

OLIVER ELMORE, the relative of a distinguished Connecticut family, and known as the hermit of Winhill River, Massachusetts, died in a cave at the foot of Stratton Mountain that he had occupied for the last 30 years. He was moved to this curious asceticism by the death of his affianced wife, and notwithstanding the earnest combined efforts of his relatives, one a member of Congress, he persisted in his cave life.

SPACE for the reception and storage of books for presentation to the city of Chicago, has been kindly given by the authorities of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Robert Browing has given his cordial adhesion to the movement.

ANTS AS ENGINEERS.—It appears that the ants in Panama are not merely mining engineers—they build tubular bridges. A corresponding member of the Glasgow Natural History Society, who has lately been in that country, describes the curious covered ways constructed by these ingenious insects. In tracing one of these covered ways, he found it led over a pretty wide fracture in the rocks, and was carried across in the air in the form of a tubular bridge of half an inch in diameter. It was the scene of busy traffic. There was nearly a foot of unsupported tube from one edge of the cliff to the other.—*Exchange.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Sattan, Richmond, Ind.

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BRIEF NOTES NO. 5.

Jew.—"Abraham is our Father."

Jesus.—"If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham."

I feel no disposition to detract from the character of those illustrious and devoted servants of God, who so nobly labored and suffered, to lay the foundation of our Religious Society upon the immutable rock of Eternal Truth—the revelation of the will of God in the soul of man. But it will be well that we should avoid the error of the Jews, and not content ourselves that *George Fox is our Father*. Let us constantly remember that the standard which alone can lead us on to victory is *before*, not behind us.

Those worthy fathers in the church were pre-eminently obedient, faithful followers of the Light, and careful to discharge every duty which was made manifest by that Light. But their growth and attainment in religious knowledge was gradual and progressive, as it has ever been, both with individuals and associations of men. Outside of the manifestations of the Light, they were like other men. They were of the world, they lived in the world, they were trained and educated by the world, and they necessarily became, in their measure, the creatures of the circumstances by which they were surrounded. It could not have been otherwise. With their eye single to the Light which was afforded to them, it was not proper, and

would not have been expedient, for them to invite greater opposition and persecution, by interfering with the customs of the age, beyond what they felt themselves imperiously called upon to do. Nor does this derogate, in the least, from the exalted position which they occupied, or lessen the esteem in which we ought ever to hold them.

It was a characteristic feature of that age, that writers and teachers of all descriptions were extremely self-confident, dogmatical, and denunciatory towards each other, and to those who were subject to their control. Friends were not an exception, for they, too, were but men. We ought, moreover, to take into the account the well known fact that James Naylor and John Perrot were religious fanatics, if not at times *insane*, which led them and their followers into other and greater inconsistencies than the denial of the *hat service*. Yet it is the latter that is so much complained of, while the former are too often disingenuously left out of view. For these, and similar reasons, an impartial and unprejudiced consideration of the whole ground, would rob the severe denunciation of George Fox of much of the force that is claimed for it, in regard to rising in time of public prayer, if, indeed, it was ever intended to apply thereto.

It would seem, from the views of the advocates of the practice, that the Society did, from its very commencement, occupy a stand-

point, beyond which there can be no new revelation, no change, no progress, no adaptation of external forms, or disciplinary regulations, to the ever changing circumstances by which it is surrounded. Such an assumption would conflict with the Divine harmony, whose dispensations have ever been progressive and wisely adapted to the *then present* condition, and surrounding circumstance of those to whom they were given.*

It is strenuously urged that there is a *vital principle* contained in the observance of the practice, and that that principle is *unity*. This is perhaps a misnomer. A vital, religious principle may, and ever ought to, produce *unity*, as one of its happiest effects; but it is proper that we should understand what unity is, and how it can be attained. Unity is the resulting effect of liberty, and implies freedom to think and to act without restraint. It does not necessarily consist in, or require, an implicit agreement in sentiment or conduct. It may be obtained by an agreement to disagree; by the mutual exercise of Christian charity. Indeed, this is often the better way to secure unity, and might prove to be so in the present case. Without the exercise of charity and tolerance, unity can hardly be expected to exist, and will always be broken where these estimable qualities are wanting. Unity implies a voluntary concurrence, and cannot be effected by constraint; it would then be involuntary submission. Yet, strange as it must appear, the advocacy all seem to look to compulsion, censure, or disability, in some form, to secure and preserve this living vital principle of unity,—a forlorn hope, surely.

We are, unhappily, as men and fallible creatures, too prone to assume for ourselves a seal of truth and rectitude which we would be unwilling to concede to others, and which they (perhaps for stronger reasons) could not reciprocate with us. It is this trait which has subjected us to the keen satire, imputed to the little child,—“Orthodoxy is my doxy; Heterodoxy is your doxy.” It is this, too, which has led to much of the strife and contention, much of the persecution, suffering and destruction of human life, which has so long been a disgrace to professing Christendom. All must admit the great value of unity in a religious organization, and all ought to endeavor, by every available means, to cultivate and cherish it, not by coercive restrictions or disciplinary disabilities, but

*NOTE.—I had written thus far when the *Intelligencer* for the 16th instant was laid on my table, containing an essay by my excellent friend Benjamin Hallowell, which so fully embraces this part of the subject, and presents the argument so much better than I can do, that I can only refer the reader thereto.

by the exercise of mutual charity, forbearance and love, one towards another.

It is difficult to comprehend how the audience can unite with the supplicant when they cannot unite with his words and sentiments. Or how they can join with him in one united invocation without themselves feeling a special impulse to prayer. To do so they must become either sycophants or slaves to custom.

There is another aspect of the question, that was alluded to (*Intelligencer* p. 534 present volume) which I had hoped to feel excused from noticing further, but I cannot: “How can the audience show their unity with any Friend in good standing, who feels moved to prayer; but by some form which expresses that unity?” The ready answer is, no Friend in good standing, who is qualified and commissioned to approach the Throne of Grace, can need, or will desire, any expression of unity but by a *devout and reverential silence becoming so solemn an occasion*. Herein is a delusion which has captivated more than a James Naylor and a John Perrot: for they who could desire the expression of unity from the audience, might be induced to *formal* supplication for the *self-gratification* of drawing out such an expression—a danger which has too often degraded the ministrations of our Religious Society, in common with others, down, far down, below the standard which was erected for the service of the TRUTH. This expression of unity—a very small germ in the beginning—has grown and developed itself until it has filled the whole earth; and there stands the *unrebuked personification of Priestcraft*. May Friends be willing to accept a timely admonition of the danger, is the sincere desire of

E. MICHENER.

New Garden, 30th of 12th mo.. 1871.

A COMMUNICATION.

An unknown person writing to persons unknown may need a few words of introduction. Permit me therefore, in this communication, to be a little personal. Though not nominally a member of the Society of Friends, or of any other, I have, since early youth, cherished a decided preference toward the religious views and mode of worship of that people on whom the light of spiritual truth dawned with such clearness two and a quarter centuries ago. Yet I have felt that, from time to time, several important practical errors have been committed by them, as a body, which have greatly impaired their usefulness and resulted in a decline which threatens ultimate extinction unless those errors can be removed. The constitution of the Society, however, is

such as renders any change or reformation exceedingly difficult, and hence I have believed it better for the interests of Truth, to which alone we owe allegiance, that I should maintain an independent position, laboring, as God bestows ability and opens a way by His own power, to promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion, free from sectarian bias and restraints.

I was early persuaded of a call to the ministry and have now for several years exercised the gift, from small beginnings through a slow development, until from a child I have become a young man, and feel that by persevering faithfulness I may in time become the "strong man in the Lord." My ministry has been chiefly, although not exclusively, among Friends who seem generally to recognize me as one of their body, in spirit, and who sufficiently encourage the freedom which the Gospel of Love naturally inspires and justifies.

Some years since I wrote a few articles which were printed in the *Intelligencer*, but feeling somewhat limited by the restraints which that paper, as a representative organ, deems it proper to impose on its contributors, my interest was withdrawn, and for two years past I have not been a subscriber, though I frequently meet the always welcome pamphlet at Friends' houses where I visit. My uniform impression, when glancing over its pages, is that, as the organ of a highly respectable and intelligent body, claiming to stand in the very front rank of religious progress and reform, it is quite too meager in original matter adapted to the living wants of the time,—in a word, that it is too faithful a representative of that Society which does *not* follow the example of Paul, who, "forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

By the confession of many of its warmest advocates, the eyes of the Society of Friends are, to a large extent, cast backward rather than forward, having sadly turned from the true and living Light to its reflection from the minds of those who formerly beheld it. And many who would look forward and who wish to go onward unto perfection, are restrained from doing so by the fear of offending those whose zeal is for the institutions of the Fathers more than for the Lord of Hosts. These, rather than bear this heavy cross and seem to be authors of dissension, gradually quench the Light which God has placed within them, or withdraw from a communion where they feel that they have not room to grow except after a prescribed pattern. These statements are not without numerous

exceptions, but may, I think, be recorded as the judgment of the most impartial observers. What course, then, does heavenly Wisdom dictate under these embarrassing circumstances? Is it true that the standard of perfection has been so nearly reached that we may now safely furl the banner of Progress and rest in the mansions which our fathers have built? Or, granting the principles of Truth unchangeable, do not continually changing circumstances require frequent variations in their adaption to human wants? Society is far from what it was two hundred years ago. Charity, rather than persecution, is now the rule in large portions of Christendom. Ought not old grudges, therefore, and traditional prejudices to be forgotten, and the doors to be thrown open, or at least unlocked, between the different apartments in the Lord's Temple? And as it is not a time of war, may not a stranger be admitted to the gates of the celestial city without a passport, other than that which the King himself has given? While the cities of our Land are not built with walls, why should the churches of the Prince of Peace be surrounded with sectarian walls and their gates barred with unreasonable fear and prejudice? If it be a sound maxim that "error may safely be allowed expression while Truth is left free to combat it," is it not better to go to the Lord for weapons and strength, trusting that He will raise up judges to defend His heritage and protect His little ones, than to plant and maintain hedges which, if uncalled for, may repel friends as well as foes? These are solemn questions, needing not only to be considered but acted upon by those who have in trust any influence over the minds of others.

EDWARD RYDER.

Brewsters, N. Y., Dec. 31st, 1871.

From "Beauties of Upham."

BY MARGARET H. MORRIS.

THE WALDENSEES.

GENOA, Kingdom of Sardinia,

December, 1852.

I am writing this letter in the city of Genoa, and in sight of the Mediterranean. Genoa, including some small territory around it, was once a republic celebrated for its wealth, power and wisdom. I went abroad into its narrow streets, and beheld its marble palaces now defaced by time and sorrow. I trod with a melancholy satisfaction the halls where its celebrated councils had assembled. There are many things which remind one of its departed greatness. * * *

Finding at Turin we were not far distant from a people who, though few in number, occupy an interesting position in religious

history, we thought it desirable to visit them. I refer to the Vaudois of Piedmont, better known as the Waldenses. They are scattered on the heights and in the valleys of the Piedmont side of a number of mountains, sometimes distinguished as the Cottian Alps, which separate a part of France from Piedmont.

I was accompanied in my visit to them by my friend Mr. Thompson, to whose religious sympathies and personal attention I owe much of the pleasure and beneficial results of my long journeys.

Impelled by kindred recollections and interests, we went together to the valleys and mountains which the Waldenses inhabited. There we found a people whose character corresponded with what history had led us to expect,—simple in their manners, sincere in their religion, firm in their purposes, and giving no small evidence of their intelligence.

It is difficult to conceive of scenery more picturesque and sublime than is here presented;—a fit residence, as it seemed to me, for those who had learned the two great lessons of God and liberty.

The inhabitants generally spoke the French language; and we found a few persons who had command of a broken and imperfect English.

As soon as they learned that we were Americans, they recognized at once, as if by an instinctive impulse, the bond of union and sympathy which led us to their secluded homes. We learned from them that they had not only the church and the school house, but also, what I had not expected to find, the college; which, founded in 1837, is now in a flourishing condition.

They had the Bible in their hands; their humble and rough pathway in life, had been illuminated by the light of Divine truth, and the influences of an evil world, kept at a distance by labor and poverty, had not corrupted them. It was a natural impulse which led us to climb their mountain-heights. We ascended cliff after cliff, and at every practicable point we found the cottage. In this rude ascent everything interested us,—not only the wild aspects of nature, but still more the cottage and its people.

Among a number of little incidents, I will mention one: We met a little boy about ten years of age; we talked with him, his frank and manly answers pleased us; his countenance was fresh with the mountain breeze, and his dark eye sparkled with the fire of mountain liberty! he seemed like a child of the rocks, and a companion of eagles.

In a few minutes a little girl of nearly the same age came along, with the same open and

intelligent countenance, with the same freestep and look—she was his cousin. At once, strangers as we were, a thousand thoughts and gentle aspirations gathered around these flowers that bloomed upon the cliffs, these young but immortal products of the mountains. They showed us the cottage where they resided, and we went there. The mother of the boy stood at the door, not the less pleased with us that we were pleased with the children.

In a few minutes the father made his appearance, and invited us in; and I must be permitted to say, though I have been in the palaces of kings, my heart beat with a higher and more sacred emotion, when I found myself seated at the hearth of a Waldensian cottage.

I look around the room with deep interest. It was obvious that its inmates were poor. The man wore a dress of cheap cloth; but on entering into conversation with him, I could perceive that it covered a heart which was true to its immortal origin,—one which tyranny could not break, superstition could not bend. A fire, kept alive by small billets of wood, blazed feebly upon the hearth. A sick daughter lay upon a bed; but a smile passed across her pale and meek countenance, as she turned her dark eye from the father to the strangers, and from the strangers to the father. It was a novel scene to her; but she seemed to know, by a sort of Waldensian instinct, that the deep and common sympathies of religious and political feeling were at the bottom of it. The walls of the cottage were rude, but they were not unpleasant to me; I had seen such in America, and known personally that great excellency of character often dwells beneath them.

The father pointed us to a small shelf filled with books, which he called his library, and taking down a large Bible in the French language, he showed it to us; and also a beautiful copy of the New Testament, in the Vaudois dialect, which I could read without difficulty.

He showed us also a number of other religious books, some of them in the English language, of which he had some knowledge. He knew the history of the struggles of religion and liberty. He was himself a man of prayer. The name of Jesus was dear to him as it was to us. And we found, though separated by nations and oceans, that our hearts, like the mountain-torrents which met and mingled in the valley below us, flowed together in the unity of a common love of freedom, and a common Christian hope.

The period of our visit to the Waldenses included the Sabbath. Supposing that this excellent people might have something cor-

responding to our Sabbath-schools and Bible-classes, we went at an early hour of the Sabbath-day to their church, which was not far distant. It is a neat, substantial edifice, painted white, and capable of holding nearly a thousand persons. We were glad to see that a considerable number of people assembled together in this early part of the day, were engaged in the study of the Bible; and that they appeared to listen with attention and interest to the explanations and exhortations of their pastor. The interest of the religious services which took place in the course of the day, was repeated and heightened by the social prayer meeting in the evening. A large room was closely filled: many of those who came together had their Bibles and hymn-books. One of the number read the first chapter of the second epistle of Peter—and accompanied it with remarks. Others followed, adding such remarks as were suggested by the chapter which had been read, but making, in every instance, an earnest and experimental application of them.

At the close of the meeting, many of them, among others the cottager and his wife with whom we had visited on the mountain, took us kindly by the hand. Such is the power of religion; renovating the heart, strengthening the intellect, and restoring the broken bonds of human brotherhood.

Not far from this delightful place of prayer, and in the sight of the church where we had worshipped during the day, there is a vast naked cliff projecting from the side of one of the mountain heights. Rising almost perpendicularly, and apparently to the height of a thousand feet from its base, it throws its dark and ragged shadows over the valley below. I was told that this was one of the rugged cliffs to which the Waldensians fled in the days of their bitter persecutions. Followed by the soldiers with their sharp weapons of death, they climbed to the summit, and went out to the projecting points and last footholds of this terrible mountain rock. There they stood, the man with gray locks, the husband and the wife, the mother and the infant on her bosom; rejecting all compromise, holding *the truth* above life, and leaving it to their powerful enemies either to concede to them the rights of Christians and freemen, or to destroy them. These poor people who had learned Christ from the Bible, and at their humble firesides, without power, without wealth, and with but little education, may be said, nevertheless, in some important sense at least, to have held in their hands the destinies of Christianity. God gave them strength to meet this terrible crisis. They offered themselves a sacrifice for the truth. Long, and with deep emotion, did I look

upon this great altar of the blood of these humble but truly heroic martyrs. I had read their history, but it was something more to stand upon the place, and let the mountains tell me. Memory would not rest. Imagination, prompted by a bleeding heart, placed the scene before me. I seemed to see it all as if it were now present. But among that band of believing sufferers there was one that most of all fixed my attention.

Upon these sharp and lofty cliffs stood the Waldensian *mother*. In her poverty she wrapped her coarse garments around her, and pressed her naked feet upon the rocks. With one hand she clasped her infant to her bosom, and, with the other lifted in earnest prayer, which the strong faith of Christianity enabled her to remember and to forgive her persecutors, she awaited the fatal moment. Cruelty triumphed over love and mercy. And it is not surprising that nations were filled with sorrow and shame, and that the heart of humanity wept, when it was told that the mother and her infant were hurled down the rocks.

The story of the Waldenses, which constitutes at the same time the brightest and the darkest page of history, illustrates one great truth, namely, that one of the great forces of Christianity, perhaps its greatest in its contest with the evils of the world, is its ability of patient and forgiving endurance and suffering. The woman and child of these celebrated mountains, in consenting to be immolated on the rocks, fought a greater and more effective battle for truth and freedom than the battles of Marathon and Yorktown. They taught the world how to conquer. No marble column marks their grave; but the mountains are their monument, and their memorial is in the bosom of God.

DO SOMETHING.

A writer in one of the papers gives a suggestive bit of experience thus: "I heard a sermon once from an itinerant preacher on benevolence. I thought the effort very lean, but one thing impressed me a little. 'Go,' said he, 'and do something after I have done preaching. Have it to say when I come back, four weeks hence, that you have done something, and my word and God's word for it, you will be a better and a happier man.' I knew a poor widow living on the edge of some woods about a mile from my home. Her husband had been dead two or three years, and with three helpless little girls she had a hard conflict with poverty. I had often spoken kindly to her, and thought my duty was ended when the words were uttered; but when the sermon of the old white-headed

preacher was done, the resolution was formed to 'go and do something.' Next day I visited the cellar, and measured out a bushel of potatoes, a bushel of apples, and a variety of other things, and having put them into a wagon, started for the cottage of the widow. A load of wood, for which I paid three dollars preceded me. An hour's drive brought both loads in front of the house, and when my explanation was given, there were wet eyes and warmer hearts in both parties. The widow wept for joy, and the children joined in, while I, finding my feelings too much for my strength, had to give way also to tears. The act was one that gave me a new spiritual start; and when the preacher came back, I thought the discourse one of the most eloquent I had ever listened to. The change was in myself, not in him or his preaching."—*Once a Month.*

THE POWER OF WILL.

It has been said that a man can do anything he resolves to do. This must, however be taken with the limitation that he shall resolve to do only things that are possible. Still, the saying is a deserved tribute to the will, as a force; for will is a force, and a tremendous one, sometimes; it cannot be seen, heard, nor handled; it is invisible, intangible, and inaudible; but yet it is a power, because it sets other powers and agencies in motion, and accomplishes great things through them. There are two kinds of will power—the aggressive and the passive. The former generally takes the form of what we call enterprise; it dares to invade fields hitherto unexplored, or to essay objects that appear impossible of execution, and show to the world how much can be done with little means; it is the chief element in the constitution of such men as Napoleon, Cæsar and Cromwell.

But the passive will power is an article much more needed by the common men in these days of imitation, when every one tends to follow the example of the mass, and to do as others do, whether it be right or wrong. The aggressive will acts on others and subdues them to its authority. The passive will acts on its owner and subdues him. It is a power of resistance, and is of infinite value in keeping of us anchored steadfastly to principle when we are in danger of being swept away by the tide of temptations around us.

We see the full beauty and glory of a strong will when it is exerted to control self. Too often it is the main object of a powerful mind to govern others, to assert pre-eminence, to face opposition, and to shape destiny. But the grand sphere of the will is the government of our own passions, desires and emo-

tions. To control and direct these aright needs all the moral energies and force that can be exerted.

Power over self, to withstand temptation, to meet difficulty, to endure hardships, to make sacrifices—this alone can give the mind a resolute determination to duty, and can form the basis of a good and virtuous character. We are all, and at times, yielding to something; we are ever giving up one thing to another, submitting to something or ourselves, or to outside influences. But the difference between men is that some are weakly, welding up their better natures to what is low, sensual and degrading; while others bow only to the highest, resolutely keeping under a wise control their appetites, desires, and inclinations. He who possesses this attribute may be safe in the midst of moral perils, wherever he wills to be safe. He has only to *will* that he will not yield to temptation, and the victory is won. Those feeble, will-less persons, who wish to do right, but are constantly yielding to the temptation to do wrong, are to be pitied; they are chips in a stream, that halt and whirl round in the eddy of good resolution for a time, to go on and down with the stream at last. They are not very evil at heart: but they are weak—mere creatures of circumstances, having no will power of their own to save them from the influences that push against them.

Young people are assailed by temptation at almost every step they take, and they need a stern, resolute will to oppose them. Youth, joy, society, beauty, all combine to entice them out of the hard road to virtue, and unless they acquire the habit of resisting them they are in danger of being drawn irretrievably out of their bearings. Let no one suppose that he cannot contract this habit. Some have a strong will from birth, but others may cultivate it by careful practice, and, when once acquired; it will repay all it has cost. But a beginning must be made in youth. Wrestle with small temptations at first, and overcome them; the victory will inspire confidence, and each new triumph will strengthen the soul for mortal wrestle with the greater dangers that all are called to meet some time in life.—*American Protestant.*

AGE.

Age is such a different thing in different natures. One man seems to grow more and more selfish as he grows older; and in another the slow fire of time seems only to consume, with fine, imperceptible gradations, the yet lingering selfishness in him, letting the light of the kingdom, which the Lord says is within,

shine out more and more, as the husk grows thin and is ready to fall off, that the man, like the seed sown, may pierce the earth of this world, and rise into the pure air and wind and dew of the second life. The face of a loving old man is always to me like a morning moon, reflecting the yet unrisen sun of the other world, yet fading before its approaching light, until, when it does rise, it pales and withers away from our gaze, absorbed in the source of its own beauty.

G. McDONALD.

— Kind Christian love hath taught the lesson
That they who merit most contempt and hate,
Do most deserve our pity.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

To the Editors.

As the "Scraps" published in the *Intelligencer* are very precious to me, I have thought the letter I herewith send you might profitably find a place among them. It speaks of personal experience, and there may be others under like trials to whom these cheering words may be acceptable. P.

I have often had thee in near remembrance, though I have not manifested it. I value the expressions of earnest resolve and desire for the things which belong to our highest interest, too much, lightly to esteem any opportunity of receiving them, and I would not willingly turn away the comfort that is derived therefrom.

I find it a truth, that "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me peace." There are trials and conflicts met with in mingling with our fellow-men, over which we have no control, which tribulate the spirit and bring seasons of depression; these are incident to humanity; none escape them. Kindred spirits are removed to a higher and better home, ties strong and true are sundered, and our enjoyment marred. Some we love are racked with suffering of body or of mind, and our sympathetic nature leads us to suffer for and with them; others to whom we are bound by ties of relationship, are wandering in forbidden paths, rushing onward toward those shoals and rocks on which they are liable to be wrecked; and while we feel powerless to save, the heart bleeds and suffers, and were it not for that blessed promise, "But in Me ye shall find peace," where would we poor, frail, finite mortals be?

Turning from these outward scenes of conflict to our own inner life, we also find much

tribulation. Notwithstanding our earnest resolves, some passion or propensity gains the mastery, and as we view the record of each day's experience, we find how numerous have been our missteps, and under these reflections and the consciousness that we have been unwatchful and unfaithful, the spirit is troubled, and often doubts assail, depression follows, and we almost feel that we are undone. Yet in this condition have we not sometimes felt an influence, gentle, yet awe-inspiring, speaking to all the troubled thoughts "peace, be still?" When in a realization of our insufficiency, our utter helplessness and dependence, we turn trustingly to this Divine and gentle influence, and raise our aspirations to our Helper for assistance; ah! then we realize, "In Me ye shall find peace."

Contemplate our relationship to Deity as we may, if we trace His goodness and mercy in all His manifestations to and dealings with us, there is much to encourage us to hope on, and struggle bravely with all our surroundings, for the promises are sure and abundant.

Why should I write thus to thee? It has not been the result of premeditation, but as I put my pen to the paper to trace the thoughts and feelings which might arise, these views presented, and I penned them. They may arouse a train of thought which will interest, if it does not benefit. Has thy spirit been clouded, while amid its sorrows and forebodings thy face has assumed a pleasant exterior? Has thy secret sigh been heard only by the ear that is ever open to hear the sighing of the poor? And have thy tears flowed unseen by human eye? If indeed it has been so with thee, then have I been led thus to sympathize and to encourage.

As Teacher of the little flock entrusted to thy care, thou hast felt the responsibility of implanting lessons which shall mark their future course, and produce good results; and this has made thee fear for thyself, and led thee to watch closely thy own actions and impulses, and perhaps to doubt thy own standing with the All-wise in the progress of the spirit-life. Ah! out of this exercise will grow plants that shall be an honor to the Great Husbandman, and thou wilt bless the hour when out of all these tribulations the Master bringeth thee *peace*. How such experience qualifies us to feel for others who are battling with life's woes, and encourage them to look to that Power which can alone preserve.

May we then, dear friend, take courage, and look upon these apparent ills of life as means of purification; we shall then be able with renewed energy to press onward amid all our varied trials.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 20, 1872.

A correspondent (E. R.), a communication from whom will be found in this number, enquires whether the editors are willing that the *Intelligencer* should be used as a medium for conveying, from time to time, "some considerations which he feels impressed to offer to Friends, bearing on the immediate wants and interests both of their Society and the general cause of religious improvement." He also expresses the wish that "a little more freedom may be granted him than it is the habit of the *Intelligencer* to accord;" in other words, that we should not feel responsible for what he presents, while we exercise our right to comment and object.

In reply, we would say that the mere fact that our correspondent is not in outward membership with Friends is no good reason why his articles should not appear in our paper, provided they have intrinsic merit. His belief that several important practical errors have been committed by Friends, as a body, which have greatly impaired their usefulness, and resulted in a decline, &c., is, we are aware, shared by some concerned minds within our pale. But the decline itself, as well as the cause to which it is attributed, is at least doubtful. We are apt to form our conclusions from the limited view immediately around us. In some places there are, no doubt, unmistakeable evidences of decline, not only in numbers, but in what is of far more importance—spiritual life; but in other parts there are evidences of increased life and vigor. If, however, it can be shown that any of our laws or usages are hindering the growth of that life which it is the avowed object of our religious organization to foster and protect, we are bound not only to examine the subject, but to do so with a willingness to be convinced. We are not afraid of a comparison of views if made in a Christian spirit. It is the want of this spirit,—the attitude which says I am right and thou art wrong,—rather than mere difference of opinion, that has caused, and ever will cause, disunity and estrangement. If the essays of our correspondent should prove to be suitable for our

paper, (of which we must necessarily be the judges,) we shall not regard him as "an enemy because he tells us the truth."

It may moderate a too warm zeal for the remedying of errors and defects to remember that, while in our own individual cases the work cannot be set about too soon, it is very different where the reform contemplated is that of a religious organization composed of individuals of varied mental traits and different growths of religious experience. Here the parable of the (tares and the wheat) may be instructively applied. It may be wise to let them grow together until the harvest, (the season of ripeness.) But in the meantime we are not to call tares wheat, nor cease to point out that, while the one is for the "garner," the other is for the fire.

THE BEAUTIES OF UPHAM.—From the Philadelphia Publishing Co. we have received this compilation from the *Æsthetic Letters* and other works of a thoughtful and elegant writer, Thomas C. Upham, Prof. of Mental Philosophy, &c., in Bowdoin College. The compiler, Margaret H. Morris, of this city, tells us in a short preface: "It has proved a pleasant diversion in hours of pain to select and arrange these gems from the writings of a favorite author." No doubt the good words which gave our friend consolation in suffering, by calling to the Source of all comfort, will have power to encourage and strengthen others.

A condensed little book of travel, poetry and refined sentiment, it will be acceptable to many who have not time to master the complete works of Upham. An extract from the work will be found in the present number.

THE INDIANS.—We doubt not that many of our readers have noticed with interest the various letters published by us this season from the Agents and others among the Indians that are under the care of our Yearly Meeting.

These letters have shown that the friends who are stationed among the Indians have found encouragement to persevere in their efforts to elevate the social condition of the tribes under their care; they still continue to solicit aid from the Indian Aid Associa-

tions, in order to carry out their benevolent ideas in such matters as are not considered by our Yearly Meeting Committee to come properly under its charge.

By reference to the acknowledgments printed in this number, it will be seen that the interest aroused in the cause has been wide spread and general.

Liberal contributions in goods have been sent from friends in more than twenty country places, who have also furnished in cash \$763.20, making, with city subscriptions of \$510, the total cash receipt of the Central Committee to the 1st inst., \$1273.20.

This represents only a part of what has been done, as the Philadelphia Aid Association, we are informed, has also collected in this city about \$1300, nearly all of which has been expended for goods. Some of these have been sent forward in the piece, to be made into garments at the Agencies. It has been a favorite policy in the Indian schools to teach the children to make their own clothing, and the effort has, we learn, been attended with much success.

The Philadelphia Aid Association has also prepared and sent large supplies of clothing for women and children, and has bought and forwarded considerable amounts of ready-made clothing for men and boys.

We are pleased to see the growing interest evinced in this important concern. Notwithstanding the liberality hitherto shown, many pressing wants remain to be supplied, and those of our readers who have not contributed to the cause, but who wish to do so, can send their contributions to John Saunders, Treasurer of the Central Committee.

“HOUSE OF REFORMATION AND INSTRUCTION FOR COLORED CHILDREN.”—A pamphlet containing an act of incorporation by the General Assembly of Maryland, for the establishment of an institution under the above title, has been sent us from Baltimore. We cordially hail all right efforts for the protection and improvement of youthful offenders. The effects of incarcerating children with confirmed criminals must be deleterious. At an age when most susceptible of impressions, these children, many of them not really vicious or evilly disposed, become

schooled in wickedness by daily companionship with vicious persons. “The plan proposed to be adopted” by the managers of the institution, “is that known as the Farm School System, or as it is called in several States in which it is adopted, Reform School.”

The Board of Managers, in their appeal to the public, thus speak of the class they specially design to benefit:

“We have a large colored population among us, and, while we are so dependent upon their labor, and they fill so important a place in the political economy of the State, it is not desired that it should be otherwise. This large population, who have heretofore been deprived of all the benefits of education, are now thrown upon us in a deplorable state of ignorance, and, as ignorance and crime go hand in hand, the class of juvenile offenders in question must of necessity be large, for they in their ignorant and benighted condition, cannot be expected to rise superior to the favored race, to all of whom the school and the church are ever open, and charity, both private and public, stands ready to help with outstretched hand. The need of agricultural labor throughout our State, as well as the great want of competent house servants, is daily becoming more pressing, while the material for intelligent labor is becoming contaminated in our prisons, or growing up in idleness and vice in our lanes and alleys, and rapidly becoming an element of danger, when it should be one of strength in society.

The management of the House of Refuge is constantly being importuned by the Courts and by committing magistrates in all parts of the State to receive colored boys convicted of minor offences, but that institution is prohibited by its charter from taking them, hence, the pressing necessity of immediate action, so that the benefits of the Act of Incorporation may be conferred without delay upon this unfortunate class of beings, against whom all institutions are closed except the bolted and barred doors of the jail or State Prison.”

The Maryland Legislature at its last session appropriated the sum of \$10,000 towards its establishment, and charitable citizens have promised liberal donations, so we hope ere long to hear of its being in successful operation.

NEVER does a man know the force that is in him till some mighty affection or grief has humanized the soul.—*F. W. Robertson.*

MARRIED,

TOWNSEND—SAUNDERS.—On the 11th inst., according to the order of the Religious Society of Friends under the care of Green street Monthly Meeting, John P. Townsend of Bucks County, Pa., and Mary, daughter of Sarah and the late Macpherson Saunders of this city.

FIELD—BARNES.—On Fourth day, the 10th of First month, 1872, at the residence of Wm. C. Field, Greenwich, Conn., under the care of Purchase, N. Y., Monthly Meeting, of which both are members, James Field of Portland, Oregon, to Pheba Barnes of Brooklyn, N. Y.

KENT—MOSHER.—On Twelfth mo. 21st, 1871, by the approval of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, at the house of the bride's parents, Stephen and Elizabeth M. Cox, Samuel C. Kent of Richmond, Va., to Emma C. Mosher of the former place.

DIED.

HILLBORN.—On the Second inst., of diphtheria, Mary Letitia, daughter of Amos and Rachel W. Hillborn, aged 6 years.

HILLBORN.—On First month 7th, Mary Hillborn, aged 75 years, an esteemed member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

ROSEKRANS.—On the 13th of 12th mo., 1871, at the residence of Samuel Cary, Albany, N. Y., Almira M. Rosekrans, in the 79th year of her age.

Thus; has another faithful standard-bearer passed from amongst us. We feel that in the departure of this dear friend, our Society has met with no common loss. Having received the five talents and faithfully improved them she was a most valuable and efficient member. Of quick perception and sound judgment, her expressed views in relation to the business brought before us, always claimed respectful attention, and her simple presence seemed to give dignity to our meetings. Few have had to pass through such ordeals of domestic affliction, yet placing her dependence on the all sustaining arm, she was enabled to rise above all and come out as gold doubly refined. Her sickness was short and most severe. We feel assured she has entered that city "that has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Her funeral took place on the 15th, at Friends' meeting house, and was largely attended by her many friends.

THOMPSON.—On the 5th of 7th mo last, at her residence, in the 56th year of her age, Elenor, wife of William B. Thompson, and daughter of Thomas and the late Mary Thorp.

During a short and severe illness she evinced, by her calmness and resignation, that all was peace and the summons not unlooked for. She was a devoted wife, an affectionate mother and a ready sympathizer with the afflicted of every class. She was a member of Deerfield Monthly Meeting, Morgan County, Ohio.

BROWN.—In Pickering Township, Canada West, on the 9th of 1st mo., 1872, Jane W., wife of Sherman Brown.

NOTICE.

A stated meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held on Seventh day evening, the 20th inst., in the Monthly Meeting room of Friends' meeting-house on Race street, at 7 o'clock.

WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

NOTICE.

All the volumes of *Friends' Intelligencer*, in its present octavo form, have been presented to the Swarthmore College Library, and as it is desirable to have it complete from the beginning, any person having volumes 1 to 9 inclusive, to donate to that Institution, will gratify the friends particularly interested by sending them to this office.

We invite the attention of our benevolent readers to the "Central Employment Association," an Association of women in the Northern Liberties, whose object is to furnish employment in sewing to poor women, and the garments thus made are distributed gratuitously among the poor and needy. This excellent Association is now nearly out of funds, and solicits subscriptions and donations, which may be sent to either Elizabeth F. Williams, 617 Franklin St., President, or Margaret S. Conard, 821 Marshall St., Treasurer.

From The [London] Herald of Peace.

THE WAR HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN EUROPE,
FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY WILLIAM STOKES.

In the year 312-13, Constantine published his famous edict of universal toleration, which did him honor and gave repose to the empire; but how can it be accounted for that the same *Christian Emperor* should, eight years afterwards (321), also publish a proclamation in favor of one of the grossest impositions of paganism, the art of divination? * That in the spirit of a general tolerance he should permit his pagan subjects to follow their misguided faith unmolested, until better instructed by Christian teaching, would have been commendable; but to favor divination by a direct public proclamation was to "serve two masters" in a way that degraded the possessor of the Roman throne to the level of a paltry time-server. Nor was this all, nor by far the blackest stain upon his character. His eldest son, Crispus, whose education had been entrusted to Lactantius, "the most eloquent of the Christians," excited, from some cause or other, his father's jealousy and suspicion. "He deserved the esteem, and he engaged the affections, of the court, the army, and the people"; but this "dangerous popularity," as Gibbon remarks, caused his early destruction by "the hand of the executioner, or by the more gentle operation of poison." And this was done by "order of the Emperor," his father, and that Emperor was no other than *Constantine the Great*. †

Such, in substance, was the character of Constantine, and we who are privileged to

*History of the Church. Vol. I. p. 106.

†This judicial murder took place at Pola in Istria. On discovering his guilty mistake, Constantine bitterly deplored his folly and built a monument to the memory of his son.—See *Gibbon*, Chap. xviii.

look back upon the man and his age, through the vista of fifteen centuries, are far better able to judge him by the rules of a rigid impartiality than those who lived in the same period. That he was a successful politician none can deny; but that he favored Christianity *for its own sake* has never yet been proved, and never can be. So far as the Christian profession served his political purposes, so far was it incorporated in his state policy; but there is no reason whatever for believing that the monarch would, under any supposable circumstances, have been a martyr to the faith which he deemed it expedient to employ. Of that faith he was the imperial professor, and no more. Yet from the history of Constantine some few valuable lessons may be learned and pondered to advantage.

1st. In no portion of the life of that eminent monarch can it be discovered that he was at all acquainted with the practical rules of the Christian system which he professed to revere. He gave no proof that he had ever read, or heard of, such injunctions as these: "*Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you.*" "*If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.*" "*Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.*" Nor does he appear to have had the slightest knowledge of the great apostle's words, "*For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.*" All these, and numbers more of similar import, were a dead letter to Constantine; and, so far as his creed and character were concerned, they might as well have never been written at all.

2nd. It is deplorably manifest that the higher ranks of the clergy of that period, were wanting in faithfulness in the discharge of their sacred functions as the ministers of peace in a warlike court. Both Lactantius and Eusebius had frequent, if not constant access to the palace; the one as tutor to Crispus, the eldest son of the Emperor; and the other as the chief religious instructor of that monarch. "Constantine, though a much better man than his predecessors, was yet but a man of the world; and from all that we can gather, Eusebius did not possess enough of the genuine spirit of Christianity to correct those deteriorations which the sunshine of princely favor was likely to produce. Indeed, prelatical pride had been rising very high for a century before this."* It was disgraceful to the less enlightened fathers of the second and third centuries that, even in

the midst of trial and tribulation, they borrowed a momentary succor from the profession of falsehood; but the same expedient was still more shameful to Eusebius, who flourished during the prosperity of the Church, whose age and more extensive learning left him no excuse in ignorance or inexperience, and whose great name and unquestionable piety gave sanction and authority to all his opinions."* Were these pious "fathers" at all adapted to hold in check, the pride, ambition, or warlike tendencies of a Constantine? And is there any evidence that they ever made the attempt? Even that mild historian, Milner, admits the utter incompetency of such a man as Eusebius when he writes: "Neither in Constantine, nor in his favorite bishops, nor in the general appearance of the Church, can we see much of the spirit of godliness; pompous apparatus, augmented superstitions and unmeaning forms of piety, much show and little substance, appear. This is the impression which the account given by Eusebius has left on my mind."† If such were the teachers of Constantine, should it excite any surprise, that he became a warrior instead of a saint?

3rd. Constantine, by uniting the practice of war with the Christian profession, inflicting a lasting injury upon the cause of true religion in leading the community to believe that there was no incompatibility between the two. As head of the Roman world, he exhibited in his own person a mass of contradictions and incongruities. In one place he was the professed man of peace, in another, the man of blood. *Here* he spoke as an angel of mercy—*there* the demon of destruction. On one occasion he bowed before the cross of an infinite love; on another he offered whole hecatombs of human victims at the shrine of the god of war. His life abounded with inconsistencies, and never a man sat upon a throne who committed more evil, in the presence of so many golden opportunities for becoming a blessing to all mankind. As a warlike potentate he was a man whose like it will be a mercy to the world never to see again.

Well would it have been had Lactantius reiterated in the palace the heavenly sentiments he expressed in those days of sorrow when he gave his first apology to the world. In those times of purer fidelity he did honor to the Christian name; but court favor had not then cooled the zeal of the primitive confessor. His glowing words were: "Religion is defended, not by killing, but by dying; not by cruelty, but by patience; not by

* Sabine's *History of the Christian Church*, 130.

* *History of the Church*. Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, Vol. I. p. 88.

† Milner's *History*. Vol. II. p. 37.

wickedness, but by faith. Would you defend religion by blood, by torments, by evil? Religion is not thus defended, but polluted and violated. For nothing is so voluntary as religion, in which, if the mind of the worshipper is averse, it is done away, it is void. We do not demand that our God, who is the God of all, be worshipped unwillingly by any; and if He be not worshipped, we are not angry. We confide in His majesty, who is able to avenge such contempt of Himself, as well as the labors and injuries of His servants; and therefore when we suffer such evils, we do not even by word resist; but, not acting as men who wish to appear the avengers of their deities, we leave vengeance to God."

Had these noble truths prevailed in the palace of the Cæsars, it would have been a pleasure, and not pain, to review the age of CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

ELOQUENCE, except in very rare cases, is only of its own day. It addresses the mind, the feelings, the passions, the interests of its own immediate audience. It grows out of the circumstances of the times; with the change of those circumstances it mostly loses its power and influence. Even pulpit eloquence—though it dwells on subjects of enduring importance, though its great truths are eternal, unvariable as Christianity itself—is hardly an exception. The Christianity of one age, of one social state, not only of one form of religious creed, but of one phase of religious interest and emotion, is not entirely and absolutely the Christianity of another, certainly not of all ages.—*Dean Milman.*

EXTINCTION OF THE ELEPHANT.

According to the *People's Magazine*, there is reason to apprehend, at no distant day, the almost total extinction of this noble and valuable animal. It says that an enormous number of them are destroyed in the course of every year; often as unpleasant neighbors to man in the wild state, prone to make havoc with the rice and grain field, but far more persistently and fully to meet the demands of commerce for the ivory of their tusks. Though the largest and strongest of all existing quadrupeds, the animal is very readily decoyed into captivity in order to be domesticated, and is as easily slain by the hunter's rifle. The great bull elephant of three tons weight—leader of a herd—generally falls lifeless in an instant, if a ball is skilfully planted in the eye, or at the base of the trunk, or behind the ear; and sportsmen have been known to kill right and left one with each barrel.

In part of the northern province of Cey-

lon, upon the reward of a few shillings per head being offered by the authorities, 350 were dispatched in less than three years by the natives. Sheffield alone requires annually the slaughter of a large army of the huge pachyderms, estimated some years ago at 22,000, to furnish ivory for the various articles produced in its manufacturing establishments; and every civilized country needs supply of the material for the useful and ornamental arts. Hence, not being prolific, is by no means improbable that long before our human story is over, the elephant will be numbered with extinct species.—*The Methu dist.*

PHANTOM LIMBS.

A late number of Lippincott's Magazine has an article by Dr. S. Wier Mitchel in regard to sensations experienced after a limb has been amputated.

It has long been known to surgeons that when a limb has been cut off the sufferer does not lose the consciousness of its existence. This has been found to be true in nearly every such case. Only about five per cent. of the men who have suffered amputation never have any feeling of the part as being still present. Of the rest, there are a few who in time come to forget the missing member, while the remainder seem to retain a sense of its existence so vivid as to be more definite and intrusive than is that of its truly living fellow member.

A person in this condition is haunted, as it were, by a constant or inconstant fractional phantom of so much of himself as has been lopped away—an unseen ghost of the lost part and sometimes a presence made sorely inconvenient by the fact that while but faintly felt at times, it is at others acutely called to attention by the pains or irritations which it appears to suffer from a blow on the stump or a change in the weather.

There is something almost tragical, something ghastly, in the notion of these thousand of spirit limbs haunting as many good soldiers and every now and then tormenting them with the disappointments which arise when, their memory being off guard for a moment, they keep sense of the limb's presence betray the man into some effort, the failure of which of a sudden reminds him of his loss.

Many persons feel the lost limb as existing the moment they awaken from the merciful stupor of the ether given to destroy the tortments of the knife; others come slowly to their consciousness in days or weeks, and when the wound has healed; but, as a rule the more sound and serviceable the stump, especially

an artificial limb be worn, the more likely is the man to feel faintly the presence of his lost member. Sometimes a blow on the stump will reawaken such consciousness, or, as happened in one case, a reamputation higher up the limb will summon it anew into seeming existence.

A SHOCKING EXPERIMENT.

In many, the limb may be recalled to the man by irritating the nerves in its stump. Every doctor knows that when any part of a nerve is excited by a pinch, a tap, or by electricity—which is an altogether harmless means—the pain, if it be a nerve of feeling, is felt as if it were really caused in the part to which the nerve finally passes. A familiar illustration is met with when we hurt the “crazy-bone” behind the elbow. This crazy-bone is merely the ulnar nerve, which gives sensation to the third and fourth fingers, and in which latter parts we feel the numbing pain of a blow on the main nerve. If we were to divide this nerve below the elbow, the pain would still seem to be in the fingers, nor would it alter the case were the arm cut off. When, therefore, the current of a battery is turned upon the nerves of an arm-stump, the irritation caused in the divided nerves is carried to the brain, and there referred at once to all the regions of the lost limb from which, when entire, these nerves brought those impressions of touch or pain which the brain converts into sensations. As the electric current disturbs the nerves, the limb is sometimes called back to sensory being with startling reality.

On one occasion the shoulder was thus electrized three inches above the point where the arm had been cut off. For two years the man had ceased to be conscious of the limb. As the current passed although ignorant of its possible effect, he started up, crying aloud, “Oh, the hand, the hand!” and tried to seize it with the living grasp of the sound fingers. No resurrection of the dead, no answer of a summoned spirit, could have been more startling. As the current was broken the lost part faded again, only to be recalled by the same means. This man had ceased to feel his limb. With others it is a presence never absent save in sleep. “If,” says one man, “I should say, I am more sure of the leg which ain’t than of the one that are, I guess I should be about correct.”

ABSURD MISHAPS.

Sometimes remind men of the unreliability of these ghostly members, which seem to them so distinctly material. In one case, a man believed for a moment that he had struck another with the absent hand. A very gallant fellow, who had lost an arm at Shiloh, was

always acutely conscious of the limb as still present. On one occasion, when riding, he used the lost hand to grasp the reins, while with the other he struck his horse. He paid for his blunder with a fall. Sensitive people are curiously moved by the mental shock which comes from such failures of purpose. In one case, the poor fellow, at every meal for many months, would try to pick up his fork, and failing would be suddenly seized with nausea; so that at last his wife habitually warned him.

THE FIRST SCHOOL—TO MOTHERS.

Mother, on thy knee sits a blossom that has fruit to bear twice:—first in time, second in eternity. The fruit in both cases will, in great measure, depend on *thee*. Thy relation to that young immortal is the closest which natural affection can yield. Thou hast an entrance to that heart such as no other can ever possess. When no one else can understand its little wants, thou canst intuitively interpret its inarticulate mutterings, and unerringly knowest how to gratify its desires. And soon does the tender one recognize thy superiority to all others. Its infant affections nestle around thee.

The expressions of thy countenance are understood, ere thou mayest be aware, and go to form its character before it can intellectually apprehend the meaning of a syllable of spoken language. Ere yet it has uttered, “Ta, ta,” under thy maternal influence, its moral nature—the basis of character—has begun to take form. How important and responsible thy position! The germs of future feeling, thought and action, are embedded deep down in the soul of thy little one; and art thou concentrating the proper influences to develop these for truth, for virtue and for God? In a word, art thou living hourly properly impressed with the great yet cheering reality that *God* is the owner of thy babe, and that He has entrusted it to thy care? Think of your child only as your own, and you will spoil it; think of it as God’s, and the thought will go far to assist you in the discharge of your duty.—*British Workman*.

The greatest curse that can be entailed on mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace, all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions, or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over this world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war; every principle of Christianity is trampled upon.—*Sidney Smith*.

For the Children.

GOD IS LOVE.

The Bible does not say God is wisdom, God is justice, God is mercy; it says God is wise, God is just, God is merciful; but it does say, *God is love*. Love is not a single trait in his character like the others, but his very life. His love is like the air—in and around and over and under everything; and it is as easy to get away from the air as to get away from God's love. We breath it in at every breath we take. What does God's love do?

1. It takes care of the creatures he has made. Do you know why God gave little babies into the care of mothers? Because they love them so, and therefore will take the best care of them. How tenderly a mother tends her baby; how she sits up nights with it, if it is sick; how on the look out she is, lest any harm happen to it.

I had a little dog once sent to me from Cuba. Cuba is a very hot country. The little dog had a fine silky hair to cover him. When the cold weather came he shiverd very much. Oh, we said, what will Zecky do in winter? But when winter came his hair thickened, and he looked as if he were covered with wool. He was certainly as warm as wool, and as white too. It was very curious to see how God watched over and took care of this little dog which he had made.

When I go to New York, and see how many people and houses there are, I wonder where they get enough to eat. One day's eating would seem enough to starve the city out. But day after day, and months and years, there is food enough and to spare. Why? Because God takes care that those great grain fields in the West shall have rain and sun enough to grow all the summer through; and the grain is ripened and harvested and ground, and sent by railroad and canal to New York, and so all the thousand and thousand mouths are fed; and not only in New York, but all over the world, for

2. God's love *never forgets*. A boy once left his little bird in his room when he went away, and forgot to tell anybody to feed it. The little bird starved to death. A father may sometimes be forgetful of the comfort of his family, but God *never forgets*. "Can a woman forget her sucking child?" asks God. "Yea, *she* may forget," he says, "yet will not I forget thee." Oh, what love is that!

3. Love tries to make others *happy*. How happy is this little bird. In clouds or sunshine, hot or cold, it is ever singing its happy, happy song. When I see how beautifully and wonderfully he has made the little creature, and put such a happy life in it, I say

God is love; and yet our Canary is one of the thousands of millions of creatures which he has made happy.

4. Love seeks the good of others. Is everything good? When God created the earth, the grass, fishes, birds, cattle and man, he pronounced them good; and nobody would now say "wicked fishes," "sinful cows," "guilty birds;" such terms apply only to man, for man, you know, fell from his goodness. We do wrong things, and disobey God, and are full of faults. We do not love him or praise him; we had rather have our own way than do his will; and the consequence is, we are very unhappy. But God loves us still. He did not give us up; he did not leave us to ourselves to die in our sins; but he *so* loved us—I want you to mind that word *so*—"God *so* loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh yes, he sent Jesus to be our Saviour—to take our sins away. In him we shall find purity; in him peace; in him we shall be happy—happy here, and happy in heaven forever. Does not the Bible truly say, God is Love?

HE whose burden has been light may speak freely of his grief, and lay his inmost experience bare, and find comfort in it. A shallow grief—a shallow consolation! Or he may exult in what he has done, and recount his victories with joy, and delight in the praise. But Solomon admonishes us more wisely when he says, "Let another man praise thee and not thine own lips;" and this is quite as true of churches or charitable institutions as of individuals. There is too much advertising and self-glorification of this sort, to the injury both of the workers and the work. If we could but do whatever is to be done, without letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth, it would be better both for giver and receiver. We are commanded to let our light shine; but the stress of the command is not on the shining. In fact, if there is light it will shine. Shining is the nature of it. The stress of the command is upon the manner of shining. Let it *so* shine that men, when they see your good works, shall glorify not you, but God, the Father which is in Heaven. When you perform good works, whether acts of charity, of public spirit, or of religion, in such a manner that men almost forget to thank you in the earnestness of their gratitude to God, you are rendering, without a shadow of doubt, the very best service both to God and man.—*W. G. Eliot.*

THE love principle is stronger than the force principle.

THE PAST AND COMING YEAR.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Wave of an awful torrent, thronging down,
 With all the wealth of centuries, to the cold
 Embraces of Eternity, o'erstrown
 With the great wrecks of empire, and the old
 Magnificence of nations, who are gone,—
 Thy last, faint murmur—thy departing sigh,
 Along the shore of being, like a tone
 Thrilling on broken harp strings, or the swell
 Of the chained wind's last whisper—bath gone by,
 And thou hast floated from the world of breath
 To the still guidance of o'ermastering death—
 Thy pilot to eternity.—Farewell!

So, swell the throngful past—go, blend with all
 The garner'd things of death; and bear with thee
 The treasures of thy pilgrimage—the tall
 And beautiful dreams of Hope—the ministry
 Of Love and high Ambition. Man remains
 To dream again as idly; and the stains
 Of passion will be visible once more.
 The winged Spirit will not be confined
 By the experience of thy journey. Mind
 Will struggle in its prison house, and still,
 With earth's strong fetters binding it to ill,
 Unfurl the pinions fitted but to soar
 In that pure atmosphere, where spirits range—
 The home of high existence—where change
 And blighting may not enter. Love again
 Will bloom—a fickle flower—upon the grave
 Of old affections; and Ambition wave
 His eagle-plume most proudly, for the rein
 Of Conscience will be loosened from the soul
 To give his purpose freedom. The control
 Of reason will be changeful, and the ties
 Which gather hearts together and make up
 The romance of existence, will be rent:
 Yea, poison will be pour'd in Friendship's cup;
 And for Earth's low familiar element,
 Even love itself forsake its kindred skies.

But not alone dark visions!—happier things
 Will float above existence, like the wings
 Of the starred bird of paradise; and Love
 Will not be all a dream, or rather prove
 A dream—a sweet forgetfulness—that hath
 No wakeful changes—ending but in Death.
 Yea, pure hearts shall be pledged beneath the eyes
 Of the beholding heaven, and in the light
 Of the love-hallowed moon. The quiet Night
 Shall hear that language underneath the skies
 Which whispereth above them, as the prayer
 And deep vow is spoken. Passing fair
 And gifted creatures, with the light of truth
 And undebarr'd affection, as a crown,
 Resting upon the beautiful brow of youth,
 Shall smile on stately manhood, kneeling down
 Before them, as to Idols. Friendship's hand
 Shall clasp its brother's; and Affection's tear
 Be sanctified with sympathy. The bier
 Of stricken love shall lose the fears, which Death
 Giveth his fearful work, and earnest Faith
 Shall look beyond the shadow and the clay—
 The pulseless sepulchre—the cold decay;
 And to the quiet of the spirit-land
 Follow the mourned and lovely. Gifted ones,
 Lighting the Heaven of Intellect, like suns,
 Shall wrestle well with circumstance, and bear
 The agony of scorn—the preying care,
 Wedded to burning bosoms; and go down
 In sorrow to the noteless sepulchre,
 With one lone hope embracing like a crown
 The cold and death-like forehead of Despair,

That after times shall treasure up their fame
 Even as a proud inheritance and high;
 And beautiful beings love to breathe their name
 With the recorded things that never die.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea
 Of infinite Oblivion—speed thou on:
 Another gift of time succeedeth thee
 Fresh from the hand of God; for thou hast done
 The errand of thy Destiny; and none
 May dream of thy returning. Go—and bear
 Mortality's frail records to thy cold,
 Eternal prison-house;—the midnight prayer
 Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
 Of worldly hearts—the miser's dream of gold—
 Ambition's grasp at greatness—the quenched light
 Of broken spirits—the forgiven wrong
 And the abiding curse—ay, bear along
 These wrecks of thy own making. Lo—thy knell
 Gathers up the windy breath of night,
 Its last and faintest echo. Fare thee well!

—Boston Transcript.

CHILDHOOD.

A little golden head close to my knee,
 Sweet eyes of tender gentianella blue
 Fixed upon mine, a little coaxing voice,
 Only we two—

“Tell it again”—insatiate demand!
 And like a toiling spider where I sat
 I wove and spun the many colored webs
 Of this and that—

Of Dotty Pringle sweep'ng out her hall—
 Of Greedy Bear—of Santa Claus the good,
 And how the little children met the months
 Within the wood.

“Tell it again,”—and though the sand man came
 Dropping his drowsy grains in each blue eye,
 “Tell it again, oh, just once more,” was still
 The sleepy cry.

My spring-time violet, early snatched away
 To fairer gardens all unknown to me—
 Gardens of whose invisible, guarded gates
 I have no key—

I weave my fancies now for other ears,
 Thy sister blossom who beside me sits,
 Rosy, imperative, and quick to mark
 My lagging wits.

But still the stories bear thy name, are thine,
 Part of the sunshine of thy brief, sweet day,
 Though in her little, warm and living hands
 The book I lay.

Dedication poem of “Susan Coolidge's” new book.

CASH RECEIPTS of the Central Committee of the
 Indian Aid Associations of Philadelphia Yearly
 Meeting for three months, from 10th month 1st,
 1871, to 1st month 1st, 1872:
 From Friends and others of Upper Green-
 wich, N. J.,..... \$ 30 00
 Fallowfield,..... 50 00
 Reading,..... 5 00
 Mullica Hill, N. J.,..... 20 00
 Trenton, N. J.,..... 63 00
 Piles Grove, N. J.,..... 50 00
 Woodstown, N. J.,..... 32 95
 Gwynedd,..... 125 00
 Horsham, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$15, \$68,..... 89 00

Newton, Pa., Makefield,.....	32 00
Mount Holly, N. J.,.....	26 00
Abington,.....	5 00
London Grove,.....	20 50
Crosswicks, N. J.,.....	14 50
Makefield,.....	38 00
Concord,.....	27 00
Middletown,.....	6 25
Wilmington, Del.,.....	100 00
Bristol,.....	14 00
Third Haven,.....	15 00
	763 20
Philadelphia City,.....	510 00

Total,..... \$1273 20

From country associations and neighborhoods, goods have been received for the Indians as follows, viz.:

From Upper Greenwich, bag and bundle; Willistown, one box; Reading, one box; Mullica Hill, two boxes; Trenton, one box; Horsham, several bundles; Davis Grove, Pa., one bundle; Makefield, two boxes and one barrel; Fallowfield, two boxes; Gwynedd, one box and one bundle; New Garden, one box; Haddenfield, one box; Woodstown, one box; London Grove, one box; Salem, N. J., one box; Abington Friends, one box; Mount Holly, N. J., one box; Chester, Pa., one bundle; Concord, one box; Providence, one box; West Chester, one box; Woodstown, N. J., one box; Evesham, N. J., one barrel.

In addition to the above, there have been received a number of bundles from Friends in the city, and of goods from the Philadelphia Indian Aid Society, all of which, with the exception of five recently received, have been forwarded to the agencies under the care of Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

JOHN SAUNDERS, 44 N. Fourth St.

Philadelphia, 1st mo. 1st, 1872.

ITEMS.

ABRASION OF COINS.—A statement having been made that a single bank in London had lost \$35,000 in one year by the abrasion of the gold coins, a practical philosopher visited the Bank of England in order to examine into the matter. This gentleman reports that the whole breadth of a counter, upon which the sun happened to be shining, displayed myriads of particles of gold, which had evidently been struck off, mainly, by the sharp edges of the steel shovels used to remove portions of the heap of sovereigns. It is also asserted that the milled edges of the sovereigns must assist in the mutual raspings of the coin.—*Public Ledger*.

SELECTION OF INSECTS FOR FOOD BY BIRDS.—Although we look, and with ample reason, to the birds as the main agency in destroying insects injurious to vegetation, observation shows that different forms of insects are molested by them in very different degrees. This is especially the case in regard to the *Lepidoptera*, some forms of which are not touched by any birds whatever, and others again are devoured by some and spared by others. As a general rule, it is said that the most beautiful and brilliantly-colored *Lepidoptera* owe their safety to their tints, as the bird first attacks the most striking portion—namely, the red hinder wing, and the insect tears itself away and escapes. Hairy caterpillars, again, are less eaten than the smooth species, not only, perhaps, on account of their bristly covering, but their more nauseous taste. The streaked caterpillars, spotted with yellow, are

usually refused, while all the smooth and dark kinds, especially those resembling plants in color or of a reddish tint, are generally devoured with great avidity.—*Harper's Magazine*.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILLIONS OF NEEDLES MONTH.—Sewing needles are almost wholly of English manufacture, but a few German goods under English brands reach the American market. In England the manufacture has been systematized and simplified to such a degree that English labor always has a monopoly of the needle trade. A needle passes through 120 operations, and a child can control the machinery and turn the eyes of 4,000 needles per hour.

The introduction of sewing machines restricts the increase in the sale of sewing needles, though they seem to hold to a very steady increase, in the United States, of about three per cent. The statistics published from Commissioner Young's Bureau, in Washington, do not specify the importation of specific items of small wares, all goods going under a general classification of the products they originate in. Hence the actual consumption of needles is something difficult to determine. The agents of the two leading makers in Boston, report the aggregate sold in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, as about one hundred and sixty millions of needles per month, running from 75 cents to \$2 per thousand. The sales chiefly are on the numbers from 5 to 10, while seven-eighths of these orders take the numbers of 7 and 8. Knitting and darning needles, that twenty-five years ago were sold in amount over double the sales of sewing needles, have dwindled to a very insignificant item of stock. They can hardly be said to sell now at one-twentieth of their former amounts. Crochet needles have a very large sale, and have taken the place made vacant in stocks by the disuse of the darning and knitting needles.—*Ex. Paper*.

A RABBI'S PRAYER IN CONGRESS.—The proceedings of the House of Representatives were opened with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Sola, Minister of the Portuguese Synagogue, and Professor of Oriental Literature in the McGill University, Montreal. Alluding to the late treaty of Washington, the reverend gentleman returned thanks that the great evil of war had been thereby avoided, and he prayed that the words of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic may be realized, and that the example thus set may be everywhere followed, so as to restore to the productive industries of the world the millions of men now engaged in training and preparations for war. He asked a blessing on those two nations which had thus proclaimed the glad tidings of peace to the world, and that they be drawn yet nearer and nearer to each other, in mutual esteem and confidence, not merely for their own welfare, but for the blessing of all the families of the earth, to which they are the hope and the teachers of liberty and enlightenment.—*Public Ledger*.

THE Philadelphia Press says: "The Jewish Hospital Association, whose appeal for fifty thousand dollars is found elsewhere, sets a good example for all charitable enterprises when it declines to pay fifty per cent. commission on its collections through the device of a fair or bazaar, and asks outright and honestly for the cash. If the manner of getting and the means and motives of giving have anything to do with the virtue of alms and almsgiving, as was an old-fashioned idea, a large share of our modern charitable contributions if weighed in the balance would probably be found wanting.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends."

CHRISTOPHER AND BRIDGET STORY.

BY R. S. FERGUSON, M. A.

Christopher Story, was born in April, 1648, at Righead, in the parish of Kirkclinton, about six miles from Carlisle, and as much from Scotland. His father was Thomas Story, a younger brother of the family, of that name, that lived at Lake, in the same parish. We can trace no relationship between this family and the Storys of Justus Town; and from the language in which Christopher alludes to George Story brother of Thomas, of Justus Town, and whilom Rector of Kirkclinton, it is evident, none such existed. Christopher's mother was Elizabeth Parret, the eldest daughter of Christopher Parret, who had been Rector of Kirkclinton from 1611 to 1643, and who had saved a little money, and purchased, and much improved, the estate at Righead, which Christopher Story afterwards inherited, and where his father and mother kept an inn. Thomas Story the father had been servant of Philip Musgrave, whom Christopher describes as "of *Edn'il Hall*, Knight, (of an Ancient Family in the County of Cumberland,) who, in the time of the Civil War between the King and Parliament, was for the King, underwent many jeopardies, to the Hazard of his Life; but when King Charles the Second was restored to the Crown, the said Philip Musgrave being

in favor with him had great Places of Profit and Trust under the Government; and then he rewarded my Father for his former service."

Christopher Story was an only son, and his parents commenced his education at a very early age. He excelled both in learning and steadiness, and so gained many friends. He frequently visited Edn'il, or Eden Hall, in company with his father, and generally spent a portion of each year there, to learn breeding and good manners, and as a companion to Sir Philip's son, Thomas, afterwards fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, Prebendary of Durham, and Archdeacon and Dean of Carlisle. Thomas Musgrave was about the same age as Christopher Story; and it was Sir Philip's wish that young Story should accompany Thomas Musgrave to Oxford; of this Sir Philip was willing to bear the charge, if old Story would provide his son with the due preparatory education. This was agreed to, and Christopher Story remained at school until he was old enough, probably fourteen or fifteen, to go to Oxford. He did not, however, go; for his mother then interposed saying, "that if he was educated at the college, it was much if he ever came to live in the country; and it might happen that he would sell the land, and live elsewhere; and, considering he was like to have sufficient to live upon, she would not consent that he should go." Christopher, accordingly,

stayed at home, and devoted himself to the usual amusements of the young men of his day,—shooting with guns and bows, and card-playing, at which last he was very successful. He, however, writes, that he was preserved from many sins: though he was brought up in an inn, to which people of all sorts resorted, yet he was preserved from the sin of drunkenness; and he never loved the excessive smoking of tobacco. Of the place of his abode, he tells us that it was “in the *Border of England*, when *Wickedness* of the grossest sort had swelled to that height, that *Theft*, *Robbery*, and *Bloodshed*, with many other crying sins, were so very frequent amongst People, that Hell (in that sense) had opened her mouth.” Among the more respectable classes, the constant practice was to play cards on Sunday evening. From this, Story abstained, considering thereby that he might safely play at any other time. During this gay portion of his life, he was troubled with religious doubts, which he calmed by saying to himself, that it would be time enough to be religious when he got married,—an event which happened when he was eighteen. His father and mother selected for him a young woman whose parents were of repute in the country, and that is all we know about her, except that her name was Bridget, and that she afterwards became a ministering Friend and preached at meetings of Friends, not only in the counties adjacent to Cumberland, but also in Scotland and Ireland. Shortly after his marriage, a great fever went through the country, and Bridget Story took it. Christopher consulted a blind spæwife, who assured him that he would not take it; but he did; and this illness, and the consequent fear of death, affected the tone of his whole life. On his recovery, he attended diligently at church, but found something wanting in what he heard there: although the priests could tell him what sin was, and its reward, yet they could not tell him how to come out of sin. Hearing of a religious meeting at Longtown, he went there, and heard Cumberland John Wilkinson, who had formerly been an Independent preacher, but who was at that time a Friend. At another meeting of Friends, near Longtown, he heard the celebrated Robert Barclay, of Ury, author of the “Apology for the Doctrines held by Friends,” who was travelling northwards. With him, Story wished to discuss some religious points; but Barclay was afraid of a disturbance, took his horse, and would not stay. Some other Friends took up Story’s challenge, and though he was aided by a young priest, yet he got the worst, and resolved never again to publicly to dispute with Friends. After attending other meetings, and much hesitation, he

invited home two Friends,—Thomas Carleton and Thomas Langhorn. Curiosity, and a report that he had turned Quaker, drew together all his neighbors; and Christopher Taylor, of Meggs Hill, William Graham, of Sikeside, and Francis Story, clerk and schoolmaster, of Kirkclinton, submitted some written queries for the consideration of Carleton and Langhorn, which were discussed before the assembled neighbors, and a meeting was arranged to be held at Meggs Hill, on ground which is now the Friends’ burial ground at Hetherside, a spot which, to all Friends, must be hallowed ground, for there sleep many of their early preachers. These proceedings ended in the adhesion of Story, and some thirty more to the Society of Friends. This was in 1672. Persecution immediately followed, and many were committed to the Sessions at Carlisle, where they had an unexpected escape from penalties; for the Sheriff arrested the informer, one Gilbert Atkinson, for debt. Atkinson was confined for many years, and died in prison, being supported there during the latter portion of his life by the very Friends against whom he had informed.

In 1677, Story began to travel as a preacher, or, as his journal terms it, “was called into the work of the ministry.” He first visited Scotland. At a place which he call Allassudin, he met a wealthy Friend, of the name of Walter Scott, an ancestor we believe, of Sir Walter Scott. This Walter, however, left the Society. Story’s next journey was to the dales of Yorkshire, to visit George Fox. He afterwards, in 1679, went, with John Banks, to the yearly meeting of Friends, in London; and accompanied Banks into the West of England. Story first made Bank’s acquaintance at a meeting held at John Iveston’s, at Jerishtoune.

The Society of Friends so prospered at Kirkclinton, that Robert Priestman, the rector, frequently could only collect a congregation of five, and of his clerks three in succession were convinced, and left the church. The Friends now wished to build a meeting house, and purchased wood for that purpose from Henry Dakers (Dacre;) but the Sessions at Carlisle, instigated by the Rector of Kirkclinton, wrote to Dacre, who was a justice, and he would neither furnish the wood nor restore the money. The project of building a meeting house thus fell to the ground, for all the wood was in the hands of great landowners, who declined to sell. Priest Priestman, who had stirred up the Sessions to action, died towards the end of the reign of Charles II. He was succeeded, as rector, by George Story, of Justus Town, who offered the Society, as a compromise, to let them alone if they

would not bring Friends from other parishes to their meetings. This proposal was rejected by the Friends, and the new rector immediately summoned them for "Sunday shillings," a fine imposed for not attending public worship; and his church warden indicted them at the Assizes, under the Popish Recusancy Act, which hit Quakers as well as Catholics. These intended severities failed for some time, as no one could be found to turn informer, until James Appleby, a stranger from Yorkshire, who had been educated for the law, and Christopher Story, of Allergarth, took on them that office, and laid an information before Justice Henry Forster, of Stonegarthside, against Christopher Story of Righead, for attending a meeting of Friends. This attempt, also, failed; for the supposed offender was in Lancashire when the meeting was held. Appleby then laid another information before Justice Aglionby, of Drawdikes Castle, who issued his warrant to levy on Story's goods; but the constable, Richard Scott, was so sparing in making distress, that he was bound over, himself, to good behaviour in his office. When Story's goods were put up for sale, under the distress, no one would buy except the informer, Appleby. He made but little in bargains; the wheat he purchased no one would or dare thresh; the sheep he bought were dispersed by all the sheep dogs of Kirklington parish until he had but seven out of a large flock; and for two horses he could get no market nearer than Northumberland, and then only at half prices. Highly enraged at his successive miscarriages, Appleby set off to London, and sued out *supenas* from Chief-Justice Jeffreys against sixteen of the Kirklington Quakers, who understanding a prison would be the result whether they obeyed the *supenas* or not, stayed at home. This contempt of the law seems to have been connived at by Justice Forster, who was unpleasantly recalled to a sense of his duty by being himself *supenaed* before the Chief-Justice, who happened to be coming the Northern Circuit, sent by the Court to bully the corporate towns into a surrender of their liberties and charters. Forster was brought before him at Carlisle, fined one hundred pounds, imprisoned, and deprived of his office of justice,—proceedings which dismayed the whole bench of justices. The Friends, however, all escaped, for the constables hid so, that Appleby could not get the warrants served until after the Assizes were over. Appleby and his son-in-law, George Waugh, again laid fresh informations before Justice Dacre, under which Christopher Story was fined twenty pounds, and several cows and young beasts were distrained; but the

constables, when they put them up to sale, set men round to warn buyers off,—for which kindness to Story, one of them, George Irwin, got hauled up by the magistrates. Edward Atkinson, of Clift, and some other responsible men, also, went to Dacre, and got him to hold back the warrants over the winter. Meanwhile, Charles II. died, and the magistrates, who had been coerced by the fate of the late Justice Forster into severity against the Friends, at once declined to listen to Appleby, or to sell the goods taken under distress warrants. Story and others had, however, to appear at the Assizes, and were committed to prison, as they would not pay the prosecution fees. In prison, Story found John Banks and Thomas Hall, "in a dark place called the *Citydill*, among the Fellons, something like a Dungeon, where they could not see to Work in a Dark Day without Candle Light." Story escaped being put in here, as it was full. He was lodged in the gaoler's house, in Castle Street, until the gaoler, worn out by the persistence which Banks and his other captives exhibited in preaching, took another house. Story was released by King James' famous Proclamation of Indulgence. Under James II. the Friends ceased to be persecuted; even George Story, the Rector of Kirklington, went without his tithes, rather than take legal proceedings for their recovery; the meetings of the Friends were unmolested, and, in consequence, they built a meeting-house at Sikeside, in Hethergill. This house was enlarged 1699 and rebuilt in 1736. The wood, over which a difficulty had formerly occurred, was now procured from Scotland. Another small meeting-house was also built, north of the river Line which was difficult to cross in winter, there being neither bridge nor boat.

Thus, free from persecution, the Society now began to attack various abuses and evil practices. Among others they opposed the old Cumberland custom (which has hardly now, some two hundred years later, died out) of making doles at burials. "That Practice," writes Story, "was grown so common, and to such an extravagancy, that great Numbers of People came to burials, both Rich and Poor, without Invitation; and, as People were very extravagant in many things, this became a Snare to some, and an Uneasiness to us; and we could see no real Service in making such Doles, when People were met together on such a Weighty Occasion, but, on the contrary, great Disorders often happened. Thus we thought fit to break it off at once, which we did, and gave nothing at that Time to Poor or Rich; and, after a little time, the People saw it to

be a good Way, and came from doing much to doing but a little ; and People frequently came to our Burials, and that in a great deal of Seriousness,—Scarce an high Word among them, * * * to the Satisfaction of Friends and others, so that I never yet heard of any Complaint for Want of outward Bread.”

In 1687, Story visited the Friends in Ireland, and he also travelled to London, and as far as Bristol and the West, with John Boustead. In 1691, he traveled through Scotland, and visited Glasgow, where he found the people so barbarous, that he could not have supposed there were any such in the three nations. They burst into the house where he and his companions, Thomas Blain and James and John Milner, were, pulled the unoffending Friends out, and took them before the magistrates, who dismissed them, but abandoned them to the mercies of rabble by whom they were called Jesuits, spit upon, pelted with filth and stones, and chased far out of the town. The whole party contrived to get away unhurt. Story and his friends issued an address to the inhabitants of Glasgow, under the title of “A Looking glass for the Inhabitants of the Town of Glasgow,” in which they related the evil treatment they had met with there, compared Glasgow to Sodom, and prayed for the forgiveness of their persecutors. The next Friends that visited Glasgow had a mastiff set on them, so that the “Looking-glass” did not much mend matters.

Of the rest of his life, Story tells few, if any, particulars ; but he continued to travel, visiting, at different times, England, Scotland, and Ireland. On many of his tours, his wife, who had now taken to public ministry, accompanied him ; but he preserves no notes of his journeys. A warfare with James Armstrong, priest of Cannonby, occupies a good portion of the rest of the journal. It began out of a meeting which Story appointed to be held at Broom Holm, on ground for which he had got permission from the owner. The opposition of Priest Armstrong induced the owner, at the last moment, to withdraw his permission, and the meeting was, in consequence, held on the highway at Tarraside, about a mile from Cannonby Kirk. The Elders of the surrounding parishes appeared, accompanied by officers of the law and a disorderly mob ; a riot ensued, in which John Boustead's head was broken until the blood ran down. The Friends apparently, showed a moral fight of determination not to be driven away ; for Story says : A brave Warfare it was, and Friends kept their Places, old and young, and the meeting continued near three Hours.” For some years after this, no attempt was

made by the Friends to invade Cannonby parish ; but, in 1701, they held a meeting at Woodhouse Lees. Bailiff Melvin, with a strong party, both on horse and foot, tried to disperse the assembly, riding in among them as they sat on the ground. In the *mêlée*, some of the Friends were thrown down a steep place by way of dispersing them ; some of the disturbers, also, were hurled over ; the public Friends, or preachers were dragged into a neighboring wood, whither the congregation followed ; Henry Atkinson, when he offered to pray was dragged by two men on horseback through the river, where it was deep, and detained in a house on the other side. None of the party came to any injury ; and Story afterwards wrote a letter to Priest Armstrong, of Cannonby, whom he regarded as the instigator of all this evil, in which he compares Armstrong and his brethren to all the persecutors that ever existed, from the inhabitants of Sodom down to the persecutors of the saints in New England. To this epistle, Armstrong made no reply, perhaps feeling himself unable to deal with such charges. He, however, interfered no more with meetings of the Friends in his parish. This ends Story's journal, which comes only down to 1701. Story died in November, 1720, aged seventy two, up to which time he continued to take a lead in the Society, and to travel. He was buried at the burial-ground at Hetherside. His wife survived until 1733, when she died, aged eighty-one.

In Story's journal, he records that, one Sunday, when the people were crossing the Esk, after attending worship at the Kirk of Cannonby, the boat suddenly sank, and, out of thirty-five passengers, twenty-eight were drowned, though the accident happened close to the bank. He gives no date to this, but it happened between 1693 and 1697.

In 1698, Story and his wife visited Scotland in October. The harvest was very backward, and at Aberdeen, they found the people reaping their corn, which had for a month been buried in snow. He says : “People made Fire in the Fields, it was so cold, which made both Corn and Fodder scarce. The poor People looked like Death ; some died in the Highways and more were supposed to die with the Corn being unwholesome than for want of Bread.”

Story's journal was published in 1726. It is a small book, of one hundred and forty-three pages, which contains, also, one or two letters to his wife and others, “An Epistle of Love and good Advice to the People of the Lord everywhere,” and a few prefatory testimonies to his worth, by his wife, by Aron Atkinson, Robert Latimer, and other friends, and a

short conclusion by Latimer. Among his children, Story was perhaps in consequence of the follies of his own youth, a strict disciplinarian, and, in one of his letters, gives orders that his sons are not to go out at night. Throughout his ministry of forty-three years, he took a leading part in the management of the Society's affairs, and was a great peacemaker among his friends and neighbors.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

GREAT NEMAHA AGENCY.

The following letter from an Indian of the Iowa tribe, has been recently received by a Friend of this city.

It speaks for itself, and we have retained the original spelling and misplaced capital letters:

JAN. 2d, 1872.

To the Friends of the Great Nehama Agency at Philada.

I take this opportunity of addressing the Soiceity a few lines, and make known To them How the Iowa nation can appreciate them for their kindness. They cannot realize how much Good They are doing here, and How the Indians are getting Encourage to work and trying To help themselves. since this Administratation has been in Power there have been great Deal Improvements done on this Reservation, the Indians have build Houses and improved some land in which they have Ruise corn and other kinds of Produce. In formerly times I can remember they were destitute of everything. It is true they were receiving annuities From government, but it was Not enough to maintain and Cloth them, but with the Clothes which they receive from The Friends in east they are Comfortable, and they can see How much better their condition is now than in their Past State, and therefore they are trying to become civilaized. there is a great many that Has not Houses, but they are Working and getting logs out at Present time to have them Ready when the spring opens. The soceity cannot conceive How thankful they are to them for the aid in furnishing Means to build their Houses. The ones that has been erected are all occupied by two and Three famileys in each one.

And one statement that I have to make is, that our good Agent Thomas Lightfoot has impress upon their minds To abhor and abstain from The use of intoxicating drinks, which in past was carreed on this reservation to & excess. We the Nation do regret to Think that his time is not long With us, but we hope and Pray that he will be reinstetaed for he has taken so much interest in welfare

of the nation, And under the management of Mrs Lightfoot our Women are improving in Sewing and Housekeeping, for she take great Care in showing them how To imitate the Whites and live Like them. I have undertaken this Letter because I thought It would ungrateful In us if one of the members of the Nation did not make known to the Soceity how Thankful we are all for their kindness. I remain most Respetfully Harvey W. Campbell Nemaha Agency Nebraska.

We have received permission to publish the following private letter, believing that it will interest many:

SANTEE AGENCY, 1st mo. 2d, 1872.

There is scarcely anything makes one feel more sensibly the distance which rolls between us and our friends, than the uncertainty of our mails, and when this has been prolonged to more than double the usual time, as has been the case during this inclement season, it makes one feel as if he were mingling among the antipodes. True, we have now a telegraph in operation to Springfield, but it does not seem to be managed with a proper degree of regularity, for on a recent occasion a message sent to our Agent was received by him three days after the person sending it had arrived here. We have projected railroads to any extent, some of which are intended to pass through here, and thus connect us with civilization, but perhaps by the time they are completed our mission here may be at an end. We are in the midst of a long and severe winter, which will necessarily entail much suffering, particularly upon the cattle. These have been accustomed heretofore to pick up a living in the bottoms and among the timber without any help until after New Year; but this season the fires destroyed most of the provender, and these were followed so soon by the heavy snows of last month, that what remained was, to a great extent, cut off, and when the fuel for keeping up the animal heat fails, and the poor creatures are subjected to the chilly blasts of our winter winds, without trees or bushes to protect them, it becomes only a question of time as to how long this contest with the elements can continue. Several thousand head of Texas cattle for the supply of the Indian agencies, are kept on the bottom lands opposite here, and though these are measurably protected by the timber, yet more than 150 head of them have already perished. I have heard it stated, and I have no doubt of the fact, that between here and Sioux city there is scarcely a farmer who has much more than half enough food to carry his stock through to grass. Many of them doubtless,

like myself, anticipated a cold winter, and prepared for it an extra supply; but we did not anticipate being obliged to draw on it so soon. We have splendid sleighing, but as this is a rarity here, it of course found us without the means of enjoying it, though many of our tribe have since constructed sleds to enable them more easily to get their weekly rations to their homes, and at the same time to keep themselves supplied with fuel. Our boys enjoy much coasting down the hills, though but few of them use sleds, preferring a barrel stave, to one end of which they attach a string, and then standing on the stave, with the string in one hand and a stick in the other to keep the balance (which one must see is no easy thing), they scud down the hills at a rapid rate.

The past week has been a very busy one with us, owing to the arrival of the Superintendent, for the distribution of the annuity goods, more than half of which had just arrived, the balance having been stored in the warehouse for more than four months in waiting (through some mistake in the powers that be). It took nearly three days to make the distribution, which was as satisfactory as could be expected under the circumstances. Over \$15,000 worth of clothing, &c., passed into the hands of these Indians, equivalent to \$15 per head for every man, woman and child on the Agency. The last lots came from Philadelphia, and I noticed a number of quite familiar names on the cases. The goods were arranged in the carpenter-shop, and the mode of distribution was after this manner. The interpreter called the names and number of the family, while the Clerk announced the quantity and kind of material, and then busy hands filled out the order. A blanket was spread on the floor, and as the list was called, each contributed from the department under his charge (mine was shawls, coverlids, and shirts) until complete, when the blanket and its contents passed out with its owner to make way for a new candidate. The balance left, after passing over the list, was turned over to the chiefs and head men, to deal with as they thought proper.

Our new Superintendent I am much pleased with, and from what I have seen I am satisfied that he is the "right man in the right place," and in this I think our chiefs concur, although this was not the time for them to show any but the most friendly feelings. He had two councils with them, in which they expressed very fully their wishes and desires, and he in turn expressed his desires and intentions towards them, which from time to time met with the enthusiastic how how's of the natives. This was his first visit to us,

and urgent business requiring his immediate return to Omaha, he was not able to look over the Agency at this time, but promised the Indians that when the weather became pleasanter, he would come again and make a more thorough examination into their needs. G. S. T.

SANTEE SIOUX AGENCY, 12thmo, 29, 1871.

From the report of the Joint Committee on Indian Affairs, which has been lately published, it appears that the Friends of Ohio and Genesee Yearly Meetings have furnished much less for the Indians under their care than has been contributed by any other Yearly Meeting. In justice to those Friends I deem it proper to offer an explanation. We found the Friends of both of those Yearly Meetings willing and anxious to give us all the assistance that we desired, and requested us to make known our wants. We told them that the Santees were so well provided for by Government, with food, clothing, &c., that we felt there was but little that they needed from Friends at that time; but we hoped that the time was not far distant when an industrial school would be established for them, as it is very much needed. We thought Friends could then do much good, by assisting to furnish it with beds, bedding, &c. As the Indians began to settle on their claims and build new houses for themselves, we also felt that some assistance in furnishing their houses would be of service. We therefore requested Friends to send old delaine skirts or anything that would be suitable for lounge covers, bed-quilts, &c. We had a few lounges made, and showed the Indian women how to make covers for them. The Indians are very imitative, so we soon had the satisfaction of hearing of others making lounges for themselves. My daughter also showed them how to piece covers for boxes, and thus make good seats from what would otherwise appear but rough boxes.

Over 100 bed quilts were pieced from pieces sent by Friends, and they supplied the Indians with cotton for 150 bed-quilts. Some of the Indians pieced up quilts from material of their own, and brought them to my house to get the cotton for them.

Fifty washing-tubs and fifty wash basins were supplied the Indians by Friends. A large supply of part worn clothing, some sheets, pillow-cases, bed quilts, &c., were sent by Friends, together with a large supply of dried fruit, all of which was duly appreciated by the sick. We wrote for and obtained warm capes and mittens for the boys, and hoods for the girls to wear to school. The girls were supplied with warm shawls by

Government, and in many cases they insisted upon continuing to wear their shawls over their heads, instead of using their hoods.

ASA M. JANNEY,
Late Agent of the Santee Sioux.

THE CHRISTIAN LAW OF DRESS.

To do all things for the glory of God is the Christian's law. *All things*; the Apostle specifies among them *eating and drinking*. He means evidently that a Christian is to eat and drink those things and in those measures which conduce to his highest efficiency of mind and body, for this reflects honor upon the Creator; the healthier, the happier, the better in all respects a man is, the more glory is reflected upon the wisdom and goodness of God. The rule, *to eat and drink to the glory of God*, is not obeyed by merely stopping short of drunkenness and gluttony; it is not enough that a man do not hurt himself, be not a slave to appetite, he must make his eating and his drinking a revenue of good to himself and honor to the being that made him.

By parity of reasoning must the Christian dress to the glory of God. This surely is included in the *all things* to which the rule applies; and it is not a *little* thing, but a *great* thing; it is to be ranked next to, if not alongside of, eating and drinking, as a manifestation of the Christian life. The Christian law is too plain to be misunderstood. St. Peter and St. Paul alike have laid it down. "Outward adorning" is in express terms put under the ban, specifications are made, just such as the times need, "Broidered hair, gold, pearls, costly array." In precise and well considered terms, "modest apparel is required; god works in place of gay clothing; the manifestations of "the hidden man of the heart," even the incorruptible "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

How, is this an impracticable law for a Christian in these later times? So far from it, it is as reasonable as it is scriptural. The extravagance of the reigning fashions is as *truly*, perhaps it is not going too far to say as *much*, forbidden by good taste as by apostolic precept. Character comes out in dress, and it cannot be helped; its varieties and delicate shadings are indicated by color, shape and stuff. A worldly, material nature publishes itself by the clothes it wears. The vain, the ostentatious, the notoriety-seeking, are to be distinguished by it, as are the unobtrusive, the meek in heart, the intellectual and the spiritual. If there be any truth in the inspirations of St. Peter and St. Paul, it is enough to see the dress of some women and some men, to know that they are not Christians

and cannot be, no matter what their professions.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a *gentleman* ought to dress so that after he has left you, you cannot remember what he had on. This is the dictate of common sense. The *man* should be so much more apparent than his clothes that *he* should be thought of, and they not. Now the Christian law is only this maxim of good taste enlarged and consecrated. Let the Christian dress so that Christian manhood shall not be overlaid, disguised, or misinterpreted. Let Christians so dress as to show that their hearts are not on these things, but heavenly. Whatever goes to indicate that dress is a supreme object in life, and whatever implies this, is just so far both wrong and unchristian. There is no better definition of an *idol* than that it steals the heart away from God; and when dress does, it is as much an idol as ever Moloch was; and it is fast coming to be seen that it is a worship no less cruel and bloody.—*Dr. Buddington, in American Messenger.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We often view ourselves with mistrust, and get so low as to conclude we are unworthy of the remembrance of a loving Father or of any of his children. At such times a little token of love from a fellow probationer is an encouragement and often brightens our path. It is not the great things that make us feel the best, but that which comes with a sympathetic feeling, even though it be but a word. This makes us look up with hope.

In looking over my past life, I see many bright and beautiful spots, also dark and mottled ones. At times sorrow and mourning have overshadowed me, and I see places where I have stumbled and almost fallen, but through all a helping hand has been stretched out and I have passed on. May I never forget the blessings I have received and now, in entering upon my 53d year, may I be strengthened to walk in a fuller dependence upon the Fountain of all Good and know a larger submission to the requirements of the Divine law; then will my latter days be my best days.

We read in the writings of the Old Testament that the command came to Moses, "gather the people together and I will give them water." From what follows we may infer, that when the people collected there was work for them, before they could be re-

freshed. "The princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it, *by the direction of the Lawgiver*, with their staves." The servants of the Lord have sometimes to labor as with staves, before the spring of life can be reached. This is found buried low beneath the clods of the valley. But at times the servant is repaid for his labor, for the stream of love and life arises and becomes not only ankle deep, but as a river not to be passed over.

During our present service I have afresh felt, even every day, the importance of individual faithfulness to the unfoldings of Divine counsel, not only to promote individual growth and enable us to meet the amount of individual accountability, but to ensure the safety of the body, for faithfulness to the law of the Lord as inwardly revealed, is surely the corner stone upon which our society stands; and if this be not maintained in soundness, the fabric or superstructure must totter.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 27, 1872.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES. — While the learned are busily investigating the ruins of temples and cities of the antique world in distant lands, perhaps it is hardly known to some of us that our own land contains interesting remains of a vanished race, who have left no vestige of any written record to tell us of their work, their life, their fate.

A late writer in the *Scientific American* gives a description of his recent explorations in Jefferson Co., Tenn., at the "Bent" of the Holston River. This stream flowing from the east, turns in a northern direction, and after making a circuit of five miles, comes back to within half a mile of its former course, making a peninsula known as "The Bent."

Here he found a representation of a dwarfed human form, which he pronounced an antique idol, and which now is preserved among other antiquarian relics in the Smithsonian Institute.

At this place he found many of the remains of weapons of Indian warfare, such as flint arrows, spear heads and hatchets, and some evidences of a rude knowledge of the art of pottery.

The plow had occasionally turned up objects of a higher grade of art than these In-

dian relics. Rudely sculptured figures in stone, and utensils of fine earthenware, coated with a dark, shining glaze, giving evidence of a more civilized race having existed here before the coming of the red men. But the most interesting research was the opening of a mound in the Bent, which, though it had been ploughed over for seventy-five years, retains the shape of a truncated cone 15 feet high and 168 feet in circumference at the base.

The "oldest inhabitant" reported that when his father drew the first furrow around it, large oak trees grew on the summit, but now it has no protecting vegetation.

"An excavation to the bottom, eight feet in diameter, showed its composition to be, chiefly, compacted sand-loam, with such an intermixture of clay as would come from the removal of surface soil with portions of the substratum. Two large pits or sink holes, hard by, probably contributed some of the building material. From the cavity were thrown out, at intervals, for several feet down, charcoal, ashes, burned clay, and fragments of pottery.

The first regular deposit was reached at a depth of four feet below the original summit. It consisted of splinters of wood and strips of bark, partially decayed, laid horizontally. Beneath this layer, after the soft black earth and mold, in which it was imbedded, were cut through, the outline of a human skeleton appeared, lying on the left side, the head being towards the east, and the leg bones doubled up on the chest, a position regarded, at first, as accidental, but which conformed to the mode of burial throughout the mound. The bed of earth rested upon a clay foundation, two or three square yards in extent.

The organic remains were well enough preserved to allow removal of the skull and the principal bones of the trunk and the members, entire. Below these remains there appeared, at various depths, from two to four feet, two or three skeletons on the same level, laid in the same manner, with a covering of wood and bark. Skeletons were found down to the bottom of the excavation—no particular position having been observed as to the cardinal points.

Parts of eight skeletons, including eight entire skulls, were removed. The absence of implements and utensils of various sorts were remarkable, in the burial place of a people known to have been in the habit of depositing with the dead their most valued effects. Fragments of earthenware, composed of a

paste mixed with silicious particals or pulverized mussel-shells, alone rewarded my curiosity. I had observed in the wall of the cavity, four feet from the top, part of a cedar post three feet long, and four or five inches thick, set in an upright position.

My assistants, who could conceive of no other reason for my operations than a mercurial one, made extraordinary efforts to reach the treasure. The mattocks clanked upon some loose stones which were thrown out in such haste as prevented a thorough examination of the pile. Broken vessels, char coal, burnt earth, ashes, shells, calcined bones of animals, among which were those of the deer, indicated that the structure was a hearth or fireplace, perhaps an altar of offering to the Sun, by fiery rites.

Our labors were renewed on the west side of the mound, by digging a trench ten feet wide, twelve feet long, and from twelve to fifteen feet deep, to meet the central opening. At the depth of five feet a layer of wood and bark covered the form of a child, apparently about six years old. It was laid with much care, perhaps by the hand of affection; a tortoise shell covered the head, and a string of pearl beads encircled the neck. Three feet from the skeleton, in the same plane, one of a female was exposed, and upon the ribs lay the bones of an infant. Beads and a cruciform shell ornament were with these remains. Nearer the central cavity a rotten cedar post, like that which had excited the cupidity of the workmen, was observed, corresponding with others describing a retangular figure. Within the space lay a skeleton on its side, doubled up in the usual manner, and distinguished by its size from all others exhumed during the excavations.

The skull was large and round. The intellectual development would have pleased Dr. Gall or Mr. Fowler. The maxillary bones had full rows of sound teeth; and those of the trunk and limbs must have belonged to a man of massive build, about six feet high. Ten large beads, perforated lengthwise through the center, cut from the column of a marine shell, eight flint arrow points of slender shape, and sharpened at the base to be fitted to the shaft, were found on one side of the skeleton; an implement of polished serpentine, which, I imagine, was the battle axe of the chief, whose mortal remains were under my observation, was on the other. The points, only an inch and a quarter in length, had the delicate shape and finish of a class of objects usually found only in the mounds. The rough and clumsy heads, chipped from flint and other quartz rocks, and scattered over the plain, do not occur among the primary deposits, in any of these structures.

The rotted cedar posts were signs of a mode of burial in wood enclosures, practiced by the ancient people. These were not made by hewing and fastening stakes, for their connections had no marks of the axe or the hammer, but by placing logs and pieces of timber one above the other against upright posts, so as to support a roof of the same material. Remains of similar vaults have been disclosed in other mounds, one of which was examined by myself at the "The Forks" of the Holston and French Broad, and another near Chattanooga, opened during the late war. While I am writing, a publisher's account comes to me of a "visit to an Indian mound in east St. Louis," in which narrative "a square structure," with "sides lined with wood," "wooden columns," and "cedar posts," is mentioned.

In an earth mound opened near Newark, Ohio, in 1850, a trough covered with logs, contained the skeleton of a man. (Smithsonian Report, 1866.) A similar object was disclosed in a frame of wood, at the bottom of an ancient mound, by Squier and Davis.

In the further prosecution of our work, ten skeletons, invariably doubled, but laid without order as to their relative positions, under wood and bark, and portions of ten others were discovered, at various depths. Several skulls were obtained entire, and the bones of a single frame. The solid parts of most of the remains, having lost their animal consistency, easily crumbled. Eight feet down the cavity were the first signs of incineration. A layer of red clay, several yards square, covered a mass of earth, ashes, charcoal, charred bones, calcined shells, broken vessels, and carbonized seeds of a species of plant, probably the cane, the stalks of which had evidently been used in the burning. This layer rested upon another bed of clay, burnt to the hardness and color of brick. These were indications of a usage of the mound-building race in Tennessee—burning their dead with their treasures, in connection with the carcass of a domestic animal or one of the chase. When the remains were partially burnt, earth was thrown upon the pile, smothering the flame, which had an extinguisher in the clay layer."

THE article headed "God is Love," for the children, in our last number was not selected by us, but was placed in our paper through a mistake.

Many other mistakes have recently occurred, owing to a change of the employees in the printing-office.

MARRIED.

GOURLEY—KEUT.—On the 18th of Tenth month, 1871, at the residence of the bride's mother, and under the care of Penn's Grove Monthly Meeting, Howard Gourley of Philadelphia, to Jessie M., daughter of the late Joseph and Maria Jane Keut, of Upper Oxford, Chester Co., Pa.

TAYLOR—WRIGHT.—On the Fifth-day of the Tenth month, 1871, at the residence of her brother, David T. Hendrickson, under the care of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, N. J., Stacy Taylor to Mary Ann Wright.

DIED.

MILLER.—On the 28th of 11th mo., 1871, at his residence in Cass Co., Ill., Lewis Miller, in the 74th year of his age; formerly of Cumberland County, N. J.

KIRKBRIDE.—Of paralysis, at her residence in Attleboro, Bucks Co., Pa., on the morning of the 18th of First month, 1872, Eliza Kirkbride, in the 85th year of her age; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

PARRISH.—Suddenly on the evening of the 14th inst., Margaret S., wife of Edward Parrish, a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting (Race Street.)

GEST.—On the 13th inst., at the residence of her nephew, J. T. Gest, Sadsbury, Lancaster County, Deborah Gest, in the 92d year of her age, a member of Sadsbury Monthly and Particular Meetings, and while able (to within the last six years of her life) a constant and faithful attendant.

SATTERTHWAIT.—At his residence, in Warren County, Ohio, on the 28th of 10th mo., 1871, of small pox, Giles Satterthwait, aged 49 years.

SATTERTHWAIT.—On the 27th of 10th mo., 1871, of small pox, Charles, son of Giles and Mary Satterthwait, in the 15th year of his age.

SATTERTHWAIT.—On the 10th of 12th mo., 1871, of consumption, caused by small pox, Abel, son of Giles and Mary Satterthwait, in the 11th year of his age.

SATTERTHWAIT.—Near Waynesville, Warren County, Ohio, on the 25th of 12th mo., 1871, Elizabeth Satterthwait, in the 86th year of her age.

She with her Father's family removed from Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in the 5th month, 1802, bringing certificates of membership in the Society of Friends with them from Bucks Monthly Meeting. These were received by Miami Monthly Meeting at its establishment, of which meeting she continued a member through life.

Many are the changes that have taken place since then she having survived three brothers, sister, husband, most of her children, and friends who had been co-workers with her.

Having labored for the promotion of Truth in the ability she believed her Heavenly Father gave her, in her declining years she was permitted to enjoy good health, sweet sleep, and rest with calmness and peace of mind that gave evidence her Faith had not been in vain. Without sickness, other than a gradual failing of all her strength, she continued sensible to the last, resigning her spirit to Him in whom she had trusted.

A lecture by Dr. B Franklin Betts, on "Mutual Aid Associations, their objects, advantages," &c., will be delivered before the stated meeting of "The Mutual Aid Association of Friends," on Second-day evening, First month 29th, 1872, in the library-room at Race St. meeting-house, (entrance adjoining 152 North Fifteenth St.,) at 7½ o'clock.

After the lecture, the plan of our organization will be open to discussion.

An invitation to attend is extended to Friends and those in sympathy with them—of both sexes.

ALFRED MOORE, Secretary.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

1st mo. 28.	Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.
" "	South Farmington, N. Y., 11 A. M.
2d " 4.	Concord, Del. Co., 3 P. M.
" "	Moorestown, N. J., 3 P. M.
" 11.	Plusuing, L. I., 10 A. M.
" 18.	Orange, N. J., 10½ A. M.
" "	Rochester, N. Y., 11 A. M.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.

BY J. C. MOFFAT.

This is the title of a work, in progress, of which the first part only has been issued from the press.

The author does not claim to present, alone, the fruits of his own researches, for he says truly, so exhaustive a subject is entirely beyond the compass of one mind, or one lifetime.

The great interest taken by eminent scholars in the literature of the earlier civilizations has awakened in the minds of educated people a desire to know more of the history of the "mighty nations of antiquity," and of the views they entertained respecting the Supreme Being.

So far as the author has gone in this volume there is exhibited a candor and liberality which should recommend it to the thoughtful reader. To the Society of Friends especially it, in my judgment, commends itself by the acknowledged universality of the Divine favor, and its testimony to the great truth, so dear to the Society, that our Creator, Preserver, and bountiful Benefactor, has never left himself without witnesses in any age, or among any people; that the declaration of the Evangelist, John, concerning "that Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," applies alike to the remotest antiquity, as the earliest recorded experiences of the human heart testify.

A few extracts will show the character of the book. Of the subject under consideration, he says: "Religion modifies all forms of society, and is itself modified by them."

* * * * *

Right direction of the religious affections is essential to the highest culture, as their debasement is an invariable element of barbarism. The religion which meets truly and fully the wants of one human soul has a message of comfort to all.

The history of religion carries us into the heart of all varieties of human life, and takes much of its own coloring from them. True

religion goes to liberate men from that abject submission to natural force, and bald necessity, as well as from moral corruption, and civilization is the progressive work of man, in the use of all the means for establishing and maintaining the true symmetry of his own being and his dominion over the creatures."

* * * * *
 Of the earliest civilizations, he says: "We enjoy in the line of historic record a tolerably clear account of the course of events in those nations which from the earliest time have successively borne the highest honors of refinement. That record presents distinctly three records of civilization, of which two have been completed, and have successively passed away, and the third is now in progress.

The first extends from the earliest recorded settlements, until the decline of the Persian Empire. The second, from the rise of Hellenic (Grecian) superiority, until the decline of the Roman Empire. The third, that which began with the revival of learning in Western Europe, but has taken its distinctive features only in modern time.

Each of the two former periods is subdivided; the first into three sections, the second into two. Of these, the earliest was marked by the characteristics of the Hamitic (descendants of Ham) race and saw its best estate in Babylon, Assyria, Syria and Egypt, until about fifteen centuries B. C., and was brought to a close of its superiority by the decline of primitive taste in Egypt, and the overthrow or extermination of the previously dominant race elsewhere." * * *

Of the descendant of Shem, he says: "The earliest and highest Semitic culture appeared among the Hebrews and Syrians, and reached its prime between ten and twelve centuries B. C. It lasted in that connection only a few generations longer, when the superiority was yielded to the later Assyrian and Babylonian.

When all the nations of the Hamitic and Semitic civilizations broke down in the sixth century B. C., a new race appeared upon the scene

The Medes and Persians with their strong arms and inflexible laws took possession, bound the disintegrating nations together in one dominion with themselves and sustained their waning energies, until finally all went down under the Macedonian invasion. Then ensued the dark ages of the oriental world in the overthrow of one type of civilization by another, which did not succeed in filling its place."

This brings us to the second great period, of which the author says: "We distinguish two sections—the Greek, which is the basis,

and the Greco Roman; the former characterized by eminence in art and philosophic acumen, the latter in the practical wisdom of government. And what the Medo Persian had been to the dissolving oriental system, was the Roman Empire to the Hellenic world when breaking into similar disintegration. Having gathered the nations of which it consisted into one dominion by the force of arms, it held them together in a girdle of masterly legislation for five hundred years, and, after losing hold of the West, fell back to Greece again, and there maintained its existence for a thousand years longer." Of the progress of religion, he says: "Corresponding to these periods and resembling them in some very important features, the history of religion presents us with certain changes in the methods of revelation and worship. These changes, as far as concerns the nations now mentioned, can be stated in a few words.

The earliest style of religion, as of civil government, was that which belonged to the family in which the head united in himself all authority; the method of grace was that of direct and personal communion with God, with the simplest rites of sacrifice.

The kings of Salem, Gerar and Egypt were patriarchal sovereigns, and sought the favor of God by means similar in kind to those which Abraham employed.

The whole system of Egyptian government proceeded upon the presumption that the king stood in the relation of father to his people, and enjoyed familiar access to God as a son to a father. Such was the case in all nations belonging to that period."

* * * * *
 "After a long silence, history opens again in a new condition of the world. Kings had become despots, and the simple religion of former times was now swallowed up in a multitude of ceremonies, gloomy, oppressive, or immoral, and the living God removed to a distance, or shut out from sight, by the intervention of idolatrous symbols. A new revelation appeared addressed to the character and fashions and evils of the time, with an elaborate ceremonial, and laws involving the constitution of a new style of social and civil order. A model nation was formed without a mortal king, thereby leaving out the element which formed the very centre of the previous system. Accordingly there could be no king priest or king prophet. God was now to be accepted as a present king, to be inquired of through an oracle of permanent presence, and awful secrecy by a lawfully appointed hierophant, and worshipped by a legal priesthood with observances of a State religion.

This was the Hebrew. It was also the ec-

clesiastical system of the Greco-Roman world in its prime, without the original spirit, it is true, but still a system. But when that dispensation had been fulfilled and the seat of the oracle at Jerusalem destroyed, legal religion began to lose its hold upon the consciences of men.

Christianity appeared, and with unprecedented rapidity established itself in the faith of the civilized world, taking the place of all predecessors. It was needed—a faith upon which earnest men could confidently rely, in the time that was to ensue,—the most radical and protracted revolution the world ever saw. Nothing but a lofty spiritual religion taking powerful hold of the heart, independently of legal forms, yet not to be defeated by the addition of them, could have survived that terrible ordeal of a thousand years. Christianity herself did not come through unscathed, but the older religions died, and when civilization next emerged in her own proper attire of science and of art, of modest morals and social comforts, and of personal safety, it was no longer after the manner of the Greek or Roman, of the Egyptian or Hebrew, but in a style so radically new that it long failed to be recognized for what it was.

It arose where nobody looked for it, but just where it should have been looked for from the heart of that Gospel which had been the life of the heroism of fifteen hundred years,—which, in the long struggle, had maintained its adherents so triumphantly, and which now emerging from the burdens it had submitted to bear, manifested itself to the world as liberated, and progressive in the development proper to it.

A religion of unparalleled freedom, unfettered by legal observances, without sacrifices, without a temple, with no necessary dependence upon any civil government, with no mysterious shrine of an oracle without a separate priesthood, recognizing one mediator, who is also God, and opening the way equally to every worshipper, to approach God as a child to his father; teaching the equality of all his disciples, and the sublime truth, that God is an everywhere present spirit, who loves the world, and that they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

In other words, a free Gospel has created a new civilization after its own likeness.

* * * * *

Historic progress never comes to a stop; the seeds of one type of culture are planted while the preceding is in its prime, and the transfer of superiority, though generally across a period of comparative disorder, is by organic process. It belongs to civilized man

to govern the world; the best right to govern rests with him who lives most in accordance with the will of God. True government is the power of righteousness."

But I have already extended these extracts far beyond the limits intended.

To all who feel an interest in the progress and development of religious views, I recommend the book as one of great value.

1st mo. 17th, 1872.

—Rural.

“THE PATHWAYS OF THY LAND.”—

The pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since Thou wert there;
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er Thee;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing Thou did'st weep o'er them
From height to height,
The white roofs of discrowned Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewed with garments once and
palm
Which we tread thus;
Here through Thy triumph on thou passedst, calm
On to Thy cross.

The waves have washed fresh sand upon the shore
Of Galilee;
But chiselled on the hillsides evermore,
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering land,
Nor time effaced:
Where Thy feet trod to bless we still may stand;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
Truer than these;
Where'er the poor and tried and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond, sad regrets Thy steps we trace;
Thou art not dead!
Our path is onward till we see Thy face,
And hear thy tread.

And now wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy Presence, there Thy Holy Land—
Thou; Thou art there!

—Author of the “Three Wakings.”

WE have seen a plain face glorified by the love of God and man which shone through it.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BE STILL.

When slander's poisonous breath
E-says to do thee ill,
And work thy moral death,—
Turn inward and be still.

When passions fierce and wild
Assail thy heart, to kill
The Bud of Promise mild,—
Look upward and be still.

When false ones have deceived,
And thee with anguish fill,—
Of earthly joys bereaved,—
Turn inward and be still.

If poverty and pain
Should be thy Father's will ;
Oh, do not thou complain,—
Be patient, and be still.

For wealth has not the charm
The heart with bliss to fill,
Nor poverty to harm,
If inward thou art still,—

And heed that gent'e voice
That doth command thy will,
And bids thy soul rejoice,—
And speaketh,—“Peace be still.”

O, lean upon His arm,
Take counsel of His will,
No wordly power can harm
While inward thou art still.

The storms that rage and roar,
(The earthquakes of the will)
May lash forevermore
In vain,—If thou art still.

In stillness roll the globes
Immensity that fill,—
In Ocean's deep abodes
Reigns silence ;—All is still.

In silence hear that voice
That speaks unto thy will,
And bids thy soul rejoice,—
And speaketh “Peace be still.”

N. H.

Baltimore, 1 Mo. 15th, 1872.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S MARINE INVESTIGATIONS.

The following interesting letter, written by Professor Agassiz on board the coast-survey steamer Hassler, has been received by Professor Benjamin Pierce, superintendent of the coast survey :

ST. THOMAS, Dec. 15, 1871.

My Dear Professor:—For several days after we left Boston I was greatly troubled by a sense of general weakness, so much so that more than once I thought I had undertaken more than I had strength for. But as soon as we got into warmer latitudes I felt better, and now I am actually improving beyond my condition at the start. As soon

as we reached the Gulf Stream we began work. Indeed Pourtales organized a party to study the temperatures as soon as we passed Gay Head, and he will himself report his results to you, which are quite interesting. My attention was entirely turned to the gulf-weed and its inhabitants, of which we made extensive collections. Our observations favor the views of those who believe that the floating weed is derived from plants torn from the rocks upon which sargassum naturally grows. I made a very simple experiment which seems to me to settle the matter. Every branch of the sea-weed which is deprived of its floats at once sinks to the bottom of the water, and these floats are not likely to be the first parts developed from the spores. Moreover, after examining a very large quantity of the weed, I can say that I have not seen a branch however small which did not exhibit distinct marks of having been torn from a solid attachment.

You may hardly feel an interest in my zoölogical observations, but I am sure you will be pleased to learn that we had the best opportunity of carefully examining most of the animals known to inhabit the gulf-weed, and some which I did not know to occur among them. However, the most interesting discovery of the voyage thus far is the finding of a nest built by a fish, floating on the broad ocean with its live freight. On the 13th of the month Mr. Mansfield, one of the officers of the Hassler, brought me a ball of gulf-weed which he had just picked up, and which excited my curiosity to the utmost. It was a round mass of sargassum, about the size of two fists, rolled up together. The whole consisted to all appearance of nothing but gulf-weed, the branches and leaves of which were, however, evidently knit together and not only balled into a roundish mass, for though some of the leaves and branches hung loose from the rest, it became at once visible that the bulk of the ball was held together by threads trending in every direction among the sea weeds, as if a couple of handfuls of branches of sargassum had been rolled up together with elastic threads trending in every direction. Put back into a large bowl of water it became apparent that this mass of sea-weeds was a nest, the central part of which was more closely bound up together in the form of a ball with several loose branches extending in various directions, by which the whole was kept floating.

A more careful examination very soon revealed the fact that the elastic threads which held the gulf-weed together were beaded together at intervals, sometimes two or three beads being close together, or a bunch of them hanging from the same clus-

ter of threads, or they were more rarely scattered at a greater distance one from the other. Nowhere was there much regularity observable in the distribution of the beads, and they were found scattered throughout the whole ball of sea weeds pretty uniformly. The beads themselves were about the size of an ordinary pin's head. We had, no doubt, a nest before us of the most curious kind, full of eggs, too, and the eggs scattered throughout the mass of the nest and not placed together in a cavity of the whole structure.

What animal could have built this singular nest, was the next question. It did not take much time to ascertain the class of the animal kingdom to which it belongs. A common pocket lens at once revealed two large eyes upon the side of the head and a tail bent over the back of the body, as the embryo uniformly appears in ordinary fishes shortly before the period of hatching. The many empty egg-cases observed in the nest gave promise of an early opportunity of seeing some embryos freeing themselves from their envelope. Meanwhile a number of these eggs with live embryos were cut out of the nest and placed in separate glass jars to multiply the chances of preserving them, while the nest as a whole was secured in alcohol as a memorial of our unexpected discovery.

The next day I found two embryos in one of my glass jars; they occasionally moved in jerks and then rested for a long while motionless upon the bottom of the jar. On the third day I had over a dozen of these young fishes in my rack, the oldest of which begin to be more active and promise to afford further opportunity for study. I need not relate in detail the evidences I soon obtained that these embryos were fishes. Suffice it to say that the dorsal cord with its heterocercal bent was readily visible, as well as the caudal fin with its rays. In the eyes the coloboma had not yet been fully closed, and blood currents were unmistakable upon the yolk bag. But what kind of fish was this? About the time of hatching the fins of this class of animals differ too much from those of the adult, and the general form exhibits too few peculiarities, to afford any clew to this problem. I could only suppose that it would likely prove to be one of the pelagic species of the Atlantic, and of these the most common are *exocoetus*, *naucratus*, *scopelus*, *chironectes*, *syngnethus*, *monacanthus*, *tetraodon*, and *diodon*. Was there a way to come nearer to a correct solution of my doubts?

As I had in former years made a somewhat extensive study of the pigment cells of the skin in a variety of young fishes, I now resorted to this method to identify my embryos.

Happily we had on board several pelagic fishes alive, which could afford means of comparison, but unfortunately the steamer was shaking too much and rolling too heavily for microscopic observation of even moderately high powers. Nothing, however, should be left untried, and the very first comparison I made secured the desired result. The pigment cells of a young *chironectes pictus* proved identical with our little embryos. It thus stands as a well-authenticated fact that the common pelagic *chironectes* of the Atlantic (named *chironectes pictus* by Cuvier) builds a nest for its eggs in which the progeny is wrapped up with the materials of which the nest itself is composed, and as these materials are living gulf-weed, the fish cradle, rocking upon the deep ocean, is carried along as an undying arbor, affording at the same time protection and afterwards food for its living freight.

This marvellous story acquires additional interest if we now take into consideration what are the characteristic peculiarities of the *chironectes*. As its name indicates, it has fins like hands; that is to say, the pectoral fins are supported by a kind of prolonged wristlike appendages, and the rays of the ventrals are not unlike rude fingers. With these limbs these fishes have long been known to attach themselves to sea-weeds, and rather to walk than to swim in their natural element. But now that we have become acquainted with their mode of reproduction, it may fairly be asked if the most important use to which their peculiarly constructed fins are put is not probably in building their nest?

The discovery of this nest was quite accidental, but not so the examination of the large masses of the floating weeds which we met with as soon as we entered the waters of the Gulf Stream. I had made it my chief business to examine the floating sargassum with the intention of solving if possible the question of its origin. I had delivered a lecture to all on board in which was stated all I knew upon the subject and what I wanted to ascertain further, thus hoping to elicit the interest of the officers of the ship and of my scientific fellow travelers in the object of my search. I had told them that I did not believe that the gulf weed could multiply while floating, even though the floating branches might enlarge. I had suggested the gathering of the smallest branches of the weed with a view to ascertaining whether or not all, even the very smallest, bore signs of having been violently torn away from a fixed attachment. From that day not a patch of gulf-weed passed our ship within reach that was not carefully looked

at and hauled up if it presented any peculiar appearance, and no doubt I have my reward for that lecture in the discovery of the nest of the chironectes.

There remains one closing chapter to add to this story. May some naturalist becalmed among the gulf-weed have the good fortune of witnessing the process by which the nest is built. From an embryological point of view, these little fishes are quite interesting. In the first place the embryonal vertical fin, which extends along the whole back in the fish embryos thus far known, begins very far behind in the young chironectes, and does not exist upon the neck and back. In the second place the position of the heart is very peculiar. Instead of lying at the junction of the yolk bag with the head, it occupies a low position in the front part of the yolk.

All the officers of the Hassler are indefatigable in their efforts to help our investigations, and even the men show useful interest in our proceeding. We have just reached St. Thomas, so that I have nothing to add as to observations made here. Ever truly your friend,

L. AGASSIZ.

Professor Benjamin Pierce, Superintendent United States Coast Survey.

VACCINATION.

Extract from the Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. January, 1871.]

The certainty and commonly perfect innocuousness of vaccination have been established by the experience of nearly a century of its use. Overwhelming evidence has been presented recently by Mr. Simon (Twelfth report of English Privy Council) that the fears of vaccination occasionally contaminating the system are really not well founded. There must be many now alive who have heard at least of the horrible results of small-pox ravages before Jenner lived. With all these well-known facts before us, it seems strange that any town could allow the pest to grow rampant, as it has been recently allowed to become at Holyoke, in this State.

For over two months this loathsome disease has been spreading in that town, and now, December 25, infests every part of it. The secretary has visited Holyoke, and had an interview with the selectmen and physicians. At his suggestion a thorough districting of the town was made, and every arm is to have its vaccine safeguard placed upon it. No amount of disinfectants can cope with this dire disease.

The only way to thoroughly drive it from the United States is by a national law, as in

England, requiring every parent to duly register his child after having been duly vaccinated. Meanwhile the laws of our State in regard to unvaccinated children not being allowed to go to school, and other laws relative to infectious diseases, must have been grossly neglected in Holyoke to have such an unhappy result as has taken place at that town, viz: Up to December 31, 167 cases of small pox have occurred, of which 36, or about one-fourth, proved fatal. There are doubtless many survivors also who have been disfigured for life by the disease.

In connection with this statement the board draws attention to the fact that several of our correspondents (see report on Health of Towns), allude to the indifference and neglect of the people in regard to vaccination as being quite general, and fraught with great danger to the people when the seed shall fall among them. In the Massachusetts registration report for 1868, we find the following on vaccination:

In Ireland vaccination was made compulsory in 1863. Since that period the Irish Poor-Law Commissioners have carried out the provisions of law, and the whole population has been vaccinated. The results are seen in the following figures, from which it appears that the Irish physicians have banished the small-pox from their island as St. Patrick is said to have banished the snakes. Whereas, in the periods 1830-40, 1840-50 and 1850-60 the respective annual average mortalities had been 5800, 3827 and 1272; in the year 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, they were 854, 347, 187, 20 and 19 respectively. In the first half of 1869 the whole number was 3.

The deaths from small pox in Ireland since 1866 have been so few that it is fair to suppose that the cases have been generally imported from abroad. The population being about five and a half millions, we should have, if equally well protected, about four deaths a year in Massachusetts.

INDISCRIMINATE ALMSGIVING.—It has been lately shown, in a very able pamphlet by Dr. Hawkesley, that the amount annually given away in charity in London is more than £5,000,000; scarcely any part of this sum rewards the frugal and the industrious; by far the greatest portion of it, by being bestowed upon the improvident, exerts a direct tendency to increase and perpetuate poverty.—*Prof. Fawcett, Pauperism, its Causes and Remedies.*

OUR moods are lenses coloring the world with as many different hues.—*Emerson.*

THE WEATHER AT THE SANTEE AGENCY.

"G. S. T." furnishes the following information for Twelfth mo., 1871:

Mean temperature for the month	15.25 deg.
Highest mean of any one day (the 6th.)	41.67 "
Lowest mean for any one day (the 3d.)	3.66 below 0
Maximum height (the 6th.)	47.00
Minimum " (the 4th.)	15.00 below 0

He adds "We are in the midst of a long and cold winter, which set in fully a month earlier than last year. The amount of snow which has fallen is quite unusual for this country, and having been thawed sufficiently on the top to form a crust, has prevented it blowing away, and as a consequence we have had splendid sleighing." J. M. E.

How hard it is to feel that the power of life is to be found inside, not outside; in the heart and thoughts, not in the visible actions and show; in the living seed, not in the plant which has no root. How often do men cultivate the garden of their souls just in the other way! How often do we try and persevere in trying to make a sort of neat show of our outer good qualities without anything within to correspond, just like children who plant blossoms without any roots in the ground to make a pretty show for the hour! We find faults in our lives and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it not by sowing the divine seed of a heavenly principle, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.

A PAGE digested is better than a volume hurriedly read.—*Macaulay*.

ITEMS.

THE human body, according to Dr. Nichols, in the *Journal of Chemistry*, contains phosphorus enough for four hundred ordinary two-cent packages of matches, but not quite sulphur enough for them. There is water enough to "drown the individual," or, rather, *another* individual.

A memorial adopted by New York Yearly Meeting, asking for a settlement of national difficulties by arbitration rather than the sword, has recently been presented to the President by a delegation of our Friends. They were courteously received by the President and promised that the memorial should receive earnest attention.

We learn that a number of petitions from several States have been presented to the Senate and House of Representatives, respectfully and earnestly asking that, by appropriate legislation, they will hereafter prohibit, within the jurisdiction of the government of the United States, the manufacture, importation and sale of all intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage. Also that an amend-

ment to the Constitution of the United States be adopted and submitted to the States for ratification, providing that no candidate shall hereafter be eligible to any Federal Office who is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; and that drunkenness in any incumbent of such office shall be deemed at any time sufficient cause for immediate impeachment and deposition.

INTOXICATING DRINK.—Lord Chief Justice Hale once remarked, "The places of judicature which I have held in this kingdom have given me an opportunity to observe the original cause of most of the enormities that have been committed for the space of nearly twenty years; and by a due observation, I have found that, if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, the riots and tumults, and other great enormities that have happened in that time were divided into five parts, four of them have been the issues and product of excessive drinking, or of tavern and ale-house meetings.

INDUSTRY OF LUTHER.—From 1517 to 1526, the first ten years of the reformation, the number of Luther's publications was three hundred; from 1527 to 1536, the second decade, the number was two hundred and thirty-two; and 1537 to 1546, the year of his death, the number was one hundred and eighty-three. In twenty-nine years and four months he published seven hundred and fifteen books, an average of more than twenty-five a year. He did not go through the manual labor of all this writing, it is true, for many of his published works were taken down from his lips by his friends; and it is also true that several of the volumes were small enough in size to be denominated pamphlets, but many of them are also large and elaborate treatises. In the circumstances in which he wrote, his translation of the Bible alone would have been a gigantic task, even if he had his lifetime to devote to it.

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN JOWETT, the author of the treatise on the interpretation of Scripture in the well known volume, entitled "Essays and Reviews," and a prominent member of the established Church of England, recently preached a sermon in the old Greyfriars Kirk, Edinburgh. At the close of his discourse Professor Jowett defended his course in preaching in a Presbyterian place of worship, and stated that he could not help feeling weary and ashamed of the contentions and divisions which disturb the Christian Church. He said that the members of the British nation meet together in business, in society, in the family, but part at the door of the church, and that religion, which ought to be the highest bond of union, becomes the most lasting element of discord. Professor Jowett said that he desired to think of denominational differences as they will appear to all of us at the hour of death, when we shall be occupied with our own lives, and not with forms of faith—with the thought of another world, and not with the controversies of this. The spirit of division, he said, had a baseful effect on the British nation at large, and asserted that from this cause arose class jealousies, particularly separating landlords and tenants, whose interests are naturally connected. The great difficulty in the way of the establishment of national schools, he further said, was the religious question, and, he asserted, that the dissensions on this point would delay the progress of education for one generation. Professor Jowett is attached to the "Broad Church" party, and has recently attracted attention by his translation of the "Republic" of Plato.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Srattan, Richmond, Ind.

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From "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends."

BY R. S. FERGUSON, M. A.

JOHN BANKS.

John Banks, of Brigham, was a celebrated preacher among the Society of Friends, and the hero, while in prison in Carlisle, of an adventure with the Mayor of that city. This John Banks was a Cumberland man, and is generally known as John Banks, of Brigham. A memoir of him was published in 1712, under the title of "A Journal of the Life, Labors, Travels, and Sufferings, in and for the Gospel, of that ancient Servant and faithful Minister of Jesus Christ, John Banks." To it is added a collection of his letters and papers, and the Preface is written by William Penn himself. There have been several subsequent editions of this Memoir, all more or less abridged; the first and un mutilated edition is now rarely to be met with.

John Banks, as he tells us in this journal, "came of honest parents;" he was the only child of William and Emme (sic in origine) Banks, and was born in 1638, at Sunderland, in the parish of Isel, or Issell (as he writes it), in Cumberland. His father was a fellmonger and glover, but also took laud to farm. A few years after John's birth, his people moved to "within the compass of Pardshaw-meeting." Pardshaw, to use the modern name, is a hamlet, about four miles from Cocker mouth, in the parish of Dean; and the Banks family settled at Brigham, which is the

adjoining parish to that of Dean. The doctrines of the Society of Friends spread at a very early date in this neighborhood; and their founder, George Fox, in his journal mentions attending general meetings of the Society at Pardshaw Crag. In 1645, John Banks was sent to school, and remained there for seven years, until he was fourteen; he learned well both English and Latin, and could write well,—accomplishments which he forthwith utilized, by teaching school at Dissington, or Distington. Here he remained a year, and then moved to Mosser Chappel, near Pardshaw, where he taught school, and "read the Scriptures also, to People that came there on the First Day of the Week, and Homily, as it is called, and Sung Psalms, and Prayed: But I have no liking to the Practice: But my Father, with other People, through my entering into Reasoning with them, overcame me." Here Banks had twenty-four scholars, for each of whom he received twelvence a quarter; he also received, for his religious services twelvence a year from every house of them that came to hear him, a fleece of wool, and his table free. Mosser Chappel, where he officiated, was merely a chapel of ease to the "Parish Steeple House," which was some miles off. One day, when Banks was officiating, there came to hear him, among the rest of the people that were indifferent where they did go for worship, one John Fletcher "a great scholar, but a Drunk-

en Sottish Man." Fletcher, after service one day called Banks aside, and told him, he read very well for a youth, but he did not "pray in form, as others used to do," and promised to send him a letter of instructions. When this letter arrived, it contained a form of prayer for Banks to use. As he was considering it, the words of St. Paul came to his mind, in which the Apostle declared, that he had the Gospel he had to preach, not from man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. Being thus aroused, the result of Banks' thoughts was a visit to "the meeting of the People in Scorn called Quakers." From this time, Banks became a member of the Society of Friends. He states, in his journal, that he was sixteen years and four months when it pleased the Lord to touch his heart,—an event which he dates as happening in the Tenth Month, 1654. He gave up his scholastic duties; indeed, after the receipt of Fletcher's letter, he never again officiated at the chapel, and declined to receive the wages due to him. He learnt his father's trades, both as a fellmonger and glover, and also as a farmer; and shortly the happiness of seeing both his parents become Friends. It was, however, nearly six years before the doubts stirred up by Fletcher's epistle quite subsided, and Banks became settled in his mind. In 1659, Banks was at a meeting of Friends, on Pardshaw Crag, when he was moved to go to the steeple-house at Cocker-mouth, which he did, but was turned out at once, by order of "the hireling priest George Larcum," or Larkham, mentioned in our account of George Fox, for coming in with his hat on his head. Banks, however, returned, and followed Larcum's sermon with one of his own, which made "the Hireling Fly, with all the haste he could, out at a contrary Door than he used to do." Another result was, to create a great tumult, in the midst of which Banks was again haled out of the church, after which, he writes, "I came away in sweet Peace and spiritual Comfort in my Heart and Soul"

An hiatus of three or four years now occurs in the journal. In 1663, we find Banks at a meeting of Friends upon the Howhill, near, Caldbeck, in Cumberland, "whereunto came George Fletcher, of Hutton Hall, a Justice of the Peace, so called, who came into the Meeting Rude and Unmannerly, Riding among Friends, they sitting upon the Ground, and Trode with his Horse feet upon a Woman's Gown, a Woman of Note, and Well-bred; and I was moved of the Lord to kneel down in prayer at the Head of his Horse." Sir George struck Banks with a horsewhip over his head and face, and then ordered his servant to take Banks away. He was, ac-

cordingly dragged away, by the hair of his head, down the hill on which the meeting was held. Banks, on recovering his feet, asked Sir George the very pertinent question, "Dost thou pretend to be a Justice of Peace, and breaks the Peace, and Disturbs, Persecutes, and Abuses God's peaceable People, and sets on thy Servent so to do?" Sir George proved his right to the title of Justice of the Peace, for he fined Banks five pounds, and in default committed him to Carlisle Gaol, where, says Banks, "George Martin, a wicked, hard-hearted Man, being Gaoler, puts us in the Common Gaol, several days and nights, without either Bread or Water; because we could not answer nor satisfy his Covetous desire in giving him eight-pence a Meal for our Meat; so he threatened, when he put us in the Common Gaol, he would see how long we could live there without Meat, and did suffer none that he could hinder, neither would he suffer any of our friends to bring us any Bedding, not so much as a little Straw, so that we had no place to lie on, but the Prison Window, upon the Cold Stones; the Wall being thick, there was Room for one at a time. And when he saw he could not Prevail, notwithstanding his Cruelty, he moved us from the Common Gaol into a Room in his own House, where he had several Friends Prisoners for Non-Payment of Tythes at the suit of the said George Fletcher." Quarter Sessions came around in about a fortnight after Banks had been imprisoned; he and his companions were called before that gallant cavalier, Sir Philip Musgrave, whom Banks writes of as "called a Justice, but an old Persecutor." Musgrave asked the imprisoned Friends to conform to the Established Church, and promised, in that event, to favor them as far as he could. He, however, would listen to nothing from them but a direct answer to his questions, telling them not to preach there and adding, "When you are banished to beyond the seas," (the penalty for the third offence against the Act under which Banks had been committed,) "then you may preach there." In the end, Musgrave and the magistrates ordered the release of the prisoners, and that their goods should be taken in payment of the fines. Banks complains that a cow and a horse of his father's worth £6 10s., were distrained in payment of the fine of £5, for which Fletcher committed him. What followed before the prisoners were released, is worthy to be told in the words of Banks himself. It is a funny picture of prison discipline:—

"So we were set at Liberty that Sessions, Goods being taken for all our Fines. Only the Sheriff for the County, Willfred Lawson, of Issel Hall, being there, said to the Gaoler, If they will not Pay Fees,

put them into the Common Gaol again, and keep them there until they Rot. So the Gaoler did put us in the Common Gaol again, because we could not Pay him Fees; where was a Bedlam Man, and four with him for Theft; and two notorious Thieves, called Redhead and Wadelad; two Mosstroopers, for stealing of Cattle; and one woman for Murdering of her own Child. Now, several of the Relations and Acquaintances of these were suffered to come to see them, after the Sessions was over, who gave them so much Drink that they were basely Drunk, most of them; and, the Prison being a close, nasty Place, they did so Abuse themselves and us, with doing all their Necesssaries so undecently, that it was enough almost to stifle some of us: So on the Morrow we let the Gaoler know how we were abused. Whereupon he bid the Turnkey bring us to the room where we were before; he scorned to keep us there; we were Honest Men, setting our religion aside. One of us answered, If the Tree be Good, the Fruit cannot be Evil. So, in a little time, after we had been in his house, he gave us our Liberty, without Paying of Fees. This was in the Fifth Month, 1663."

Certainly, this account presents a strange picture of Carlisle Gaol in 1663, From a letter, written by Banks we find that he had four companions in this imprisonment, and one of them was Mungo Bewley, an inhabitant of Carlisle. The common gaol was in the old Citadel of Carlisle.

In the following year, Banks married his first wife, Ann Littledale. By her he appears to have had six children,—John, William, Sarah, Mary, Ann and Emma. Four years after he commenced wedded life, he felt himself called to travel, in the work of the ministry towards the South and West of England. His companion was Cumberland John Wilkinson. This journey lasted two months, and was in length twelve hundred and sixty-eight miles,—no little distance when roads were almost unknown, and packhorses had not been superseded by wheeled conveyances. Banks, in his journal, enters into no detail as to his journeys, and, indeed, intimates an intention of only recording what may be material. He states, with laudable pride, that he had gone over sea, betwixt England, Scotland and Ireland, twelve times, "and that often not without great Difficulty and Danger of Life at Sea, by many Tempestuous Storms; yet never, at any time, was I above two Nights together at sea: insomuch that, after sometimes that I had taken Shipping at White-Haven, the Sea-Men would be very desirous who should have me in their Vessel; saying, 'I was the Happiest Man that ever they Carried over Sea, for they got well along still when they had me.'" Banks inserts in his journal his letters, written while travelling, to his wife and children, and to his apprentice, Peter Fearon, afterwards a preacher, and companion of his master; and, also, letters from his wife to him. She dates from, "Whin-fell Hall, in Cumberland." One or two of

the few adventures which he relates are worth mention. At Wicklow, in Ireland, a place to which he was directed to go, in a dream, he was arrested by a sergeant and a guard of musketeers, and brought before Governor Hamman, his man, the priest, and his wife. Banks was committed to the county goal, at the instigation of the priest's wife, who was by far the most zealous of his opponents. The gaoler, however, allowed Banks to hold a large meeting in prison; and, when the Sheriff remonstrated, the gaoler asserted his right to let his prisoners do what they pleased, come and go as they liked, provided they were in prison when wanted. The party was not detained long; for the Governor, when the priest and priest's wife were not at hand to earwig him, gave orders to release Banks and his two companions. The gaoler at first demanded fees before he would let them go, but, on discussion, waived his right. Banks thereon called for drink, (the gaoler was a publican,) and each of the party gave him twelvepence, with which he seemed much pleased. This visit to Wicklow resulted in the establishment of a large colony of Friends in that place.

In 1677, Banks lost, by paralysis apparently, the use of his arm and shoulder. He dreamt, one night, that he was with George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, and that he addressed him thus: "George, my Faith is such that if thou seest it thy way to lay thy Hand upon my Shoulder, my Arm and Hand shall be whole throughout." This dream made such an impression upon Banks, that he went to Yorkshire in search of Fox, related the dream, and he records that, on Fox laying his hand on the afflicted shoulder, it began to, and actually did heal. "And the next time," writes Banks, "that G. F. and I met, he readily said, *John, thou mended, thou mended*; I answered, Yes, very well, in a little time."

Banks continued to travel, as a preacher, through England, Scotland and Ireland, until 1684, in which year he was again sent to prison at Carlisle, by Sir George Fletcher, who was the lay impropiator of tithes, which Banks refused to pay. Banks heads the portion of his journal, in which he relates his imprisonment, thus:

"Here followeth a Relation of my Imprisonment in the City of Carlisle, in Cumberland; which was Six Years and Nine Months, because for Conscience's sake I could not pay Tythes demanded by George Fletcher, of Hutton Hall, in the assd. County, a Justice of the Peace so called, but a great Persecutor of God's People, by Imprisonment, and spoiling their Goods, and if he had had all of me, at the time of my Commitment, that he pretended was his Due, it was but Eight Shillings and Sixpence; which sheweth his Hard heartedness and Oppression."

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BENJAMIN PRICE.

Departed this life on Second day morning, the 8th of First mo., 1872, at the residence of his son, Dr. Jacob Price of Westchester, Pa., Benjamin Price, aged 78 years.

He was extensively known and well beloved by a large circle of friends. His daily life and conversation among men gave such evidence of his loving spirit and benevolent character, that it seems scarcely needful to testify thereto by written words; but when one so true and faithful, so fully ripe for the harvest is gathered into the heavenly garner, we feel that it is mete to offer a simple tribute to his worth. Our departed friend was long a well beloved member and elder of Birmingham Monthly Meeting; discharging his duties in these relations in a spirit of love and forbearance, ever mindful of the least in the flock, and finding place in the hearts of the people. He was the son of religiously concerned parents, Philip and Rachel Price, and received a guarded education. He was the friend and close companion of his precious mother, treasuring up rich legacies of the love and care of his parents unto his latest days. Always the friend of the poor and the oppressed, the aboundings of his warm and sympathetic heart found place in a field of universal love to all men; and in the quiet walks of life, kind words of encouragement and unselfish acts of benevolence to all with whom he came in contact, the work of love prospered in his hands. He was united in marriage in the year 1817 with Jane Paxson, daughter of Jacob and Mary Paxson of Abington, Pa., of whose close companionship, help and encouragement in times of weakness, during a union of nearly fifty-five years, he frequently spoke before and during his illness. He traveled extensively with ministering friends, entering into the closest sympathy with them. Many bore testimony to his brotherly love and the efficient help he ever afforded. For several years he and his wife were the proprietors of a boarding school for boys. He was not only faithful in his vocation as teacher, guardian and counsellor, but entered warmly into social feeling with those entrusted to their care, sharing in their amusements and promoting their enjoyment in hours of recreation. He was a devoted husband, and an excellent father, ever concerned for the highest welfare of his children, and mindful of their comfort and happiness. In a letter from his brother-in-law, W. H. I., since his death, speaking of the pleasant mingling of their families in days gone by, he says, "On one occasion as we observed dear Benjamin giving attention to the means for enabling his children to pur-

sue their sports, brother remarked, 'Those children will owe a debt to their father which can never be cancelled.' "But," he adds, "this only gives a specimen of his benevolence in the family relation, while his kind heart seemed to embrace the whole family of mankind, and led him to imitate the example of our great pattern, of going about doing good." He traveled among Friends in many places, in company with his dear companion, bearing ever the olive branch of peace and good will to all men, entering into feeling with those whom they visited, from the little babe of the household to the aged and infirm. How many hearts have been thus comforted and made glad! Who that knew him but can recount some kind word spoken, some benevolent act performed? and this without distinction of color, sect or people. He obtained a minute about two years ago to visit some of the meetings within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and in company with his wife visited many of these in different parts. The last of this service was the attendance of the meetings in the Southern Quarter, which brought him the reward of peace and satisfaction. During his sickness he desired this minute returned, a service which his dear wife performed a short time before his departure. He was taken seriously ill with congestion of the lungs on the night of the 7th of Tenth mo., scarcely expecting to survive until morning, but he looked forward with calm and trusting faith, commending himself and his loved ones to the keeping of the Father of all. Yet not thus was his precious life among us to terminate. Perhaps it was lengthened out that we might profit still farther by his loving spirit, his sweet counsel, his patient waiting and firm reliance on the wisdom and goodness of his heavenly Father, and that those whose lives seemed bound so indissolubly with his might become prepared, "ere the silver cord was loosed," to walk henceforth without his outward presence, his strong arm to support, his bright, inspiring countenance, and his loving words which no more may greet by the way his fellow pilgrims of earth. Amid great suffering and weariness of the flesh his heart was overflowing with love and thoughtful consideration for all, and as we responded to this love and rejoiced in its wealth of blessing, he frequently reminded us that he had nothing but that which he received from his Father; that the Fountain was open for all to partake of freely. He frequently called us away from all outward dependencies, from creeds and dogmas, from the written word to the light and power of the revealed will of God in the soul. And in the

loving words of counsel and instruction which from time to time fell from his lips, he would say, "Do not accept them because I speak them, only as they meet the witness for truth in your own minds." He often spoke of his waking hours being more refreshing than when he slept; no dreams to disturb, but such heavenly peace, and precious remembrances of those near and afar off; such an abounding of love and the sense of the overshadowing goodness of a gracious Father. He desired that we should be lifted above all sectarian prejudices, and be clothed with that charity which thinketh no evil, giving evidence in our daily lives of faith, patience, charity, love and brotherly kindness, with all diligence rendering a cheerful obedience to the voice of God in the soul. In great weakness and suffering he rejoiced in the power which sustained him and made love triumph over all, desiring fervently that patience might continue to the end, praying to be released and asking our united prayers in his behalf, yet ever saying, "Not my will, but Thine, dearest Father, be done." He frequently desired that his sickness might not cast a gloom over any one of the household; especially that the dear children should not be debarred from their usual pursuits and needful recreation; and in reference to the close, he said, "Let there be no sign or habilitment of mourning when all is over, but let all rejoice in the glorious entrance of the spirit into the new and brighter day that hath dawned for it." Adding, "There has been throughout this dispensation a continual presence of a sense of blessing, and in all that the eye hath rested upon with these dear faces that are here about me, and a far more abundant flow and outpouring when the eyes are closed, too great for expression." The meeting held at his request on the occasion of his funeral, was a deeply impressive season, and many testimonies were borne to his useful life and benevolent character. Truly the good die not, but have an abiding place in the hearts of the people, and an eternal inheritance which fadeth not away.

Westchester.

L.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

In the silence of the closet the soul has its sweetest communing. It was after the tempest and the earthquake that the prophet recognized the presence of God in "the still small voice," when he "hid his face in his mantle."

Silent voices come to us from the flames, from the clouds, from the stars; and never is the power of silence more deeply felt than when, ascending some eminence in the still hour of a clear night, we take the devotional

harp and sing, with the sweetest of ministrals, "When I consider Thy heavens," &c.

God teaches us to improve silence as a season of moral training. "Enter into thy closet and shut thy door." What is meant by the sweet, silent power of prayer every Christian understands. When we would see God, as it were, face to face, we must leave the mixed congregation and go with Moses up into the Mount. Our faces will gather no such radiance in the lower sphere.

Silence is the friend of the afflicted. When the hand of God is upon us we ask for no earthly comforters, but we "sit alone and are silent." When Job's friends—so called—broke their silence and began to upbraid, they but deepened the anguish of his soul. Sit down by thy afflicted brother and look the sympathy which words cannot express. A tear is better sometimes than a homily or a sermon.

Silence is a good angel often in the social and domestic circle. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." But, sometimes, *no* answer is still better. Moses spake, once, when he had better have kept silent. So also others with less wisdom and less meekness, use the power of speech to their own disadvantage and to the injury of others. How much wrangling and heart-burning would be avoided, were the members of the household to make it a rule to keep silence under the temptation to anger, or when the irritating accusation would prompt them to retaliate! Angry words have sometimes led to incurable alienations. We have seen calm silence operate like magic on the angry spirit. How much would the peace of families be promoted, were this power oftener brought into exercise! The fretful or impatient accusation, if received in silence, would speedily smoulder in its own ashes; whereas, if it provoke the quick retort, it is very apt to kindle into a fearful flame.

The Christian understands the power of silence. "I was dumb with silence." "Whilst I was musing, the fire burned." "Then spake I with my tongue." "So when the fire of love kindles in the soul, let the tongue speak of mercy and judgment."—*N. Y. Observer.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OTOE AGENCY.

In order to understand the subject referred to in the following letter from the Otoe Agency, it must be born in mind that the Otoe Indians were accustomed, on the approach of winter, to seek shelter in the ravines where they pitched their wretched tents near to springs of water and supplies of wood. From the very small size of the tents, where they lived, all huddled together, but little

fuel was necessary to maintain sufficient warmth; this occasions the difficulty in persuading them to occupy the houses in the winter, as so doing involves much labor to obtain the necessary supplies of wood and water.

OTOM AGENCY, 1st mo. 3d, 1872.

* * * * I learn that Friends are discouraged because our Indians do not occupy their houses during the entire year; and also because they do not exhibit a more appreciative spirit. I have only to say that the chief object in building houses for them, is to draw them away from their summer village;—to break up village life and its attendant evils; and whether the houses are occupied or vacated during winter, their summer occupancy accomplishes the chief object of their erection, since it is only during the latter season that the village is inhabited, and its baneful influence felt. I trust the time is coming when every house will be occupied during the entire year; but our Indians will have to be labored with, patiently and faithfully, before the dawn of such a time.

In reply to thy query of "How many houses have you inhabited by Indian families the day this letter reaches the Agency?" I would answer, not less than three, and possibly four. I know, to a certainty, of at least twenty individuals who are wintering in houses; of these at least half are eating from a table, and sitting upon chairs; nearly the entire twenty are using stoves for cooking, while the majority wear citizens dress. Three years ago what was the picture? Every individual of the tribe was crowded into the village, and all revelled together in idleness, filth, and nakedness.* Not a hog or chicken was to be found on the whole reserve. Their condition was a most degraded one; vice and ignorance, and their natural tendencies and inclinations, combined to render the work of improving their condition most difficult. It was obvious that so long as they remained during summer in their village, but little could be done toward improving either their moral or sanitary condition. Yet so much attached were the Indians to this village life, that any attempt to break it up was sure to meet with many obstacles and bitter opposition.

The following will show the number of Indians that were induced to leave the village to live in frame houses during the sum-

mer. Every one of these was a villager of the paint and blanket type, accustomed to a village life, and all its attendants of idleness and vice from infancy:

<i>Name of Householder.</i>	<i>No. in family.</i>
Rubideux	4
Nou-pa warra,	4
Rocco and Little Creek,	9
Der-oin,	10
Buffalo (Chief),	13
Hookéadowa,	5
Bameby,	6
Medicine Horse (Chief),	9
Mos-ka-ga-ha,	8
Total	68

Besides those who live in frame houses, others actuated partly by their example, and partly by our advice, removed from the village to live in tents, or bark houses, on claims and patches selected by them, or in proximity to springs of water. By thus lessening the population of the village, its power for evil was greatly decreased, if not in a measure destroyed.

At present things are certainly much improved; the men have learned that labor is not contemptible; paint is seldom used, indeed, I doubt whether I have seen half a dozen painted faces, except at annuity payments for a year. Gambling and horse-racing, to which they were once devoted, are now seldom seen, the latter being almost entirely discontinued, while the former is practised only in secret, experience having taught them that the forfeiture of their cards invariably followed my observance of a game. It will not do, however, for Friends to expect too much from the Indians; they are a poor, ignorant, prejudiced race, greatly attached to native habits, and suspicious of every innovation.

JUSTICE VS. LAW.

The death of the Hon. John Janney of Loudon county, Virginia, which took place, at the ripe age of seventy-four, on the 5th instant, recalls an anecdote of him that seems to us timely as well as interesting, illustrating as it does characteristics of some of the late slaveholders, far more kindly and sympathetic than many persons at a distance from them, and not familiar with their ways, were wont to credit them with.

Though raised a Friend, John Janney was a lawyer. As such he was eminent. He also became influential as a politician, as shown by his being made president of the convention which "resolved" his State out of the Union. The anecdote to which we allude relates to his professional and not his political

*From the least to the greatest, all painted their faces, and decked their persons after the manner of the wildest of their race. Horse racing and gambling were their daily occupations.

career, and antedates the war at least seventeen or eighteen years. It is this :

A colored man, himself free, had married a woman owned by one of the citizens of Loudoun county. Becoming alarmed for the permanence of his domestic relations, with his wife liable to be sold far away from him, he induced her to leave her master and reside in a free State. Incautiously putting himself, after this, within the reach of the criminal authorities of Virginia, he was arrested and committed for trial, the charge being that of grand larceny. He had no means wherewith to procure such able counsel as John Janney. But, more or less at the solicitation of Samuel M. Janney, the eminent Quaker preacher, teacher, author, and philanthropist, (a cousin of the Quaker lawyer,) he consented to defend him when the trial came on.

The evidence, though more circumstantial than direct, would doubtless have insured a conviction with a less able and earnest and, withal, disinterested representative, standing before such a jury as was sitting in the case, for they were mostly slaveholders, and all residents of a slaveholding community. But Mr. Janney made up his mind that the accused husband had done a morally excusable, if not a legally justifiable, thing in taking his wife to the safety of a free State. He felt that the love of the prisoner for his wife was not the less deep and abiding because he was tinged with a skin deeper hued than his own. His consciousness (the "inner light" of his inner faith) told him that, with conditions exchanged, he himself would have felt it right to do the same thing.

With this assurance of having the solid foundation of the golden rule to build his argument upon, he went before the jury. He pressed the case home upon them, appealing to them as slaveholders, who, as neighbors and friends, he felt to be not the less men because of this fact—men who could discriminate and weigh the motive of human conduct in scales undisturbed by the weight of prejudice or even self-interest. He appealed to their natural sense of justice and mercy, urging that they could well afford to give the prisoner at the bar the benefit of that doubt and uncertainty which hung over the testimony in the case before them, as over all human testimony, and that he believed that, restoring this husband to the wife of his bosom with a verdict of "not guilty," they would be happier men than if they consigned him to prison for that which God would, as he firmly believed, not think of adjudging a crime in the court of Heaven.

Such, in spirit and drift, was John Janney's appeal to the jury, (we do not pretend to give

his words,) and such was the effect of it upon them, even the slaveholding jurors of the pannel, that they brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and restored the prisoner to liberty and the love of his wife.—*The Capital*.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I seems as though I never shall learn "silence toward men and speech toward God." I know there is no truer, more loving and sympathetic friend, and that His "ear is ever open to our cry," but we will not keep "stayed." We will have our seasons of doubt and distrust and impatience, or, at least, I do. I wonder if I shall ever get out of the wilderness, or if I shall only look over into the land of rest and promise, without reaching it? I am sure "our earthly care will be a heavenly discipline," if we will let it. Adversity tries us, and I have no doubt that it will prove a blessing to our children in rendering them self-reliant. And I do not want thee to think, dear friend, that I desire the burden to be lifted until the proper time. I only wish that I may abide in patience and meekness, trusting fully in the Father, who *notices*, not *prevents*, the sparrow's fall. May He have us in His holy keeping! I feel so afraid of taking myself out of His providence, by my own haste and impatience, and I do not want to, for what *would* become of me then?

Our Yearly Meeting closed on Fifth day. It was an unusually harmonious meeting throughout. We had a large number of Friends with us very acceptably. But I did not enjoy the meeting as I hoped to. Thou wilt wonder why, I am sure; but I discovered toward the close of the meeting, that it was because I looked too much to others for the good that could come only by individual labor in preparing the ground to receive the good seed. I neglected my share of the work, and it could not take root. There must be a capacity to receive; and although I knew this, yet I seem to have to learn my lessons "over and over again."

I was very sorry to hear of the death of G. E. L. He was a quiet, unobtrusive man, and a solid Friend. You will doubtless miss him much in the meeting; but though from death and other causes your meeting is very much reduced in numbers, I have not seen any cause for the discouragement which some feel, and I look back with pleasure to the

feeling which, when I was with you, used to cover our little gatherings at eventide, and I believe there will be a re-awaking and a gathering into the fold of many of those who, from various causes, have stood as in the outer court.

It will not do for us in discouragement to exclaim, "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" for there is a Power now as well as formerly that is able to raise and qualify instruments for His work; who, though they be neither prophets nor sons of prophets, will be able to prophecy through the ability He may give, and assist in carrying forward the good work.

Though I have been but an unprofitable servant, yet I feel a godly jealousy, not for the reputation only, but for our Society and its testimonies; and when I read of some of the steps which Friends in various parts of the country have taken, I cannot but fear lest the pure gold may become tarnished and mixed with dross.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 3, 1872.

"LITTLE GEMS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE."—We have received this little book, compiled by S. H. Pierce, and we very cheerfully recommend it as a pleasant collection of childish poems, for the instruction and entertainment of our little ones.

In the preface, the compiler says:—"In making this collection (many of which are of early date), it has been the desire of the compiler to place before the youthful mind only such sentiments as are calculated to ennoble and beautify their characters, by cultivating a love for all that is beautiful in nature." It is published by Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.—The civilization of modern times has at last begun to dawn on the great island empire of Japan. We hail with pleasure the announcement of the measures recently taken by the Japanese government for the elevation of its subjects.

Intercourse with other nations is one of the means resorted to by the emperor, and we hear with pleasure of the arrival of a Japanese Minister Plenipotentiary with a numerous suit at San Francisco, charged with the negotiation of a revision of treaties with our country.

This embassy is accompanied by the United States minister Delong, who is said to have accepted from the Japanese government a commission to visit the principal nations of the world to negotiate treaties of friendship and commerce, and to introduce Japan into the family of civilized nations.

The Japanese seem to be seeking enlightenment and progress in the arts, rather than mere pecuniary profit, from their intercourse with other lands;—they visit colleges, museums and factories, studying all that is worthy of attention.

Numbers of these interesting Asiatics are now in this country for the purpose of education, and in the course of time they will doubtless return to their own land to instruct their fellow-citizens in the arts of civilization.

Then, with the printing-press, with railways, canals, ships, steamboats, bridges and docks, we can hardly estimate the progress which Japan will make in the next decade.

This great change has been attributed to the decline of the ecclesiastical authority in Japan, and to the overthrow of the feudal power of the Damios or nobles.

Do not these things encourage us to hope for the coming of a better day for the nations of the earth?

"For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men, the Olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

"Through the harsh noises of the day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear."

From the *Ledger* of this city we append the following remarks:—

But the most significant sign of all is the sending of young Japanese women to this country for education. Japan is the first Asiatic nation which has cast off the dreadful system of secluding the female sex, and keeping them in ignorance and servitude. It is this barbarism which has in all ages impeded the progress of the male sex in the countries where it prevails, China, India, Persia, Siam, Turkey, and Arabia; and it is the greatest obstacle the missionaries have to contend against. Six young Japanese ladies of rank accompany Mrs. Delong, and they are to be sent to some seminary at the expense of their government, to be followed,

probably, by a number holding a lower social position, that is to say in so far as the Japanese women have any social position, they being looked down upon by their countrymen because they are uneducated and generally supposed to be without understanding. The late edict of the Mikado seems inspired when it says:—"My country is now undergoing a complete change from old to new ideas, which I sincerely desire. Therefore I call upon all the wise and strong-minded to appear and become good guides to the government. During youth-time it is positively necessary to view foreign countries, so as to become enlightened as to the ideas of the world, and boys as well as girls, who will themselves become men and women, should be allowed to go abroad, and my country will be benefitted by their knowledge so acquired." What a difference between this policy, and the wretched one which prevailed twenty years ago, when it was death for any Japanese to leave his own country without permission from his government, and insolation from and non-intercourse with foreign nations was the order of the day! The only foreigners permitted to trade with the natives were the Dutch, who were restricted to certain localities. Thanks to Commodore Perry's expedition in 1853 this exclusive system was broken down, and the way was thus paved for the introduction of Western civilization. It is, therefore, the duty as well as the best policy of all civilized nations to strengthen the hands of the Mikado in the great work he has undertaken.

DIED.

HALLOWELL.—On the 4th of Sixth month, 1871, at her residence in Plymouth, Pa., Ellen Hallowell, in the 78th year of her age; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

CORNELL.—At his residence in Cornwall, Orange Co., N. Y., on the 2d of Tenth month, 1871, Josiah Cornell, aged 77 years; a member of Cornwall Monthly Meeting.

He bore a long and protracted illness with patience becoming a Christian, and we doubt not has entered the mansion of rest.

DAVENPORT.—At his residence, Flushing, L. I., Tenth month 31, 1871, David M. Davenport, in the 57th year of his age. "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

We believe we may say of the departed, that amid the various reverses of fortune he experienced, and the many close trials through which he passed, it was his constant endeavor to maintain his Christian integrity. Though stricken down with but a few days illness, he expressed a willingness to go, and we trust he has found "that peace which the world can neither give nor take away."

WRIGHT.—On Fifth-day morning, First month 11th, 1872 of scarlet fever, in the 7th year of her age, Mellie E., daughter of John D. and Lydia E. Wright, of New York city.

It may in truth be said of this dear child, although so young in life, she had secured the love of

all who knew her. In her benevolent feeling she gave her nurse a considerable sum out of her little deposit in the savings bank, to be distributed for the benefit of suffering little children. Truly may it be said of her,

"Wisdom is gray hairs to man,
Unspotted life old age."

A Stated Meeting of "Friends' Charity Fuel Association," will be held on Seventh-day evening, the 4th inst., in the Monthly Meeting room at Friends' meeting-house, Race Street, at 8 o'clock.

WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

2d mo., 4th, Mt. Washington, Md., 11 A. M.

" 11th, Eastern District, Baltimore, 3 P. M.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

The following communication was forwarded to "J. M. E." for the *Intelligencer*, and speaks for itself, and affords an opportunity to say a word in reference to these monthly "Reviews." The statistics of the compiler taken from his *diary*, he holds himself responsible for, but any item like the one referred to, he *never endorses*, simply giving them as he finds them, in the belief that they are usually correct, having in most instances their origin, doubtless, with scientific individuals, or with persons versed in the subjects of which they treat.

Be this as it may, it will always give him pleasure to have *any* error corrected he may have been instrumental in promulgating.

J. M. E.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Having found that the acceptance of assertions as facts, without investigation, and passing judgment on matters of which we have but little information are very fruitful sources of error, I have been forcibly reminded of it by a "scrap" attached to the "Weather Review for last month," which had "been going the rounds," referring to the five months in last year containing five first-days each, with the remark "that it probably occurred not more than once in fifty years;" which error had been accepted, as it probably may be by many others, in a careless way, for the same thing occurs regularly, *five times in twenty eight years*, (except when interfered with by the omission of the Leap Year at the end of the century,) with intermissions as follows, beginning at 1871, viz.: five years, six years, five years, six years, and six years; completing the twenty-eight years at 1899; and in consequence of an omission of a Leap Year at 1900, the next intermission will be six years instead of five years, which will prolong the period one year. And four of the five times in each cycle, it will be the same five months that will contain the five first days; and at the other, 9th mo.

will have them instead of the 10th mo., which will be the case in 1888 and 1928.

Unimportant as this particular case is, it clearly shows how easily an error may be promulgated and believed by those who are accustomed to accept what they hear without investigation; and my object in referring to this case is to show how great the error, and how easily to be detected; yet it passed.

Hoping it may incite some minds to the importance of investigating all things before they believe, I will also add, that scientific matters must be investigated in the light of science; spiritual matters in the light that emanates from the fountain and source of all spiritual life. For "what man knoweth the things of a man, but by the spirit of a man that is in him; neither knoweth any man the things of God but by the spirit of God."

JESSE H. GRIFFIN.

Yorktown, N. Y., 1st mo. 15th, 1872.

THE HORSE FROM A MORAL STANDPOINT.

The driver who fights his horses has not got through the first lesson in the management of these animals. Some strike their horses in a fit of anger; others beat them as a punishment for what they conceive to be sinful acts on the part of the horse. Now the fact is, the horse never does wrong on purpose. In this respect he is better than most men. If he refuses to pull, it is the fault of education; and if he runs away, and kicks things to pieces, it is because he is frightened. Men, when they are scared, do some very foolish things, and they are excused; but no allowance is made for the runaway horse. He is kicked and cuffed and beaten, as if what was done was on purpose to hurt somebody, and not in consequence of supposed danger, which the poor animal was trying to flee from. Horses never kick without a motive. They use their heels for defence; and the first kick at the traces is given to ward off what to them seems danger. No horse ever kicked for any other purpose. They cherish no ill-feeling against any one, and always do, as far as they know, what is right. All horses can be educated to do whatever the driver wishes. They obey cheerfully and without grumbling, even though put to rest with half rations in a cold, filthy, muddy stable. A horse can easily be taught to know the harness will not hurt him. Then he will not kick at it and run away. He is also easily taught to pull by the traces, or by the halter-strap. If you want him to pull well on the halter, all you have to do is to hitch him with something he can easily break, and he will soon learn to pull back with such force that no bridle will hold him. If you want him to pull well in the traces, give him a light load until he learns to move

it, and he will soon pull his best at heavy loads. Horses balk or pull just as they are taught. It does not matter which end of the horse you fasten the weight to. They will balk as readily when hitched by the traces, if improperly trained, as when hitched by the halter; and they will pull back as faithfully by the halter, if trained to do so, as they pull forward when hitched by the traces to a wagon. It is an easy matter to teach a horse to refuse to pull at either the halter or traces, and it is equally as easy to teach him to pull by the same means. If those who drive horses would keep this fact in view, and keep their temper out of view, they would never be guilty of the shameful act of beating their team in a mud hole or on the hillside.—*The Independent.*

Presentation of a Memorial from Friends of New York on International Arbitration.

On the 18th instant, a committee from the New York "Representative Committee" visited Washington and presented the following Address and Memorial to the President and Congress:

We have been delegated by the Representative body of the Religious Society of Friends of New York Yearly Meeting to present their memorial to the President, Senate, and House of Representatives, which expresses the well known sentiments of our Society upon the subject of war, and respectfully request that our national authorities may pursue such measures as will result in the substitution of the principle of *Peaceful Arbitration* for the destructive agency of battle in the settlement of international differences.

We have been encouraged to make this appeal upon contemplating the treaty of Washington; a treaty which, in its inception and ratification, gives evidence of much forbearance, and we esteem it a triumph of modern civilization. It is a subject of special congratulation that this measure has been consummated during the administration of one whose large experience in war will give great force to his opinion of its evils.

We also take courage and congratulate all lovers of peace upon the wise and humane policy which has governed the administration in its treatment of the Indian tribes in our Western States and territories, a policy which reflects the highest honor upon our Government, and promises well for the great cause of "Peace on earth and good will to men." *To the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives of the United States:*

In accordance with our conviction that war is an unchristian practice, directly opposed to the precepts and teachings of Jesus, we, your petitioners, earnestly ask your attention to this memorial.

We believe that war is not only at variance with christianity, but also with morality, and the best interests of the human family; that it is a scourge of indescribable magnitude, bringing incalculable evils upon those nations that resort to it as a means of settling their differences.

We hailed with joy the recent arrangement by which the settlement of the differences between our Government and that of Great Britain was referred to a Court of High Commission, and we respectfully entreat that the attention of the President and of Congress may be earnestly directed to the promotion of arrangements for the settlement of any future national differences that may arise, by arbitration rather than by resort to the sword.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Representative Committee of the Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, held in New York.

WILLIAM H. MACY,
Secretary.

New York, 10th mo. 2d, 1871.

The following expression of thanks was made at the close of the interview:

"We feel obliged for the kind interview that has been granted us, and as we neither *hold* nor *desire* office, can with more propriety congratulate the President upon the success of his Administration thus far.

In so doing we are not insensible of the many difficulties that attend so high a position, which are greatly augmented by the selfishness of men, and it is our desire that he may be guided by best wisdom in the discharge of his great responsibilities."

Washington 1st mo. 18, 1872.

THE CAMEL'S HUMP.

Modern research has determined a curious circumstance of an organic contrivance in the camel and leech, unlike as they are in structure, functions and habits, which has reference to supplying them with food from storehouses in their own bodies till supplies are attainable from other sources.

The hump is an immense collection of fat stored in reticulated cells piled one upon another, which is concentrated food. When fodder cannot be had, as frequently occurs on their long caravan travels in the desert, a peculiar set of absorbent vessels draws upon the magazine—the hump—carrying the fat into circulation till food from without puts a stop to the draft on the back. The hump is very sensibly diminished at times—even being almost completely levelled, but that which was thus borrowed to sustain life temporarily is immediately replaced when the stomach is

set in motion again in its accustomed manner.

The medical leech or blood sucker, low as it is in the organic scale of life, is as carefully provided for in regard to the contingencies of life as the king of the country. As the blood passes down the gullet of the leech the current divides right and left to enter two lateral tubes, instead of entering directly into the stomach. These canals are folded, zigzag, backward and forward in loops as it were, from the head to the tail. When perfectly filled, the leech lets go its hold. It is then plump and full, with a stock of food on hand that may ordinarily last from one to two years, in case it has no opportunity to take another in that long time.—*The Moravian.*

I DO not think that it is the mission of this age, or of any other age, to lay down a system of education which shall hold good for all ages. Let us never forget that the present century has just as good a right to its forms of thought and methods of culture as any former centuries had to theirs, and that the same resources of power are open to us to-day as were ever open to humanity in any age of the world.

"WE have but one life here and that is very precious to us. Nor to us alone; a human life is in itself a precious thing, and no soul in which the sense of humanity dwells can see a life thrown away without a deep uprising sorrow."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL MEETING AT WILMINGTON.

The Association of Friends &c., held its Quarterly First-day School Meeting in the Meeting house at Wilmington, Del., on 7th day, 1st mo., 20th. The attendance was large; 87 delegates were present, and indisposition assigned for the absence of 4 Friends. Thirty-seven written reports were received, including 3 from schools organized since the last meeting, viz: Mullica Hill, N. J., Bradford, Pa. and Mount Holly, N. J., also a verbal one in relation to that at Kennett Square, established in the 12th month, and which has 75 members; from 10 no reports were received, all or nearly all of them having suspended for the winter.

These reports were very encouraging, some of them mentioning an increase of the attendance of religious meetings, and more love and charity for each other.

The report from Chester was especially noteworthy, for the objection had been urged that they had no children to attend it. It now reports an aggregate of 97, of whom 2 only are in membership with Friends. It was thought that this showed that in almost

any locality, with the proper effort, schools could be successfully established.

The Stroudsburg School, commenced in 6th month last, reported 71 children, 7 of whom are in membership. The interest is increasing; many children are coming that never knew anything of the principles of Friends, and there is a perceptible decrease of the feeling of prejudice heretofore existing.

Westfield, N. J. School, organized in 9th month, has 22 children, 15 in Bible class, besides a number of elderly Friends and others who encourage them by their presence. They study to avoid everything of the nature of doctrinal discussion, believing it leads to harm rather than good. Their religious meetings on First-day are about one-third larger than formerly.

Bradford School started in 11th month, has 26 children and an adult class. A larger and more regular attendance of meetings is noticed.

Providence, Del. Co., opened in beginning of 9th month, reports 27 children and 66 adults; the latter has greatly increased the attendance of meetings and drawn more closely the bonds of Christian fellowship.

Middleton, Del. Co., started the same month and has 26 children, and a Reading Association composed of all who attend their meetings.

Darby, about 3 months in existence, has 38 children and has partially organized an adult class. New pupils are received almost weekly.

Mullica Hill, N. J., dates 10th mo. 22d, last, has 83 members besides many who attend but do not join in the exercises.

Mount Holly, N. J., commenced 12th mo. 31, has 26 children besides a large adult or senior class.

Norristown school has 19, and Abington 40 pupils.

Fallowfield meets during the winter once per month, and has 35 scholars.

Of the older Schools, Newtown, Bucks Co., reports 32 children and 22 adults. They express their belief that the Conference held there and attended by some of the visiting Committee and other interested Friends had increased the interest of Friends in the school, the subject being presented in a light in which some had not heretofore viewed it.

Green street has an average of 80, and the interest continues unabated. Salem has 46, West Chester 72 on roll. Race street (including an adult class recently formed) has 93 members.

Wilmington has 108 children, 86 in Teachers' class, 88 in the colored mission school. A colored night school has been started, which, although not under their care, is nevertheless supplementary to the Mission School.

Moorestown, 55 children, 35 adults; school satisfactory and discouragements disappearing. Upper Greenwich has 53 pupils. Yardleyville 34; Frankford 38; Fallsington 40; Trenton 34.

West Philadelphia has been smaller, owing to sickness, yet, notwithstanding the more than usual number of bereavements, their band remains unbroken. Library circulation for the quarter 425. Their Sewing School, for sanitary reasons, was closed, and the Sewing School at Race street for the same reason had not been in session this winter.

Camden, N. J., School now held at the close of their first-day morning meeting (as do also Bradford, Middleton, Providence, &c.) has found the change of time beneficial; 55 children attend. The previous meeting seems to prepare their minds for the school, and the meeting itself has been enlarged by the change. A Reading Association has also been formed to meet at Friends' houses alternately for the consideration of the Scriptures and other matters having a pointing in the right direction.

Concord has 41 scholars and feels encouraged. Newtown Square 13 children, 19 adults.

Attleboro has 26 children, 30 adults. Edgewood circular school 28 members, and believes that a feeling of amity has been engendered which will be lasting.

The Reading Association on Race street averages 20, and the week-day evening class continues interesting, likewise the Bible Class at Germantown. In addition to the morning session another is held in the evening and is well attended. The school at Germantown has 15 pupils.

The Wilmington school spoke feelingly of their bereavement in the death of their Superintendent T. Carkson Taylor. The West Chester report alluded to the critical illness of their loved Superintendent. As they think of their sorrowing Wilmington Friends, the sympathetic tear will fall, yet as we strive to live near the Father we shall receive each day "bread that will nourish the drooping spirit." A number of other reports alluded to the same loss which we have sustained. A Friend from New York paid a beautiful tribute to our departed Friend, who was beloved by all with whom he was brought in contact, whether of our Society or otherwise. A memorial concerning the deceased was read by Elizabeth W. Smith, of Wilmington, and an acceptable epistle of interest and sympathy from the Baltimore Association was received. During the reading of the reports many interesting remarks were made.

The need of charity for those who may not feel called into this work was urged, and that we should not boast of what the cause was

effecting, but feeling ourselves engaged to enter into this service, to go on in the performance of our duty with humility and a forbearance of one another.

The belief and hope was expressed that the Society of Friends would at no distant day see its way clear to take the oversight of these first-day schools, and give them its fostering care—a consummation much to be desired.

The large proportion of those not in membership attending these schools attracted attention, 16 schools furnished the requisite statistics, by which it appears that out of 650 pupils, 461 are not members. It was desired that more attention be paid to furnishing full statistics at least once per year, and as the next will be the annual meeting, it was hoped that attention would be given to this matter in forwarding the reports at that time.

The desire was expressed that teachers should not overlook any right opportunity to inculcate the principles of true Christianity and those valuable testimonies which we hold forth to the world; that peace and temperance should be presented for the acceptance of the youthful mind—likewise that capital punishment and other evils be laid before them in their proper light. It was proposed that articles on these subjects in "Scattered Seeds" might have a beneficial influence.

Several of the schools meeting once per month during the winter, it was suggested that perhaps an advantage might result to all by such an arrangement rather than vacating entirely during the inclement season.

The minutes of the Executive Committee were read; they had considered the propositions from West Chester and Edgewood for less frequent meetings, but after a full consideration, way did not open for any change.

In the association the propriety of holding them on another than 7th day was introduced, but the feeling seemed to be to make no change at this time.

The Executive Committee had received two invitations for the next meeting, but believe that more good may be accomplished by convening in a new neighborhood; the decision was left with Lukens Webster, Mary S. Lippincott, Charles Adams and Louisa J. Roberts.

The Publication Committee reported that the little paper, "Scattered Seeds," does not as yet sustain itself, although a larger circulation has been attained than last year; the deficiency will have to be made up from the guarantee fund. The Committee recommended that efforts be used to secure agents throughout the different Yearly Meetings, which was approved.

The Committee on what organizations are entitled to report, recommended that all First-

day Schools, Bible Classes, Mission and Sewing Schools which are the outgrowth of the First-day school movement, and are conducted in accordance with the principles of Friends, be entitled to appoint delegates and report to the Association. 2d. That all the above organizations and associations belonging to *one Religious* meeting, combine their reports so as to lessen the amount of business coming before the Association. 3d. They further recommend all such organizations as meet for the express purpose of moral and religious culture, when assembled, to abstain from every thing calculated to draw away the mind from the noble and elevating purposes for which they have united, and to give *none* occasion to call in question the motives which prompt such assembling together. The report was adopted.

A committee was appointed to bring forward names of Friends to serve as officers, and we were reminded that in accordance with the minute adopted last year, the several constituent branches are expected to forward one or two names to the annual meeting who collectively will constitute the Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

The business having been gone through with, a minister expressed that she felt that we had had a very favored session, and that if she should never again be permitted to mingle with us in this capacity, she desired that the good work might go on and prosper, and, being conducted under the Divine guidance, be to the honor and glory of G. d.

The Association adjourned to the usual time in the 4th month. J. M. T.

BEAR WITH LITTLE ONES.

Children are troublesome at times, in asking questions, and should be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this resolution being made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who have either learned to solve these mysteries, or have become indifferent as to an explanation, are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to these "troublesome questions" a child's truest education may be carried on. Have a little patience, then; and sometimes think how welcome to you would be an interpreter, if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country, where the language was for the most part unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object that met your eye.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

A WINTER SONG.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Where does the Winter hide away?"
My Darling asked, her eyes of blue
Fixed upon mine. "Where does he stay
All the long Spring and Summer through?"

How can he keep his ice and snow
From getting melted in the sun?
I'm very glad he does, you know;
There wouldn't be a bit of fun

Without them. But I want to hear
Just how he does it. Let me sit
Upon your lap. Now, Auntie, dear,
Tell me about it—every bit."

So then I told my pet this tale.
When days grow warm and blue birds fly,
Old Winter trembles; he turns pale,
And hurries to the mountains high.

There in a cave concealed he lies,
And, ogre-like, he tries to fling
His net, with sudden, swift surprise,
Over the pretty, passing Spring.

Sometimes her garment's airy flow
He clutches in his fingers grim;
But she is nimble than her foe,
And laughs and mocks, escaping him,

And flies. Then Summer, with a leap,
Bounds forward. Her he dare not flout;
So rolls him up in clouds to sleep,
Nor ever ventures to peep out,

Until, her brief and ardent reign
Over, with vine-wreaths garlanded,
And hands heaped high with golden grain,
The gentle autumn come instead.

And then, ah! then he laughs aloud—
A cruel laugh and full of glee;
And, tossing off the covering cloud,
He rises for all men to see.

First o'er the mountain's topmost peak
His snowy forehead comes in sight,
And then his eyebrows, wild and bleak,
And then his eyes of flashing light.

And step by step adown the hill
He moves, toward the abodes of men;
The Autumn falters, pale and chill,
Is seized, is fettered in his den.

The flowers grow pale and droop and die;
The woods shake off their leaves for fear;
The butterflies and birds all fly;
And silence settles on the year.

Are you not sorry when they go?
Why do you laugh and shake your head?
Why do you love the winter so?
"Cause I make snow-balls," Darling said.

Oh! philosophic eyes of blue,
Would that some older eyes I knew
Could learn your secret—find, like you,
Sunshine in cloud and joy in snow!

From the Independent.

To a docile mind which is watching for a disclosure of the Divine Will, there is often an overpowering reciprocity of evidence which leaves no room for a doubt.

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life,—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up
and gone;
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for,—let them be our
story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have
done.

I need not be missed if my life has been bearing,
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit and the seed of its sea-
son;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have
sown;
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by
the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have
done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remem-
bered;
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done.

BONAR.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

STUDIES IN NATURE AND ART.

THE WASP'S NEST.

(*Vespa Vulgaris*)

This unfinished and deserted *Vespa* village was once the home of industrious, frugal, and, for all that is known to the contrary, happy families, presided over by a queen-mother, who directed the work in each little dormitory, and by her diligence set an example of patient perseverance.

One street only is finished, another is but half completed. This tiny roomlet, here, was almost ready to receive its helpless occupant when destruction overtook the busy colony.

In what form it came we know not; we may imagine what consternation filled the anxious queen-mother on the first approach of danger; how she flitted from door to door, encouraging each busy laborer to renewed effort. It may be the "latter rains" of summer undermined its foundations, and when all hope of its preservation vanished, some ark of safety gave the patriarchal progenitor a refuge.

We need not fear to take it in our hands now; the fierce warriors, with their bristling lances, are gone, leaving nothing but their empty, half-completed fortress behind. We may now examine it without harm to ourselves, but woe betide the unlucky wight who should have attempted such a thing when it was thriving and populous.

See, with what geometrical precision the foundations were laid,—with neither line nor plummet, square nor compass; every angle of the structure is the perfection of symmetrical beauty, and the material, too, what a marvel of composition!

The human builder forms his concrete, but if it want proper proportions, which from his ignorance or his indolence he has failed to secure, his work falls to the ground; not so with these wonderful artizans.

Perfect in their first creation, through the vast cycles of the unrecorded past, they have continued perfect as in the day on which the Great Artificer pronounced all that he had made, good.

We want to know more about these wonderful little workers—so did many and many an observer before us. It was reserved for M. Réaumur to discover the secret of their art. He shall tell us in his own words. "One day I saw a female *Vespa* alight on the sash of my window, and begin with her mandibils to detach slender fibres, little more than a line in length, from the wood, and gather them into a bundle with her feet, adding to it from other parts of the wood-work favorable to her purpose. I observed that she bruised each fibre as she detached it, in her mouth, and on examining her bundle, found it composed of similar bruised portions. I imitated it, by means of a pen-knife, and had at once a clue to the materials of the vespiary. These filaments were carried home, and masticated into a sort of pulp by the addition of a viscid saliva peculiar to the insect, which blends the whole into a ductile mass capable of being moulded and spread out as may be required."

And so this little thing which I hold in my hand, once the home of a colony of these workers, is simply paper, and the first paper-makers were—Wasps, known in Natural History by the generic name *Vespa*.

Though the queen-mother at the close of summer finds herself surrounded by a popu-

lation that has been known to reach thirty-thousand, only a few, and they females, survive the winter. These become torpid, till the warm breath of spring revives them, when they issue forth, each taking her separate way to be the solitary foundress of a busy colony.

Having fixed upon, or excavated a convenient retreat, she begins to construct her citadel and prepare homes for her future offspring; her first care is to form a number of cells, perhaps several hundred, in which she deposits her eggs, attaching them by means of a strong gluten. In a short time a brood of the larva of workers make their appearance, and are assiduously fed and attended until they assume the pupa state; in a few days they come forth a crowd of obedient laborers, ready, within the course of twelve hours, to assist their parent queen.

They soon set about constructing additional tiers of cells; these are placed not vertically as in the bee hive, but horizontally, the cells being on the under side of the platform or table. These tables have their centres supported by suspension rods, like colonnades of pillars, with the base and capital wider than the shaft. The top of each table forms a floor, where amidst the suspension rods, the wasps can walk about, attending to the young in the cells above their heads, having a clear space of about half an inch from the cells to the platform. Two holes at the bottom, to each of which a covered way leads, are the doors, one of ingress, the other of egress, and orifices admit of access, from one platform to another.

In the newly constructed cells, the queen-mother proceeds to deposit the eggs of females and other workers. They are unwearied in the care of the newly-hatched larva. They visit sugar-casks, they pillage bee-hives, they despoil the choicest fruits, and on their return pass from cell to cell, supplying each restless larva with its allotted portion. The larger grubs require more substantial nourishment; for these they bring home captured flies, and stolen bits of meat.

Thus they are ever busy, for no sooner is one brood hatched, than another is in progress, each cell serving for three generations in the course of one summer. They lay up no stores for winter, as do the Bees, but as was before stated, a few females winter over in the dormitory, and on the return of spring, desert it altogether, each one constructing a new dwelling for herself and offspring.

Only the Wasps of South America store honey for their brood; some of it, is said to be of good flavor, but producing poisonous effects upon those who taste it.

One species of these South American *Vespa* build the external walls of their nests of ma-

terial that resembles stout, tough, white cardboard, of a smooth, close texture, which takes ink from a pen extremely well. In some, the external entrances are protected from the rain by knotted pent-roofs, and the outside walls thickly covered with conical knobs of various shapes.

The wasps of this country and Europe, are classed principally under the following heads, viz: The Hornet, (*Vespa crabro*), the *Vespa Britannica*, and the *Vespa vulgaris*, or common wasp.

Those who have experienced the acute pain which these little creatures have the power of inflicting, may question the necessity for their existence. Let all such be reminded, that nothing which comes from the Divine hand is without its use in the economy of creation; and that the sting with which the wasp is so wisely provided, constitutes its only means of protection and perpetuation. But for it, the grubs would offer a dainty morsel to every predatory bird and larger insect, and the race of primeval paper-makers become exterminated.

1st mo., 22d.

Rural.

"Is it not a subject for wonder and regret that the ladies who took so prominent a part in allaying the sufferings caused by the Franco-Russian war are not equally willing to come forward and attack the monster evil—War—itself? If women, all the world over, could withstand the fascinations of the military hero, and look upon him, not as the type of chivalric virtue, but as the representative of a system in direct opposition to all Christ's teachings, it is possible—even probable—that the war spirit would visibly decline, and that the Sisters of the Red Cross, and members of other similar associations, might find another field for their generous and self-denying labors."—*Extract from a letter in the Herald of Peace.*

ITEMS.

ALCOHOL IN MEDICINE.—This subject is attracting great attention in Great Britain in consequence of the protest against the indiscriminate and excessive use of stimulants, recently signed by three hundred eminent English physicians. Dr. Forbes Winslow, the well known writer on diseases of the brain and mind, has sent a letter to the London Times, stating that during the last twenty years he has seen numerous cases, more particularly among women, of an insane craving for alcohol, which could be traced to the injudicious use of stimulants given in the first instance medically. The unwise and prolonged continuance of the use of alcohol after the physician has retired from the treatment of the case, Dr. Forbes Winslow says, causes spirits to become a necessity of life, inducing habits of tippling and confirmed drunkenness, and eventually developing severe diseases of the brain and mind, and frightful disorders of the nervous system. Dr. Forbes Winslow speaks in the strongest terms of

condemnation of the stimulating theory as applied to the treatment of acute inflammatory affections. He says that he willingly signed the protest believing that the excessive use of intoxicating drinks is one of the principal incentives to crime, and the frequent cause of disease and premature death. He also says that the habit of stimulation may be established by the occasional sipping of spirits of wine, cologne water spirits of chloroform, spirits of ammonia or any of the medicinal tinctures as well as by drinking brandy, whisky or wine.—*Public Ledger.*

EXTENSIVE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—A movement of more than ordinary interest, on account of the magnitude of its proposed operations and the admirable character of its aims, is the recently organized Roman Catholic crusade against intemperance. The various State Catholic Temperance Unions have issued a call for a National Convention at Baltimore on the 22d of February, for the purpose of founding a National Union for the promotion of the Temperance Cause among the Catholics of the United States. Six State Unions are already established. The first was formed in Connecticut, two years ago, and has been followed by others in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, and the District of Columbia. Three others are now forming in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Minnesota and efforts are also being made to introduce the system of State unions in the remaining States. The call is signed by a number of distinguished priests, and it is said to be generally sanctioned by the prelates of the Catholic Church. The unions are not political, and rely for success upon moral suasion rather than any extraneous agencies.—*Del. Co. Republican.*

ASTRONOMERS are agreed that Encke's comet is a glowing mass of carbon vapor. Its spectrum consists of three bands the middle one of which is much brighter than the other two, all apparently identical with the middle lines of carbon. In shape the comet resembles a shuttle, whose longer axis is directed toward the sun, carrying two wings of fainter light on either side near the head.—*The Independent.*

H. N. MOSELEY, naturalist of the English Eclipse Expedition, says he found the Suez Canal "perfectly swarming with fish from one end to the other." Many specimens were taken with hand-lines close to Port Said, and in the middle of the Great Bitter Lake. They were all of one species, a sort of mullet. The mullet brought up from the bottom of the Great Bitter Lake by the chain cable, on the contrary, was absolutely devoid of any traces of life.

HOG'S HAIR FOR HENS' NESTS.—Some eight years since I removed my barn for the convenience of having a cow-house or cellar underneath the three pillars which support the east sill. I had these made hollow instead of solid for the convenience of hens' nests, with suitable partitions. The nests were continually eaten or destroyed by cattle, although I made them of the refuse material of the yard. Passing from the house to the barn one day I noticed a quantity of hog's hair. The idea struck me that cattle do not like the smell of hogs, and I concluded to try some for hens' nests. The plan worked like a charm. I have used this material ever since, and the cattle never disturb it. This, however, is only a part of the advantage. The best of all is, hens setting in these nests have never been infested with lice. Hen lice in hog's hair won't stay. These nests we select for hatching our chickens. We have had other nests so infested with lice the hens abandoned them. Now is the harvest for materials for such nests. Try them.—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends."

BY R. S. FERGUSON, M. A.

JOHN BANKS.

(Concluded from page 771.)

George Martin, the former keeper of Carlisle Gaol, had been succeeded in that office by George Lancake, who had, for his turnkey, Alexander Richardson. At first Lancake kept Banks, and twelve other Friends all of whom had refused to pay tithes, in his house, which was in Castle Street, near the great steeple-house, as the Friends called the Cathedral. Of this proximity Banks availed himself to address the people attending worship there from the gaoler's window,—a practice which was highly disapproved of by the authorities. Our hero writes to his wife: "The Mayor, Aldermen, and Priests here fright the gaoler with Threatenings about my Speaking out at the Casement; and he threatens what he will do to me, if I will not be silent," Lancake carried out his threats, and thrust Banks into a noisome, smoky room over a brewhouse, and kept him there without a bed. When he sent for Banks to come forth, the prisoner declined to do so, until Lancake himself should come and fetch him,—a defiance to which Lancake's reply was, that Banks might stay where he was till he rotted before he would fetch him. The result, however, was, that Banks got the victory, though not until the turnkey had tried to drag him out by main force, and failed.

Lancake had then himself to eat humble pie and conduct his prisoner out of the room over the brewhouse, which he did with the words, "Pray God I had never seen thy face." His chagrin at his defeat was by no means lessened by the fact, that the debtors in his custody had foretold it, and had the pleasure of witnessing the fulfilment of their prophecy. Under the prison regulations of the time, the prisoners were allowed to go out into the town. Banks complains greatly that the turnkey was sent after him to Friends' meetings, and dragged him out, back to the gaoler's house, whenever he began to speak. At last, Lancake put a stop to this laxity of imprisonment, and confined his Quaker prisoners to the court-yard of his house, and refused them leave to go out, even to buy provisions. This rigour did not prevent meetings of Friends being held in the gaoler's house, at which people of the town were present. John Carlisle is mentioned, as expounding at one of these, and as being turned out by the gaoler, or the turnkey, who had adopted the plan of knocking Banks's hat over his eyes whenever he began to exhort, and of hooting to drown his voice, while at times, they locked him up in the smoky room over the brewhouse. At last occurred the scene we have alluded to above. We transcribe the account of it given by Banks; it is mentioned by other writers:—

"Now, about this time, upon the First Day of the Week, the then Mayor, John How, and Alder-

men, with the Chief-Priests, there being a great Rabble of them belonging to the City, with several of a pers-cutting Spirit, being greatly enraged against me, because I was often constrained, by the Power of God, to sound Truth's Testimony in their ears, as they came from their Worship, I being in their view, the Casement of our Window being open to the Street. Upon the aforesaid Day, the Mayor and Aldermen, with others, came into our Meeting in our Prison house, when I was in my Testimony of Truth; and the Mayor, in great Fury and Rage, bid me be silent, often shaking his Staff at me, threatening what he would do to me for Preaching there, and disturbing all the City, in Contempt of Authority. I seemed to take no notice of him for sometime, that so he might manifest himself the more; he, being a very Passionate Man, said, if I would not be Silent, he would Stop my Mouth. Then I answered and said, the Lord had opened my Mouth, and he, and all the Assistance he could get in the City, could not stop it. But he said he would put a Gagg in it, and put me in the Common Gaol, and I should Preach there to the Walls. I said, I neither fear thee, thy Gagg nor the Common Gaol; for though thou art the Mayor, thou hast nothing to do to meddle with us; we are the King's Prisoners, and in safe custody, and here is our Keeper, (pointing at the Gaoler he being present,) so thou mayst go about thine own Business; with which, he was silent. Then one of the Aldermen said to me he could prove I had nothing to do to Preach. I ask him how he could prove it? He said by the Bible. I bid one reach him a Bible quickly. Another Alderman said to him, Let him alone, Sir, you will do no good with him, you may as well speak to the Wall so he failed of his proof, and with some Threatening Words they all went to their Shame and Discredit, and troubled us no more."

Lancake next tried to cajole and flatter Banks, into holding his tongue, representing that the Mayor would fine him (Lancake) for permitting an illegal conventicle to be held in his house. This representation had no effect, and Banks was at last removed into the common gaol, where were the poor debtors and the thieves. Here he suffered great hardship, and was treated with great ignominy, which was extended to his wife, who, when she visited her husband, was made to spend the night with him in the common gaol. From the gaol, Banks addressed a paper to the inhabitants of Carlisle, complaining of his treatment, and exhorting them to repent of their sins. He mentions that he had often seen, with pain, both men and women cursing, and swearing, and reeling drunk in Carlisle streets. Perhaps in consequence of this paper, perhaps, because Lancake concluded, as he told the aldermen, that nought but sewing up his mouth could stop Banks from preaching, the rigor of his captivity was, from this time, much mitigated. Lancake hired another house, with a courtyard enclosed with gates, and with rooms at the back. Here, Banks could expound freely, unheard in the streets. He was again allowed to go about Carlisle, and even to go

home occasionally. When in confinement, Banks worked at his trade, as a fellmonger and glover, in prison; but much sitting, and the cold he endured in one very severe winter, when sixteen were confined in one room, with "but one little fire," "surfeited his body, and he grew infirm. Many of his companions obtained their liberty, under King James's Proclamation of Indulgence, which as Macaulay observes, and we have noticed before, favored alike the two extremes, the Catholics and the Quakers. Banks himself, being imprisoned for tithes, did not benefit thereby, but was released under a proclamation of William III. He immediately resumed his travels, and took with him Thomas Story, (Thomas of Justus Town,) who, at this date, writes of Banks, as "that good, old, and valiant Soldier and Warrior for Truth on Earth, —John Banks." 1691., Banks lost his wife. On her deathbed, she had a vision that her eldest daughter, who lived two hundred miles away, was confined of a son. She sent her son, John, to the Post-office, and he found a letter there with the news. A few years after this, Banks settled in Somersetshire, where he married Hannah Champion, a widow. Up to 1704, he continued to travel as a minister; but gout at last compelled him to desist; and he died at Street, in Somerset in 1710, of that complaint in his hands, aged seventy-three.

Banks' journal, and several of his epistles and papers were published in 1712, with a Preface by William Penn, who mentions that he had known Banks for forty-four years, as "a heavenly minister of experimental religion, of a sound judgment, and pious practice, valiant for truth upon the earth, and ready to serve all in the love and peace of the Gospel." Testimonials to his merits are also borne by his wife, his children, by various meetings of Friends, and by John Boustead, of Aglionby, and Christopher Story, of Righead, celebrated preachers. As an example of his writings we extract the following, from a letter to one of his children. It is dated from his prison-house, in Carlisle:—

"And now unto you, Ann, and Mary, my daughters, and dear Children, whom I dearly Love, with all the rest, be sure you speak no ill one of the other, nor do none, no, not to anybody; carry no Tales from one House to another; and when you are sent on an Errand, go and come quickly; and be Loving, Kind, and Respective one to the other, and to your Brethren, Sisters, and Servants, and help one another willingly in all things, but especially your dear Mother; be Dutiful and Obedient unto her in all things, I Charge you, (what she bids you do,) do it readily, and willingly, without murmuring. My dear Children, keep these my words in mind daily, concerning your dear Mother, and one another; and that you may all serve one another in Love.

"And now unto you, little William, and Emme, the youngest. My dear Children, be sure you Love one another; do not fall out by the way when you go to School, or coming Home; shout not, laugh not, do no hurt to any Lad nor Lass, and mind your Books well, that you may be good Scholars. Be sure you remember what I say unto you, and above all things, be Careful to do what your Mother bids you, and Love your Brother and Sisters. Dear Children, all of you mind your Books, Read the Holy Scriptures; and so the Lord Bless, Prosper, Keep, and Preserve you all together in Love, Unity, Peace, and Quietness; Fearing, Serving, and Loving of God with all your Hearts and so one another, and then all will be well.

"I find a great alteration in my body, because of the Cruelty and Hard Usage of the Gaoler and his Turn-Key; together with the want of fresh Air; for I have had no Liberty to walk Abroad these several Months, and the Gaoler doth not suffer me to Speak or Pray in any one Meeting, after he hears me; for which the Lord will assuredly meet with him by his judgments."

Of the doctrine of retribution alluded to in the last paragraph of this letter, Banks was evidently a firm believer. He notes instances in his journal, and the readers attention is directed thereto by a small hand in the margin, thus: George Martin, Bank's first gaoler at Carlisle, died a prisoner for debt in his own gaol; George Larcum, the hiring priest who turned Banks out of his church at Cocker-mouth, lost his living on the Restoration; and an informer, who at Dulverton, in Somerset drew on Banks and his friends the penalties imposed for holding an illegal conventicle, was hanged for murdering his wife.

Banks public epistles and letters are mostly addresses to be read at meetings of Friends, which he could not attend, or letters to different bodies of Friends. They contain little suitable for quotation, though the tone of sincerity which pervades them and the vigorous diction in which they are written, make them interesting readings. We will venture on a very brief extract or two. In the first we select, Banks is inveighing against the fashions of the world.

"But, alas! what shall I say; for notwithstanding what I have already said, I am not yet clear; or there remains a Testimony with me, to be given against the Untruth-like Fashions that are too much practised (among men, as well as women,) who profess the Truth in a higher degree than others, who should be Patterns and Examples unto others; and that is, your too fashionable Coats, with superfluous Buttons, and many folds by the side; with your EXTRAVAGANT WIGGS, Curled and Powder'ds, (like Men of the Times,) not fit to be put upon the Head of any man professing Truth; though some are more extreme than others; (and it is the Extreme the Testimony of Truth is against,) and wearing Hats with three Corners, like the Profane World; and taking example one of another, which shows the ill effects of Bad Examples. What, think you, will the next Generation be? Oh! Blush, and be ashamed of these things!"

Wigs were worn by many leaders among the early Friends; among others, by James Logan, Penn's secretary, and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. Penn, in 1685, issued a license to Lloyd, his Deputy-Governor in Pennsylvania, to wear a wig.

In another passage Banks writes thus:—

"We were to bear our Testimony against that Confused Language of *Ye* and *You* to a single Person; (neither could we put off our Hats to any;) but were to use the plain and truth like Language of *Thee* and *Thou* to every Single Person, which too many now make a light matter of, and do suffer their Children to *Ye* and *You* their parents, (as well as others, who have professed the Truth long; so that our Ancient Testimony, and Truth-like Language, is too much lost by such."

Banks' daughter, Ann, married Stephen Scotten, Coventry, in 1700. In 1711, she felt a call to the ministry, and travelled to meetings in England for twenty-eight years. She died in 1739.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"MIND THE LIGHT."

BY EDWARD RYDER.

The foremost danger to all religious societies, and perhaps to individuals, is indicated in this laconic expression of George Fox. The disposition to follow some human leader and regulate our action by human precedent or law—to have a legal standard of weights and measures for our conduct—is so natural to man, that even Jesus, the heaven-sent Teacher and Example for all men, declared to His disciples that it was "expedient for them that he should go away." He saw their proneness to a barren imitation of His outward acts instead of looking to find the Fountain of Wisdom from which He drank, in their own hearts; and such was the state of their religious development and that of the world at that time, that He was aware they would not look within until their outward dependence was removed. After that, having no visible prop to lean upon, they would be ready to turn their attention to the "True Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The humanity of Jesus was as a vessel containing that Light or Holy Anointing: this constituted Him the Saviour of His people; and although they perceived a manifestation of that Light, as from a burning lamp, and even received a measure of the same, enabling them to perform some of the works which showed themselves forth in Him, yet the fullness of the gift was reserved until that mysterious Vessel should be broken. Then this Holy Ghost or Anointing which was the Divine Spirit of Jesus, should descend upon his erring children, bearing with it that life, comfort and apprehension of the Truth, of which previously man possessed but a glimmering consciousness, such

as we have of the day before the sun arises. This knowledge, mankind or a limited number of them, had before seen reflected from various types and images, and especially from that law which resembled the moon in holding forth an emblematic witness of the sun of truth and righteousness before its arising. The prophets resembled the stars by whose testimony the long night of expectancy was rendered partially luminous. But not until the Christ of God, the embodied word of Divine goodness and grace, had both appeared on the earth and ascended above the mists of earth, did the light and love of God which is His Holy Spirit descend into the souls of men with such vitalizing efficacy that they could apprehend the Truth immediately, without the intervention of signs, and grow into fruitful branches of the Vine of God's own planting.

Yet even after this the mass of Christ's nominal believers, unable to walk by so high a rule, turned backward to "weak and beggarly elements" of an outward dispensation, following tradition rather than the living light of Christ, and finally bringing what was called the Church into bondage to secular power and carnal authority, scarcely less degrading than the former Babylonish captivity and Egyptian enslavement. From this dismal night of apostasy Christendom at length emerged by a new breaking forth of the living light of Christ, comparable to Jesus arising from the sepulchre where false reverence for an outward law had entombed Him. The new Revelation and consequent Reformation were gradual, culminating in the announcement of man's complete emancipation from all outward forms and binding regulations in religion, other than those immediately dictated by the acknowledged and present Head of the Church. The most conspicuous approach to this perfect standard, whose proper interpretation does not exclude form and order, but leaves their selection and adaptation to the continual care of rational Intelligence and Love, which are the spirit of Christ, was made by the Society called Friends, or Quakers. Their fundamental doctrine was, that God in Christ continues to manifest His purposes and will directly to man's inward consciousness, and that here all Christians are bound to go for instruction and guidance in life, and especially in the services of religion as to the primary rule of faith and practice; not discarding the secondary or reflected light of the Scriptures, but establishing each by the other, that Truth may be confirmed by two witnesses. Not much sooner, however, had this keystone of Christian Liberty been set in the arch of the Reformation than its professed exponents again

began the work of destruction and the downward march from Mount Zion, by establishing numerous rules of conduct and tests of fellowship based on what they believed themselves or others to have received. Assuming that Truth must always be consistent with itself and its manifestations the same to all true believers, they began like the children of Israel in the wilderness, to set up their golden calf. As for that Moses who had brought them out of Egypt, he was no longer to be relied upon. The generation which committed this great sin were unable to enter the Land of Promise, because they trusted in an arm of flesh. So God turned them back toward Egypt and caused them to waste away by inward strife and dissention, until a new generation should be prepared for a yet further advance towards the heavenly rest. It was the spirit of Anti-christ, or devotion to established customs and worn-out forms of Truth, in imitation of human models, which brought on the general apostacy of the Church in the dark ages.

Apparently foreseeing or fearing the same result, George Fox gave a needful warning to his friends and to all who would remain "children of the light and of the day." And were he now enabled to address his professed followers from that clearer region where the soul stands face to face with Truth, what may we suppose would be his language? Can we not imagine it would be something like this:

"Children, the Lord of life and light whom angels no less than men worship, has often admonished you through His servants not to regard human traditions, nor man whose breath is in his nostrils, but to follow as you only safe leader the "true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Why, then, do we hear so much reference in judgment to the 'fathers,' seeing ye should call no man father or master? If we were then perfect in wisdom and knowledge, what have we since gained? But, imperfect, why do you seek to establish your law in our name, as though we were gods? In this ye are no better than the children of Rome who worship the images of saints and seek after relics of past ages, by which Anti-christ has ever ensnared the heirs of salvation. If Moses was not found blameless, and the covenant established by angels could not stand, shall those whom the Son has made free look unto man, or be again 'subject to ordinances?' 'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' for they are all to 'perish with the using.' The manna of yesterday is now full of worms. 'Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge, but let not yesterday say unto to morrow "

am thy master,' for the child of the present is a greater king than Solomon. Though John the Baptist was foremost among the prophets, 'the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.' Because you have desired a king, and turned backwards unto idols, offenses are multiplied. Ye have cut off on the right hand and on the left, when the Lord sent you 'not to judge the world, but that the world through you might be saved.' What the Lord planted ye have plucked up, and have set out hedges where He commanded not, which keep His little ones from entering the fold of their choice. Hath not God said, speaking of the last days, 'My people shall dwell in a large place and in cities without walls?' But ye have made the place narrow and walled up Jerusalem unto heaven. Therefore the sword shall continue to devour and the famine to eat up your villages, until the walls of Salem shall be thrown down. Then will the Lord Himself build again the city by His anointed, of the pure gold of love, clear as crystal, and her walls shall be called Salvation and her gates Praise. Be wise, therefore, O Israel, and return unto thy First Love! Then shall the nations praise thee, and all lands shall flow into thy borders, and the name of the Lord shall be glorified."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN EXHORTATION.

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

When we let this mind be in us which was in Christ Jesus, the golden rule of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us, is exhibited, and the Heavenly Father's love unites one to another in the precious bond of peace, on which the dew of Heaven distills, keeping alive every tender emotion, and all that is pure and lovely in heart, and preparing the understanding, "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God." Truly may this love be compared to the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, bringing a blessing and scattering blessings around to the cheering of the drooping spirits, and the lifting up of those who are ready to faint. For it was never intended by the Supreme Being that man should live for himself alone, but having the mind of Christ, to feel his way, in the pathway of duty, and in the fulfillment thereof, to bring glory to God, and find peace, sweet peace, which is more to be desired than the treasures of the world, or the gold of Ophir.

Then let us all come to the spirit, and life

of Christ within; that we may feed upon the bread which cometh down from Heaven, and drink of the pure river of life, the streams whereof make glad the whole heritage of God, and by which the soul immortal is strengthened in its journey onward to "that city which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

1 mo. 26th, 1872.

R. P.

THE ONE SPIRIT.

BY THOMAS K. BEECHER.

The "elders and messengers" of the churches gathered at Oberlin evidently had a good time, a refreshing time, a genuine Christian time. Not to have been with them is a loss which any Christian minister may well regret.

The council illustrated a unity higher than was given them to express in their constitution. They were quickened and inspired by the Holy Spirit Himself. They gave most labor to the least valuable part of their work,—the constitution,—as if Christian unity could be based on carefully worded sentences.

That there are thousands of Christian churches in the land who are for all practical purposes in agreement, is a blessed fact. The problem has been not so much to perfect this agreement as to declare it. Truly Christian people are conscious of unity already; but in addition to this they are seeking for some statement of this unity, which may stand among them as a shining argument for hope and thanksgiving. This statement the council sought for, but did not find.

When hundreds of men meet to organize a permanent body that shall express their unity, they naturally look around them on their own level to find what politicians call a platform, what Churchmen call a symbol, or creed,—a judicious putting together of words, in preparing which the chief anxiety is to say nothing that any one can object to. The plan of organization must be made loose, roomy, and on many sides shapeless, so as not to chafe or irritate any of the angles or excrescences of the body that is about to be compacted. Platform making for churches or parties is, therefore, a difficult job so long as the men look about them on their own level only.

But there is an estate called "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace;" that is to say, a certain shapeliness into which differing men may come who perfectly believe in the power and indwelling of the Holy Spirit. They will come into that shape, but will not shape themselves. That it is impossible to render this subtle, spiritual and divine Agent into propositional forms, and print him, and inter-

line him with amendments, and fix him so as to satisfy the provincialisms that always clash in great conciliar bodies, is evidence that He alone is competent to fuse these differences and bring to pass a catholic unity.

Our natural—may I be pardoned if I say childish?—addiction to words in constitutions and by-laws, is, of course, to be expected. But it is like the anxiety of some young chemist, who having learned that pure sulphur chrystalizes in “oblique rhombic prisms,” and alum in “regular octohedrons,” and common salt in “cubes”—having learned these facts from books of chemistry “infallible and sufficient,” should begin his own experiments upon these substances by declaring first his faith in a certain book called Graham’s Inorganic Chemistry, a standard work. He next, having provided in liquid form these three familiar substances, extracts from his standard guide the sentences that tell how they ought to crystallize. And while every atom is yearning toward every other atom, he keeps stirring them with assiduity, lest they get together wrong through ignorance of the “infallible rule.” But when at last he has written out accurately the law of their crystallizings, and has set each vessel upon its verbal platform, then he is at rest and satisfied that the crystals are all right, not so much because they come together according to the law of a beauty-loving God, as because they agree with the sentences he has copied for their guidance from a very true book.

It seems to me clear that there was an assembling of truly Christian men at Oberlin, and that they agreed in ascribing to the Holy Scriptures a very high value. But, after protracted discussion, they proclaimed rather more than they will be able to prove as to this precious book. They said that the churches:

“Agree in belief that the Holy Scriptures are the sufficient and only infallible rule of faith and practice; their interpretation thereof being in substantial accordance with the great doctrines of the Christian faith, commonly called Evangelical, held in our own churches from the early times, and sufficiently set forth by former General Councils.”

They doubtless found comfort in the consciousness that their deliberations were begun and carried on in subordination to the printed Bible.

Nevertheless, the unity of that council, its freedom, its differences, and its genuine and substantial benefits, are, in my judgment, rather to be credited to the Holy Spirit that was present with them in answer to repeated prayer, than to any carefully weighted declarations of agreement in faith, polity, or work.

I must be allowed to doubt that the council really thought the Scriptures a “sufficient” rule; for the council itself made haste to append to this declaration a statement as to which of several interpretations of Scripture is the true one. The council meant to say that the Scriptures when interpreted evangelically are a sufficient rule.

I doubt, also, that the council really believed that the Scriptures are the “only” rule. For the Scriptures themselves testify that the Comforter when he is come shall teach us all things. And the Lord bade his disciples tarry at Jerusalem until they should receive this power from on high.

Children fancy that a tree gets all its growth and strength from the roots that lay hold of the soil. The observant man soon discovers, however, that the leaves fluttering in the sunlight absorb from the invisible atmosphere round about them nine tenths of all the woody fiber which year by year girds the trunk with a new strength. So of this Oberlin council, and for that matter all councils of Christian men that have come together to make platforms or dogmatize. The people round about suppose that the good work is done mainly at the lower end of the council where the members are rooting themselves in words and solid propositions. But the spiritually-minded, and the angels, that watch men’s doings with hope and help and sympathy, are able to see right easily that the lifting up of holy hands in prayer, without wrath or doubting, receives, when warmed by the sunshine of God’s love, a strength of fiber straight from that subtle, divine presence that we call the Holy Ghost. And while the roots are holding fast to the form of sound words, the real unity and strength of the body is the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

I may be allowed, I trust without offence, therefore, to express the wish that somewhere in the organic platform adopted by this council this central fact of all live Christian organization had found expression. The Christian churches of the United States are not so much agreed in “doctrine, polity and work,” as they are in a sense of necessity which can be satisfied only by asking and receiving the Holy Spirit. In the Apostle’s Creed, the Holy Ghost stands antecedent and the Catholic Church consequent. “I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, and the communion of saints!”

The Roman Catholic Church illustrates the utmost that can be accomplished toward a visible unity of Christian churches by the help of verbal statements and conciliar decrees. And she, to save her boasted unity as a church, is this day sitting apart from men

among the tombs of her dead, reading with dim eyes her sacred legends, and crooning the while her little chant of infallibility; while the church of God goes marching by live men among the living, to fulfill the purposes of Him who proclaimed long, long ago,—“I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts. I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.”

The Congregational churches of the United States seeking to realize unity by verbal statements of agreement in dogma and polity and work, can never surpass the ghastly greatness of Rome. That experiment has been sufficiently tried.

What the times now demand is the reassertion of the old, old truth that branches may be united to the vine; that Christians may be joined to Christ; that we are one and all reprobate except Christ be in us:—not merely the reassertion of these things as being stated in Scripture, but the reassertion of them being to-day experienced, Scripture or no Scripture.

Any man distrusting and denying himself and longing for guidance, as a lost child in the wilderness longs for help, and asking it of God, will receive—we know not whence he cometh nor whether he goeth—will receive a divine, personal inspiration and guidance. All such will recognize each other, perhaps by intellectual agreement, probably by spiritual affinity. One hundred or three hundred such will come together and crystalize.

If men wish to organize anything fit to be called Christian, let them hear again the word of Jesus and tarry in Jerusalem (or Oberlin) until they be endued with power from on high. Separating from such a blessed assembly, the members will go everywhere declaring, We have found the communion of saints—which is indeed the testimony of many of the elders and messengers returning from Oberlin; but instead of naming as the bond of union the Holy Scriptures, they will name with reverent gratitude the Holy Ghost.

Christians are never more estranged than when they stand together on the Bible to strive about interpretations. On the other hand, good men come near each other and to God when they quit quoting proof texts and begin to pray.

That the Holy Scriptures are profitable needs no reassertion. But the author is more than the book. He has not forsaken his churches. The body of each believer is his temple. To glorify the Church, or to glorify the Bible, is equal error. Use the Church, and use the Bible. But let praise, and glory, and thanksgiving ascend from every true church of Christ to God, and to Him only. Here is unity.—*The Christian Union.*

FIXEDNESS OF PURPOSE.—Do not let any one fancy that he is too young as yet to have any purpose at all. And in making it our purpose to please God, we have not to think so much of what we are to do, but of what we are to be; what we are to be now, this very moment. We are to be his children; we are not to go in search of work to do for him, or fancy that we must wait for further guidance. But we are to be his children, and holding that purpose fast, we are to try to please him, not so much by heavenly work, if he hath not sent us any to be done, but by the perfection, the heavenliness, the simple-heartedness, of our daily obedience. If your duty calls you to kindness, make that kindness, however trifling, as truly kind, as free from taint and selfishness, as you possibly can. If your duty calls on you for truth, let your truth be exact and careful. If your duty calls you to avoid temptation, make your avoidance as complete, as ready, as cheerful, as it can be made. Into every duty pour the completeness of a Christian act.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

We also feel the desire that we may use our remaining strength for each others good. Thy messages of love do us good. Those with whom we have long been accustomed to mingle, are fast passing away and also many of those who are in the middle and younger walks of life, with whom we have felt a near unity and sympathy. How unscrutable to finite vision are the ways of Divine Providence. Doubtless all in wisdom, though we may often be unable to understand the why and wherefore of some of His dispensations, Let us be afresh stimulated to the faithful performance of all our Father's requirements, and let us be open to receive His revealings by whatever means He may be pleased to give them.

I do not know that I ever, before my present confinement, saw more beauty in, or derived more comfort from the experiences of those who have lived and gone before us, as recorded in the Scriptures. These records are a confirmation of the continued care and loving kindness of our Heavenly Father over His children in all ages. They show that He visits them immediately by His presence and power and instrumentally by means adapted to their states; mediating with them sometimes through the instrumentality of their fellow-pilgrims and sometimes through the workings of His own pure spirit, when

they are in a state prepared to receive the "most excellent glory."

I have been in feeling with thee for some weeks past, and desire thy encouragement, believing as there is faith in the all-sufficiency of Israel's God there will be ability given to discharge that which may be required, though thou may have to dig deep and to wade through deep waters. If thy whole confidence is in Him who put thee forth, I believe thou wilt find "as thy day is so shall thy strength be,"—My spirit salutes thee in Gospel love.

I have been very silent towards thee, for a long time—have I not? Not that there has been an abatement of love or desire to be with thee, but I have had a fear that in intercourse with thee I might profess too high, too much, and if beyond the truth, of course I could not live up to it, and the consequence to me would be suffering. Others may see further and may know more and so make a higher profession, but I cannot be *in the truth* and profess beyond that which my spiritual eyes have seen, ears heard, and hands have handled of the good word of life. This may be in a very *small way*, in a low degree, but however small, however little, however low, it is my only chance of unity with the Father and acceptance with Him. If God hath given thee a revelation equal to ten and to me a revelation equal only to one, I am not called to thy revelation, but only to my own. Therefore, I feel a caution not to go beyond what I have, and better to me is one beam of light which my understanding can appreciate, than to dwell in an illumination, however brilliant or glorious, which my *human nature* cannot bear; for *here* I am human, in eternity perhaps divine. Is this unsafe ground? Is this, which I seek, unreliable evidence? I think not. The great error in all religions and in most religious characters is profession beyond possession.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 10, 1872.

NOTE.—Although our terms are payment in advance, our Agent informs us that ninety of our subscribers have failed to forward the amount of their subscriptions. A few more numbers will complete the present volume. We therefore earnestly request that those indebted will at once remit the sum due.

THE ONE SPIRIT.—A correspondent has sent us an article with this title taken from the "*The Christian Union*." Amid the

diversities of opinion which exist among so-called Christian sects as to what constitutes essentials in religion, it is cheering to find so clear a testimony to the sufficiency of "The One Spirit." This testimony, which has been held by our Society with more or less clearness from its rise, is, from its very simplicity, in danger of being lost sight of, especially in times of religious excitement and commotion. When the mind, especially the youthful mind, is awakened to a sense of the unsatisfying nature of all earthly enjoyments and begins to aspire after a better life, the temptation is often presented to lay hold on something, whether it be a theological dogma or an instituted rite or observance, which promises to give *immediate* assurance of acceptance with God in the joy and peace which are believed to follow. While it may be freely admitted that any effort of the mind toward good, however mistaken as to the means employed, is infinitely better than mere worldliness, and that after experience often corrects the mistake, yet it is to be feared that in many cases a religion of *sensation* and sentiment is produced, which is often short-lived, rather than a healthy, steady, and almost imperceptible growth. Rapturous joy and undoubted assurance are not unvarying tests of the reality of religious experience, because they are largely dependent on individual temperament. When they follow the adoption of a certain form of belief, or the observance of a certain instituted rite, a feeling of security and spiritual pride is often fostered. On the contrary when these results do not follow, a feeling of despondency is the result and sometimes a doubt of the reality of all religious experience. These Parables of the "little seed,"—"the little leaven," by which the blessed Jesus illustrated the nature of the Divine Kingdom, give us no authority for: supposing that true religion is anything but a gradual work. The path of duty is the only safe path; whether it be in regard to special requirements which concern only the individual, the effects of which are to humble the mind, or those more general duties which grow out of our several conditions in life; the faithful performance of which as unto God is acceptable unto Him who alone knows the secrets of the heart. It is instructive to

remember, as set forth in another of the Parables of Jesus that it was not to those who were the most *confident* of acceptance to whom the language was addressed, "Come ye blessed of my Father," but to those whose religious experience as we are warranted in supposing had been so little extraordinary, that they were doubtful of any claim to reward beyond that which they had found in their work.

To those therefore, especially to the young, who amid the confusion of voices crying "Lo here is Christ or Lo he is there," are asking, "Who is the Lord that I may believe on Him," the reply is, "Thou hast both seen Him and it is He that talketh with thee." That which has made thee weary with self-seeking, which has led thee to aspire after the "higher life," is that which will also, if thou patiently enquires of it, lead thee every step of the way. This voice which is described as being "still and small," will be to the attentive ear distinctly heard when we are tempted to turn either to the right hand or to the left out of the prescribed path.

MARRIED.

UNDERWOOD—DOWNING.—On the 28th of Twelfth month, 1871, with the approbation of Miami Monthly Meeting, at the residence of the bride's mother, Jane W. Downing, Warren County, Ohio, Zephaniah Underwood to Matilla J. Downing; both members of the same meeting.

DIED.

LONGSTRETH.—On the 11th of First month, 1872, in Philadelphia, Benjamin Longstreth, in the 75th year of his age; a member of Green Street meeting.

CORNELL.—At Harrison, West Chester County, N. Y., on the 25th of First month, 1872, Maria Jane, wife of Mark Cornell, aged about 62 years.

HOGUE.—In Loudoun County, Virginia, on the 6th of Eleventh month, 1871, Henrietta, daughter of Jesse and Mary Ellen Hogue, in the 19th year of her age.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 21 mo. 11. Flushing, N. Y., 11 A. M.
- “ Bas ern District, Baltimore, 3 P.M.
- “ 18. Orange, N. J., 10½ A. M.
- “ Rochester, N. Y., 11 A. M.
- “ 25. West Nottingham, Md., 3 P.M.

LECTURE.

The "Mutual Aid Association of Friends," will meet on Second day evening, 21 mo. 12th, at 7½ o'clock, in the Library Room, at Race Street meeting-house. John M. Child will lecture on "Atmospheric Phenomena." A general invitation is extended.

ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary.*

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet in the Monthly Meeting room, Race St., on Sixth day afternoon, Second month 16th, at 3 o'clock.

W. M. LEVICK, *Clerk.*

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet on Fourth day evening, Second month 14th, at eight o'clock, in the Library-room.

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

LOCAL INFORMATION.

WEST LIBERTY, IOWA, 1st mo. 26th, 1872.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

I have long felt much solicitude on the subject of the guarded education of the youth of our Society, and especially on behalf of those in this country remotely situated from the older neighborhoods of Friends, where common and boarding schools have been sustained under the care of competent Friends. There are now in this prairie country a few points where Friends are concentrating, and where there are growing and lively meetings.

West Liberty is one of these points, and from its central position, relative to other meetings, is looked upon as the probable place in Iowa where the proposed Yearly Meeting, when established, will be held.

Those interested are united in believing that a good boarding-school located here would be well sustained; and the time is not far distant when it would become a flourishing institution. There are many not in membership with Friends that would support such an institution, in preference to any other. Boarding schools appear numerous in the eastern part of the heritage. Are there not those, who, while they are doing the good work of promoting a guarded education among our youth, would at the same time add much to their pecuniary advantage by looking westward?

West Liberty is so situated at the crossing of the Chicago, R. Island and Pacific, and the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Minnesota Railroads, the latter connecting St. Paul and St. Louis, that it is easily accessible to Friends of Illinois and Iowa, so that Friends of a large extent of country would be deeply interested in such a school so located.

JESSE HOLMES.

TRUTH.—I have sometimes observed on the beach, which I am in the habit of visiting, a solemn, unceasing undertone, quite distinct from the dashings of the separate successive waves—and so in certain minds I observe a deep undertone of truth, even when they express particular views which seem to me discordant or false.—*D. Channing, in "Blanco White's Life."*

PAWNEE AGENCY.

GENEVA, NOV. 22, 1871.

Dear C.:—

* * * I am quite happy now with my school to occupy my thoughts, and to-day I feel quite encouraged, for it has at last been fully decided that the children may remain through the winter. Some of the Indians have crossed the Loup going on the hunt, but there will be more anxious to remain than the agent thought. No inducement was necessary. They have come of their own accord and requested that their children might remain and attend school through the winter. To-day, Jacob told the chiefs and soldiers that any children who desired might stay. Yesterday one of the pupils, a boy about 14, came to the office and had Baptiste to interpret and made a very sensible speech, asking if he and his little sister could stay here through the winter. After this, his father made an address, in which there was much real wisdom. He said it was of little use to have the children in school but a few weeks, then allow them to go off on the hunt; they would forget all they had learned. He desired his son and daughter to attend school and learn to work. Thou probably remembers the father, he was the large Skedee soldier who gave me such a warm welcome when I returned from Omaha. It really seems now as if the "Quaker experiment" was proving a success. The day school has become more popular than the boarding school.

Jacob seems very much pleased to have the Chiefs and soldiers come and express so much satisfaction.

These children are to board at the farm house and will have a pleasant home, and be under good influence. We will have more children to stay than we thought, as many as we can provide for. Thou knows the appropriation for this school is small. I have written to New York Friends asking their aid. * * * I so often wish thou could see these children with their clean faces, smooth hair and quite neat clothing. I feel like telling thee about each of my pupils named after persons in whom thou art interested, but time will not allow. Samuel is bright and interesting, has made rapid advancement. Elizabeth is pretty and sprightly, she attracts the attention of all visitors. Cornelia has proved a very affectionate child and is always first to meet me in the morning. The children get the basin, go to the well and wash on first coming to school. When they discover me, they all run to meet me, each eager to have the honor of being the first to say "goodee mornee." They recite well, and speak very loud, even when

reciting alone. * * * Their progress is very surprising and their deportment good. Each one is interesting in his or her peculiar way. For several days a number of young men have attended school and joined in the exercises. I have two pupils, (boys about fifteen years old.) Yesterday and to day the parents of the pupils who were going on the hunt, brought their children to the school house and bade me "good bye."

For several days I have had no assistants and the children have aided me in many ways, washing slates, bringing in wood, sweeping, &c. * * * I shall be glad to have the bell, I have needed one so much. Since the weather has been very cold the mothers and even grandmothers have brought their little ones on their backs as they do their infants, and have remained through the morning, taking a deep interest in the exercises, urging the children to speak loud, be attentive and obedient. These parents have aided me so much in my work, surely they must appreciate the advantage offered their children. * * *

I shall be rejoiced to receive the warm garments from Baltimore. The thermometer is 5° below zero, and the children need thick clothing. Poor little things! they feel so very unhappy, at least some of them do, at leaving their friends. There is much to encourage us. * * * I feel perfectly satisfied as to the number of pupils that will remain; we could not make more as comfortable as they should be, and I feel sure that things are working for good. I shall go on with renewed strength after this display of confidence in the school which has been made by this people. The more I am associated with them, and the greater opportunities I have to study their characters, the more I am convinced that they can be raised to a better condition if they only have right instruction. * * *

Thy affectionate friend,

P. S.

REPORT OF THE NATURAL HISTORY CLUB.

We have received a copy of the interesting Report read by our friend, Dr. J. G. Hunt, at the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Natural History Club of Philadelphia, held 12th Mo. 21, 1871. We give some extracts from its pages:

We come together this evening, as you are aware, to commemorate the fourth anniversary of the Natural History Club of Philadelphia. And in endeavoring, doubtfully, to perform my duty on this occasion, I must ask your indulgence if I listen, for a moment, to the voice of remembrance, coming as it does from the entire period of our various meetings

through the changing seasons of six delightful years.

Cannot each member recall the difficulties encountered in our first attempts at determining even the names of many objects we desired to study? And the necessity to learn, first, a multitude of related but indifferent facts, before the final fact we desired could be reached, often has been discouraging. The toilsome search for technical description, and our general unacquaintance with the literature of most branches of descriptive science, often made our progress embarrassing and slow. But all that training was necessary, and has been useful. The lessons we learned—the lessons I hope we learned—viz., to take nothing for granted without proof of its truth; to reason along, step by step, from the known to the unknown; the habit of allowing a question to remain undecided until satisfactory proof could be obtained; that kind of training, which science exacts of her students enables us to meet, on this anniversary, intellectually stronger men and women than was our condition six years ago.

Let us not fall into the erroneous conclusion that true culture aims at special ends. It is not to become a mineralogist, or botanist, or zoologist, or astronomer, that a man should force upon himself the harness of intellectual hard work, but that he should thus grow into a juster knowledge of the true value of all things; that he should learn to measure and duly estimate all that lies embraced between the smallest and the greatest in life, that he should learn—

“To run

The great career of justice, to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast,
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue up the steep ascent
Of Nature calls him to his high reward.”

* * * * *

While patches of last year's snow yet lay like crystal cushions in the fence corners, the Sparrows were brought before the Club for better acquaintance. Not for the splendor of their plumage, nor ravishing melody of song, do these little birds appeal to our notice. They come among us trustingly and so specially to pick up the crumbs that fall from our tables, or the seed from our granaries, and we all bid them welcome.

“The classification of Prof. Baird places the Sparrows in the order *Insectores*; family *Fringillide*, or seed-eaters. Audubon and Wilson embrace the Sparrows in one genus—*Fringilla*. One or two species remain with us all winter, so that at all seasons representatives of this family are found among us. One of our earliest birds to return from the South

is the fox-colored Sparrow—*Fringilla rufa*, of Wilson. Very early does this bird leave the cypress swamps and rice plantations of the sunny South, and treading closely in the retreating footsteps of winter, makes its appearance in the latter part of February or early in March. It tarries not long with us, but passing through New England, spends the summer in the bosom of the fur country.”

“Later in the season the white-throated Sparrow (*Fringilla albicollis*, of Wilson) commences its journey northward, reaching us about the middle of April. This is the handsomest of all our sparrows. Its song is full of melody, uttered at first loud and clear, then rapidly falling in tone and decreasing in volume.

“Arriving rather earlier than the last, we have the Chipping Sparrow, or Hair-bird. Although it does not possess the sweetness of song of some, and lacks the beauty of plumage of others, it gains many friends by reason of its sociability. It builds its nest even among the vines that twine around the doorway; in the city, too, it makes its abode, and may be seen among the shade trees in our public squares. It becomes so familiar that it will peck the crumbs from one's hand. The Song Sparrow (*Spizella melodea*), is our earliest spring songster, and is also the latest resident of our singing birds.

“The Tree Sparrow (*Spizella monticola*) arrives in flocks about the middle of November, and often associates like brothers with the Snow birds. It remains during the entire winter, but when the soft airs of spring begin to blow, they bear it northward.”

Not soon will I forget an incident connected with one little member of this family of birds. In company with some children, I was hunting cryptogams on the ice-crowned rocks near the city. A plaintive bird-cry of distress arrested my attention, and on looking up, just on the brow of a rock fringed with icicles as large and as long as my arm, and on a patch of frozen moss, I discovered a sparrow. Evidently it had sought shelter through the night on the moss, but the trickling water had frozen, and one leg of the Sparrow was encased in the ice, and it could not escape. Quickly I cut it loose, but its leg was fractured, and it soon died. I was reminded of Shelley's “Widowed Bird”—

“A widowed-bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

“There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground;
And little motion in the air,
Except the mill wheel sound.”

It seems natural to regard with increased

affection the birds that remain with us during the winter. A corresponding member informs us it is rare to see the Snow Bunting near Philadelphia in winter. In the severe cold seasons of 1856 and '59, a few were procured, and the taxidermist remarked he had never before been called upon to mount one.

"Another winter visitor quite rare in this vicinity is the Shore Lark—*Alauda alpestris*, of Wilson. At no time are they found in abundance, but a careful observer may see some every winter. Generally flying in small detached flocks, they are occasionally seen feeding along our travelled roadways, but more commonly on stubble fields grown up with ragweed, on the seeds of which they feed. They soon grow accustomed to man, and will approach their food when strewn on the snow beneath the window. A flock of twenty-four in number was thus attracted by our member, who enjoyed their social bird-talk as they busily picked their food. Their note is not unlike that of the Song Sparrow. Regularly did they come, day after day, until the first Blue Bird sang its greeting song, and they knew it was the voice of the flower-crowned spring they heard, and they left to return no more, doubtless pausing not in their journey until they rested—

"Where the Arctic hurls its billows,
On the wild and rocky shore ;
And the iceberg in its grandeur,
Stems the tides that round it roar." * * * *

More thoroughly than in any former year has the Club studied the leaf, in its earliest as well as in its last connection with the plant. The fall of the leaf has been a subject of interest to the Club. "If we examine a young and vigorous petiole in the spring, we may observe a faint line externally, that marks the position of the future joint, while internally there is little indication of its existence. If we make a thin section at this part, we observe simply an increased deposit in the cells composing the bark, and a very minute process passing from its inner surface. The line of junction in the interior seldom presents any change more marked than a deposit of crystals, or of some dark resinous material. At this time the leaf requires considerable force to separate it from the branch, and if a branch be cut off and dried, the leaf can, only with difficulty, be torn from it, thus showing that the joint is not yet complete. The advancing season, however, brings a change, and the line of demarcation becomes well marked, so that the unassisted eye can detect it throughout its course. The microscope now shows that the process of bark which was, at first, rudimentary, has gradually increased, and that a change is taking place in the contents of the cells which contained

the crystals. As the season advances this process of bark increases perceptibly until it reaches the bundle of vessels in the centre of the petiole, finally these vessels become absorbed and the epidermis covers entirely the surface of the articulation. Now any passing breeze may hurl the suicidal leaf to its grave ; and thus are our forests defoliated in obedience to structural laws, written beforehand on the soft tissue in the bud. * *

Time permits only a rapid glance at the interesting reports sent to the Club after the summer vacation. Our members have wandered widely during the year, and in every instance the fact is manifested, that our simple Club studies not only stimulate observation, but also direct it towards definite and worthy ends.

From North Sandwich, New Hampshire, among the cloud-capped mountains ; and from North Conway from the higher peaks of the fir-fringed White Mountain, and from central New York among her charming lakes, Cayuga, Seneca, Skeneateles, Cazenovia, Otsego ; localities rendered classic by the exploration of Pursh, botanist of a past generation, comes the same sweet song, viz., that nature is lovely in all her aspects, that the immortal fountain of life still pours its mysterious force into plant and soaring bird and humming insect, and into curious sea-creatures, each one but a chord in that sublime harp whose melody can be heard only by those who "ask that they shall receive, who seek that they shall find."

From many localities along the restless shore of the salt sea, from Harper's Ferry, from the pioneer cities, and waiting coast line of Lake Superior ; from our own Pennsylvania mountains nearer home, contributions have been sent sparkling with mental diamonds and rich in whatever was beautiful or interesting to the Club.

Strange as it may appear to us to-night, my friends, as we sit here, reaping the little harvest of our year's work, some of our beloved members report botanical gatherings in Watkin's Glen. The *Diervilla trifida* opened its honey-colored blossoms mid trickling rills falling from the rocks in that weird and startling grotto. And I confess with half regret, that I plucked a fine specimen of *Microstylis ophioglossoides* (Nutt.) from a rock looking right down into Cathedral Glen. But I had not the power to concentrate my attention on botanical studies while I stood in presence of the sublime personality of the glen. Its mysterious wildness, its dark and subterranean labyrinth winding along through the groaning bosom of our mother earth ; that unmatched and charming intermingling of light and shadow ; the overhanging green

trees fringing the cliffs like sentinel eyelashes of some Titanic monster; and that eternal monotone of her tossed and troubled waters, seeking rest like some sad human soul, but finding none, were enough without flowers.

"Sphere of magic, dream and vision,
Now it seems are opening o'er us.
See how trees on trees in legions,
Hurrying by us change their places,
And the bowing crags make faces;
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort and how they blow.

Down through stones, through mosses flowing,
See the brook and brooklets spinning;
Hear I rustling? hear I singing?
Love plaints sweet and melancholy,
Voices of those days so holy?
All our loving, longing, yearning,
Echo, like a strain returning
From the olden time, was ringing"
In the voice of Watkins' Glen.

"Natural history includes man, as well as all the myriad organisms below him, and every fact belonging to his nature and experience is a fact that has a scientific value whether we have found it, or otherwise."

To study natural science, and gather only a stupendous harvest of *facts*, and "special properties, without perceiving their wide range of affinities—*without feeling a sense of something finer than knowledge*—is to miss its richest rewards."

"Beautiful are the flowers, and to be able to recognize their form and names, habitats, and different organs, is a great attainment, but this is only the beginning of the study of botany. They have microscopic structures and marvellous life functions, and whoever should become able to understand these altogether would possess the key to a knowledge of all organized beings. Each flower, in its mode of growth and reproduction, in the way it consolidates gases and liquid matter into its firmer structures; in the circulation, definite but rhythmic continually taking place in its loose parts; in the development of all parts from a common leaf like bud; in its respiratory surface and its digestive and assimilative apparatus, in its chemical constitution and definite term of life, it is allied to all forms of life, above it and below. Nor do its affinities stop here. When again we recognize that it consists of the same carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen which form the principal part of the crust of the earth and its atmosphere, and which also constitute the bulk of all animal bodies; moreover that the same imponderable forces, light, heat, electricity, life, &c., which move all matter are necessary to its development, we perceive at once the relation between plant-life and the earth, and all upon it, and the study of botany becomes not merely a study of floral forms and names, but a contemplation of the

one plan of Nature in all the evolutions of the world.

"It is in this wide view of relations, that special knowledge in particular departments of science acquires its highest interest and richest meaning; it is this perception of the affinities of things which causes all the facts of natural history, long considered as detached and unrelated, to converge into one grand related brotherhood of forms. Botany, ornithology, entomology are but superficially studied if they do not give us a clearer comprehension of the unity of Nature, and of the sublime simplicity of its universal plan."

We have studied many material forms during the year, and I trust we have seen that matter, whether found in the creeping worm, or thinking bioplasts of the human brain is but the ink with which God engraves His records upon the worlds. We read, and we admire—we ponder the deep meaning, and we adore.

TO AUNT DEBORAH.

Ninety one—and every year
Growing to her friends more dear;
Life so fresh from day to day,
That our hearts must b'd her stay
Yet a little longer here.

Still her mind is clear and bright;
She has hearing and her sight,
And her heart of simple truth
Is as warm and fresh as youth;
Her spirit filled with heavenly light.

And a marvel 'tis to see,
One from selfishness so free;
Never thinking of her needs,
Always doing kindly deeds
Unto all, whoe'er they be.

She on simple pleasures smiled,
Sharing them with youngest child;
Never prompted to destroy
With a frown, a harmless joy;
This her record, undefiled.

Look within the house of prayer,
You will often see her there
In the spotless garb of Friends;
And until the meeting ends,
A sweet repose her features wear.

Then a tender smile is seen
Where the quiet look has been;
As, one by one, a kindly band
Gather 'round to take her hand,
And make her happier than a queen.

Blessed and blessing, as we know,
Glad to live, content to go;
Not as has been said of some,
Waiting for her Lord to come,
But *doing* still His work below.

What a contrast this old age,
To the one in Bible page;
Where the "Preacher" sadly says,
All strength goes, with length of days,
Till the grasshopper a burden weighs.

—*New Bedford Mercury.*

READING THE LIST OF THE DEAD.

Immediately after every battle, in order to shorten the suspense of the soldiers' relatives, the German Government publishes a list of the killed and wounded. The list is posted upon the walls, and is quickly surrounded by fearful wives and mothers.

Terrible medley of scene,
Sorrow and joy at a glance,
Crowds in the busy streets,
News that all people entrance ;
Telegrams eagerly scanned,
Waving of flags overhead,—
Mother with child in her arms,
Reading the list of the dead.

Grandmother bending o'er
Innocent sleeping child,
Knowing nought of the strife,
Sucking its thumb as it smiled ;
Juveniles shouting aloud
Victory news as they spread,—
Mother with child in her arms,
Reading the list of the dead.

Triumph how empty thy name !
Glory, how dear art thou bought !
Carnage and woe in thy train,
Blood of the brave who have fought.
Rulers and monarchs, and chiefs
Whose hands with thy victims are red,
Gaze awhile on that mother so sad,
Reading the list of the dead.

When shall the day arrive
That war and its horrors shall cease ?
When shall the earth be blessed
With an universal peace ?
God pity the sorrowing ones,
Give widow and fatherless bread,
Grant strength to that mother in grief,
Reading the list of the dead.

—From the Cottager and Artisan.

VACCINATION.

The following is an abstract of Dr. John S. Parry's lecture on vaccination before the social science association in Philadelphia, Jan. 18, 1872. In the middle of September, 1871, it first began to be apparent that small-pox was on the increase in this city, and that the grave suspicions which physicians had for some time entertained, that it would become an epidemic, would soon be realized. As has been usual with other epidemic diseases, this one found our health authorities totally unprepared for its reception, and to-night we can look back over a long array of broken home circles and sum up our bitter experience—an experience which is the more distressing because a large number of the lives lost were sacrificed on the altars of mismanagement, prejudice, and ignorance. Before the introduction of vaccination, about 35 per cent. of all those who were stricken with small-pox perished. The Board of Health asserts that the mortality of the present epidemic is 16 per cent. This is too high by at least 10 per cent. for small-pox is now an affection which is almost under human control,

and a majority of the lives lost by it are wanton sacrifices, for which the public authorities should be held responsible. The fact that between Sept. 1, 1871, and Jan. 13, 1872, about 2,000 persons died of a strictly preventible disease in this enlightened city, and that this was nothing remarkable according to the sanitary gospel of certain commercial authorities, is something which scientific men cannot appreciate. Truly the estimated value of human life is very low when it can be summed up in dollars and cents by miserly money-changers.

Shortly after the epidemic appeared here three kinds of virus could be obtained. One was a foreign article, and was utterly worthless; the others were from Boston and New York. The speaker was successful with the virus from Boston, but failed with that from New York. The bovine lymph, when it is successfully introduced, is not very severe in its action, and there is serious objection to its general adoption. After bovine virus has been transmitted through the systems of several members of the human family it becomes much milder in its effects and much more certain in its results without having lost any of its specific qualities. The authorities agree that with good human virus, and exercising all due degree of care, vaccination should not be unsuccessful in more than one in every 150 insertions. The amount of ignorance in regard to vaccination is truly surprising. The result is that the operation is often imperfectly performed and only partial protection is afforded. The degree of protection afforded by vaccination varies much with the manner in which the operation is performed. If properly done it is almost absolute. No child should be vaccinated in less than four places, and in the performance of this operation no physician should allow himself to be influenced by maternal sympathy. Of 6,000 post-vaccinal cases of small-pox tabulated by Mr. Simon, 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. died among those who were said to have been vaccinated but could show no cicatrix, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of those who had one cicatrix, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of those having two, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of those having three, and only $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of those having four well-marked cicatrices, while 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of those who never had been vaccinated died of unmodified small-pox.

Most persons will have a sore arm from vaccination twice in their lives—once during infancy and a second time immediately after the 14th and 15th year. The popular idea that its influence wears out, and has to be renewed every seven years, is unsupported by any facts whatever. Revaccination is important, and should never be omitted after the 15th year of life. Vaccination has not increased the mortality from other diseases, such

as scrofula and consumption; on the contrary, many persons are protected from these diseases, which might be developed in them if they were attacked by small pox. No proof can be furnished that scrofula is ever transmitted with vaccine virus. After an experience of three quarters of a century in all parts of the civilized world, physicians are certainly qualified to speak with some exactness in regard to the danger of contracting syphilis by vaccination, and most of them are disposed to consider this danger but trifling, and always due to carelessness. With properly selected virus there is no danger at all.

Unless something is speedily done to arrest the progress of the epidemic, it may be prolonged as in London for more than a year. Three measures are important: 1. Complete and thorough isolation of persons affected by the disease. 2. Perfect disinfection of the homes and effects of those who are ill with it. 3. Systematic vaccination and re-vaccination, which should be made compulsory. This is a plain statement of the variola epidemic in Philadelphia in 1871; an epidemic, about which, according to the public papers and our commercial authorities, nothing must be said or done for fear of creating a panic and driving business from the city. For this morbid public confidence we have truly paid a fearful price in the sacrifice of some 2000 human lives.—*Delaware Co. Republican.*

CURE FOR CANCER.

Charles Yardley, of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes as follows: "I wish to tell how I cured my cancer last summer without pain or money. Eight years ago a cancer came on my nose. It grew slow at first, for several years, but the last two years it grew very fast, and it finally began to eat my left eye. I had spent hundreds of dollars, and tried doctors far and near without any relief. Last summer I drank Wild Tea, putting the tea grounds on my cancer every night, as a poultice, and in six weeks my cancer was cured. I am sixty-two years old. I have given this remedy to several persons having cancer, and know two that have been cured since. Wild Tea grows over the States generally, always on high land."

We are not familiar with this plant by the name he gives, but a friend suggests that it is probably the well known New Jersey Tea (*Ceanothus Americana*) found abundantly in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and as a safe and simple remedy may be worthy of a trial by those suffering from this disease.

"The highest act of Reason is to bow in silence before the Sovereign Reason."

HUMAN UNDERSTANDING LIMITED.

Man's faculties, exquisitely adapted to the sphere in which he moves, were never intended to enable him to comprehend all the truth. The mind is, in this respect, constituted like the eye, and can understand certain subjects, and to a certain distance; but as they reach away farther, they look more and more confused, and at length they disappear from the view; and if the human spirit attempts to mount higher than its proper elevation, it will find all its flights useless. God has given us light in the midst of darkness; let us open our eyes to it, let us walk in it, let us rejoice in it. As you do so, you will find, as you follow that light through what may at first be a dark and dim passage, that you reach more light. The view which you at last reach may be like that which we have had from the mountain-top on a sun-shiny and bracing day—not, indeed, an unlimited view, for this would leave us nothing more to discover and behold, but still a clear view between us and a distant horizon, which, when we reach, in our explorations in this world or the next, we hope to discover more, without limit and without end, as we know more of God and of a boundless universe.—*Dr. McCosh.*

OUR moods are lenses coloring the world with as many different hues.—*Emerson.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

	FIRST MONTH.	
	1871.	1872.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	4 days.	1 days.
Rain all or nearly all day....	0 "	1 "
Snow, includ'g veryslightfalls	9 "	6 "
Cloudy, without storms.....	8	5
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	10 "	18 "
	31 "	31 "
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1871.	1872.
Mean temperature of 1st mo., per Penna. Hospital,	31.29 deg.	30.83 deg.
Highest point attained during month.....	64.00 "	48.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	7.00 "	10.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	3.46 in.	1.26 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year.....	1154	2085
Average of the mean temperature of 1st month for the past eighty-three years...		31.34 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1790).....		44.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, (1857),.....		22.37 "
If we deduct the deaths by smallpox (832) from		

the total for the month this year it will leave the excess only *ninety nine*.

The above exhibit shows the month to have been about half a degree below the average for the past *eighty three* years, with about the same difference between the monthly mean of 1871 and 1872. The mercury did not reach as low a point during the month under review as it did the preceding, although the difference in the *means* was scarcely perceptible, being for 12th month, 1871, 34.85 degrees, and for 1st month, 1872, 34.83 degrees.

The number of *clear* days (18), and the few days on which it rained (only 2) is also a little remarkable. The old adage, in which some persons place such confidence, that if we have weather to make ice *three inches thick before Christmas* we will not have it after, has certainly not held good this season.

During the present week the ferry boats have experienced considerable difficulty in crossing the Delaware. On the last day of the month it is said some fifteen or twenty persons walked on the ice from Smith's Island to Camden above the line of the Market Street boats.

And yet what we have had is as nothing compared with what we find in our "*clippings*," of which the following are samples out of many:

"A dispatch from Charlestown, West-Virginia, says the Karawha river is frozen solid, and that only one mail has been received there for a week. A dispatch from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., says the thermometer there marked ten degrees below zero yesterday morning."

From Hope Valley (on the Sierra Nevada mountain) we learn, that "From 6 P.M. of the 17th until 10 P.M. of the 18th snow fell incessantly, depositing some thirty inches of new snow, making the average depth of old and new four feet. At the last hour a heavy rain set in, continuing throughout the night, all day and night of the 19th and up to 8 o'clock P.M. on the 20th, when the fall again changed to snow. On the 20th, the snow succeeded the rain, there was two feet of soft slush all over the valley. By daylight next morning, 21st, eighteen inches of fresh snow had fallen upon this slush, and the whole mass became a solid cake of ice. The fall continued that day, and the storm cleared away in the evening of the 21st, with the whole face of the country incased in a solid cake of ice four feet thick." J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, 2d mo. 2d, 1872.

ITEMS.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.—Secretary Seward, speaking of the great wall of China, which he examined during his late trip to the East, says:

"The Chinese have been for at least two or three thousand years, a wall-making people. It would bankrupt New York or Paris to build the walls of the city of Peking. The great wall of China is the great wall of the world. It is forty feet high. The lower thirty feet is of hewn limestone and granite. Two modern carriages may pass each other on the summit. It has a parapet throughout its whole length, with convenient staircases, buttresses, and garrison-houses at every quarter of a mile, and it runs, not by cutting down hills and raising valleys, but over the uneven crests of the mountains, and down through their gorges, a distance of a thousand miles. Admiral Rogers and I calculated that it would cost more now to build the great wall of China, through its extent of one thousand miles, than it has cost to build the fifty-five thousand miles of railroad in the United

States. What a commentary it is upon the phenomenal range of the human intellect to see this great utilitarian enterprise, so necessary and effective two thousand years ago, now not merely useless, but an incumbrance and an obstruction.

SOME idea of the injury caused by insects to agricultural products may be formed from the statement that, from seventy-four tons of Spanish wheat stored in a granary, ten hundred weight of beetles were screened out in one instance, and in another thirty five hundred weight were removed from one hundred and forty-five tons of American corn. The offender in both cases was a weevil known as *Calandra orise*.—*The Moravian*.

In observation on climbing plants, Anderson Henry, of the Horticultural Society of London, has noticed that certain climbers evince a partiality for some species, stretching out their tendrils or branches so as to come in contact with them, while they show a strong aversion to other species of plants, wholly avoiding them, though they run up the same wall side by side.

THE LARGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD.—A stationary engine, asserted to be the largest in the world, was recently put in operation at Friedensville, Lehigh county, Pa. It is of three-thousand horse power, weighs six hundred and fifty tons, and is capable of pumping from fifteen to seventeen thousand gallons of water per minute from a depth of three hundred feet. The heaviest pieces are sections of beams, weighing twenty-four tons. The cylinder is 110½ inches in diameter, and the length of the stroke is ten feet. Two wrought iron shafts weigh sixteen tons each, the crank pins one ton each. The piston rod is fourteen inches in diameter. The cross head weighs eight tons. The connecting rods weigh eleven tons each, their length is forty one feet two and a half inches, and their diameter nine inches in the neck and fifteen inches in the middle.—*Public Ledger*.

At a depth of ten feet in the excavations for the foundation of the pier of the East River Bridge, on the New York side, were found buried in the sand several species of marine shells common to our coast, including *Pyrula canaliculata*, *Anomia ehippium*, *Crepidula fornicata*, and *Ostrea edulis*, the oyster of our own day, all much worn and decayed. Besides these appeared masses of the Palisade trap and its associate feldspathic rock, pieces of fine Jersey sandstone, quartz pebbles, and large blocks of gneiss, indicating a direction from northwest to southeast in their transportation.—*Independent*.

FRANCE has 27,000 miles of telegraph lines; England, 23,000, Russia, 25,000. The United States has 75,000 miles—the equivalent of the three countries named. North Germany has 15,000 miles; Austria, 10,000; the East Indies, 13,500; all America, outside of the Union, 11,000, and the rest of the world together less than this country alone has.

RECENT explorations show that the great Australian trees exceed in height, though not in circumference, the giants of California. A fallen tree in the recesses of Dandenong, Victoria, measured 420 feet; another on the Black Spur measured 480 feet. The highest trees on the Sierra Nevada, California, yet discovered, reach only 400 feet, the average size being from 300 to 400 feet.—*The Methodist*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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HABITS.

BY SCHUTLER COLFAX,
Vice President of the United States.

Few of us fully realize how constantly and how potentially our lives are influenced and even dominated by our daily habits. Shakespeare taught us "how use doth breed a habit in a man"; for the frequent repetition of acts causes a tendency, almost resistless, toward their regular recurrence, which has caused habit to be called a kind of second nature growing up within us. Observation, as well as personal experience, teaches us that Paley was right when he said: "Mankind act more from habit than reflection, for man is but a bundle of habits." How important, then—how vital, indeed—that we should watch these habits in those near to us, as well as in ourselves—knowing, as we do, that "what at first an infant's hand could snap stiffen upon older limbs like gyves of iron"; or, as Cowper so strongly expressed it:

"Habits are soon assumed; but, when we strive
 To strip them, 'tis being flayed alive."

My attention was directed toward this subject by the request of an eminent divine that I would write an article for THE INDEPENDENT on the habit of using Tobacco; to which I replied that it was scarcely fitting that so new a convert should assume the position of a lecturer to others on a habit abandoned only last spring. But I may say on this particular

point, without even apparent inconsistency, that every year's habit in that line makes it more difficult to surrender it even for health's sake. At first, as is well known, the system rejects it, as it rejects tartar emetic. Nature, however, finally surrenders the contest, and yields to its sway. It becomes a companion and a solace; even more—a second nature, indeed. When, at last, prudence, or duty, or health, or example induce you to discontinue it, there comes another struggle, sharper than the first, and perhaps more doubtful. It is the contest between habit on one side, and will on the other, with temptation and appetite giving constant aid and comfort to the former, while the latter must fight its battle alone, without such powerful allies on its side.

Bacon asserts that "habits, wisely formed, become truly a second nature, as the common saying is;" and, believing that those unwisely formed become the same, it may not be unprofitable to look at a few of the common everyday habits of mankind that are not wisely formed, and which we should seek to eradicate from our lives, as the farmer seeks to eradicate the Canada thistle from his field.

Drinking.—No man ever became a drunkard, lived a drunkard's life, died a drunkard's death, and filled a drunkard's grave as a matter of free choice. No one ever became an excessive drinker who did not begin by the habit of being a moderate, a very moderate

drinker. If it were the habit of all not to take the first step, and thus not become moderate drinkers, the unutterable horrors and woe, the destitution and crime, which result from this master evil of intemperance would cease. Wives and children, and friends and communities, would not mourn over loved ones thus dishonored and lost. But it is the habit of drinking becoming the law of their being and of their daily life, the lack of resisting power resulting from this terrible thralldom, the fever of habitual temptation and appetite, which causes that yearly death-march of sixty thousand of our people to the saddest of all deaths and the saddest of all graves, followed, as mourners, by half a million of worse than widowed wives and worse than orphaned children.

Profanity.—Perhaps no offense against the laws of God and the laws of man is more directly traceable to habit than the vile imprecations which so often, on the highway, shock and sadden the passer-by. The brutal language addressed to brutes and beasts of burden, the attempted intensification of private conversation, even the profane language so often used in schoolboy quarrels or the heated controversies of partisans, seems prompted more by unwise and unrestrained habit than by actual wickedness of heart. Year by year the habit grows, however, into a second nature; until at last its victim finds it impossible to cast it off, and it becomes the fruitful parent of other evil habits.

“We are not worst at once.

The course of evil begins so slowly,
And from such slight source, an infant's hand
Could stem its course with clay.
But let the stream grow deeper,
And philosophy, aye, and religion, too,
May strive in vain to stem the headlong torrent.”

Temper.—Like fire, temper, wisely controlled, is often an excellent servant; but, uncontrolled, a dangerous master. Besides, it *must* rule or serve. Without mental power over it, sudden fits of passions often overcome prudence, justice, even love itself, the obligations of business, and the ties of lifelong friendship; while a philosopher has affirmed that every ebullition of ungovernable temper, every hot outburst of passion shortens one's life. Yield to the habit, and it soon becomes your daily disposition. Master it, and it ceases to afflict you. He is more than thrice armed who can be calm and self-contained when the poisoned arrows of malice or of hate pierce the most cruelly. For the inspired record declares, in language which combines counsel with prophecy: “He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.” And, if Tillotson was correct when he said that “anger is a short fit of madness,” how should all who de-

sire to have a healthy mind in a healthy body guard themselves against the temporary insanity it creates.

Backbiting.—How much of this vice there is all around us I need not attempt to estimate. So important, apparently, was it in the Creator's mind to condemn it that one of the Ten Commandments (the Ninth) seem primarily aimed against it; and David tells us in the Psalms that among those who are to abide in Thy tabernacle will be found “he that backbiteth not with his tongue”; while Paul, in II Corinthians, specially denounced envyings, strifes, and backbitings. Not only is its evil influence felt in bearing false witness directly against our absent neighbor; but in the appetite for retailing the defamatory words of others against him. How many characters have been smirched, if not destroyed, by that oft repeated phrase, “They say.” How many sharp and cruel arrows have caused once happy hearts to bleed upon hearing of some wicked and widely-circulated calumny that a thoughtless friend has breathed upon the air, and thus started on its widening sphere of evil. Far rather cultivate an habitual disbelief of floating gossip and scandal. Far rather be honored, as you will be, for defending the absent, and shielding those thus struck at behind their back, by a habit so appropriately called backbiting.

Fretting.—I will not repeat an argument I made in your columns last year to prove that three-quarters of all anticipated trouble seems to be only borrowed trouble, that never comes to pass. But I have alluded to this particular point to give your readers the comment of a happy frontiersman upon that very article. Said he, as I met him, on the very outer boundary of our settlements in the Northwest: “My philosophy of life is very simple, and renders me happy as the happiest. Never fret about what you *can* help, but go to work and help it. Never fret about what you *can't* help, for that fretting is all thrown away.”

On a plane of perhaps lesser importance may be classed the unwise habits of indolence, carelessness, thoughtlessness, etc., which grow so surely and steadily upon all who do not strive to extirpate them from their daily lives. None, except those who have tested it thoroughly, can realize how much can be accomplished each day by a careful systemization of time, and a thoughtful reminder of the duties to be performed. A few moments given every morning, when the mind is the clearest, to the duties of the day which lies before you, and a few more moments every evening to a retrospect of what duties have been forgotten, and thus omitted, and soon the mind accustoms itself to it, and it becomes one of the wise and useful habits of life.

Need I speak, in conclusion, of the well-known fact that Nature loves correct and regular habits, and always rewards those who do not transgress her laws. Regular hours for sleep, for meals, for business, for exercise, for recreation are her commands; and sooner or later she punishes those who dare to disobey them. Habits of philanthropic liberality, of virtue, of aiding in every good word and work, of warring on evil in its myriads forms—priceless in their value and their influence—how they rise in the mind as these closing words are written. Practice them, young men; make them your "second nature," the law of your being and the rules of your lives. Thus shall you

"Earn names that win

Happy remembrance from the great and good—
Names that shall sink not in oblivion's flood;
But, with clear music, like a church bell's chime,
Sound through the river's sweep of onward rushing time."

—*The Independent.*

THE MISSION OF CHILDREN.—Sometimes little children come to us bringing in their little hands the keys to the kingdom of heaven. The man whose heart was perhaps growing hard in the struggle of life—who unconsciously was becoming worldly; whose face, practised in meeting men, was gradually becoming rigid in its outlines; whose keen eye was losing its enderness—has had sent to him these sweet little angels as a voice from God:—

"Trailing clouds of glory do they come
From heaven, which is their home."

His heart grows young again with them; his soul is softened by their infantile caresses; his life is checked in its tendency; and they lead him to his Father and theirs. Nature's priesthood, these little children, in their innocence and simplicity, are evermore bringing back the hearts of fathers and mothers into a more simple and childlike trust and joy. Coming to us, they bring the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Going from us, they unlock those sacred doors; and we, in our bereavement, find our hearts drawn up after them to God. The heavens into which they have gone remain open; and the fragrance and melody of that upper world comes down to us here, and never leaves us again.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THAT great mystery of Time, were there no other, the illimitable, silent, never resting thing called time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions, which are and are not; this is forever very liberally a miracle—a thing to strike us dumb, for we have no word to speak about it.—*Carlyle.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SECEDERS IN MANCHESTER, ENG.

Some readers of the *Intelligencer*, are aware that a separation has occurred in Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting of Friends, which, although apparently insignificant, numerically considered, is indicative of a widespread reaction from a literal faith, which for many years has been promulgated and fostered as *the Truth*. This is the renewal, upon fresh soil, of an old contest in the Society of Friends, between creeds and principles. The dominant party in Manchester, assisted by a committee from London Yearly Meeting, is arrayed against a mere handful of "separatists," whose chief fault appears to be that they dare to exercise the natural right of thinking for themselves, and of countenancing others beyond the pale of Quakerism, who do the same thing. It is not surprising that this movement meets with opposition from Evangelicalism, which has ever been the opponent of spiritual liberty. Building its system upon faith in its self-constructed creeds, Evangelicalism is of necessity, intolerant. "Believe and thou shalt be saved" has been and is its constant cry, and to venture beyond this fundamental ground work is, of course, to take the fatal step leading to self-destruction. Convinced of this, it seeks to fetter all souls to this "ark of safety," and in so far as its labors to this end are conducted in a Christian Spirit they are commendable. But in the case before us, evidences of a contrary spirit are apparent, if the editor of the *Manchester Friend* is to be relied upon. He says, "the issue of the paper is deemed necessary by the increasing desire of many Friends for more liberty of thought and expression amongst each other, than at present is possible in the columns either of the *British Friend*, or *Friend*," and farther, because of "the value of publicity to a good cause, when its interests are tampered with by tribunals which shelter themselves from public inquiry by suppression of facts, the knowledge of which is essential to the foundation of public opinion."

A fair hearing on both sides of a controversy is universally demanded by justice, and it is not improbable that the above-mentioned papers cannot consistently open their columns to the discussion of views adverse to those they were created to support. This we can understand, but, if important facts are suppressed, wilfully to the injury of opponents, injustice and insincerity mark the conduct of those concerned therein; the standard of morality trails in the dust, and, the world will say that no high conception of truth can be attainable under the sway of a spiritual

despotism such as of that. Belief, if honest, moulds the lives of those who cherish it, in accordance with its character. Hence the sign and certificate of the *truthfulness* and *efficacy* of a given system of religious culture, is the degree in which those who accept it, *practically*, exemplify its teachings. A true reverence of God must prove itself by a reverence of man, as created in His image. A true belief in Christ will create the desire to adorn our lives by the graces he exhibited. Men will ever differ as to *what* he was, but before his *character* the world bows in reverence. From Him we may learn that no system can be enduring which rests not upon the Divine idea of human brotherhood, of justice and love towards all mankind, and the more intensely we feel this, the more will our characters illustrate the truth of it.

Vital religion is a *life of goodness*, the legitimate outgrowth of a sincere belief; intellectual assent to, or dissent from, any form of theological opinion, is a totally different thing. Wm. Penn has remarked "Be sure that Religion cannot be right that men are the worse for having." This must be self evident to all, and measured by this standard it is clear that a reformation is needed amongst Friends in England, if the quotation made from the paper before us is worthy of credence.

It is not the purpose of the writer to detail the facts in this controversy. Friends in America need but to be informed that, in several important respects, the separation in England is analogous to that which sundered the Society here in 1827, to be quickened into sympathy with the movement.

It is probable that, in many particulars, the radical party in Manchester, has overstepped the bounds of liberalism as practiced and interpreted by some of us here, but this should be no barrier to our sympathy, if we appreciate the principle of religious freedom and tolerance which is the foundation of this movement. Experience abundantly proves that men can hardly avoid being hurled by one error into another. Like the moving pendulum, they oscillate from one extreme to the other and find rest only in the centre.

Nor need we be discouraged because of the few who as yet are openly identified with this reform. How unpromising to the eye of the world was the beginning of the Christian Church, and yet how vast the numbers now in its fold, and how potential for good it has become. The battle is not to the strong always. The story of David and Goliath teaches the conquering power of simplicity and unwavering trust in God; any

effort sanctified by this spirit cannot fail of good results. We need more of this trust, as well as more faith in man. The motto of the *Manchester Friend* should be ours. "The maintenance of Truth is rather God's charge and the continuance of charity ours."

Let us then in that charity which is the glory of Christianity bid our trans-Atlantic brethren be of good cheer in bearing aloft the banner of freedom before the eyes of enslaved souls yearning for emancipation, in the assurance that intellectual and spiritual liberty, coupled with a veneration for truth, are essential to human progress.

CARITAS.

I DO not think that it is the mission of this age, or of any other age, to lay down a system of education which shall hold good for all ages. Let us never forget that the present century has just as good a right to its forms of thought and methods of culture as any former centuries had to theirs, and that the same resources of power are open to us to-day as were ever open to humanity in any age of the world.—*Prof. Tyndall.*

SPIRITUAL HUNGER.

A chief element of vitality is the power of absorbing nourishment. The lowest of all vegetable organisms exhibit this superiority over the mineral world, that they are in some way capable of imbibing the surrounding air and moisture for their sustenance, a power which does not reside in the most massive rock or the most polished gem. As we ascend higher in the scale this attribute manifests itself more and more vividly. The plant draws into itself the elements of the soil from below, and the influences of sun and air from above, and thus develops into the fragrant flower or the majestic tree. In animal life this necessity increases; more various and concentrated substances are absorbed, and special organs provided for their reception and assimilation with each peculiar structure into which they enter. With intelligence comes a craving for this supply and corresponding efforts to obtain it, and the powers of the brute creation seem mainly to be put forth in one continuous struggle for food. Man's more complicated physical nature makes the same demand as imperiously and in more exacting fashion, and his varied powers are put forth, and land and sea compassed to provide and combine materials for the nourishment and strengthening of his physical frame.

This law, which governs all material forms of vitality, is equally potent in those higher and purer forms called spiritual. Indeed the higher the form of vitality the greater

the need and craving for appropriate nourishment. It is now well known that a sense, such as that of sight or hearing, if constantly denied the congenial elements of light and sound, by which it is fed, will gradually dry up and finally become extinct. Fishes found in caves where no light can penetrate are destitute of eyes, though a slight indentation shows where the organ has formerly existed in far removed ancestors before darkness enveloped them. So the human mind, if utterly deprived of the external nutriment which strengthens and develops it will gradually lose its power and sink into imbecility. Instances have been known where, under absolutely solitary confinement, the mind, shut out from all living nature and having literally nothing to feed upon, has been starved into idiocy. Just as the nature of a tree requires the air and light to make it thrive and branch forth in rich luxuriance of foliage or fruit; just as the body of man requires not only these, but also more solid and nutritive aliment to vitalize and strengthen its various parts, and to make activity possible, so the spirit of man, which is the purest form of vitality on earth, needs the sympathy of kindred spirits, the light of truth, the pure air and sunshine of infinite goodness the very bread of life to sustain and animate it.

That a craving for such spiritual food is inherent in every nature is evident from the unrest and want of satisfaction that follows all merely material success. When the hunger and thirst of the body are assuaged, the still hungry mind, not clearly discerning its own needs, seeks the stimulus of some new sensation; and delicate condiments and exciting pleasures of all kinds are resorted to, and a double work imposed on the body, to its great detriment. This is not a craving of the body—that was satisfied with simple, nourishing aliment—it is the unsatisfied spirit, longing for its natural food, and trying vainly to satisfy its hunger with husks. A feverish passion for acquiring money often urges men to undergo toils, to make sacrifices, and to bear burdens that were worthy of a better cause. But success in this fails to bring quiet serenity or peaceful content. Whether they lay it up in coffers or lay it out in luxuries, the same fever burns within them, and ever spurs them on to fresh struggles and fresh disappointments. It is not their material wants that are calling aloud for sustenance—they were long since satisfied; it is the eager, never-dying spirit within them that is seeking to satisfy its infinite hunger with finite things. Many other channels are vainly drained to allay this craving of the soul. Power, honor, fame, society, applause, are sought and gained, only to prove that they

are not the true nourishment of the soul. The cares, irritations and envyings, the disappointed hopes and wearied natures, still proclaim that the spirit can be fed by none of these things. It is only when it turns to higher, purer, nobler good, to which it is itself allied, that it finds the congenial elements that can alone satisfy its hunger and promote its vitality. One disinterested act of benevolence, one outgoing of pure affection, one living truth received into the heart, and carried out into the life, one noble sentiment cherished, or virtuous resolve executed, will give a more solid satisfaction to the soul, than any measure of temporal success or material pleasure; for such are the elements with which it is allied, and such the food which alone is capable of affording nourishment to its vitality. Every ray of the infinite goodness for which it yearns, that penetrates and permeates the soul, gives it new life and strength, while all attempts to feed it with inferior good, all doubling of bodily pleasures, or eager pursuit of gain, or applause or show, will leave it starving for its true food and pining for its native air.—*Public Ledger.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

If the ministry was unmixed there would be more converts to Quakerism.—*Mary Pike.*

AUTHORITY IN RELIGION.

They whom God has destined to be his witnesses—authorities not for a day or a sect, but for all time, or until some new witness shall supersede them—listen to no secondary teaching, they settle on no platform, they stop at no intermediate stage; they go right to the fountain, and listen in their souls to what God shall declare to them concerning Himself. They believe that God will speak to them also, if they really wish to hear. That is, they believe in a present living God, not merely in the God of long ago. They deliver themselves up without reserve to the truth, they open all their mind and heart to God's teaching, asking not, What is profitable, what say the scribes? but what saith the Spirit? "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth," is the constant frame of their waiting souls.

Authority in religion is the evidence the teacher gives of having received the truth at first hand, of having learned of God and imbibed in himself direct revelations of the Spirit. That evidence is not his intellectual gifts or intellectual attainments, but the quality of soul apparent in his word and life. No teacher acquires authority by his thought alone. No mere philosopher, however accepted in his day, can be permanent authority

for the mass of mankind. These old Greek sages, who said so many wise and beautiful things about duty and God, and were so conspicuous in their generation,—Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and the rest,—what are they now? What can they be to the multitude in every age but a vague impression of something far off and sublime, beyond the appreciation of ordinary minds, like those dim stars in the upper deep, which we are told, are luminous worlds, the centres of unknown systems; but which, so far as our senses can discern, are only faint specks requiring often artificial aid to perceive the feeble image we have of their glory.

What the world requires in its spiritual leaders is not intellectual acuteness, but truth incarnate in the life. Such a leader, a teacher with authority the Christian world acknowledges in Christ. It finds him preëminent in those respects in which philosophers and philosophy fail.

Christ represents no school, or epoch, or race. He speaks a universal dialect, the dialect of the heart, addressing himself not to a few select and disciplined natures, but to universal man. "Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest." "Whosoever drinketh of this water that I shall give him shall never thirst. The water that I will give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

There is no philosophy here; but what consciousness, what authority! Who else ever uttered words like these? Translatable into every idiom, and losing little or nothing by translation, the words which were uttered so long ago in the solitudes of Galilee, or the streets of Jerusalem, are household words to-day in the remotest corners of the globe, endeared by daily use, and consecrated by centuries of faith and worship, wholesome as daily bread, and still revered as bread from heaven.

The Christian world cherishes in Christ the element of stability. Other teachers arise and vanish with the rolling years. The sure foot of advancing time overtakes them, supplants them. New systems are demanded by new generations. The oracles of one age are dumb to the next. F. H. HEDGE.

THAT great mystery of Time, were there no other, the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions, which are and then are not; this is forever very literally a miracle—a thing to strike us dumb, for we have no word to speak about it.—*Carlyle.*

HARRIET MARTINEAU tells how, when she had grown to be quite a girl, a little one was born into her home, and as she would look and ponder, not knowing what was to become of it, she got a terror into her heart that the baby would never speak, or walk, or do any thing that she could do, because, she said, how can it, seeing that it is so entirely helpless now? But she found when the right time came that the feet found their footing, and the tongue its speech, and everything came on in its own right time; and then, instead of the babe, she had a noble and beautiful brother, who was able to take her part and teach things to her who had taught him. So the babe became an illustration, when it came to manhood, of a very common latent fear in the hearts,—not of sisters so much as of fathers and mothers,—that the life that has come to them, and is their life over again, will not scramble, or grow, or wrestle into its own place as theirs had done. They have no adequate belief in the hidden manhood or womanhood that is folded away within the small, frail nature, and that the man will walk among men, and talk with men as a man; and so they often spend the better part of their time in trying to order afresh what our wise mother Nature has ordered already.—*Robert Collyer.*

THE eternal idea of justice makes no one just, that of truth makes no one true, that of beauty makes no one beautiful; so the eternal law of right makes no one righteous. All these standard ideas require a process or drill in the field of experience in order to become matured into character or to fashion character in the models they supply.—*Bushnell.*

DR. ARNOLD'S SISTER.

Extract from a letter from Dr. Arnold to Bishop Chately, dated 9th mo. 6th, 1832.

It relates to Dr. A's sister who died at Laleham, 8th mo. 20th, 1832, of a complaint of the spine of 20 years duration.

"I must conclude with a more delightful subject—my most dear and blessed sister. I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child,—but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness—wholly thoughtless; enjoying every thing lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in Gods works or man's, with the keenest relish, inheriting the earth to the fullness of the promise, though never

leaving her crib, nor changing her posture, and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death, from all fear and impatience or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's spirit's glorious work. May God grant, that I might come within one hundred degrees of her peace in glory."

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

To-day I heard for the first of thy brother's decease. To thee, however sudden, it could not have been unexpected, relying upon the information possessed of the disease under which he was suffering, yet I sympathize with thee in thy loss. Families like yours, where death has made his visits so from time to time that the wound is scarcely healed ere another is opened, learn the inestimable lesson that we are only passengers through this sublunary sphere, and that indeed we are allied "to angels on our better side,"—lessons of which in the tumult of the busy world and in the hurry and bustle of life we are too often heedless and disregarding. Yet not so with all. Some have long felt the truth that for us there is no continuing city here, and have been looking for the hour when the mandate shall be heard "Steward, give up thy stewardship, for thou shalt be no longer steward." Ah, blessed are we if we are only able to do this—to leap with joy at the sound of the voice—to stand with a brow unblanched by fear in the presence of the eternal Father, and able to say, "all is well," as we bid adieu to time and enter upon an eternal future!

To-day was our Monthly Meeting, and as I cannot conveniently attend my own for the present, I make this mine. We had a long sermon, in the course of which, much appearing not exactly concurring with my views, I was led to consider, upon my own account, this giving up of the stewardship. I have no wish to complain of the sermon. The Friend was very earnest, but I have not so learned Christ. Such doctrine is harsh, and I felt shaken. Ah! said I mentally, it will not be long, and if I can only render up the account of my stewardship—of what?—of gifts, of talents, so that it will be accepted; and I was comforted as I called to mind the parables and the doctrines of Jesus upon this point, until I forgot that any one was speaking. It was, I believe, the only really good part of my meeting, for this has been one of my dark days—and yet the Friend was loving

and earnest though very harsh. Ah! those simple and beautiful and easily to be understood doctrines of Jesus—so plain that the most unlettered may understand them, and the wayfarer though a fool may read. Why is it that while holding up these to our attention, preachers cannot let their own concerns alone? Why is it our preachers so preach themselves and not Christ? Ah! it is a blessed thing that in Christ there is no consideration of bond or free, of Jew or Gentile, but all who fear God and work righteousness are accepted of Him. I fear there is not much in this will meet or minister to thy present feeling, but I know not that the mourner can be turned to anything external more beautiful or soothing than the sermons of Jesus. Those which have reached us answer to the witness for God in my mind, and have done so in thousands of other minds. Then thou wilt not blame me that I turn from the wisdom of the scribes to *their* simplest lesson; from the perfect lawyer to the more perfect law; from the cold, and I could almost say, the mistaken disciplinarian, to the warm and life-giving doctrines of the sacred volume.

Though we have met but seldom, my feelings often embrace thee in near fellowship. I visit thee in thy quiet chamber and "take the vacant chair beside" thee, and though my companionship is expressionless, it is none the less real on that account. Cannot spirit mingle with spirit and feel a kindred throb when far separated in person? Assuredly it can, and I believe the Father often permits us to be dipped into feeling and sympathy with an absent friend, that we may be "each other's helper in the Lord." Were we watchful enough to receive these little drawings of love toward another, and simply obedient in offering a little word of caution or encouragement, would it not tend to bind us more closely together? We would find that every heart has its lights and shadows, its seasons when its joy seemed greater than could be told in language, and life was bright, our duties only pleasures, and we could rejoice and in all things give thanks.

But the scene changes—clouds obscure the spiritual vision and we are almost tempted to say, "Whose sorrow is like unto my sorrow?" O, faint heart, why will thou doubt? Whose arm has hitherto sustained thee and suffered neither the waves to overwhelm nor the fire to kindle upon thee? He has been with thee through many trials and will be with thee to the end. In this world we shall have tribulation, but can we not take courage in His assurance, "be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." So may

it be our effort to overcome the world; to rise above its discouragements, to accept our allotment as from the Lord, and "when we cannot fathom, learn to trust." O, this trust, how it brightens our pathway and throws the blessed rays of Divine love on our every day life! Let us trust Him more and more in the firm belief that He will overrule all for good.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 17, 1872.

PUBLIC PRAYER.—The subject of "rising in time of public prayer," has been, as we think, pretty fully discussed in our paper by the admission of articles on both sides of the question. We have lately received several essays (some of them of considerable length) on the same subject. As they appear to us to contain only a reiteration of what has already been published, it does not seem best to prolong a discussion which is, on the one hand, simply a plea for individual liberty of conscience on a matter not vital, and on the other, a reference to customary usage, the discipline we must remember having only reference to keeping the seat or keeping on the hat, out of *disrespect* to the *individual* engaged in supplication. There is no better way to promote unity in the body, than for those who feel *religiously called* to deviate from an established custom, quietly and simply to obey the intimation without *contending* for it. There are those who desire that the *present form* should be abolished; but it seems to us as objectionable to insist that a whole congregation should keep their seats during prayer, as that they should rise. It has been a matter of *custom* alone from the beginning, and to make it now a matter of legislation would indeed be going backward, and would result in oppressing the consciences of some of our best and religiously minded members. We need often to be reminded of the pithy saying of Wm. Penn, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials charity." How much of the spirit of prayer do we suppose would be felt by an individual who, while standing in an attitude which is supposed to imply reverence, was looking over the congregation to discover who were keeping their seats? and can we not suppose that some of the lat-

ter might be so absorbed in the spirit of supplication, as neither to observe nor to care whether those around were standing or sitting? Is, then, the posture *essential*? When we have fully learned the lesson of *charity* we shall find ourselves in *unity*.

WE have received the first and second numbers of the "Manchester Friend," a monthly quarto journal (16 pp.), edited by Joseph B. Forster, Spring Bank, Altrincham, and devoted to the cause of liberal Quakerism in England. It is published on the 15th of each month. Price 3 s. annually, or 3 d. a single number, post paid.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.—We call attention to the following appeal:—

"The Friends of Swarthmore College are informed, through the annual report for 1871, that a systematic effort has been commenced for the establishment of a Museum to illustrate the various courses of instruction in Natural History. This movement has already reached the point of determining the general design and scope of the collection to be made, and of procuring plans and estimates for the construction of cases and appurtenances for the preservation and display of these collections.

"It is clear that to carry out the plans adopted will require an expenditure which cannot be met from the ordinary means of the College, and that a special fund must be raised for this purpose. The *importance* of raising such a fund must be apparent to every one who considers that in the study of Natural History, the acquisition of clear and definite knowledge depends largely upon inspection of the objects themselves, and that no description, books, pictures, or other aids, can supply their place.

"About \$5,000 will be required for the construction of all the cases which will ultimately be needed for the Museum, while for the purchase of collections a still larger sum might be profitably expended. To receive the specimens already donated to the College, cases which will cost \$700 are urgently and immediately needed. Many valuable specimens, particularly those of the Barnard collection, recently purchased by friends of the College, and donated to the Museum, are perishable, and will suffer damage unless suitable provision be promptly made.

"Thou art *particularly requested* to give for this purpose whatever sum may be convenient to thee, from \$5.00 upwards, and to endeavor

to interest any of thy friends who might contribute if thus invited. It is desirable that the subscription should be prompt, in order that the work may not be delayed, and that it should be general, in order that many persons rather than a few may feel interested in the Museum, as being in part their work.

"Subscriptions may be forwarded to Edward H. Magill, at the College, or to either of the Receivers, viz: Samuel Willets, 303 Pearl St., New York; Clement M. Biddle, 513 Commerce St., Philadelphia; Gerard H. Reese, Pratt St., Baltimore."

"ALDORNERE: A PENNSYLVANIA IDYLL,"
by Howard Worcester Gilbert.

This little volume, a poem, both narrative and descriptive, treating of the events of the last few years, and locating its incidents among the beautiful and tranquil scenery of our own State, is well worthy of perusal.

This is the poet's interpretation of the rhythmic voice of the Susquehanna:

"My current made of many streams,
From wells unknown and dark that flow,
I come as from a laud of dreams,
And to the glimmering ocean go.

"My song one grand accord of all
The songs of mountain-stream and mere,
And bubbling back and waterfall,
And meadow brooklet cold and clear.

"By many an isle with plume of green,
By many a mountain still and grand,
By deeps with water-lilies sheen,
And boulder in the beaten sand.

"With olden and deep-hidden lore,
I come from those mysterious springs,—
To thee, upon this solemn shore,
I sing of deep mysterious things.

"To him who hears aright the tunes
Of murmuring waters, wandering winds,—
To him who reads aright the runes
That carved in the rocks he finds;

To him, with voice profound and clear,
I sing mine endless wanderings,—
To him that hath an ear to hear,
I sound these weird and secret things."

We are treated to pictures of romantic rural grandeur and opulence, of the secret aid extended to fugitives from bondage in days gone by, of woodland feasting and the sorrow and bereavement consequent on the recent civil war.

There are many passages of great beauty in the poem, and many noble sentiments expressed; but we believe that the most glorious conflict for truth is not necessarily attended with human carnage. It is the peaceful and earnest advocacy of right and just principles—the

rebuking of wrong wherever and whenever it becomes manifest—and the willingness to bear any suffering or loss rather than abandon the testimony to the eternal truth, which is the true warfare.

Is not the following a pleasing picture of the coming of spring, 1861?—

The delicate influence of the tender spring
Ran through all nature, pulsed through every vein,
And filled the woods and fields with peace and joy.
The brown song sparrow quickly felt again
Its subtle magic, and straightway began
His half forgotten warblings, and along
The southern borders of the quiet woods,
The early flicker's vernal note was heard,
As in his fitful flights he suddenly
Spread out the golden lining of his wings.
In the bare woods the blood root's crimson bulb
Shot up a flower as white as e'er of yore,—
The downy wind-flower showed as deep a blue.
Rich mosses o'er the brown and mouldering bole
Crept many-tinted, with their broidery rare,
And others gemmed the shadowy rannel's side
With clustered stars green as the emerald stone,
While the arbutus trailing lowly near
Her fragrant and auroral buds and bells,
Made pale with greater beauty, now once more
The matchless carpet which they wove anew.

"The veil-like verdure of the early spring
Thickened and deepened to the green of May—
The lady-slipper in the hidden dell
Once more her frail and rosy bubble lung,
And lace-like vines the summer decks with bells,
Mantled the towering rocks moss-stained and gray,
While from the clefts the scarlet columbine
Her golden lipped horns hung lower still,
Heavy with black wild bees that murmuring
Were gathering honey there the livelong day.

"The bowery elms by all the streams once more
Were green and full of shadows, and anear,
The wilding with its wealth of rosy blooms,
Made fragrant all the still and sunny mead.
Within the peaceful quiet of the field
The birds were busy, hurrying to and fro;
Alone the thrush, upon his errand bent,
In bevy there the grackles, here—a pair—
The sheeny doves, and in the white thorn one
Without a name, repaired a ruined nest."

Here, too, we note a truthful image of a sad autumn, in the midst of the dreary days of carnage:—

"The leaves fell brown and dead upon the
streams,
And in the winding woodland ways.
And the blue haze again upon the hills
And o'er the sleeping waters spread its veil
All faint and dim, and from the misty deep
Of the great stream, was heard the lonely cry
Of the solitary loon that lingered still
Upon its bosom. Through the glimmering air
At noonday came sometimes the snowy swan,
With bugle note leading his glittering lines—
Their white wings flashing in the golden sun—
Then, after the great calm and pulsing slow,
The mighty undulations that foretold
The coming of the storm. The wailful winds
Moaned with their spirit voices, and afar
Swept through the shuddering woods down to the
sea."

MARRIED.

FITZHUGH—TYSON.—In Baltimore, on the 1st inst., by Friends' ceremony, Henry M. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, Michigan, to Mary, daughter of the late Nathan Tyson.

DIED.

BORDEN.—On the 25th of 1st mo., 1872, at the residence of her son, Russell S. Borden, of Easton, Washington Co., N. Y., Lusannah Borden, widow of Smith Borden, aged nearly ninety-two years, an Elder of Easton Monthly Meeting.

A few days previous to the closing scene she was enabled to give good counsel to those around her. We can adopt the testimony borne by one at her funeral:—Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile.

NEWPORT.—On the morning of the 27th of the 1st month, 1872, Elizabeth Newport, a minister belonging to Green Street Monthly Meeting, Phila.

During her long illness her patience, under severe suffering, never failed. Her faith was strong in that Divine Power that had been her support under many trials and conflicts. Her childlike simplicity and deep humility of character, beautified and adorned her life in a remarkable degree. The sweetness of her spirit was sensibly felt by all who were privileged to mingle with her. Her work was faithfully and nobly performed. She felt that nothing was left undone. The assurance is given that she has entered into that blessed rest her soul craved.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS,

To be held within the limits of Purchase Quarterly Meeting, New York:

2d mo. 25.	Mamaroneck,	11 A. M.
3d " 24.	Tarry Town,	10½ A. M.
4th " 21.	North Castle,	11 A. M.
5th " 19.	Mount Kisco,	"
6th " 16.	Chappaqua,	"
7th " 14.	Peach Pond,	"
8th " 11.	Peeckskill,	"
9th " 8.	Salem,	"
10th " 6.	Chappaqua,	"

FREEDMENS' ASSOCIATION.

This Association will meet at 1516 Vine St., on Fourth-day evening next, Second month 21st, at 8 o'clock. J. M. ELLIS, Clerk.

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held in the Monthly Meeting room of Friends' meeting-house at Fifteenth and Race Sts., on Seventh-day evening the 17th inst., at 8 o'clock. WM. HEACOCK Clerk.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MANAGERS OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, 1871-72.

* * * The College is now entering upon the third year of its existence under the most favorable auspices. The collegiate department at present consists of three classes, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman, numbering fifty-six students, of whom seven belong to the Junior, eighteen to the Sophomore and thirty-one to the Freshman class. The Preparatory School for the present year numbers

one hundred and seventy-eight students, divided, as heretofore, into three classes, A, B and C. While great care is taken to offer to all an opportunity to pursue a full classical course of study, students are enabled, by the introduction of the optional system, to make choice, under the advice and direction of the Faculty, and their parents or guardians, of such a course as may be most congenial to their tastes, or best adapted to the pursuits of life in which they are likely to be engaged. This important change in the organization of the College, while it necessarily involves a considerable increase of the corps of instructors, is likely to prove eminently satisfactory to the friends of the institution, enabling the College to meet more fully the wants of all classes, and thereby more nearly to fulfil the end for which it was originally established.

It has been a prominent object of the Board to secure the further extension and development of the scientific course. Dr. Joseph Leidy has continued his course in Natural History to the Sophomore and Freshman classes. His lectures are also open to such other students of the College or Preparatory School as may desire to attend, all who do so being subjected to regular monthly examinations therein. This course includes Zoology, Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, Mineralogy, and Geology. These lectures are illustrated by drawings and crayon sketches on the black board, and also as far as possible, by natural specimens from our museum.

The establishment of a proper system for the continuous and orderly collection and arrangement of objects needed to illustrate these several branches of Natural History, has engaged the especial attention of the Managers, and a Committee has recently been appointed to take charge of this subject. Their labors not being completed no formal report has been made, but they have decided to prepare plans at once for show cases to occupy all those parts of the rooms on the fourth floor of the central building which can properly be so appropriated. They propose that all these cases shall be uniform in design, so as to form a slightly and convenient whole; that they shall be well made of black walnut; that a light gallery shall be constructed around the southern room at such a height as to divide suitably the space between floor and ceiling, thus making all that space available; that the floor of the northern room shall be occupied by table show cases, while the floor of the southern room shall remain free for use as a lecture and instruction room for such classes as may need to handle the specimens relating to their special studies; and finally, that

from time to time such parts of the entire suite of cases first determined on shall be built as are needed for the exhibition of the specimens on hand, and as the funds provided will allow.

The committee also propose that no collection shall at any time be received into the Museum on condition of keeping it unbroken and separate from other purchases or contributions, since such condition would prevent the placing of objects in their proper places, the filling out of series by supplying deficiencies, the throwing out of duplicates or worthless specimens, and in short the complete organization of the entire collection into a systematic and orderly arrangement.

Dr. Joseph Leidy, our Professor of Natural History, who has had much experience in such matters, and is acquainted with most American collections, lately visited Vassar College, at the request of the committee, to inspect the arrangement of cases and objects in the Museum there, and has prepared a plan, in accordance with the principles named above, which he thinks adapted to our use. Within a short time all will doubtless be in readiness to allow of the building of cases for at least those minerals and other specimens which have already been contributed by the generosity of several of our friends, among which we would particularly mention a valuable collection of fossils, by the heirs of our deceased friend, John Jackson, of Darby, Pa., and we would invite those who perceive the importance of a good Museum, to aid, by their contributions, in bringing ours, as speedily as possible, into a useful working condition.

A special course in Human and Comparative Physiology has been established for the more advanced students, and the course in Chemistry is taught both by text books and lectures illustrated by experiments. Additional facilities have been provided in the Laboratory for students wishing to make a special study of Practical Chemistry. Many students, both in the College and Preparatory School, are availing themselves of these privileges, and a constantly increasing interest is manifested in this important department.

A competent man, of large experience, has recently been appointed to take the necessary steps towards establishing a regular course in Civil Engineering. He will also take charge of the department of Physics. For a fine case of superior apparatus illustrative of this department we are indebted to the kind liberality of a member of the Board.

Intimately connected with Civil Engineering is the study of Mechanical Drawing, which is continued with increased facilities under the same able management as last year,

and is pursued with much interest by a large number of students in the College and Preparatory School.

A teacher whose native language is French has been employed to assist in giving instruction in that language, thus enabling us to combine with our former accurate drill in the forms and constructions of the language, a practical knowledge of the same as a medium of conversation, for which opportunities are offered at table, in the class room, and during the hours of recreation.

A course of instruction in English Literature and Rhetoric has also been organized since the last Report, including instruction in the Literature of our own country. In connection with this department especial attention is paid to the correct writing, reading and speaking of the English Language, which is placed among the required studies in all the classes of the school and College, from the lowest to the highest.

The College Library has been steadily increased during the past year; appropriate provision has been made for its accommodation in the Managers' Parlor, and a Librarian has been appointed to take charge of the Library and school books belonging to the institution. Many volumes have been contributed, and funds have been provided by the liberality of private individuals. Large contributions have been received from the Principal of the Institution, which together with \$200 from Friends' Social Union, of New York, and \$50 from Friends' Social Union, of Brooklyn, have been added to the Library fund. The first catalogue of the Library has recently been published, and the number of volumes has now reached 1318. These are classified and arranged upon the shelves under the following heads, viz: Scientific, Historical, Biographical, Religious, Poetical, and Literary. To these are added, chiefly through the kindness of Joseph Henry, Washington Townsend, and Benjamin Lippincott, a large collection of Smithsonian Reports and Congressional Documents.

Through the kind liberality of our friend Anson Lapham, of Skaneateles, New York, a room in one of the fire proof alcoves has been furnished with cases and fitted up for a library, designed for Friends' books and those which pertain to the history of the Society. About one hundred and fifty volumes, and a small collection of letters, engravings and photographs have already been deposited here through the kindness of several of our friends who have taken an especial interest in this subject. An invitation has been extended, through the columns of the *Friends' Intelligencer*, to contribute to the shelves of this Library, but as yet the call has met with

but a feeble response. It is believed that there are many volumes in the private libraries of Friends throughout the country, which they would willingly contribute and which would be very properly deposited here. The room has been named the Anson Lapham Repository.*

A Gymnasium having been erected, a Professor of Gymnastics from Philadelphia is regularly employed to train the boys and girls in separate classes. During a portion of each day this building is given up to the exclusive use of the girls. The required exercises consist of light gymnastics, which may be safely undertaken by any one in good health. A gymnasium should be constructed exclusively for girls on their own grounds, as soon as funds can be secured for that purpose.

We cannot leave the subject of instruction without a passing reference to our trial of the co-education of the sexes. Our conviction of their mutual influence upon each other for good, through daily intercourse in the classrooms, the dining-room, the halls and parlors, and upon the common grounds, has been fully confirmed by the experience of the past two years. There is no one connected with the government and management of the College who is not entirely convinced of the excellence of the present system in this respect, and it has always been felt by us to be a very encouraging circumstance that the adverse criticisms upon this subject come from those who have never visited the institution, while many who have previously doubted have been thoroughly convinced of the advantages of the system, by visiting the College and seeing its practical working for themselves.

The Committee upon Grounds and Buildings has attended faithfully to the important duties devolving upon it, as the great improvement both within and without the College since the last report abundantly testify. All the buildings have been repainted outside; several of the large chambers have been divided, the better to adapt them to the uses for which they were designed; additional chambers have been fitted up and furnished in the west wing to accommodate the increased number of students; permanent seats, of the best construction, have been provided for the general study room; the two large front rooms on the second floor have been hand-

somely furnished and lighted for the accommodation of the College classes; slates have been substituted for blackboards in many of the class-rooms; the Gymnasium has been finished and well supplied with suitable apparatus; sheds have been provided for the horses of strangers visiting the institution; the grounds have been further improved by sodding, grading, and laying out additional walks and drives; and all of these improvements, and many others, have been effected by the generosity of interested friends, who had already done much, but with whom each additional gift seems but a pledge of further liberality.

One of the most important improvements still needed is a barn. It is the opinion of the Superintendent and of the Farmer that the want of suitable accommodations in this respect has entailed a considerable loss upon the institution during the past year.

That the duties of the Finance Committee have been thoroughly performed will appear from the fact that the College still continues to be self-supporting. In securing this desirable end much is felt to be due to the careful and conscientious labor of the Superintendent. For a full statement of the finances of the College the Committee refers to the Treasurer's Report. There is, however, one important point suggested by the Committee, to which the Board would again direct the attention of the Stockholders and friends of the College. It is the great need which exists of a fund to enable students of limited means to avail themselves of a full course of study at Swarthmore. Through the liberality of a few friends, some of the present students are receiving their education at a reduced rate, and a few thousand dollars invested for this purpose would supply a most pressing present need. By retaining until the end of the course many students in straitened circumstances, who, through ability and faithful endeavors, would profit most by the opportunities which Swarthmore affords, the standard of scholarship would be advanced, and teachers in religious membership with us would be prepared, who could fill, with credit to themselves and great advantage to the Society of Friends, positions as instructors either in the College itself or in those schools throughout the country which are to prepare students for our College classes.

The interest of \$1,600 contributed to the Educational Fund will keep one student in the institution at a rate within the reach of most who are likely to seek admission. The attention of the stockholders and friends of the College is most earnestly directed to this subject, and to the vital importance of the early establishment of a liberal Educational Fund.

*A full accession-list is now regularly kept, containing the name of donor and the date of reception, and all donations of books, manuscripts, &c., will be promptly acknowledged and carefully arranged for reference and preservation. We trust that Friends in all parts of the country will respond promptly to this appeal. Contributions for the Repository should be sent to Edward H. Magill, Principal of Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.

Edward Parrish resigned his position as President about the close of the first term. The managers accepted his resignation, and unanimously adopted a resolution expressing their appreciation of his valuable services in the origin and erection of the College, and their personal regard for him as one of the most faithful and devoted friends of our cherished institution.

In conclusion the Managers can but congratulate the Stockholders upon the present condition and future prospects of the College. The order within the institution continues steadily to improve as the organization becomes more and more complete; the standard of scholarship is advancing with each successive year, while the range of studies is gradually extended by the employment of a greater number of instructors, twenty being at present employed in the different departments; the various appliances of the College, both within and without, are better adapted to the end for which they were designed; interested friends everywhere, as they become convinced that Swarthmore is fulfilling the expectations of its founders, will become more and more willing to contribute liberally to increase in every direction the capacity of the institution to accomplish the great end for which it was established. We feel that there is every reason for thankfulness and encouragement in view of the prospect before us, and yet we cannot forget that the largest measure of success is only purchased by persistent and persevering effort. That Swarthmore may do its whole work, all that it is capable of doing for our Society and the world at large, we, its guardians of to-day, must be Argus eyed, jealous of every fault, and unremitting in our watchful care.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Extracts from a letter from the Great Nemaha Agency, dated 1st mo. 14th, 1872.

The bed-ticking, bed covering, and the hickory were especially needed, as the weather has been so cold out here, and set in one month earlier than either winter before since we came, but it is milder now.

The children were pleased with the hoods; the coats and shawls were given, as requested, to those women who make themselves useful about cutting out goods and helping to distribute. We have several such, that we can call upon at any time to assist us, and they do it well.

Though I have particularized some articles, it is not because all were not welcome, as every thing in those boxes was useful, and found a place, but so many of our people are sleeping on bedsteads for the first time, with-

out covering sufficient, that those comfortable, quilts, and blankets did great good.

The hickory we needed for boy's shirts, and the bed-ticking was in great demand; thou speaks of saving feathers; that is one thing, I suppose, they have always done, as every house has a pretty good supply of pillows, but the ticks are made of calico or muslin flour sacks; of course there has been a great waste of feathers, and they are very glad to get ticking. Their beds they fill with soft prairie hay; they have never used corn-husks, and I think until they become more careful, the hay will answer better, as they can renew it at any time, with much less labor than preparing the husks; many thanks for the soap, combs, and towels; we needed them, especially the soap.

We have had no new goods from anywhere, except the box which I acknowledged; that had one piece of cassinette in it, which is the only thing we have had for boy's pants this winter, and it did not go round.

In another month, our school-boys under 14 years will need pants; I am quite troubled about this, and, as you say, "make your real wants known," I mention this as one of them.

I wish we could have some of those thick cotton stockings, blue, or brown and white, the woven woolen stockings wear very poorly.

The mission girls are learning to knit, and that has put the other school-girls in the notion; I think it would be a good thing for them, and if I had some blue and white cotton yarn, No. 8, I would start some of them at it in our sewing-school.

The girls and women are much interested in making quilts, and I do wish you could see their work; several of our school girls are busy with their second quilts, and the women are always asking for quilt pieces. Everything you have sent in that line, and it has not been a small share, has been worked up; pieces of flannel, pantaloon stuff, vesting scraps they make up into covers, so every thing of that sort can be used. We have several girls' quilts ready for lining, if we should get some cheap calico for that purpose. I have been much interested in this patch-work business, it has occupied their time, and taken attention from bead-work, most of which was expensive, hard on their eye-sight, and useless after it was finished.

All the summer goods sent, I was glad to get. I do hope we will have summer pants for our school-boys, and aprons and dresses for our girls. I have none on hand, and I am so anxious to have our children looking snug and comfortable, that I thought I must ask, as we have received less children's wear than last winter.

We have had several boxes, and nice, good

things, all useful, but the men's clothing and the bed covering filled up the boxes very fast, of course not leaving as much room for women and children's wear as the same number of boxes did heretofore.

If we had two pieces of heavy jean, which we find wears better than cheap satin, some cheap muslin lining, and coarse thick cotton stockings, assorted sizes, we could get along through this winter, but then come spring and summer, and our school children all bare again.

Our women are learning to cut and make dresses and pants so well that it is only necessary to send the material; if we can have that supplied we can do very well.

Our sewing school is very interesting, and I feel sure they will be better able to care for themselves in the future, should they be left as they were formerly, if they now get into the habit of making their clothing for themselves, instead of having it done for them.

The health of the Tribe this winter has been very good; no death except one infant, three days old. Of course nearly always some one or other is complaining, but nothing serious.

M. B. intends making a short visit home. I think your Association would be interested in having him give some of his experience in the store, and telling you some things about the home life of the Indians, as he so often goes among them, and understands how things are. Truly thy friend,
MARY B. LIGHTFOOT.

RURAL WORSHIP.

BY A. M. IDE, JR.

Though all man's art the temple gilds,

Where Nature works all art is poor;

Supremest art, like nature, builds

Of life that is, life to endure.

Who worship best, from days of old,

Have benefited wiser than they knew:

Truth is diviner than its mould,

Form may be false, the worship true.

Man's ways are many, God's but one;

What shrines are sought, or isles are trod,

The liberty of creeds outgrown

Is fortaste of the peace of God.

The gospels of the field are His;

The ministries of light and air;

Forest and ocean litanies,

All Nature's perfect psalm and prayer.

The pathway of His temple leads

Wherever truth is sought or found:—

Nor set apart by walls or creeds,—

The earth of God is holy ground.

From "Little Things of Nature."

DISCLOSURES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

BY LEO HARTLEY GRINDON.

Mention has more than once been made in the preceding papers of the exquisite and marvelous spectacles presented through the medium of the microscope. We propose to

describe some of these in detail, since it is through the use of this miraculous instrument that we are enabled to view not merely the little things of nature, but the otherwise unknown. We delight in the consideration of how much our eyes behold—trees, animals, the sea, the sky, flowers, the unfathomable beauty of the human soul, as set forth in the various expression of the countenance, when the spirit lives in light and freedom; we are apt to overlook the fact that our unassisted eyes do not introduce us to more than the half of the world in the midst of which we dwell; thus that we delight in what is really no more than very partial knowledge. And if intelligent and loving interest in the obvious things of nature possess the power—as we are assured that it does by those who have tried—of giving length to human existence, by multiplying ideas, which constitute, after all, the only realities in life, how grand an *elixir vite* must be supplied by the delicate and unconsidered atoms that exist beyond the line to which our ordinary vision reaches. Possibly, were the eye of man so formed as for him to behold, *without* the aid of its lenses, the minute organisms that the microscope brings into view—possibly it might not then be able to pierce the infinite altitudes, read the story of the stars and the planets, and the immortal harmonies we call the heavens, and which are the pictures and preludes of the higher and original heavens to be entered some day. To me it seems a striking feature in the Divine Benevolence that the eye should be constructed as we find it—able, of its own independent power, to traverse millions of miles, and to rest upon the light of spheres so distant as Arcturus and Pleiades, "shedding sweet influence;" and at the same time, by virtue of the added power which the ingenuity of science bestows, that it should be able to penetrate as remotely in the other direction. For what space is in regard to the spheres that astronomy deals with, minuteness is in relation to those which pertain to the realm of the microscope. Were our eyes fitted to behold, ordinarily and familiarly, the infinite little, and were the infinitely distant to be the privilege only of the philosopher with the telescope, it is probable that the whole current of human thought would be different—unquestionably it would not be so noble,—certainly, men would be less impressed with the awfulness and the grandeur of the universe. Seeing them only casually, and many men never seeing them at all, the stars would be a mere fable of science, instead of the princely inheritance of every human being. Therefore may we thank God that he gives us, unsought, so much glory, and yet permits to the same organ that commands the sweet lustre of the

winter skies a corresponding power to interpret the invisible in the world of nature.

The range of the human eye may be judged of from a consideration which gives us at the same time a good idea of the scope of animal structure. Supposing that an individual of every known species were to take its stand between the two species that were respectively the next larger and the next smaller than itself, the smallest known animal being at one extremity of the line, and the largest standing at the other; and then supposing we were to ask which creature occupied the *middle* place, having as many degrees of size below it as above, and as many above it as below, that place would be found to be occupied by the common house-fly. What a stupendous optical instrument must that be which, assisted with a few brass tubes and some disks of glass, shall discern a creature as much smaller than a fly as a fly is smaller than an elephant!

Perhaps the most strikingly beautiful of the microscopic things of nature are found among those minute and countless forms of vegetable life which ordinarily are termed mildews and blight. At nearly every period of the year, but principally in late summer and autumn, there is scarcely a plant of magnitude that does not afford an example. They are not necessarily pernicious; many species, without question, are injurious, causing quaint distortions, consuming the substance of the leaf or other portion of the plant they may be seated upon, and eating into it as rust eats into iron. Others, however, appear to be more of the nature of the mosses and lichens that so beautifully embroider and emboss the bark of the aged tree; that is to say, they are simply *epiphytes*, dwelling upon the plant without damaging it, and comparable to the birds that build their pretty cradles among the branches. When moderately magnified, these little vegetables present forms of the most exquisite symmetry, and are so amazingly varied that the nobler shapes of plants seem but fulfilments on a larger scale of designs primarily set forth in themselves. The realization of this fact by the mind, when we turn away from the charming spectacle that we may reflect awhile, is the highest reward that comes of the scrutiny. From the lowest nature upwards, every object and every phenomenon is a poem. Complete in itself, accomplishing a destiny, rounding off a period, giving the last touch of perfection to some profound and beautiful economy, every object in nature is at the same moment pre-significant of something to follow. Thus is it wise to dive into the world occupied by these pigmies; for while amid them we dwell with the earliest utterances, and going thence into the world of great things, the latter smile upon us as

familiar faces. One of the prettiest of the pigmies is a species of the common blue mould called *Aspergillus*. The name refers to the resemblance it bears to the brush used in Roman Catholic religious services for scattering holy water, every plant consisting of a slender stalk, and at the summit a tuft of beaded filaments. Another, quite as elegant, but totally different, is found in profusion upon the leaves of the coltsfoot, which it ornaments underneath with yellow patches. Every patch, when magnified, becomes a crowd of fairy vases, the rims notched and thrown backwards like the petals of a flower! Botanists have discriminated many hundred species of this race of plants, and the number is daily on the increase. Not that new ones come into existence, but that careful observation quickens the eyes to see what was overlooked before, though passed by not only season after season, but day after day. As fresh air and early enjoyment of it are the best of cosmetics, so is natural history the best of eye-salves.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE SENSE OF PAIN.

The sense of pain in the mouth guards the throat; in the stomach it affords a warning against improper food; and, in fact, every part of the body is susceptible to pain, whether the sense is necessary to indicate disease or injury; but the heart, the brain and the lungs, although the most vital organs, are protected from injury by the sensibility of the exterior parts of the body; a high sense of pain in them is unnecessary, and they are almost insensible to it. The heart beats upward of four thousand times in an hour, and if the pain from a diseased heart were very acute, it would indeed be sad for the sufferer; but the pain from the disease of that organ is seldom more than an uneasy sensation, and this more especially after violent exertion, being a check to unnecessary action, and so useful. Sudden death often occurs from disease of the heart; not from the heart being suddenly diseased, but from the disease causing very little pain, and therefore unknown. The brain, although the source of sensation, is itself insensible to pain; in surgical operations portions of the brain have been removed without the patient exhibiting any sign of pain. The lungs are highly susceptible of impurities in the air; and thus we are guarded against the inhalation of injurious gases; their sensibility during inflammation indicates the danger and compels the necessary care; but they are almost insensible to pain from mutilation or decay; in such cases the sense would be useless and an infliction. The lungs have been taken out without causing pain, and during their decay in consumption the pain is very little.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE WEATHER AT THE SANTEE AGENCY.

Our esteemed friend, Geo. S. Trueman, furnishes the following:

Mean Temperature for the month 18.20 degrees.
 Maximum Temperature during the month, 10 and 11th 45.00 "
 Minimum Temperature during month, 28th and 31st . 20.00 below 0

"The last five days of the month the thermometer ranged from 3 to 20 degrees below zero! After the cold weather we had in the 11th and 12th months, we had come to look upon the past month as quite a moderate one, though our neighbors on the other side of the river, where they are more exposed to the wind than we are, have had the Thermometer as low as 28° below zero! Yet fearfully cold as it may seem, we do not feel it so sensibly (on account of the *dryness* of the atmosphere) as a much higher temperature in the East, accompanied, as it often is, by damp winds. When these low temperatures prevail, it is astonishing what a change in the feeling of comfort a moderation of 5 to 10 degrees make;—it is almost like passing from winter to spring."

"There is a phenomenon I have noticed in this country more than in the East, which I would like some of you scientists to explain satisfactorily; it is this: Our soil, (particularly on our dry uplands,) during cold weather becomes very much cracked, the fissures varying from one to three inches in width. Now is this contraction or expansion? I am well aware that bodies contract with cold, and that earth is not a very good conductor of heat, yet one would suppose there could be very little difference in the temperature of soil where frozen two or more feet in depth."

"The same phenomenon occurs to some extent on our rivers—here the ice, more than two feet in thickness, is seamed in the same manner. Were our streams subject to ebb and flow of the tide we might account for it in this way, but when once frozen our rivers change but little until they break up."

The phenomenon alluded to above by our absent friend is an interesting one, and if any of the readers of the *Intelligencer* can explain it, I presume many will be gratified.

J. M. E.

Philadelphia 2d mo. 12th, 1872.

ITEMS.

THERE is a proposition to build a railroad on which ships can be transported across the Isthmus of Panama by rail. It is estimated that this line, with floating docks and other apparatus for raising the ships, would cost only twenty-two and one-half millions of dollars, while a canal would cost eight times that sum.—*The Moravian*.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.—The great enterprise of a tunnel from near Dover to a point near Calais is about to be attempted by a corporation called the Channel Tunnel Company. The capital of the company is \$90,000, which is privately subscribed, with the immediate object of making a trial shaft and driving a driftway on the English side about half a mile beyond low water mark, with the view of proving the practicability of tunneling under the channel. The completion of this work will furnish data for calculating the cost of continuing the driftway from each shore to a junction in midchannel, and capital will then be subscribed for that purpose, or for enlarging it to the size of an ordinary railway tunnel, as the engineers may deem most expedient.

In New Haven, Conn., there is a needle factory where the whole process is done by a single machine, without the labor of any person. It cuts the pieces of steel wire consecutively, punches the eye-holes, counter sinks the eyes and grinds the points, and, in fact, does everything until the needles drop out completely formed. Another machine picks them up and arranges them, heads and points together, and a third piece of mechanism puts them into paper. One of these machines occupies no more space than an ordinary table, and each of them turns out from thirty to forty thousand needles a day. Most of the needles hitherto in use have been imported from England until a few years past.—*The Methodist*.

THE "slag" from iron furnaces, till lately only a nuisance to iron founders, has become of great value in several departments, and is no longer left in unsightly heaps at the roadside, or drawn off with great labor to some out-of-the-way place. It has been found admirable material for making roads after the fashion of macadamized road; and has also been manufactured into ornamental brick at a moderate expense. It is now made into an artificial porphyry of great beauty, and its strength has been thoroughly tested. It resists a pressure of 600 to 1,200 pounds per cubic centimeter. All the directions are given in a scientific paper for making of it an elegant and very cheap building stone.—*The Moravian*.

"Some microscopes have very great power," says Professor Tryall. "Here is a little list what they will do in the way of wonders.

"Lewinbœck tells us of an insect seen with a microscope of which twenty-seven millions would only be a mite.

"Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

"Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves, and fruit.

"Butterflies are fully feathered.

"The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve.

"The mites makē five hundred steps a second.

"Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

"Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows in a meadow."

THE trustees of the Peabody fund have let five hundred houses, with planted grounds attached, at Brixton, to small families, in accordance with the directions of the founder of the fund.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 24, 1872. No 52.

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AGENTS.—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Strattan, Richmond, Ind.

From "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends."

BY RICHARD S. FERGUSON, M. A.

MILES HALHEAD.

Miles Halhead was a husbandman at Mountjoy, near Underbarrow, and became, when of the age of thirty eight, one of George Fox's earliest converts. He was the first Friend that was ever imprisoned in Kendal Gaol. Soon after his conviction, he felt impelled, by a vision, to go to Kendal Church, and call the priest "a painted hypocrite,"—a performance for which Justice Archer committed Halhead to prison, where his detention was not very long. He was, too, one of the earliest preachers of the Society that went into the South of England. In Sewell's History of the Friends, and in an account of his imprisonments, published in 1690, we find many accounts of sufferings which Halhead underwent. At Swarthmore, in Yorkshire, the wife of Justice Preston, of Holkar Hall, set her servants to beat the unfortunate preacher, because he passed her without bowing. Halhead, indignant at this treatment, called her Jezebel, whereon the great lady spat in his face. Three months later, Halhead called at Halkar Hall, and asked to see Thomas Preston's wife. It so happened that she herself came to the door; but, from shame, or what not, she denied herself, and tried to palm off another woman as Mrs. Preston. Miles having such good reason to recollect her, was not to be deceived, and

read her a lesson on lying, which must have been felt. She did not again set her servants on him. This was in 1653. In the same year, Halhead visited Skipton, Bradford, Leeds, Halifax, Doncaster, and York, at all of which places he preached, meeting with great opposition. At Skipton he was so beaten by the mob, that he was left for dead, but recovered, miraculously, in the space of three hours. At Doncaster, a similar beating happened to him, and he was put to bed by his friends. However, he struggled out, got to a chapel, and began to preach. Ere he finished, all his bruises were again "miraculously" healed. At York, he had the Lord Mayor among his audience.

Shortly after his return home from his journey, he lost a child, a boy about five, to whom his wife was much attached. This was the occasion of her conversion; previously, she had been much discontented with her husband's absence on preaching tours, and was wont to lament that she had not rather married a drunkard: "Then I might have found him at the alehouse: but now I cannot tell where to find my husband." Prior to the child's death, she had a vision, in which she heard a voice warning her not to be discontented with her husband's journeys, or else a greater cross would fall upon her. This threatened cross she recognized when her child died. In other journeys, Halhead underwent much suffering. At Stanley Chapel,

in Lancashire, Captain William Rawlinson and another man took him by the head and feet, and pitched him over the wall of the chapel-yard. He suffered from this much, but resolutely went on to Windermere Church, where he preached to the priest and the people, and his "bruises were healed that day." He next visited Furness, and entered the church, where the priests, Lampitt and Camelford, declined to go on with the service until he was removed. We, shortly after this, hear of him at Newcastle, where the Mayor and Sheriff committed him to prison, but very soon let him go, the Mayor being troubled with doubts as to whether they had done right in imprisoning him.

In 1654, Halhead visited Ireland, in company with James Lancaster and Miles Bateman, and then proceeded to Scotland, crossing probably by Portpatrick, for Dumfries was the first Scottish town he came to. Here, Halhead commenced to preach one Sunday, in the Kirk of Dumfries, but was turned out, and only escaped stoning at the hands of the women of the town by pulling off his clothes, and wading through the Nith. He journeyed thence, by Edinburgh, Leith, Glasgow, and Stirling, to Berwick-on-Tweed, where he was lodged in the gaol for ten weeks,—a confinement which his zeal brought on his head. The first thing he did, on entering the town, was to go to the Mayor's shop, and call his worship a persecutor, who, not unnaturally, sent Halhead to prison. There he remained until the sessions, when he was brought before the Mayor and the justices. The Mayor was anxious to let Halhead go, wished he had never seen him, and hoped to be no more troubled with him. Halhead, however, made a speech, in which he repeated his offence and appealed to the Recorder to say that his committal was illegal, on the ground that the Mayor had acted as both judge and prosecutor. This the Recorder was obliged to admit. The Court ordered the gaoler to take Halhead away, and shortly afterward granted his release. From Berwick, Halhead went to York and Hull, and thence by Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, London, and Exeter, to Plymouth, where he was imprisoned many months, on a charge of having called a drunken naval chaplain a thief. General Desborough interfered on behalf of the prisoners,—for one Salhouse was confined on the same charge; but they were, spite of his intercession, not released in a hurry. We have little further record of Halhead's travels. In 1666, he again visited Devonshire, and was taken before the magistrates, who asked him his business there. Halhead replied, with great coolness, that he came to

see his friends, and named Sir John Copplestone, the Sheriff of Devonshire, John Page, the Mayor of Plymouth, Justice Howel, and Colonel Buffet, the authorities who had committed him to prison on his last visit. He learnt that all these men were in poverty and disgrace, having been turned out of their estates and offices at the Restoration.

In 1673, we find Halhead again at Plymouth. On this occasion, he got permission to see General Lambert, then condemned to perpetual imprisonment on an Island in the harbor. In the course of a very interesting interview, Halhead told Lambert, in plain language, that his downfall, and that of Cromwell, was due to their having permitted the Society of Friends to be persecuted. This lecture Lambert took in good part, and, when it was over, called for beer and drank with Halhead, and they afterwards talked over the battle of Dunbar, on whose field Halhead had been the week after the fight, and the various officers of the Commonwealth before whom Halhead had, on several occasions, been examined, namely, Generals Fleetwood and Desborough; Major Blackmore, and Colonel Fenwick. In the following year, 1674, Halhead wrote a letter to George Fox, and describes himself as old, infirm, and weak of sight; and that is the last information we have of him.

In the year 1664, when Halhead would be about fifty years old, he was summoned to Kendal, before the Chancellor of the Bishop of Chester, for non-attendance at public worship. Being asked by the Chancellor to give a plain reason for his conduct, Halhead replied, that he had heard the priests preach for thirty years, and had observed that they, in one year, always contradicted what they had said the year before. The Chancellor excommunicated Halhead,—a penalty for which he, probably, cared but little.

"STRIKE YOUR HOUR."—Few girls have any conception of a ripe womanhood. Youth includes all of life that is worth living in their eyes. The bloom and flavor wasted in clinging to a fading youth would, in nature's alchemy, give richness and sweetness to the maturer years. Instead of the dim horizon and leaden sky of the east, when the sun-rising is long past, there is the loftier dome and clearer radiance of the meridian, if one keeps pace with the sun. "Always strike your hour," says some writer. Every year in life has its own individuality, its own possibilities. Why should we not be eager to catch each in its season, since such as these flower but once in a lifetime? Why should we not gather in to ourselves the sweetness and variety of every change that comes to us? There is always

something new and fresh in that character which opens to receive the finer touches of the Master's hand—that patient, loving hand, which rests not day nor night, in spring-time nor harvest, but is ever moulding and chiseling, and polishing with divine skill the rare workmanship of his creative power. Ah! women who still call yourselves only girls; cheat not yourselves of the golden ripeness and rich fruition of womanhood. Strike your hour at 30 and 40 as truly as at 16 and 20.
—*Hearth and Home.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.
STUDIES IN NATURE AND ART.
THE ART OF WRITING.

Writing! That art, by which the aspirations and experiences of one generation, are handed down, and become the property of succeeding ages! No power of calculation can estimate its value; no measure can mete its fullness. By its means the primal germs of thought have been nurtured and cultivated, until they have grown to be the sheltering places of all art, of all science, and of all that is soundest and best in law, and most excellent in government.

It perpetuates human existence, immortalizes human lives. The soul of the sage drops the chalice that has held it here, and soars beyond the confines of the earthly, the limited;—but the thoughts of that soul, elaborated within the chalice, are also little less than immortal. While the art of writing has existence, they live in the hearts of the true and earnest, who succeed him. So with the philosopher and the artizan, these cannot die; their researches and inventions act upon other minds, give color to succeeding lives, shape succeeding actions. Some names, it is true, have been lost. In the long procession of the years, what wonder if they should. The world is wiser, richer, happier for what they thought, and spoke, and wrote, and this is their human immortality.

Says a recent author, "It is no longer a disputable point whether writing was practised before Moses, or not. It is one of those things, which to doubt, is to betray ignorance." Even at that early day, it was ancient, and among the Egyptians had attained the highest perfection ever reached by that people. Various methods were employed, but the basis of all was only an elaborate system of signs, common to the neighboring nations of Asia. That system in all its completeness, is found to day, upon monuments which must have been inscribed long before Abraham left Urr of the Chaldees. Among the pictures that adorn these monuments, there are books and bound rolls of papyrus, also writing apparatus such as were used by the scribes, evincing familiarity with the art. The evidences

are unmistakable, that at least two hundred years before the call of Abraham, the art was old.

Nothing has yet been discovered that enters upon the period when writing was invented. Although in the time of Moses, the Israelites were only beginning to assume their place as a nation, their forefathers and leaders had been well informed and influential, from time immemorial, and literary compositions had attained a high degree of excellence. Their language was not a peculiar dialect, but belonged to the whole stock from which they sprung; it was spoken by the inhabitants of Canaan, Sidon, and Babylon. Hebrew and Egyptian were the principal languages of the ancient civilized world.

The Chaldeans were eminently literary, and very zealous in the perpetuation of their records. Among the treasures of antiquity that rewarded the patient labors of Layard, amid the ruins of Nineveh, were a great number of tablets of baked clay, having on each side a page of closely written and very small cuneiform cursive letters. They were parts of the library established by one of the early Assyrian kings, in one of the halls of his palace. They were numbered and arranged in order, and embraced treatises on various subjects,—a grammatical encyclopedia, treating of the difficulties of writing the language of Assyria, with kindred topics, scientific and historical. These are reliable witnesses to the culture of those early times; and when we are reminded that the City of Nineveh fell more than six centuries before the Christian era, we can form some estimate of how far back in the roll of ages, Assyrian records must extend.

What has been said respecting the art of writing among the Egyptians and the neighboring monarchies of Asia, is equally true of the Chinese and the Hindoos; though the former of these at one time claimed an extravagant antiquity. Reliable evidence exists to prove that books were written in China as early as two thousand years before Christ.

We of the present age, are apt to look upon the inventions and discoveries, which mark in an especial manner, the nineteenth century as an outgrowth of the age in which we live, rather than as the culmination of all that has been thought out and acted upon, since the first record of human progress was made.

As in the various phenomena of creation, "all are but parts of one stupendous whole," so, in what concerns the lives of men, the past and the present are bound by connecting links, that reaching forward, stand ready to clasp in fraternal embrace the maturer growths and riper fruits, that are held in store for those who are to be our successors.

"Time is short, but art is long." The days of our lives are indeed but a span, when compared with the duration of thought as perceived by human ingenuity. What patience, what skill, what industry, what veneration for the glimmering rays of science, logic, and art, must have inspired those ancient scribes, who, with rude implements wrought in imperishable tablets, the records of the times in which they lived.

With the printing press, and all the modern means of facilitating the perpetuity of thought and invention, we can scarcely estimate the amount of labor performed by those indefatigable pioneers, or the debt of gratitude we owe them. As their works come to be better known, and the gems of living truth they preserved, become familiar, through the untiring efforts of scholars and translators, we shall be more fully prepared to acknowledge our indebtedness, and possibly have a clearer understanding of the language of one of the wisest of writers, when he says, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.

2d mo., 14th.

RURAL.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE GAIN OF CHRISTIANITY.

FROM A LECTURE BY S. C. COLLINS, M. A.,
Principal of Chappaqua Institute, N. Y.

The scholar who has well read the early history of early races, whether of Europe or of the East, becomes thankful that, through the additional light granted him, he has escaped a belief in the absurd fictions he finds there. Each day's study forces home the conviction that he owes to his religion a debt of gratitude for that which it has destroyed, as for the new aims and consolations it has conferred. For, with the exception of Christian wisdom, he who then believed was as wise as we who, through it, are enabled to disbelieve. Our very culture will forbid us to draw the most impressive picture it were possible to outline; for the darkest scenes in the dramas of Paganism and Judaism are too revolting to find expression in our recent English speech. That there were some, however, who made the most of their little light, suggests the here needed reflection, that all human history, however irreconcilable its circumstances and conflicting its motives, must be in subordination to one Divine purpose, which is ever reducing the strange variety extended through so long a time, into a marvelous unity. And this conviction itself we owe to the new light which came into the world 1800 years ago. Even the Pagan Roman, with the Greek philosophy to profit

by, never succeeded in convincing itself that all things were under the control of one Supreme will, or that virtue would certainly be rewarded, and vice certainly punished. Their philosophers always speak with such doubt as takes all life from their precepts when regarded as rules of action; while they themselves baffled in their attempts to find a sure foundation upon which to rear their faith, have sometimes spoken contemptuously of that which they had vainly sought to prove worthy of their reverence. How different from the calm hope that breathes from modern marbles is the teaching of the Italian epitaph which reads: "I lift my hands against the God who took away my innocent life;" how different from the words which usually close the record of a Christian life are Tacitus' references to the death of his friend Toranus: "Such the justice of the gods towards good and evil actions!" These quotations, not from the carping vulgar, but from Rome's most thoughtful men, speak volumes of careful inquiry ending in hopeless doubt that rendered life miserable, or but a temporary blessing. For it were impossible for such sentiment to co-exist with a definite belief in a future state of reward and punishment, and it did not. That Roman who approached most nearly to conviction upon this point, confessed to his friends that he was tempted to believe in it; but before the vulgar multitude, who would have decided it, he rejected the idea as absurd. Virgil, indeed, conducts Æneas and his companion through unhappy abodes allotted the wicked and the Elysian fields of the blest; but, in the end, returns them to the upper world through the "ivory gate" which transmits falsehood. Now, thanks to the faith we have but so partially embraced, the most ignorant may be (in this respect) wiser than the wisest of the ancients, and may enjoy a degree of confidence with regard to the future that they never knew. For, although not livingly conscious of his privileges, each one owes to gleams caught from the central light more or less knowledge of what awaits him. Wise men may tell us that the essential principles of good morals have been recognized for thousands of years. Confucius may have proclaimed the "golden rule," and Zoroaster have required men to "pray with purity of thought, word, and action;" the Indian laws enjoined love of virtue for its own sake; and the Egyptian, honor of parents. Even the rude Druids called the soul immortal, and required that strangers should be honored, and a portion of the harvest set apart for their support. And, better than all, from Pythagoras, "Close not thine eyes to sleep till thou hast thrice proven in thy soul the day's actions." Ask thyself,

"Where have I been? What have I done? What ought I to have done?" These sentiments are noble, but not one of the systems of which they are the happy representatives, ever conferred upon the earnest minds that questioned their authority, a gleam of hope from beyond the death they knew awaited them; but only anguish, which grew as they thought upon it. Herein is the great temporal gain of Christianity; it gives us the greater part of this life—all its nobility and breadth—in furnishing a belief in another; and even if it had added nothing to our system of morals, it has given it an inspiration and force, in a permanent and far reaching efficacy, whose influence none can wholly escape. It is probable that the popular idea of another world is still too materialistic. Yet in this respect Christianity has broken many carnal bonds from about us. Just what we should have been without it, we cannot tell; what others were we may know, and the knowledge cannot but lead to appreciation of our privileges. For, with the loss of their original knowledge of Divinity, men did not lose the irresistible impulse to refer their origin to something apart from and higher than themselves, and to hold themselves dependant upon it for the pleasures and pains of life. Yet the spiritual contraction and deadness which were the inevitable result of the follies, made it impossible for them to conceive "*that something*," in all its nobleness and infinity, and limited them to the baser worship of that which was within the grasp of their physical senses. Hence the adoration of sun, moon, and stars, and the ancient "elements," which soon gave place to an impersonation of the unseen power which was revered, in human and animal forms. Thence the descent was rapid into the baser worship of the animals themselves. A brief reference to this phase of ancient life must render the caption of this article a vivid one; for when we select Egyptian, Roman, or Grecian for criticism, we are dealing with men over whom, save of such as we owe to our religion, we can boast of no great pre-eminence. It was to Egypt that St. Paul referred in his mention of "birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things" as objects of worship; and wise men have for the most part come to agree with Plutarch, that these things were worshipped *at the time to which we refer*, not as types, but as powers in and of themselves. Scarcely a beast, bird, fish or serpent native to that country can be named, which was not an object of worship either in all or within certain districts of it. To one or another of these, children were consecrated at their birth, with quite as much of ceremony and of emotion as characterize

a modern baptism. As this would of itself suggest, each household became the special devotees of some one beast; even burning incense before it while alive, and weeping over it and afflicting themselves in evidence of grief when it died. Cities entered into competition one with another for the honor of having all animals of a certain kind endowed within their precincts; while families were set apart for their care, the members of which succeeded each other in office with a regularity and a zeal like that of the Levitical priesthood. Leaving this impressive evidence that a people's religion if it does not enlighten, will render them blind, we are able to draw a scarcely more favorable picture of the Grecian faith. The Greek mind, with its inborn delicacy of feeling, could not embrace the outrageous deification of animals. It loved beauty in the *human* form, and instead of animals, it worshipped deified humanity. But an implied origin of all things from our first creator, which may be discovered in the Egyptian, is lacking in the Grecian faith. Further, the innumerable divinities to whom the Greeks assigned a place in their Olympus, although they were the creation of the Greek mind, would seem to have been the creation of that mind in its baser moments, or in a baser age. Certainly their morality was inferior—during some ages at least—to the professed morality of the people themselves. The most powerful among them was a liar; the most talented a thief. It was not left for our age first to recognize the pernicious influence of such a demonism upon the people at large. The wisest of themselves knew it and lamented it. From this, again, Christianity has delivered us, giving us perfection for an example, and counting our nearest possible approach to it as sufficient virtue. We notice, in passing, that the practical Roman so added to the number of Greek deities, by originating a patron for every act and even every *circumstance* of life, that it eventually became impossible to determine to whom petitions for assistance in the furtherance of an enterprise ought to be addressed; and supplicants had recourse to the device of invoking collectively whomsoever it might concern. Yet, as if conscious that they had failed to provide for all the chances of life, they have left us, in an illy defined conception of certain more comprehensive powers, a suggestion of that tradition of unity which the Greeks had lost. There can be no doubt that the gods were supposed to dwell in the statues erected for them. Many customs peculiar to the Romans would indicate such a belief. Seneca complained of it; the ceremonies with which they were introduced into or

called out of the statues prove it. But this is not all. The Romans soon followed in the course of all peoples whose gods have been worse than themselves; and there resulted an immorality of which our superficial histories give no hint, and of which the majority of us never dream. This is well—well, except that in so far as we are ignorant of what has been, we may fail to appreciate what is, and to congratulate ourselves that while Christianity has promised another perfect world, it has, as it were, commenced the fulfillment of that promise by making a new one of this.

THE MINISTRY OF CHILDREN.—Great and fearful is the responsibility that God imposes upon us when he gives us children. He sends these souls to us as emanating from himself. With awe we should receive them. With holy reverence should we train and guide them for the Master. Excepting flowers and children, all else seems old, and tired, and worn out. The trees look old; the earth looks old; the stars look old. The ancients trod this same earth; they gazed at the same stars; they heard the roar of the same ocean. All these things are associated in my mind with the idea of extreme old age. Only flowers and children seem new and fresh. They always impress me as having been born to-day. Of a little child I always feel prompted to say with the poet:

“Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee:
 ‘Tis ages since he made his youngest star:
 His hand was on thee as ‘twere yest’rday
 Thou later revelation!”

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LETTER FROM CHICAGO.

Whenever a great calamity befalls a family, a community, or a nation, it is cheering to find a spirit of endurance accompanied with perseverance, and a determination to retrieve the misfortune as soon as possible.

Such a state of things has been abundantly manifested in the recent case of the Chicago fire, but we believe there has also existed a deeper undercurrent permeating and sustaining the hearts of many, that has never reached the public eye or ear—a feeling not of submission, but of thankfulness in the appreciation of blessings still felt, and a cheerful dependence on a Higher power, under the conviction that “He doeth all things well.”

The following extracts from a letter recently received from a relative, are given as confirmatory of these views.

E.

CHICAGO, 2d mo. 1st, 1872.

* * * * *

I was never so astonished as I was at the unbounded sympathy and aid that came to

us at that time, as individuals and as a community, from every quarter, and I feel that I want every one who has in any way contributed, to know with what full hearts we have all received it. Why it seems to me, on that dark third day after the fire, that we would have to make our way out of our great troubles alone, except as the good Father helped us; and when I heard of the first train load of cooked provisions arriving, my heart was touched to its very depths, and good people, who had not shed one tear for all they had lost, wept like children.

Prominent among other sources of comfort, were the kind letters of cheer received; rest assured they will not soon be forgotten.

* * * * *

Truly, I hardly know how to endure so much kindness and practical thinking on the part of dear friends. Surely the Heavenly Father will grant them His full blessing, for I feel that I can never do enough to cancel the many and great obligations which have been accumulating during the past four months.

We are having a terribly cold time, I never felt it so much as I have this winter, and this is the experience of even all the “North Side” people. The “North Side” houses, as a rule, were better built than over here. We have not our usual comforts around us, and the winter has been very cold and windy.

Things are “looking up,” and with care and economy we hope to come out of all our troubles, better and wiser, if not richer than we were before; and I have an earnest wish that we may live to see our city restored to its former beauty and comfort. It is a sad place to live in now—so difficult to get about, and I have felt so sorry for our business men—they have a trying time, not lessened by their having continually to pass through the “burnt district.” And yet they have all borne it so cheerfully and with such courage, that surely they must find their reward.

If those who would like to see a busy scene, and people in earnest, I would advise them to make a trip to our city sometime about the first of 5th month; we can give the burnt out accommodations.

* * * * *

It is said that “we have an interpretation of the New Testament which leaves it an idle, dry, lifeless letter.” Let every man speak for himself as regards that. I can truly say that the New Testament was dry and lifeless, until I came to look upon it, not as infallibly inspired, but as a book full of the deepest and highest human experience, to be studied as we study other books, to be tested and sifted as we test and sift other books, containing errors

of fact and errors of opinion, as other books contain them; but as filled also with the life of great souls, inspired by lofty convictions; as a record of the greatest events in human history; as a picture and record of that one human life which was so full of God's truth and love that it became and remains the "Master light of all our being." So read and studied, the Scripture, instead of being dry and lifeless, is the most intensely interesting book I know. I return to it constantly, with new expectation. I never open it without finding in it something which I never found before. Its "unwithered countenance is fresh as on creation's day."—*J. F. Clarke.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HORSE HEADS, N. Y., 2d mo. 9th, 1872.

To the Editors—Dear friends.—I have so many times had my mind lifted above things of earth and time by a perusal of your most excellent paper, that I felt an acknowledgement thereof due to you, for I well know the duties are arduous, and if a word of encouragement would prove a word of cheer, then would the work go forward in the Truth, and both editors and subscribers be blessed together.

I hope and trust you will not refrain the flowings as your minds are illuminated by the pure Truth, which uproots error and strengthens the bonds of society. In the pieces selected as well as contributed, I cannot see that you could do better, but think the Society could, by contributing more to its pages. There is both mind and matter enough in the Society and in the Truth that should be communicated, and a blessing I fully believe would be the result to both individuals and to society. It is a great thing to come up fully to the convictions of the blessed Truth in the mind, and many are kept in the back ground in consequence of withholding more than is meet, which tendeth to poverty. They are a little too Pharasaical and rebellious, and this has a weakening effect. But it appears to me we begin to see where these things lead, and are endeavoring to get down deeper below the surface of things, in the pure atmosphere of true humility, in a low, teachable, child like state, and that in process of time more vigor and life will be evinced amongst us as a Society. If we are only faithful to the whole law Truth requires, and obedient to all its teachings, with sufficient Christian charity for each others' variously allotted duties, then will all grow up in a Society that was designed to stand pre-eminent among the nation. I feel that the labors which have been called forth in behalf of the Indians, colored people, First day schools and Circular meetings, have given us

a new impetus, a little fresh life and vigor, of which we stood much in need. In helping others we help ourselves to get away from that "dead calm" that had seemed to spread over the minds of some that were too much settled down at ease. We were living as it were, on the labors of our forefathers, instead of gathering for ourselves, day by day, a fresh supply of heavenly nourishment that would not only quicken and keep us alive to God, but prepare us for every good word and work unto which He is pleased to call us. Our little meetings as well as larger ones, how would they glow forth, if all composing them had the true elements of Divine life in themselves, even the little ones feeling the cry of "Abba Father!" Then would they not be dwindling and lifeless, but each building against the other we should grow up a "peculiar people," and become a bright shining light in the world.

I live at Horse Heads where there was once quite a nice little meeting, and a Preparative one part of the time, a branch of Scipio Monthly Meeting, New York. Now there are but two families left. The members have mostly moved away, and some have died. For several years there has been no meeting but a family one kept at our house on First-day. In our isolated condition the *Intelligencer* does us great good, and I prize it very highly and think all the little scattered ones do so in a particular manner. I feel, dear friends, that you are doing an excellent work, one from which I hope you will not feel like withdrawing your shoulders, though the work is arduous. We have been subscribing nearly or quite eighteen years, and enjoy it as much or more than ever.

With heart-felt affection and gratitude do I subscribe, your well-wishing friend in the Truth,
H. M.

Scrap

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I was very sorry to hear of G. L.'s death; it recalls a train of thoughts which passed through my mind last First day morning, as meeting was gathering. (Perhaps thou may remember, I told thee I have great trouble sometimes in controlling my thoughts.) As I sat looking at the dear and now familiar faces in the galleries, I wondered how long they had been as they now are, and when the first change would take place, little thinking whose seat would be first vacated. From this my mind traveled to the little country meeting-house where, as a child, I attended

meeting regularly with an aged relative. I wondered if any of the then elders still held the same places. My early recollections of First-day are not pleasant. First-day schools were unknown and I was far too active to enjoy an hour of perfect quiet; there was seldom any preaching, and I can remember now how hard it was to keep awake on those summer mornings as the wind softly rustled the leaves and the droning of the flies seemed toned down to a soothing buz. This restless spirit has not all been "put away" with the years of my childhood. There are now some mornings as I walk home from meeting, that I feel as though it were perhaps better to stay away than to go through the *form* of worship and self-communion, when the thoughts refuse to do my bidding. I earnestly hope the time may come when I can do myself justice. I have the example and encouragement of a *good* husband, and surely I should not find it hard to do all that is required of me.

My faith is that we receive according to our desert. I have no doubt but thou art more faithful than I am, yet if I act according to my measure or degree of usefulness, however small it be, I will receive my full reward. Dost thou not think the idea as expressed to-day, of the *necessity* of handing to others our overflowing cup, an incorrect one? If in the immeasurable goodness of God we receive our cup full to overflowing, is it not sometimes ours? "Thou preparest a *table* before me, in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." Surely it is not incumbent on us to stint the measure God gives, nor yet to give away His gifts. Jesus commanded His disciples, "freely ye have received, freely give." But this meant without a consideration. Without price or payment ye received the grace of God, the gospel of Christ, see that ye take no pay for the same, but dispense it free, without charge for it is the gift of God. Three weeks since I thought the call to me was "steward, give up thy stewardship," and the answer was, "how soon, oh! Lord, when shall this be?" I received no answer but that which Jesus gave, "Of the time and the season knoweth no man—no, not even the angels in heaven." Is there not something unspeakably grand in this emphatic declaration? How admirably suited to our nature and our place! What time it affords for repentance and reconciliation with God, for, *now* to every one is the day of repentance; now is the season for reconciliation; and then for the mind prepared to cast away the shackles of a cumbersome body, how much better it is that such

should not know the day, nor the time, nor the season; it would utterly unfit such a soul for its remaining work. How often we find, at least I have found, that during sickness the earth was my bed of rest, a *stone* my pillow, while the eye of faith opened to see the angels of God ascending and descending upon the ladder of Eternal Love, reaching from earth to heaven. I do not boast but most fear that when the vision passes away earth will again reclaim its own.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 24, 1872.

THE CLOSE OF THE PRESENT VOLUME.—The present number completes the 28th volume of *Friends' Intelligencer*. This periodical was commenced in the belief that a paper devoted to the interests of our society, and treating of circumstances as they occur among us, was greatly needed, and this feeling has continued to influence its publication. After struggling several years for an uncertain existence, the *Friends' Intelligencer* is now regularly established, with a gradually increasing subscription list.

We feel that our ideal in regard to what such a paper should be, is not yet fully realized, and we continue earnestly to long for a greater support from the rightly qualified and gifted minds among us. For want of such co-operation, we are often compelled to glean from other sources. We would not discard from our columns the truths presented by those who occupy a different religious stand point from ourselves, for we acknowledge that through some of these we have been instructed, and our paper greatly enriched; but we would arouse our qualified members to the importance of bringing their gifts into this channel of society usefulness, that all may be benefitted.

THE BLIND.—We have received the 39th Annual Report of the "Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind." At the close of the year, there were 183 blind persons in the institution, 28 of whom supported themselves, wholly, or in part, as instructors, or in the "Industrial Department."

"The branches of instruction have been generally the same as reported for several

years past, embracing those which are most practical, and yet including literary culture of a high order, to meet the just aspirations of those who are mentally prepared for it, and especially to qualify them for the responsible duties of teachers, to which many are called."

"Over 50 of the former pupils have been or are now engaged as Instructors in Literature and Music. One of them, Mary Dwyer, has been employed by the new 'Halifax Asylum for the Blind,' Nova Scotia, being qualified to teach the school branches, the elements of music, and handicraft usual for female pupils."

A number of the girls have learned cane-sewing, and to operate on sewing machines—much of the work performed on the latter, would be creditable for even *seeing* pupils.

Many applicants are waiting for admission, the present building being insufficient to accommodate all who are desirous of instruction. We are informed that the Managers have decided to improve and enlarge their house the present year. Since its erection, the blind population has nearly doubled, and its numbers in Pennsylvania alone, 1767. The amount of the manufactures by "Male Pupils and Workmen," during the year was \$12,928, 62. By "Females and House Inmates," \$912,89. Total, \$13,841,51.

IN PRESS, "Primary Lessons for First-day Schools, Part 2d." Many of the Lessons are on Insect life. They have been prepared for the use of First-day schools, under the belief that an interest in Natural History, if early formed, is fruitful of good, promoting a devotional spirit through the observance of the wonderful works of the All-Creative Hand.

When issued, they will be for sale at this office.

MARRIED.

POUND—LAFETRA.—On the 19th of 9th mo. 1871, by Friends ceremony, G. R. Pound, of Plainfield, N. J., to Josephine Lafetra, of Monmouth Co., N. J.

EYRE—WORSTALL.—On the 14th of 2d mo., 1872, with the approbation of Middletown Monthly Meeting, at the residence of the brides's father, William, son of Isaac and Elizabeth K. Eyre, of Middletown, to Lettie A. daughter of Edward H. and Marie E. Worstall, of Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa.

DIED.

HARRIS.—At his residence in Baltimore, on the 9th of 2d mo. 1872, of congestion of the lungs, Dr. George Harris, in the 75th year of his age.

The physical suffering which he so patiently endured through the last few months of his earthly life, served only to bring him nearer to his Divine guide, until he was able to declare, "The way is clear before me, and for myself, I am willing to go."

JONES.—On the morning of the 9th of 2d mo. 1872. Letitia Jones, relict of the late Jacob Jones, in the 74th year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Phila., (Race St.)

CHANDLEE.—At Sandy Spring, Md., on the 10th of 2d mo., 1872, Catharine, wife of Mahlon Chand-lee, in the 78th year of her age.

MULLIN.—In Springboro', Ohio, on the 25th of 11th mo., 1871, in the 24th year of his age, Levi, son of Aaron Mullin; a member of Springboro' meeting.

Errata.—In the obituary notice of Elizabeth Newport, in No. 51, for "she felt there was nothing left undone," read "*we felt there was nothing left undone.*"

In last number under head of married read Lucy, daughter of Nathan Tyson, instead of "Mary."

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------------------|
| 2d mo. 25th. | Mammaroneck, N. Y., 11 A. M. |
| | West Nottingham, Md., 3 P. M. |
| 3 " 3d. | Reading, Pa., " |
| | Abington, Pa., " |
| | Chester, Pa., " |
| | Westfield, N. J., " |
| | Mt. Vernon, N. Y., 10½ A. M. |
| | Alexandria, Va., 11 A. M. |
| 17th. | Haverford, Pa., 3 P. M. |
| | Gwynedd, Pa., 10 A. M. |
| | Whitemarsh, Pa., 3 P. M. |
| | Manhasset, N. Y., 11 A. M. |
| | Buffalo, N. Y., 2½ P. M. |

Circular Meeting at Port Washington, N. Y., has been discontinued.

MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION.

Meeting on Second-day evening, Second month 26th, at 7½ o'clock, in central building, Race Street meeting-house. Essay by James H. Atkinson; reading by Wm. W. Biddle—all are invited.

ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary.*

"WE have but one life here and that is very precious to us. Nor to us alone; a human life is in itself a precious thing, and no soul in which the sense of humanity dwells can see a life thrown away without a deep uprising sorrow."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NEMAHA AGENCY.

At a council held at the Nemaha Agency, First mo. 13th, 1872, on the subject of sectionizing the Reservation of the Iowas, so that a separate portion may be allotted to each family, a few notes were taken of the Indian speeches, as follows:

Hatch-see. Long ago when the Quakers first came over the great water, they held councils with the Indians, and were kind to

them; but other people got to buying our land and pushing us back,—and pushing us back—until we have only one home left. The Great Spirit has sent the Quakers again to hold councils with us, and to take care of us, and we can see what they are doing for us. The Great Spirit made us all, and looks upon us all alike, and the white man and the Indian have the same heart. When I go among the white settlements and see the people working and raising large crops, I say little about it, but I feel within my heart, that if I had the same things to work with I could do it too. We want our land sectionized, and we want our father (agent) to help us. Our young men do, too, but we need more things to work with and with which to open farms.

At a council held First mo. 16th, after the petition was signed, and in reply to some questions in reference to the matter and whether or not the Indians really intended to go to work and make themselves comfortable homes.

Nag-ga-rash (British) rose and said:

When our trader goes East we want him to tell our friends there still to encourage us by sending things for us, for we are yet poor; but our women and children, and all of us, are much better clothed than we used to be, and are getting in good fix. We want to take the advice of our agent: he knows best what is good for us; and we will take to white ways as long as we live. Not long ago, when we went to town, the people would run out and say, "Here come the Indians," but now they don't do that way. When I was a young man I did not expect to be a *head* man, but I tried to be good, and do right, and to treat all well, and now I am the head man of this nation.

Second chief, To-hee, said he had a word to say:

Tell our friends we are willing to become civilized. I am very glad our friends in the East send us clothing, and hope they will send us more. I wear citizen's dress, but still have to wear moccasins. I would be very glad to have a pair of boots. We shall be glad to see you come back and hope you will have good news for us.

Third chief, Mah-hee (knife.) Our friend is going home, but wants to see us sign this petition first. We will be glad to have him tell our friends in the East that before we signed this petition we were afraid our land would be sold from us. There are some who talk that way, (meaning to sell and leave,) but the Iowas have a good reservation, and we want to make it our permanent home. We are all well dressed, and have plenty to

eat, the western Indians may be hungry, but we are looking ahead for our children.

Fourth chief, Ki-be-ga. When Major Light-foot first came here, there were two or three who came about the same time. They gave us good advice and we have taken it, and for this reason have had this petition drawn up. We are glad to have such good houses, and good stoves in them all. The boys are getting out logs, and then our father will help them get their houses up. But we are still poor, and hope friends will still help us. We have had treaties before, but at last the Quakers came to us, and are helping us all they can, and the nation is grateful to them for it.

Others also expressed a desire that their heartfelt thanks should be conveyed to the Friends, for the benefits received.

SHALLOW waters are easily muddied. After a night of storm, the waters of the bay along the beach, stirred by the winds, are foul and black with the mire and dirt. But look beyond, out into the deep water how blue and clear it is! The white caps on the surface show the violence of the wind, but the water is too deep for the storms that sweep its surface to stir up the earth at the bottom.

So in Christian experience. A shallow experience is easily disturbed; the merest trifles becloud and darken the soul whose piety is superficial; while the most furious storm of life fails to darken or perturb the soul which has attained a deep experience of the things of God. The agitation may produce a sparkle on the surface, but in the calm depths of such a spirit reigns eternal tranquility, the peace of God that passeth all understanding.—*Newport Journal*.

HOME LIFE.

In a true home the whole house ought to belong to the family, and be occupied by them. There ought to be spare chambers for the guests, and rooms for hospitality, but there should be no shut chambers or shut parlors sequestered from all domestic use. There should be no mysteries in the home, no place of oracle there. Every part of the house, from cellar to garret, should be open and known—not only lighted and ventilated, but visited, too, by every member of the household. In a real home the family always use the best part of their house, and live in the whole of it. They go in at the front door as well as at the back door; they go up the wide staircase, as well as by the narrow staircase; and they use the soft cushions, the demask and the velvet, as well as the cane seat and the straw-matting. In a

genuine house; no part or appendage of the house ought to be too good for those who are members of the family. Even the servants, if they live in the kitchen, ought to know what is in the rooms above them, and not feel that they are outlaws anywhere within the walls. In the Puritan days there was none of that separation of the place of master and servant in the house which is now so rigorously kept. The family felt all the more at home that Sambo and Dinah, with their white teeth and their shining skins and their ringing laugh, were in the room when the jest went round. It is well in the home that each member should have his own retreat, his own chamber—the daughters and the sons and the servants—but not well that there should be no feeling of common right in the house.

And a good home is not within the walls of the house. The first home of the first family was not in a house at all, but in a garden. To realize the home now, there ought to be a garden attached to it, some space open to the sky in which green things and bright things may grow, and the family may enjoy God's sunlight together. Time may bring the home feeling even in the centre of a brick block, with the sidewalk in front, and a paved area of ten feet square in the rear; yet this kind of a home will resemble the real home only as a crypt resembles a church. Some kind of a garden every true home ought to have—a clear space in front, or in rear, or around. This ought to be the dividing bound of the family estate, and not merely a hateful and harsh wall. When you see a garden around a house, in country or in city, you instinctively imagine a family there—that is not a hermitage or a tenement-house, but that they own their premises and use the property together. A garden, with climbing plants, is the sign that the family are there to stay, and do not expect with quarter-day to take up their march, and seek a new habitation.

Every well-ordered home will have a library. Until this in some form comes into the house, it has not the right to be called more than a lodging house, or an eating house, however sumptuously it may be furnished. How many books are necessary to make a library we shall not venture to say, or whether the old Puritan measure of the Bible, the dictionary and spelling-book is to be taken as the unit, or rather trinity in unity; books enough to meet the ordinary need of intercourse and conversation and reference, "the standard works," enough to give the impression of culture and intelligence. Home must have these, even if it has to spare some physical comforts to get them. Books in the

house are a binding influence between members of the family, the means of dispersing the clouds, making rainy days useful, and enlivening hours of solitude. And in a true home the library will not be "stowed away" in a closet or dark room, but will be in the centre of the house, in the meeting place of the family, where the young and old together catch inspiration in its gathered board. In the true home, the library will be the favorite "sitting room." * * * *

And home is more fully realized when all the family are together. There is a painful absurdity in talking of the pleasure of home when the children of the house are scattered, or the parents are perpetually absent. A father who spends all his time in his shop, or in his club, except the hours of the night in which he sleeps, or the minutes which he gives for meals, knows nothing of the satisfaction of home. This is one of the solecisms of American life, that men of wealth lavish so much upon their houses, but are in these houses so little. The children, too, are sent away to boarding schools or to Europe, and three quarters of the great house remains unoccupied. Of course, in the passage of life and the changes of fortune, it is inevitable that the family circle should be broken up. The lone widow, whose children have gone away from her as they have married and settled in life, may speak of her "home" as the place where she has lived so long, though now no one is with her there. The forms of the departed are there in her thought, and she has society in her memories. But while the children are yet in tender years and in the leading-strings, home implies that they are together in the house, and are not scattered in foreign and uncongenial abodes. For a good part of every week-day, for a large part of every Sunday, the parents and children ought to be in each other's close society. It is more important for a man of business to be in his home than to provide merely for its enlargement. The "club" is no place for one who has wife and children; it is an institution for the refuge of grim and forlorn celibates, and even for them it is of doubtful value. Genuine home-life implies a hearty love for the society in the house, which will hold this as close and as long as the children are willing to remain. Home is a place for men as much as for women, for the sons as much as for the daughters. And no one has a true home, when there is any place that he loves better to be in than his home.

Other suggestions about home we might offer, to allow freedom there, to take interest in the work that all are doing, and, in the language of one of Mr. Hale's heroes, to "lend a hand." But these are enough to indicate

the character of a home. It is our sad conviction, nevertheless, that these advices are not likely to be heeded, as they are so unlike the habit of the time and the spirit of the age. Our restless people are more and more getting away from all love for home, which is too quiet and old-fashioned. The street, with its shows and parade; public assemblies; the facilities for travel; the fever of immigration and change, are carrying us away from the old idea of family union. Our economical schemes suggest life in lodgings and in great hotels, as the rational substitute for the confined family circle. Socialism in all its theories denies the simplicity of home. When mothers begin to denounce the tyranny of the family relation, and proclaim that its yoke must be thrown off, then home life will pass into a tradition. When infants are sent away to be nursed, home is sent out of the house.—*Herald of Health.*

THE SNOW BLOCKADE OF THE U. P. R. R.—
AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

OMAHA, Feb. 14th.

The following statement of the Union Pacific Railroad snow blockade is furnished by that company:

The first blockade on the Union Pacific Railroad during the present season occurred October 12, near Rawlins. Since that time, with brief intervals, there has been a succession of snow and wind storms of great violence. The greatest depth of falling snow on the line of the road across the mountain is fifty-four inches, but the detention of trains has been caused by drifting and not by falling snow. Three winters ago, a blockade occurred which lasted twenty one days. This was before any snow fences or snow sheds had been built. During the following year, snow sheds and snow fences were erected at localities where the road had been obstructed, and at other points where those persons best acquainted with the country and its meteorology thought it desirable for thorough protection of the road. The summit cuts were shedded, and at various places from one to four lines of snow fences were erected on the northwest side of the road, from which direction it was the experience of mountain men the snow storms invariably come. This protection appeared ample during the two winters next succeeding; although snow storms were numerous, there was no blockade and but very slight detention of trains. After the first blockade this winter, the three succeeding snow storms came from precisely opposite directions, and against them these fences afforded no protection whatever. Effort was then made to erect fences on the opposite side of the road, and every available resource of the

company was used to procure materials for that purpose in the shortest possible time. Large gangs of men were employed night and day in the construction of fences at Omaha. When made in sufficient quantities, special trains loaded with new fences, were sent to proper localities for erection, and preference was given to those and to coal trains over all others. In November the second serious blockade occurred, fences having been found insufficient to arrest the drifting snow. An effort was then made to open the road and keep it open by the use of snow-ploughs, of which the company had 13 that had proved to be efficient during the past two winters, with three heavy engines coupled behind each plough, and as the result of this attempt, 20 engines were disabled within one week by being thrown from the track and materially injured. The drifted snow proved so dense, that it was impossible to force the plough through or into it until after a cut was trenched at intervals of 8 or 10 feet down to the rails; it then became evident that manual labor must be provided to clear the track. With all possible dispatch, seven snow trains were fitted out with accommodations on each for sleeping and feeding 75 laborers and with two weeks' supplies of provisions. This force was set at work in addition to ordinary number of employes, and it has been only by aid of these snow trains, followed by ploughs, that we have been able to send trains over the road. Ranchmen, who have lived in the mountains for the last twenty-five years, say that nothing like the present winter has occurred in that time, considering either depth of snow, duration of intense cold, or violence and frequency of the storms. For such a winter our road is not prepared. But after an examination of the situation, it is thought that the road can, during next season, be prepared to pass trains promptly during any future winter of even greater severity than the present, at expense considerable less than the amount the company has lost during the last three months from interruption of travel and incurred expenditures. One difficulty has been, that the road passed through a region destitute of supplies and labor; when obstructions occurred, both these were required to be transported over long distances, and by long-continued working, extra hours, and during intense cold, the men, in some cases became disheartened and refused to work, and in numerous cases they had frozen limbs and were disabled. Until the weather shall change and these storms cease, it is our expectation to run trains over the road, snow trains ahead, and also with trains of provisions and coal sufficient for thirty days' supply. By this means we expect to get trains through in

from ten to fifteen days, depending on frequency and violence of storms. No trains will be sent out without this supply, and although passengers will necessarily experience annoyance of detention, it is intended that these supplies of fuel and provisions shall be ample for any emergency. There has been no suffering for want of provisions, nor will there be any by passengers on this road.

The road is now open from Omaha to Laramie, 572 miles, and from Washaki to Ogden, distance 228 miles. The obstructions are between Laramie and Washaki. There are now seven west-bound passenger trains detained near Separation, which is 29 miles distant from the western boundary of the blockade, and there are two east-bound passenger trains at Green River, waiting until the west bound trains shall pass the blockade. At various points along the road there are about eight hundred west bound cars of freight and two hundred cars of freight east bound.

LATER.

OMAHA, Feb. 14th.

Reports to day place the snow bound trains on the Union Pacific Railroad in about the same position as yesterday. Seven trains, the oldest being twenty-eight days from Omaha, are lying at Creston Summit.

More snow, accompanied by high winds, fell here to-day. Teams have been engaged to carry provisions to the passengers from Fort Steele. Three trains left Laramie to-day with snow-ploughs and a large gang of men. Two engines and a snow-plough from the Denver Pacific Railroad have gone West on the Union Pacific road from Cheyenne.

WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?

BY THOMAS D. JAMES.

When I am called to die,
To yield my spirit to His sacred keeping,
To rest my body in the long, long sleeping,
I fain would not belie
My trust in Him who doeth all things well,
Whose will alone my every wish should quell.

I would not vainly choose
What road shall lead me up the holy mountain,
What path conduct me to the crystal fountain;
Nor willing be to lose
The guidance of the hand that e'er has led
In ways I know not, but with mercies spread.

If gentle be the call,
If faint and feeble be the distant warning,
Like dimmest day-streaks of the early morning,
Topping the pine trees tall,
And brighter growing, till the red east shines
With fullest glory on the glowing pines.

How grateful should I feel!
That I might still behold my loved ones longer,
Might tarry till my timid faith grew stronger,
Might linger to reveal
The loves that buoyant life can ne'er unveil,
Like odours evening only can exhale.

If sudden be the stroke,
If all unheralded His solemn coming,
Like dash, fast followed by the thunder's booming,
That scathes the skyward oak,
While pale with fear we hold our bated breath,
In awe of the swift messenger of death.

How blessed the favored lot!
A lot to few departing spirits given—
Painless to pass from earth and sin to Heaven;
Oh! surely it were not
Departure we should dread, at once to rise
On whirlwind pinions to the opening skies.

So I repose my trust;
And, whether speedy messenger obeying,
Or waiting, patiently, my Lord's delaying
To summon me to rest,
On His dear love my willing trust would dwell;
He knoweth best; "He doeth all things well."

"WHEN I REMEMBER."

Sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.

For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But oh! this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Off and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes, we shall know
That memory is possession.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout;
It makes me sigh to think on it; but yet
My days would not be better days should I forget.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser I no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this I mourn—but yet
My happiest days are not the days—when I forget.
Jean Ingelow.

WHEN your endeavors are directed toward doing good to an individual—in other words to do him service—if there be any option as to the mode or way, consider and observe what mode is most to his taste. If you serve him as you think and say, in a way which is yours, and not his, the value of any service may, by an indefinite amount, be thus reduced. If the action of serving a man not in the way he wishes to be served be carried to a certain length, it becomes tyranny, not beneficence; an exercise of power for the satisfaction of the self-regarding affections, not an act of beneficence for the gratification of the sympathetic or social affections.
Jeremy Bentham.

DISCLOSURES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

BY LEO HARTLEY GRINDON.

(Concluded from page 815.)

Transferring our attention to the Mosses, in addition to the prefigurement of flowers, we have that of the most stately and regal of trees. For the latter, the microscope is not needed. Every wood contains those incomparable miniatures of the oak and chestnut which botanists call *Hypnum dendroides*. Where the climate and soil are congenial, they give us *imperium in imperio*, one Kingdom within another; the umbrageous patriarchs overhead supply nothing further in form and profile than is already expressed in their delicate arborescence. Very pleasing is it to the contemplative thus to find as a carpet for the feet, the same delineations that make life in the forest a delightful renewal of youth. Take their little flowers: no gem of the garden will excel them. In the *Hypnum* above referred to, and in all of its genus, the youngest state of the flowers presents nothing very remarkable, any more than do the buds of true flowers—always excepting the buds of the rose, which stand alone in presenting qualities as lovely as those of the fully expanded blossom. When, however, a rather advanced condition has been reached, we seem, at first sight, to have the prototype of a daisy; a circlet of rays spreads from the margin of a round cup, which reminds us of the milk-white aureola of that pretty field-flower. These, however, so far from being petals constitute an exquisite hygrometric lid of many pieces, protecting the entrance to the seed-capsule, which latter part the cup really consists of. Sometimes the rays are like gold; sometimes they are rose-color, with horizontal yellow bars; in some species they are forked, in others bent inwards; in none, however, except among the plants called *Phaseum*, do they fail to appear under one form or another. The study of these unconsidered little productions is enough more any man's leisure, and in the pursuit of it he becomes a child over again; that is say, he lives over again in the intense and inexpressible surprises and sensations of novelty that make up so large a portion of the heavenly era of early life. While it is good that in entering upon the study of philosophy we seek to do so with the meekness and humility of a little child, among the mosses, with a fair microscope in the hands, we are children once more, without knowing it, yea whether we will or no. Whatever tends to foster and keep alive the emotions and susceptibilities of childhood, is precious beyond all measure; for though manhood gives exaltation to pleasures, and though pleasures of the highest dignity only become possible when youth has

passed away, the keenest and most vivid relish still belongs to the childlike heart that is simple without being juvenile, and joyfully expectant without the aid of illusion.

Further, there is inconceivable richness and variety for the student who works with the microscope, in the aquatics which, when they dwell or are found in the country of the mermaids, we call "sea-weeds," but which, when inhabiting streams and fountains, are "fresh-water algae." The green and downy mazes that float a little below the surface of the water in a still pond, consist of an infinite number of attenuated threads; these in turn are composed of an infinite number of hollow green beads, placed end to end, and firmly cemented together; and in the cavity of each bead—for every one of them is an independent cell—lies a drop of fluid with a floating island formed of substance more exquisite yet. The lovely pink sea-weeds that lie stranded upon the brown wet sand, uncovered by the retiring waves, differ from these only in the vastly larger number of their cells and in the latter forming broad plates instead of being disposed in necklace-like strings. Both forms are, if possible, exceeded in beauty by a host of minute organisms, which consist of only a couple of cells. Such are the various species of *Micrasterias*. More wonderful yet is the *Volvox*, for in this is super-added to exquisite beauty the power of *movement*. Yet the *volvox* is a plant as truly as an oak tree or a lily. We are accustomed to regard movement as one of the grand credentials of animal nature. True, in the waving of the trees when the wind creeps among their branches, and in the wave of light that runs over the cornfield, when gently stirred by the breeze, making it seem a vegetable sea—true, there is movement here, and in the sensitive-plant we seem to have absolute response to the touch of the finger. But none of this is *locomotion*. The plant is firmly fixed in the ground: contrariwise, the animal, as a rule, goes where it pleases. Were locomotion the sufficient proof animal nature, the wonderful little organism to which we refer would be pronounced animal. Yet, as just now said, this *volvox* is truly vegetable. Place under the microscope a drop of the water that contains them (procurable from almost any rural pond), and we have the spectacle of a number of light spheres, netted over their surface with lacework of green lines. While we watch, these keep rolling through the water, never coming in collision, never quickening or slackening their speed, which has a steady and stately grandeur about it, albeit beyond the reach of the unassisted eye, that is comparable only to the circling of the planets through the empyrean. These two things

are, in fact, the reflex of one another in the impression they produce upon the mind. The reader of Cicero will recollect a very elegant composition called "The Dream of Scipio." Scipio is represented as dreaming that a celestial friend lifts him away from the earth, and so far aloft that he beholds, sailing below him, the earth and the planets. "What sound is that," he exclaims, "which ravishes my ears?" "You listen," replies his guide, "to the music of the spheres. While upon earth you did not hear it, for the same reason that the people who live near the cataracts of the Nile are unconscious of the roar of the water. Entering their ears incessantly, they are insensible to it. So with the sound produced by the heavenly bodies. We must come to a sufficient distance before we can perceive it." That grand experience is repeated for every man who chooses to regale himself with it, in the sailing of the volvox spheres; only that in the one case it is the infinitely great, in the other the infinitely little. But what are "great" and "little" in nature? Simply utterances in a different octave of the one Divine melody that is audible everywhere to the year that listens reverently; for nature is "a lute that lieth still; it is not the instrument that is wanting, but the soul to play upon it. The beautiful story of Scipio is the original of the matchless passage in Shakespeare, where Lorenzo exclaims to Jessica, as they walk in the garden by moonlight:—

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stilles and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
See, Jessica! Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it!"

The idea may be transferred, without impropriety, to the movement of the little volvoxes. The music figuratively ascribed by the poet to the movement of the stars, creeps forth also from these tiny spherules of the pond. Whatever touches our heart with admiration and reverence, lifting us up to the wisdom and goodness, and to the contemplation of the marvellous handiwork of God, so that henceforth we look at Him, and upon ourselves, and upon those about us, and upon Nature, with more marvel, and more love,—whatever does this, is essentially music. Thanks be to the Framers, that He has so framed human senses that they may receive it!

Animal life, in its infinite variety of presentation; the beautiful stories that crystals

can tell; and a thousand other particulars that lie in the great heart of Nature, but that come forth at the first call of the microscope, belong also to the romance of this wonderful instrument. Here, however, for the present we must pause. It is well that between the acts there should be leisure for the voice of a minstrel.

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens,
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine."

THE deadliest foe to a man's longevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtasks himself, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, and lets nothing ruffle his temper, is sure to extend his life to the longest limit which it is possible to attain; while he who lives intensely, who feeds on high-seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

LOOK AFTER YOUR TREES.

The accounts of the famine in Persia, which continue to arrive in greater detail, bid fair so treat the world to the spectacle of a calamity the like of which has not been witnessed in historic times, at least—the sudden extinction of a nation by want of food. This has really been the fate of the great States which once filled the valley of the Euphrates, and it is a fate which has for centuries been threatening some modern States—Spain, for instance. Man has stripped the soil of trees; the absence of trees has brought droughts; droughts have slowly diminished the productive powers of the ground, and finally destroyed them, the population. In the mean time, dwindling in numbers and vitality. Spain had forty millions of people in the time of the Romans, and flowed with milk and honey; it is now an arid region,

only half of it under cultivation, with only sixteen millions of inhabitants, and if modern science had not come to its aid, would probably go the way of Babylon. Persia was one of the most powerful States of antiquity, and even in the fourteenth century was able to support the army of Tamerlane, who marched without commissariat or baggage, during a bloody contest. It is now almost a wilderness, with a population of ten millions—about half of them nomads, which is rapidly perishing from famine brought on by three years' drought. The worst of it is that, owing to the absence of either common roads or railroads, it seems to be impossible for the charity of the rest of the world to reach the sufferers, so that there is really a strong prospect of the total depopulation of the country. The moral of this story is—look after your trees. It is to be hoped that we shall witness, before long, some organized attempt in this country to deal with this momentous question of forest preservation, which is daily becoming more pressing. Zoroaster, the great Persian legislator, was wiser than he knew when he put planting a tree among the most meritorious of acts.—*Nation*.

To have persistency without pertinacity, determination without obstinacy, purpose which is never partisan, and principle which is never prejudice; to discriminate without being antagonistic; to choose without being unjust; to love without hating—this is the fairness, this is the equipoise, this is the triumph of the true man. Individuality can co-exist with great power of adaptation.

ITEMS.

THE SNOW BLOCKADE on the Union Pacific Railroad has recently been the subject of a report from the Directors of that Company. The first blockade occurred near Rawlins, on October 12th 1871, and since that time there has been a succession of violent wind and snow storms. In the winter of 1868-69, a blockade lasting for twenty-one days occurred. The summit cuts were then covered with snow sheds, and at other places from one to four lines of snow fences were erected on the northwestern side of the road. This defence was amply sufficient during the two next succeeding winters. However, after the first snow blockade of October 12th, 1871, the three succeeding snow storms came from the southeast, a direction precisely opposite to that from which in the experience of mountain men they might have been expected. Every effort has been made to keep the road open during this snow blockade of 127 days, and in spite of great difficulties, supplies of fuel and provisions have been sent to the passengers on the detained trains. It is stated that the road is now open from Omaha to Laramie, a distance of 572 miles, and from Washaki to Ogden, a distance of 228 miles. The obstructions are between Laramie and Washaki.—*Public Ledger*.

THE WOMAN'S DRESS GUILD, recently established in London, has been introduced into this country where extravagance in female attire is much more common than in England. Among the rules of the London Association are the following, which should be observed by both males and females: Not to make purchases unless they can be paid for at the time or when the account is sent in; never to buy anything simply because it is cheap; to avoid exaggerations and unseemly styles of dress, however much they may be encouraged by popular fashion, and to attend most scrupulously to neatness and cleanliness.

A CURIOUS instance of the fact peeps out in the sober business report of the inspector of the Signal Service Bureau. This officer states that at Lakeland, Florida, indignation meetings were held and resolutions passed to drive away the observer; that station, because it was believed that his instruments caused the unexampled bad weather and large amount of rain which had fallen there lately. Here is an argument for hurrying up the National Education bill in Congress, and keeping the schoolmaster abroad and at work.—*Boston Transcript*.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—There is a very interesting group of fifteen spots on the eastern edge of the Sun's disk. The four largest ones of this cluster can be seen with an opera-glass magnifying three diameters, first protecting the eye with a dark glass.

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.—The advantages of this undertaking, it is reported, are not fully realized in consequence of the misconduct of the director on the French portion of the line of railroad from Paris to Turin. The journey from Paris to Modane is interrupted by vexatious stoppages, and on approaching Modane the speed of the train is reduced below that of a mail coach, and no dependence can be placed upon arriving at the schedule time. On the Italian side the traveller is taken to Turin at full speed. The obnoxious course of the French company is said to have its origin in a desire to keep the receipts as low as possible, and so reduce the profits, according to which the payments in purchase of the old Victor Emmanuel line of railroad are to be calculated.

A remarkable observation in this tunnel was that the geological character of the interior of the mountain answered exactly to the description given of it from scientific theory by M. Sismondi, twenty years ago.

THE STATE OF KANSAS offers an annual premium of two dollars for twenty-five years for each acre of forest trees planted by farmers, and the same for each half mile of trees planted by the roadside. The beautiful prairies of the young State already show that this was a wise provision, not only for ornamenting, but for increasing the value of property.—*The Moravian*.

THE PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.—M. Garnier has at length sent in his report of the state of the Tuileries. Not a stone of the ancient building can be made to serve again; the whole edifice is so completely calcined that the stones crumble away at the slightest touch. The general opinion is that the palace was ill planned, serving as a mask to the far finer construction of the Louvre. M. Garnier, therefore, proposes to rebuild the two pavilions only, leaving the space between them to be occupied by open columns, through which the palace of the Louvre, with its great square and gardens, may be seen all the way to the Elysees.

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